

Within, The Seat of Royalty

Written by Septia.

“And thus the regal ensemble will have to reschedule its hosting location. It goes on to say any volunteering kingdom is urged to speak up within the next...” The messenger changeling peeked up from the parchment, raising an eyebrow at the sight of their king, cross-legged and quivering on his throne. “Thorax? You seem troubled.”

-Pffwwrth- A huff of exhaust dampened the atmosphere – muffled, imposing.

“Mmfwfmr-.”

“W-what wouldn't be fine? Of course I am fine,” Thorax announced to mask out the whimpers dampened underneath him. “For us to host, it would mean a lot of p-prepare... a... preparations for it, but the we are willing.”

The messenger affirmed and took her leave to send a reply, sensing Thorax was under more stress than usually.

“Mmgng... sorry, but I can't...” Thorax whispered to himself, cradling his abdomen once the room was cleared. -BBFoororpprwwrth- A blast fluttered his cheeks in a force of stinking galewind, cascading noxious vapour over the throne. Tendrils of green smog wisping beneath the startled buttocks, integrating a greasy tang of wilted hay and anxiety into the air.

“MMFpfpf, Mmw.”

Thorax had to pin his cheeks down with his hooves to quench the thrashing and grunting beneath his rear, feeling the changeling's face swabbing and brushing along his crack, scraping the flank grease and condensed flatulence onto the black carapace. -Bbrrwwwtmp- -BBRwwffth- Thorax doubled over, his tail flinching at the smog bellowing forth – the hollowed out seat in the throne served to house putrid miasma of molten stage-fright doused in vinegar, with the remaining fumes sneaking out under his pastel mint hindquarters in smokestacks reeking of the hive's outhouse prior to the conversion.

“Pho... ha... cannot, quite believe that this is really, the best place for you, Chrono.” Thorax fanned away the smog with his wings, hearing a faint mumble as he scotched back into position over the changeling's head.

“Me neitherrmf.” Chrono's cheeks laid perpetually flustered, in addition to being smeared with new layers of Thorax's seat as the wide cheeks ground on top of him. Encapsulating him in the yeast dampness of a sunless swamp brewing turbid mists to wisp and past his exteriors or seep into his nostrils.

Thorax was yet accustomed to sing one of his subjects faces for a pillow, much less a fart cushion.

“You, do... like it though, isn't that right?” He asked. The king was met with silence.

“Chrono?” he asked, grinding his rear back to get the changeling's attention, letting loose another puff that vacated his rear with the graze of a hippo in a bathtub -Fbbrwwsth-. “You d-do right? Pharynx said as much, and you haven't actually... resisted, as of yet.” He reasoned more with himself than with the muted buttress fidgeting under his posterior.

-Ghhrbsllfwth- Thorax brushed down his abdomen, biting his lip. “Well don't, expect I won't... uphold your position as mmg, the royal throne, u-unless you explicitly say that you don't want it -Bbfrrrwrth, mfmf... too much... quesedias.” -BBffrrwwdllh- A grumble of coalescing putty sloughing through a straw pulsed through his colon, Thorax steeling himself against the armrests as he smushed his bottom to smother his brand new toilet, wedging apart his cheeks for this brim to jab into Chrono's muzzle -Spillstch-.

-Crglglsncnsh- The brim warped under the constipated load within; Thorax bowels held in check by regal stress caved under the bulk wedging its way through, crinkles of moist mud paining over a canvas of flesh rippled out as the pit engorged, spreading Chrono's lips in the same motion and framing the hunk of manure between the two of their lips.

Chrono quivered, the air and atmosphere radiating from the foul hunk clamming a hold of his throat before the rime ha even entered. He sensed the presence of the mulch, the heat that oozed out of it spores and bathed his tongue in a spoiled pepper and truffle stew.

"Mmgsm, amppmah, oh stars," Thorax groaned, and sensitising a snake of sulphuric smoke whipping through his catacombs. -BBRWppppfrrldth- The horn blow that launched scolding steam and dislodged the manure stake in Thorax's congested treat, Chrono's maw was assailed mudslide of fresh nougat.

