

Disposal of Dignity

Written by Septia.

-Ghhrbrblslsh- Growls of satisfied bellies – chock full of minced sludge – echoed in the study of master's mansion. Sunlight peaked through the garden window; torn open from the outside with splintered dents along the brim. Two pairs of footprints had wander down master's desk, onto the floor, where once careful marks devolved into a frantic mess of dirt prints... right at the foot of two contented guardians and pets – a furfrou & a persian – each sporting an engorged gut.

-Bhhrllsgsh- The furfrou's eyes peeked open, full of mirth listening to intruders in her black abdomen. She flicked the fur shaped hat brim off her face, rising to greet the sun. To the side lay a crowbar – discarded by the burglars in the heat of the, well, 'struggle' was giving them too much credit. She grasped it between her teeth, it would make a lovely gift for master. Furfrou scampered off with her gut gently gracing by the carpeted floors. Her debutant cut had gotten fluffed in the scuffle, but her master would see past that, knowing how his dearest had protected the mansion from the threat of-.

-Pbbrrwwwrrffth- The furfrou felt her spine rattle out to her tail-tip as the flush of steam voiding her bowels, the release kept rolling out her brim, furfrou daintily lifting a back paw as she relished the heat tummy fried meat pluming free from her exhaust pipe. -Thhfftwp- The hissing was plugged by a cork of mud. She scoffed around the crowbar, delighting in the pressure the former robber exerted on her rectum, stretching her haunches wide. With her nose held high, -Chhrlsltgt- she clenched her rear, sealing the burglar back in the prison of her rear, right where they belonged.

-Chhrrll...- The mounds crept back into the depths, but then... -Thhlpppggtp- Furfrou quivered as the blockage rammed right back, trouncing her defences. The rattle so tension as the dung train jabbed back down her rectum had her hair drills flinching like pendulums in an earthquake. -Ppfhrrbbt- A denser, moist bubble of fumes accompanied the bulk displacing her insides, the crowbar tumbling onto the carpet as the furfrou's front legs caved in under the pressure, huffing as her colon throbbed, bloated with the densely packed robber remains. The sense of tension before nesting in her lower intestine, now spread through her whole abdomen. Her distending stomach undulated with the cement packed mulch of her nightly meal. She squeezed her stomach to the floor, the smug facade melting under a string of moaning huffs, tickling the strings of furfrou's spine with pleasure.

With her tongue hanging low she manage to rise on trembling legs – embarrassed that her resolve was being matched by a common thief. She chomped down on the crowbar, biting to release some of the strain piling up at her behind, gnawing to shake off the straining pleasure, making an attempt to focus on the task of delivering her gift by the door before master returned.

-Ffrrth- “Mmrrwooe.” Persian purred along with her pucker, feeling it twitch, clench and flutter with breezes of tummy smog, a prickly tang of jelly and old leather spreading in the room, a delight knowing those thieves got what they deserved.

-Guurbbglslh- -Bhggrslh- She felt her tummy rattle, persian yawning and stretching out her claws. Her stomach laid filled with boulders of clay stuffing up every cent of her frame. To hold someone prisoner in her elegant physique made for the best wake up. She smushed her gut flat into the ground into a plump, furred pancake, tail tip curling down as she mushed and kneaded and gyrating her bloated stomach on the floor.

-Ghhrslth- Suddenly a hatch opened in her system, the immobile boulders tumbled, and her insides warped at their whim instead of hers. Persian's whiskers fluttered and her tail rolled down to her cheeks, her buns creaking open as the winking pucker filled. The internal avalanche stressed

every bit of her colon, the persian feeling her pucker bulb, distend and pried open by the batch of burglar bile, her cheeks stretching apart the bowling ball girth peeking through her brim.

Persian's fur stood on end, she dug her claws into the mat, straightened her back, arching upwards, huffing. -Chrsllth- -Ghrlsiisxth- The crackling of moist clay ground between her cheeks, as the hunk was hoisted back inside, the tension of stuffing a marshmallow through a straw ravaging the feline. Her heart stimulated to a ballad of thumps, but if she let a mere burglar soil her master's floor... she'd soil her master's honour.

Hearing similar cries outside in the main hall, she tottered out, attempting to limit her belly's rocking beneath her, each bob sending shivers through her coat.

