

Trix's Reluctant Reunion

Written by Septia.

Myriad vibrations of Zero Point beams swooped by just meters off Trix's cockpit, the vibrations spurring a tremble that arced through the pilot's spine, a cocktail of worry and excitement fuelling her manoeuvring of the ship, the closer she was to being caught, the faster her chest pulsed with exhilaration. A 'Thirty' visual flashed up, the number of ships chasing her had grown exponentially, she counted ten from various allegiances hot on her tail.

"Can't think of anything – n recent memory – I've done to anger you, bud," Trix said with her antennae flaring straight in excitement, aiming her ship towards the gravitational rim of a nearby satellite body, "but this girl's making her own path." The whirr of her thrusters spinning into acceleration painted a smirk across her lips. The sight of a squad of ships emerging from behind the moon wiped the expression from her complexion, stationed in a net formation to block out her flight path. She was locked in a vice grip, enemies on all sides, yet, the worry building was overshadowed by her mounting excitement, today, she was alive.

A message pierced through her communications, displaying a creature behind a blurred pane of glass.

"Perfect," Trix snickered, was just thinking it'd be nice to know why I'm being chased this time, context adds spice."

"Response, non-lethal bounty directed at Trixia Vun'aran," the creature spoke, whilst Trix fiddled with her instruments to course an escape path, "specifications of retrieval to issuer of bounty, residing at Geogynegene, Jyrv four."

Trix's antenna perked up, sinew frozen in place.

"By the name of Ci-."

"Cion Vun'Aran..." Trix finished the commander's sentence, with words as stale as her body. "Collect your bounty," she said, antenna dropping limp as she disengaged, locking coordinates for Geogynegene, "tell her I am coming..." she terminated the feed, the ships allowing her leave. In a sigh, she mumbled "...home."

~ 1 ~

Watching the violet cities, clad in illuminations of cobalt and lime, fed Trix's nostalgia. The feeling persisted, every time she visited, perhaps caused by the faces the rest of the time, she repressed the memories of her home. As soon as the altitude allowed definition in the landscape, her eyes were drawn to the castle; a beacon of architecture and luminance. The light fixtures spanning over its spires forming the guise of a night-butterfly's wingspan. It was a beacon of royalty, military prowess, and expertise. A facade which Trix's vision pierced, to see halls upon halls of empty space.

Trix took in the methane ripe air, the bulb of her antenna bobbed at the familiar scent. Despite parked in the same slot from which she had stolen the ship, her vessel had changed in the many cycles she had been gone. She noticed, the landing bay shared this trait, its designation changed from the technical jargon to: Princess Parking.

"Mom..." Trix sighed as she noticed this change in the console.

"Yes, Trixia, daughter dearest."

Trix's antennae flung up to flagpoles, witnessing the owner of the voice ascend to the landing bay, bundles of platinum silk waving beneath her hat in the evening breeze.

“M-mom...?” Trix repeated.

“Keep the medical team on the edge of their seats,” came a younger voice from behind the woman, whose red dress made them meld well into the lavender hue of the area, “she remembers mother, so she isn’t – completely – mad, at least.” The woman carried a monotone sternness in her voice, matching the stiff antenna stalks sprouting from her pastel blond hairdo.

“Raeija, sweetie, your hair still stands out like a marrowk fluff,” Cion mentioned as she advanced, the mature woman leaving Raeija to tame the blonde locks with nonchalant brushes. “Trixia, I am elated to see you accepted my invitation.”

“Mean the bounty you sent out on me?”

“Mercenaries networks are a web of oil, bounties and rumours their flame, certainly the most efficient ways to hunt down someone of your calibre.”

Trix’s gaze shifted from the matriarch, unable to make eye contact even as Cion scooped her up into an embrace. “A sight for a sore hen’s eyes to see her chicken make a homecoming,”

That’s a bit unfair, ma, implying sis’s a chicken,” Raeija said as she joined up with a meters distance, “chicken would imply she fled home like a coward, and has been meandering at her own whim ever since... Ooooh wait.”

“It’s nice to see you too, Rae,” Trix retorted once free of her mother’s grasp. She felt the ultramarine leather from her mother’s uniform brush across her torso, and sensed the outline of Cion’s medals putting pressure through her jumpsuit, it felt like a few more had joined since last time.

“You must have quite the repertoire of encounters under your belt by now, and I trust to hear all about them over the feast, we have contracted some maintenance to furnish your ship during your stay.”

“Mom you don’t... wait, what feast?”

“False alarm, looks like we need the medics after all, just as well you left, how’d you think you’d lead an army if you can’t even remember Epulose,” Rae scoffed and snatched Trix’s hand, leading her off the back.