Oil soaked filth plastered onto his tongue, gummed the roof of his maw and glued onto his teeth, the mountain moued lodging back into his gullet, – a hoof of grime that choked him with its girth – the oncoming load laid soft and as marzipan; muddled gruel cast a mould of Chrono's maw, forging a replica of his engorged cheeks in fluid bulk.

"Mmfps, ha, t-that was more than I though, y-you seemed to mm, handle it well," Thorax noted, relaxing so his tensed buttocks loosened, slumping down to mould over Chrono's stuffed face. "Mmff. S-sorry little t-toilet," thorax huffed out, sensing the mass jammed through his bowels, crawling through to egress in their deprecating droves, "yyou aremm, mm, going to h-hafta take it all, j-just imagine y-yourself as a sewage d-drain: mfm, i-is that too far?" he wondered whilst vents of flatulence -Ppfwwerrth- Spewed from his bottom, soaking the clogged Chrono in copious corpulence.

Chrono swallowed, his throat rippling, distorting with the globule of filth revolving down his gullet, his teeth forging through the mass of curling clay crinkling into his gape. He could pick out corrupted odours and taste samples of the King's meal, deposits in the trenched texture hiding deposits of chilli spices, other with the starch of bread and vegetable tangible each time his molars dug through the gratuitous heap, flavours that gummed their way onto his pallet the way mould overgrows a basement. He couldn't stop thinking of what Thorax said, feeling clumps after chomped clump of changeling chocolate barrelling down his pipes, swallowing every bit of regal stench that would defile an otherwise pristine character, thrown down his throat, the pipeline of Thorax's personal sewage system. In this spot, dunking down the fine brewed fudge in automation, whether was little separating him from a drain.

"Mmf, mmmvfvf, how do you fit the crack of my flank so well," the king mumbled, lax in tone light of heart, "You d-do make for a splendid toilet, mmf, hope you enjoy guzzling down on royal taffy as muchmmf, as I t feels like you are."

Both King and Toilet flushed in during their this exchange, their relied and sighs and moaning coos respectively resonating. Personally, it was a joy for Thorax to relax his bowels without bothering bout the odour spreading through the throne-room.

"Mfms, your services, mmf, as a stench sponge, mm. Is greatly appreciated," he mumbled, cooing with his rim rippling in disgorging kilos of damp silt, and Chrono gobbling it down without missing a beat.

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"Phaa..." Thorax breathed out relief and satisfaction, sensing the rush of liquid amber flooding through his shaft, draining out into the stained changeling beneath.

Chrono nursed the top of the twitching member, the stream steaming clean the clots of manure bundling together in the recesses of his maw and webbing around his fags.

"Thirsty, how is it? Like you have dreamed, drinking down m-my piss like the golden nectar it is?" Thorax posed, to which Chrono nodded with the shaft bulging out his left cheek, urine

trickling down his lips painting drool across the changeling repurposed as a royal drainage system. It was amusing to see just the face pop out of the padded velvet, swabbing Thorax's shaft in a viscous tongue between jets of urine.

"How, do you, like... mmf, this?" Thorax huffed, plugging his meat down to Chrono's throat.

"Mmpwf, wmmgm," the throned changeling panted around the girth, cheeks trembling in heat.

The gate to the throne-room swung open. "Your majesty, I have just received a reply from t-..."

A piss soaked gulp was all that broke the following silence. Thorax quivered. He was posed as if he was... having relations with his throne. Which... well... wasn't entirely inaccurate.

"Aaa-h... you could, leave parchment out for me, I'd like to pose something to be sent along with it."

"Aha... c-course, your majesty."

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"... in the end, my point is... do you consider it proper for, royalty to use or subjects, if it is within their own will and enjoyment to do so? Sincerely, Thorax." The letter floated back down to the table.

"Sister of mine, it appears Thorax sits uneasy with one his subjects on the new throne," the grand mare then mumbled, "and it has peaked our intrigue."