“Aah? I haven’t exactly kept up on our calendar, girl, not exactly compatible with the standard systems,” Trix’s antennae twitched at the fact her younger sister was leading her like a youngling, snatching her arm back once they were down on the path towards the castle.

Rae opened her mouth, antennas reverberating like tuning forks, yet, the buzz slowed to a halt, without a word of the extensive scolding written up in her mind making its way out.

“Right, of course you wouldn’t.” Rae hurried ahead, passing Cion and letting Trix catch up at her own pace.

“Trixia, darling,” Cion said, scrutinising her daughter’s get up, “deposit those em... clothes, in your room, and come to the banquet hall in appropriate attire, will you not?”

Trix’s mouth shrunk to a pencilstroke. The weight of the castle’s looming visage making each step a struggle. She peeked backwards, seeing a crew busy with inspecting her vessel, she bit her lip. “Easy girl, worst come to corset, she could use some spiffing up,” Trix told herself as she walked through the archways towards the luminescent apparition of the castle; a lobster strutting into its trap.

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A woman with royal green skin, tired eyes, and their strawberry blond hair done up in a ponytail, stared at Trix. She grimaced at the reflection. With a flick of her hand she freed a lock of hair, making her almost recognise herself. The xanthous scales of her dress shimmered in a caustic golden sheen, the gold fit her as ill now as it had when she was a teen. Her steps were hurried through the corridors, down the spiralling stairs, passing servants who shot her odd glances, it was exhausting to walk this far whilst still remaining under the same roof, the same lavish decorations,

the same signs carved in doors and walls. Yet, a stroke of warmth made her antennae wiggle, leading her to the banquet hall.

A table which had housed untold strategic discussions had been guised by a black cloth, atop laid a spread of cloches in a myriad sizes, flanked by jars and trays of sauces and dishes, a mist of steamed, meats wafted through the air, mixing with the aroma of matured nectar tapped and ready to enhance their meals. Several of the silver domes rattled in place, foretelling of the meals strung up fresh and wriggling inside. Of course, her family was already seated, Cion at the short end, Rae at the right, both acknowledging her presence, but not halting their pre-feast conversation. Trix caught herself smiling, faced with this collage of everything she had missed, since her abrupt journey off planet side.

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-Ppffrrt- a gust of sulphur smog pattered against the back of Cion's chair. "Pardon, darlings, I suppose it is all the excitement making itself known," Cion excused herself as she rolled up a bundle of solomander ragu, enveloping the dish between her lips with an accompanied coo of joy.

"Tssk, unlike you, mother, I don't apologise for holding back," Rae scoffed as she uncovered a bound Recluvian, who protested through his mouthgag whilst the regal daughter heaved him off the table and flung her legs around his neck in a headlock. "Mmrgp..." She grunted in concentration, clutching her legs so the greasy skinned Recluvian turned blue. -Ppbbwrrffwrrfth- A gale wind of posterior toxins erupted from Rae's rump, bathing her captive in stench laced with molten lard. "Phoo, hah, take mf, that," she blustered with a snicker.

"Raeija, Vun'aran," Cion said in the midst of smutting on nectar, "manners, if you would be so kind."

"Mmf, fine," she rolled her eyes, then flipped the end of her dress so it draped down her prisoner, reducing him a bulge on the fabric that now and then rattled in puffs of -Ppbbffrrwth- stank she launched their way.

Cion sent an approving nod towards them. "Seeing we are situated comfortably, Trixia, would you mind regaling us with some of your escapades?"

"Mpfh?" Trix looked up, a steamed Loboid tail jutting out of her mouth, large as a table leg, the well oiled appendage stuffed up her maw so she could answer the question. Though, the juicy texture of the pearlescent meat brought her to a place of bliss, after cycle of primarily eating only her own cooking, this artisan's work let her rediscover the delectable saline nature of properly cooked loboid.

"Mmmfs, mmwf...aawmf.." Trix mumbled, dropping her utensil to brush over her stuffed cheeks. Cion sighed with a smile, it hadn't taken long for Trix to regress back to a child.

"As you might have heard, our conquest has been mounting flanks of resistance, and our influence spread to another half dozen systems," she proclaimed whilst polishing up her medals with a napkin.

-Oomppgh- Trix cleared her throat of the succulent meat and sighed. "Doesn't surprise me, you and your forces are... quite intimidating," Trix coughed.

"Why, certainly, I have trained them, after all,"

Rae downed her nectar and shoved her glass into a waiter's gut, ordering a refill.

"Sure, what she isn't telling you is how that be a whole dozen without the Angiozy fiasco."

Cion froze, and placed her utensil at the table with an audible -Clck-

"Yes, how astute of you to remember," Cion resonated the buzzing of her feathery antennae, calling on a waiter to bring in a large cloche. "but, losses brings lessons, along with prisoners... A

chance to serve up justice.” she noted as the dome was lifted over a squirming biblicial creature, skin of chalk and covered in violet imprints, numerous tails tied to a cluster at their back.

“Pha,” the Angiozy spoke, glaring up at Cion. “Be advised, this merely makes you out as a sour loser.”

“If you wish to change my disposition I would suggest a more compliant behaviour,” Cion declared and elevated their legs in line with her maw, the meat decorated with sparse streaks of fruit puree which the matriarch took pleasure in lapping from the plush flesh as her lips closed over their legs. The prisoner grunted and struggled, resistance proving trivial as Cion guzzled them down in hearty swallows -Oooomgpggh- -Gkkrlsltk- Her throat distended, from the influx of meat, the uniform’s collar loosened by her neck so that her gullet could properly sprawl out in size over her chest, easing the journey for her captive into the cramped cell where judgement would be swift and ruthless. Her lips warped over the outline of their chest, muting the struggles under layers of her pale pear bulk, tongue swabbing over their body to relish in the marinade which refreshed her palette from the taste of petty revenge.

“Thsfmm, is meaninga mmf, meaningless gesture,” the Angiozy panted, whilst Cion's lips swathed over his chins, wrapping up his cranium behind her engorged lips and cheeks, the collection of jostling protrusions trailing all the way down Cion's torso.

-Ooompgh mmmgh- With moist claps of a fish lodged in a net, the matriarch's throat compacted her meal, tapping onto their skin as sit ferried the bulges along towards her gut, billowing in width and volume from the inordinate feast.

-Aahuuraaap- She gave off a low belch under the cover of a napkin, brushing her lips clean of jam and perspiration. “I tend to disagree, even the smallest dish is still part of a full meal,” Cion retorted with another bundle of ragu already on the course to her maw.

“Haven't had anigozy yes, how are they?” Trix asked, patting the beginning of a food baby.

“Delicious, for a stale species, I would not suggest you have them raw, they function as a canvas for the side dishes and condiments.”

“Girl, wouldn't that make them the perfect wrapper for Caceumycin and twilight-glory extracts?” Trix suggested, which made her mother stop chewing, her antennae fluttering in contemplation, while her stomach rumbled of its cramped occupant, her uniform acting corset to limit potential discrepancies.

“Mm, daughter dearest, you are right, caceumycin cartilage's delicate qualities are unsuitable for an already flavourful dish.”

Trix nodded as she stocked up on more Loboid. “So, if Angiozy are so bland...”

“Cacumycin is the flavour which would ignite the flourish taste,” Cion finished her daughter’s sentence, the two of them beaming at each other. Another case of nostalgia washed over Trix.

“Doesn't change we had to withdraw from their territory,” Rae interjected, stealing glances of her mother and sister, but never taking her eyes off of her meteorite stew for too long.

“We shall redouble our efforts, of course,” Cion said with an air of gravitas, strapping up bundles of tartar spread in purple leaves, “considering the discovery of this crucial intel.” She raised a glass towards her clever daughter.

Trix was stung by awkwardness at the gesture, the casual tone suddenly met with such a formal gesture, lifting her glass to appease the sentiment, yet, turning her attention back towards the feast.

“Trixia, you always had an impeccable mind, were your strategic implementations a fraction that of your piloting expertise, then you would have no problem leading a battalion or-.”

“Mom,” Trix rolled her glass in her palm.

“It is hypothetical, darling, merely suggesting that.”

"You know I went on a three day raid a few rotations ago," Trix said with a passion in the back of her throat, while her hands were occupied finding something to stuff her maw with to avoid discussion.

"Oh my, what an excursion."

"Planet side with no break to speak of, girl," Trix added, whilst her attention was drawn to Rae drinking sap off the back of a dewbeetle.

"Pretty intense, anything like our day long sparring matches?" Rae wondered.

"Hide and seek, I would call it, you two always forged plans behind my back."

"Tougher, barely had enough meals, the population, well, raiders, were all mechanical."

Sister and mother alike visibly shuddered.

"Such dreadful taste."

"Bet she has rations crammed up her hind."

Trix snickered at Rae's remark. "I wasn't starving, there were some caceumycin explorers along the way, s'why I was thinking of them."

Rae raised an eyebrow. "And you, brilliant strategist that you are, ate them whole, right?"

Trix's antennae stiffened, then drooped by her forehead.

"Oh wow," Rae's expression shifted to shock, then swayed into satisfaction, "you actually did."

"First encounter with them, sis, I know you're only supposed to shave them, now at least."

Cion shoved a cloche in front of her daughter, "allow mommy to treat your palette proper," She insisted, pulling up a rugose, umber creature the size of a shoebox, holding it like a teddy bear and giving it a few tickles, as the little bundle giggled the matriarch carved swarfs of the external cartilage, coiling up into spirals giving off a sturdy, petrichor scent. Cion uncovered a verdant and lime green striped creature, sluggish to its appearance yet insignificant body segments composed of vines and plant matter. It peered up at Trix.

"Mushroom. Suitable," it stated, decorating itself by plastering the shavings onto itself.

Cion noticed Trix's remarked expression at the slug's behaviour. "A Paleonati. Tribute form a nearby celestial, species under our protection, of course."

"I am tribute. Born to be juicy. And thornless" the floral announced.

"That's neat, mom, won't the flavours clash if you add so much?" she said as the slug had its front covered in a mark like membrane of Caceumycin.

"I got a much too bland personality," the Paleonati noted.

"Sounds promising." Trix grabbed the Paleonati by a hook vine near its tail, dangling the arm length's critter above her maw, lapping streaks of saliva across its face. Her breath dotted the Paleonati in saliva, Trix gradually lowering the creature down her maw, giving ample time for her maw to morph over its broadening feature, providing her pause to slurp and suckle out the chilled aroma from her snack,

"How's it, sis?" Rae pondered as she led a parade of pea sized creatures up into her mouth.

"Mmwf, swa, mm, bhit swhour," Trix mumbled, just then her tongue met with the flavourful bark, her antennae erecting to full mast. The flavour pummelled her taste buds into submission, the taste of a muddy bog distilled and purified into syrup without peer. This was dew nectar's mother, who left its sickly sweet childhood behind in favour of cultivating her character, gaining years of knowledge and wisdom mere sweeteners could not match. The duality of earth's richness paralysed her, the elegant grasp of the Paleonati faltered as her arms dropped by her side. -Shhrlslptch- The slug slotting down to its midsection into Trix's maw, budging out her left cheek with the shifting meal.

"Mmwrf...mm..." Trix mumbled, smacking her lips over its skin, suckling the gentle sourness with the delicate flavour profile of caceumycin done right.

"Miss. You died?" came from her bulged cheek. Trix's response only to nurse the slug down her god, gullet gradually distending as she reclined back in the seat, the floral treat rustling like an autumn wind through the wildbrush as it wedged down her maw.

"Pssh, someone can't handle their salad without regressing~:" Rae snickered whilst drinking out of a beaker.

"Daughter of mine..."

"Sorry, mother," Rae apologised, and uncovered a tribute from the Kloabarmk, a tubby eel coiled up in droves of its own tentacles.

"I am sorr-." It began, silenced by Rae pouring the luminous contents of the beaker over its head.

"I don't like talkers."

"S-sorry, I am t-tribute f-from-." It was cut off again.

"Squirmers, on the other hand," Rae spun up its tail on her utensil and shovelled it down past her lips, clenching her lips into a suction cup that reeled a hunk of the eel down in. "mrs, you're, m-mfwggllrk- Gonna be fertilizer, mmmf, and pretty good quality, made from royalty, "MMwm, -Oomfmpgh- should thank me for, m bothering with ya," Rae mumbled, chugging down the pellucid torso noodle.

"T-t-thank you? J-just want thank you for protection to my people a-an-."

Rae rolled her eyes, puffing up her chest as she oiled the eel up for easing it down her throat, gullet distended a handwidth forwards from the constant stream of coiling flesh. Even as she scoffed and -Shhslrrp- sculptured it down with vigour and energy, she seemed only to be spooling thread from a coil, always more bundles hidden under the previous ones.

"Mmpfwh... Fmmg, gotta be so annoying," Rae mumbled, gnawing over the pliable texture with her brow furrowed and antennae twitching.

"S-sorr, a-anxiety, f-fuels my growth. Please, sorry."

"Grrfmfmf..." Rae grumbled, steeling peeks at her sister, practically choking on that slug, its indentations visible as the compressed body budged its way downwards, on the path to Trix's gut. Though, despite the twitching and coughs, Trix did not seem in a hurry to stop savouring her catch.

Rae's stomach gradually swelled, with the outlines of thick coils swelling up on her abdomen, guzzling down the elongating coil of Kloabarmk bundling up in her middle. -Bbddwnk- there was a thud when Rae's tummy bloated out to hit the undersigned of the table. The Kloabarmk looked up and down at Rae, gulping nervously. "S-sorry?"

"Ahm ghonna enjoys bhaking you into farts," Rae mumbled.

"Sweetie, allow me," Cion said and reached out to her daughter.

-Ghrllbj- Trix sealed her lips around the end of her Paleonati feast, quivering with a palm over her chest as the slug drooped down her neck and sunk underneath the weight of her cleavage.

"Haaa, Bhhraooaaarllph-" Trix expelled a gale of earth tanged smog, her belch scented with the of a boiled tundra and mushroom stew. In her exhausted panting, she saw her mother's lips envelop the head of a Kloabarmk, slurping it down with a graceful tact, the coils of the condiment smothered eel spanning from maw to maw, as a tug of war started, both sides's necks animate with the rising and swelling of their meal's form, reeling from lip to lip, until Rae jerked her head back.

-Splllptwh- The head of the Kloabarmk popped out of Cion's mouth.

"Mma, ssohryy."

-Mmpgh- The head called out before Rae's locked it in her maw, grunting and huffing as she slurped and worked the eel down her throat, leering at Cion.

"Get a less anxious one next time, seems some meals can last too long."

"Phha, ahah, phaha~" Trix burst into a proper laughing fit, holding her sides at the bizarre display. Her jovial nature spread to Cion, and to a lesser extent Rae, the dining hall echoing with glee. Masked by the laughter, Trix's tears went unnoticed.

-Gbbhrslspgh- -Bhraaaahou- Trix belched heartily, cooing and worming back in the comfort of her bed at the ripples soaring through her throat, and the musty stench of her throat exhaust. -Ooorhp- she held her lips to an 'O' for the last huff of her belch, lips curved to a sly 'J'.

“Should come home for Epulose more often,” Trix noted, drumming her palms onto her engorged abdomen, the golden dress morphing in dimensions to fit the drove of wriggling meat occupying her midriff the size of a beanbag slumping across each side of her torso. She felt spent. Course, she had meals bigger than this, even on her journeys, though, being full, with family, was... different. The 'J' became an 'I'. “Have to leave tomorrow, should leave tonight,” she muttered, caressing a swelling protrusion of gasses in her brewery. She did enjoy her time with her family, goofing, sparring, chatting. Yet, when her eyes trailed over the intricate carvings, sigils, tapestry and engravings that covered just her room, she could see the decorative line as nothing but bars of a cell. Staying here, meant being a captive, meant only having those moments with her family, and any meal, no matter how delicious, can outlast its welcome. This made her think of Rae, a hint of a smile surfacing. “Mom should have gotten this long ago by now, girl,” Trix explained to her groaning middle -Ghhrbbsl-. “How many times did I peace off, go exploring, get lost... Shouldn't she have picked up on the signs,” She mumbled to herself, jostling her tummy, -Bhrslgh- Shlsptb- the golden laced drove of dough wobbled in oscillating bobs, slugging her melding gut sludge with a jostle of a sackful of Paleonati's.

“Guess that's what all the stern talks was about, huh girl?” staying would be awkward, judging by how Cion acted during the feast, there was no way she'd given up hope that Trix would be her successor. Eventually she would run out of excuses. She shuddered at the thought of finally caving in, guilted into taking the place as commander, sitting somewhere writing battle plans, never feeling the rush of escaping bandits of hunting raiders planet side. The more she thought about it, the more she realised it might be for the best if she snuck out right away, while the others slept off their banquet, they wouldn't have to know-.

-Pbbrrwwffeeepth- -Bbrrfttwhip- A muffled cascade of nether thunder stormed above her, followed by a faint sigh, near muted by the castle walls. Trix snickered. “Mom always prefer to relieve em in private,” or what she thought was private. Trix continued in her mind, scoffing to herself. This was the mother she remembered, she thought she could even smell the faint hint of preserved spring filtering through the walls, if she stretched her antenna to their very peak.

“One night should be fine, can't say I am in a state to steer a spacecraft, right, girl?” she asked her stomach. -Pffbbwrrth- A flush of smog fluttered the ends of her dress, mimicking a trumpet.

“Yeah, I agree,” she said with a yawn, and rolled over to rest, her gut following with the tumultuous of a mudslide trapped in a bottle.

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-Hrbrbsllpht- Trix halted, chewing her lip as the seething mist streamed the rough her system. -Brrrwwpppfth- Her gust of citron hued vapours plumed in a wide streak – her haggard hung dress flapping in the breeze.

“Phaaa, That's my gal, Epulose didn't stand a chance,” she huffed and cradled her abdomen, the but hanging in a chubby drove over her arm a third the size of yesterday, which stillgave the impression that she had swallowed a cushion. “A steam engine like you mm, shouldn't be bound,” Trix mumbled and unbuttoned her dress, shedding it on the floor where it laid as a golden pupa, unleashing the pent up mango smog.

She entered the bathroom – finally locating it – to see the familiar bowl crescent taking up the whole short end, the roofless, tilted tank displaying the cloudy containment gel filling the

lavatory receptacle. Along the sitting brim were five cyclic seats, except... only four we were unoccupied.

-Fffbbrrwwrrlrffth- a reverberating base tone of a butt belch echoed out along the bathroom. -ChhrsllptChhrpt- The drumming of a fluttering rim undulating over putty accompanied the phosphor and ammonia clouds, -Chhrsllpgth- a bright lime pucker in a favourable display from Trix's angle, shown disgorging arm girthed tubes of rugged coal, clad in a blanket of flagella, the finger length tails waving in the winds of posterior gales as fields of heat. -BBRwwlmmfmfwth-.

"Haaammfw, oo, if it isn't my dear daughter, with steam engine in tow." Cion noted, brushing back her fuzzy antennae, which didn't stop their incessant jitters.

"Says the power-plant," Trix retorted with a deep breath as she strutted up to join her mother, "you stink of a polluted shell beach."

"Mwaaa, damp to the point of rinsing my rim, a perfume elegant in its mmf, vitriol nature," She hummed out and hugged her gut for a humid -Fbrbwllpspth- to splutter free in a slimy fanfare, along the extending clogs of ebony encrusted with the chalk imprint of jellied bones.

-Shrjslp- Ghrrslwpth- Verdant slobber swathed down the droves of packed, chubby dough, nestling their way in through crags and lining the exterior and crevices between the droves of fat folds, decorating the lump's side. The green neon hues rolled through the interspaces between the oily black flagella and drenched the porous, pudding, bones plastered in the surface of sludge. -Schhrrllsthg- A ruptured crinkle ground out whenever the brim contorted over an outcropping of hardened calcium, overpowering the slow, constant drowning of the leash outcroppings crawling past her brim -ChhtChhtFrllrth- with the slime, filaments and muddy ground, Cion's waste stood as a replica of a swamp biome, curling free from her rear to slump into the semi-solid pillow of gel beneath her rear, -Chrsllptuh- the pale fluid enveloping the fermented landscape, sealed in a casing of transparent wax -Slpsth-.

"Haaamf, those Angiozy must mmf, be laden with starch, in order to become this sticky."

That or, fmms," Pbhhrrwrth, Trix vented a cone of stench before planting her voluptuous backside on the seat, "your mortar could always be used for actual cement," Trix said as she mushed her rear into the seat and felt her pucker distend and contract over the, marinated cargo waiting within.

"Thought you would both be here," Rae admitted at the entrance, slamming the door in the face of her accompanying servants and taking her place next to her sister, her gullet bobbing like a latex cauldron, surpassing Trix's abdomen and slumping onto Trix's left thigh. Rae's morning look was that of an upturned birds nest, weaves of hair fiddled every which way, a mess even compared to Trix's snarls. "I could smell you from my bedroom."

"Girlgms," Trix began, her bottom convulsing as it spread to frame the cobbled droves of mauve and lilac in her bowel, "we had a banquet for dinner, what did you expect?"

"Bit more quality, honestly," she snarked and tied up her dress around her midriff. Trix squeezing into her rippling gut, ripples that surged through her exhaust pipes -Pwrrllrwwrtthth- in a hue of oxidised bronze, Trix's fumes whistled out her rear, cheeks clapping like a malfunctioning propeller as the petrichor odour wisped out to taint the bathroom's air in streaks of ripe filth-honey. -CrllrgGrbsTwshlp- A network of crinkles and class oscillated from Trix's hind, a cobbled mish mash of deep purple clusters pried open her brim and wedged through the ample buttocks, folds of the dung furled back under the heat of her rear, melting in the exchange of gas and throbbing musculature to rivers of viscous lard seeping through the three dimensional labyrinth of furrows and fractures gouged out into the cluttered amalgamation of mauve mud dunes. -Chrsllp- Chhrrslpt- -Crhrrslpwth- The nectar of colon grease siphoned through the pit to jam them clogged, the whole mass crumpling past Trix's pucker and expanding once it had arced its way down from her tush, segments dislodging and crinkling apart like a bundle of leaves in the dry season slathered in syrup.

"Pheeow, that is more like the sister of mine, but I have been baking this one since last morning," Rae boasted with her fingers already digging into her posterior, grunting until she was sweating, the bottom dry heaving with her -Hfrrt- -Hvwwffth-." Mm, just like, combat practice," Rae huffed, her antennae twitching like a land-born flounder, "Keep, gyrating, until... you feel an

opening coming.” -Phhffcllcwth- A gale of exhaust turned muffled by a waste cork slotting inside her pucker.

“Gnnrrg, haven't had to deal with such an annoying batch of pudding in cycles, doesn't matter how mmrf, bothersome you were, I am gonna savour creaming every kilo of you out my ass,” she said with stress bearing and pressure mounting through her intestines, swelling her congested tracts with whirling gusts of vapour. -Brrwffwrrrwppppth- Fumes whirling and mists cascaded out in a storm of humid fog, washing down the bowl in curling balls of green and cyan mists, wafting an odour of mint tofu fermented in a brew of liquid mould. -Chhrslsph- The cork slumped out past the limit of Rae's bottom, the tip of the mound the width of a fist, expanding to a prism with a thigh's girth across the more her pucker unravelled. -Chhrs- -Chhrstkpt- Clasps of tangerine gruel filaments webbing Rae's pucker with the boulders of yellowed-air fixed between her cheeks. Rae grunted, huffing as she scooted back and forth in the seat, her motions passing through the chunk that wiggled and wedged side to side in the rump's clasp -Chhrsl- Chharlal- grinding like a windowpane met with a lathered sponge, until the hunk wedged its way past and tumbled free with the -Phohowpw- pop of an opened bottle..

“Mmapah, ahaas, that ismmf, with such a mess you made of me during dinner, only fair I got to mmf, give my rear the chance to mess you up in turn,” Rae said with her fists pressed into her thighs, rubbing up and down as their pucker burped up clogs and splotches of gellified slime & putrefied vapours -Psprrhht- while her brim morphed to chuck the dense globs of tar out of her rear.

“Mms, that is mm, my daughter, staging an unending campaign on her food, fmmm,” Cion huffed out with her cheeks jostling at the pressure and weight unleashed, the droves of onyx bile creaking out of her in the manner of giant slugs. Embedded bales surfed here and there in the rivers of colon phlegm dressing her home-made marshlands, unearthing the twinkling scarps to glimmer under the murky surface.

“Least she acknowledges her mm, dumps mom, unlike someone who pretends like, nothing even if your loaves are so fat and beautiful they shimmer,” Trix huffed out whilst she struggled with her own crunchy, crumpling manure, rosy hunks fracturing along trenches of loosely formed butt corral -Fchhrsltj- rupturing with the sound of old gruel and raining down in apple sized chunks crumbling in the gel below. Trix sneaked a palm over to her mother, unleashing her belt to let the stomach swell and roll out in the lap, groping a hold of her tummy and massaging it down, feeling the bumps of compile dunk through her skin.

“OOo, Trix, were I not your motherm... phaa... mmm,” She lost her train of thought as she brassed out a cloud of dens, black exhaust, -Bbrwfffwtttyyyfth- “Haaamf, hoo, this, consistency, is reminiscent of your father,” she mumbled and delighted in the greasy manure sloughing and sinking in the goo, sprawling out like a growing bog.

“Mother,” Rae burst out, groaning in dismay as a thigh broad slab of yellow snapped back up her tush in her lapse of concentration, drizzling a spray of goo from the impact.

“Concerning Trix's father, Raeija, yours was considerably, mm... chewy.”

Rae didn't seem amused – nor paying attention for that matter – as she clasped her knees in together in some attempt of spread her cheeks wider, her brim peeling off the citrus hunk with its thorough coating of amber phlegm. The membrane seeped over the percolating globs, draining inside pocks and concavities in the otherwise sleek and polished surface of sunburst yellow, along the sides one could see dark trenches sprouting over the texture, veins littered with scillant scales in – lue of ore – that shimmered as the mounds drooped free of her rear. -Chhrhsnng- The ends of the mounts stretched, their composition solid, yet carrying a fluffy density to them, leading to the mound stretching and elongating under their own weight, drooping dollops of tree wax stretching from her brim like taffy, pocks and concavities through the wedges warping oval in the stretch, and the ends -Sppsthy- smacking free from her brim to topple into the gel below, joining the colourful mounds from rest of her family. -Plsltshhstg- Tendrils of sludge tethered the globs together, elastic to the point of tying the chunks together in a foul bead necklace, and the wires leading all the way back up Rae's posterior, -Shchth- her -Chhelch- her bottom smacking and masticating over the rubbery stings like a child chewing bubblegum.

"My, the kloabarmk is still making itself known this late it seems," Cion noted to a pouting Rae.

"Mmmfs, seems they really upset more than my stomach, or could be they are just not suitable to even being, gghf, digested, is that it?" -Thhwp- Rae huffed out with a fierce jab at her gut, grinding her knuckles in the crater of turquoise skin forming around it, punishing the Paleonati for what it did to her gut.

Trix quivered, her muscles aching, her rear binding into the gruel globs in her bowels, broadening her rim rather than egressing, only flakes of butter lard crinkling free and smacking into the bowl below.

"Mmfptsh, phaa," -Ghhrbslsllth- Trix clutched her stomach, quivering at the tumultuousgurgles contorting her insides.

"Dear, it has been too long since last you celebrated Epulose." Cion noted and laid her palm in her daughter's lap,

"Sis, don't tell me you've gone and become a light-weight," Rae added – still blue cheeked from the struggles – shoving her palm into Trix's abdomen -Bhrhrrslpgt-

"Mfmg, just... a steep climb, passing all this compost," she mumbled under her breath, eyes lids snapping open as she felt both mother and sister's hands fondling a hold of her stomach.

"Southbound?" Cion said.

"Higher, it's gotta bnf, be somewhere here," Rae responded.

Trix exposed to the candour of her family, feeling bloats of gas and mulch kneaded up and down her system, palms clasping onto her cheeks with only faint -Sfft- swishing out her rump. -Chhrllch- A shift dominoed through her abdomen, Cion and Rae shoving with doubled force on the spot of tension, jolts of tension creaking through Trix's sinew. -BHHRfwrrwwfllrrrtfh- -BBDllpth- Twwmmpgh- -Twwlpt- a tornado roared through, fumes festering with a fatty aroma of brine saturated throughout the room, the tornado dislodging the blockage with a flurry of rigid clumps and clusters of booty wax. -Shhrrslptph- Behind the slapdash crinkled stacks laid a laid a flood of coagulated mortar, the opalescent cream engulfed around the clustered grime, coalescing into a stew that stretched her rear to the limits, the valve broken for the sewage to deluge.

"Haaaa,mfm haaoo, that is quite a lot, girl, mma, just needed mom and sis to mm, eek it out of ya, huh?, phoo, I am steaming back there," she mused and panted out as her rear wheezed in between hurling the loads of mauve and purple folds buried in a cocoon of sloughing beige -Pbbrrth- pBBrrhrt-. The load curled and tangled up into a swirl in the midst of sinking down the gel fluids, sides melding together in a homogeneous pool sprawling over to smother into the yellow pills of dung her sister produced, the hot texture fusing together as it sunk and sealed in the clear slime underneath.

"Seems one of us didn't grow up yet, psh, hpeew, whoa, that how'd you manage that much, gas," Rae relented as she sniffed in the earthy odour.

Cion reclined in her seat, nostrils sampling the air, sensing how the adipose rich aroma matured over time, the yellowed smog taking on a deeper characteristic of a swampland, crystallised into an undiluted syrup. -PPBwbwrrffppwprth- The earthy fumes flooded free, – prying Trix's rim free of the hunk slobbering out her rim – a galewind flooding out from a punctured gas canister, the clotting smog launching and carrying mounds of her filth up higher cross the bowl, painting the gel with sunken imprints of her mulch diving through the gel, the contaminant fluid itself rattling, the plasticine compound behaving as a still lake under Trix's rectal fanfare.

"Mmg, Ifm, well, guess it is a bit impressive," Rae scoffed

"Cion, was giving Trix a one woman applause. "That is just what I expect of my daughter, a gas exchange I could feel through my spine, and what a pleasant fragrance, we simply must make caceumycin a mainstay."

Trix huffed, doubled over with quivers stealing up through her antennae, peeking to each side, and taking in the air from their combined fart power plants, and beaming with her whole face.

“Shouldn't've seen me at that dessert world, if you think that was phaa. A lot. Bet you've mm, had much louder ones, phoo, sis.”

Rae huffed. The three of them delighting in their personal sauna, marking a ceremonial resolution to Epulose.

~ 6 ~

Back in her room, she went back to staring at the ceiling, her hair lingering with the myriad of odours from the escapade. She weighed the discomfort of royalty, with the joy of family. The desolate, wide atmosphere gradually tipping the scale. She could see her ship from the window, lilac in stark lights contrasting the city's bio-luminance. By the window, her Spacevoid-suit was strung up, tempting her.

“Your princess is gone, mom” Trix whispered, slipping into her outfit, “but, your daughter might come visit.” Trix's antennae perked up, as she leapt through the window, greeted by the promise of the galaxy's vastness.