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-Ppbfbfrrwth- Frrwwwiitfth- Puffs of smog vacated the pet's bowels, as they circled the room, pacing to and fro, distracted by the clenching and -Gbbrrhsh- growls of their stuffed guts. Each time they met, they would attempt to look stoic, under the quivers and throbs of their collective colons, leaning in to whinnies and nosing over one another for comfort. Master would surely be home soon, they thought... they hoped.

Persian sat on her haunches, front-paws taunt into her tummy, muffles bursts of tepid flatulence reeking a comforting petrichor air around her, inviting her to relinquish her struggle and give in to the thundering avalanche of pressure. She tottered over to her scratching pole, honing her claws against the rigid bundle of rope, digging her claws in deep to steel herself against the mounting tension wedging her bottom. -Ghrbstslslpht- A sudden drum of pressure coursed through her, paws shaking, continuing to grasp and rend and the pole, but slowly coming to a halt, her claws dragging down under their own weight, to the bottom of the pole. Persian huffed out murr as she squirmed on the ground – mimicking a rolling pin stuck in a batch of dough.

She peeked up at the pole, it was the right with to jam her tush closed. She grasped at the pole, hauling herself up, -Ghhrsppgh- then sinking back to the ground as a throb of muddy girth pulsed through her insides. Furfrou came to her side and nuzzling in against her chin.

-Ffrrpbbb-dttwp- Furfrou flinched sensing the creeping tension wedges its way forwards – someone blowing at the other end of the marshmallow straw, and the mound starting to puff out the opposite end. She tapped her paws to the ground, wiggling back and forth, brushing her paws through her fluffed fur and tangling it into a mess, fraught with guilty pleasure brewing from the common burglars proving themselves magnificent nestling-nougat.

She scampered off, back to the study, Persian not far behind. Her eyes honed in on the open window, she'd have to take the risk. Clambering up on the table, she rammed her front into the open air... -Thhddw- But lodged stuck at her tummy, the mound of compact burglar batter preventing her from wedging through, even as she flailed, panted and slapped the windowsill. -Ppffth- Worse, it was compiling the pressure, butt boulders curing into diamonds as it vented earthy smog.

The two started to make out every chunk of muck, every bone jabbing into their intestinal wall, every rib and indigestible clogging up space in their bowels. The struggle mounting between the delight to restrain the ruffians daring to steal from their master, saving the trash to be put in its place, and the primal call of nature pumping through their legs and turning their tails into bobbing fishing poles.

“Envie? Suer? What iz all zat ruckus?”

Their ears perked up at the distinct sound of their master.

Persian nabbed onto Furfrou's tail, reeling them out of the window. They scampered out of the study, into the foyer, where they could hear master fumbling with their keys.

-Ghbrpspltlsh- -Ghhrbrslw- Both winced in place, the sudden excitement and motion roaring through their bodies, severing the restraint they had built up. Both Furfrou and persian stumbled over, legs clenching their stomach, as the burglar remains teased their puckers with a cavalcade of fluttering butterflies. -Ggrwllslth- The crinkling rasp of dry tape heralding the mountain of mud concealed behind their swollen cheeks.

-Crrrch- the door creaked open.

“Hoooooufff.”

“Mmrrewooorrf.”

Perhaps it was just too much to bear, perhaps the safety of their owner returning soothed their muscles, but as the door open, so did the pet's rears -Crrliixchl-.

-Brrwffllwpth- A barrage of hot air launched past the fluctuating brims sneaking out around the towers of umber erecting from the pet's waste chutes. -Chhrllpwwth- Crackles reverberated through the air – the sound of stale sauce stirred by eager fingers – as the Furfrou's brim warped wider than their own thighs, disgorging a pillar of fence sludge, radiating a beef shaded heat, projected out of their pucker. The bale of putty curved as it reached over a meter's heights, and tumbled in an an arch straight into the carpet.

Furfrou slumped forwards, only her rear raised high to dispense the congealing dung, the rest of her curled up in a squirming tangle of guilty pleasure. Her cheeks laid flush from the tsunami of relief crashing through her veins as she disgorged the bone litter and cloth riddled mess. She hadn't realised her whole body had been wearing a tightened choke collar until it was now lifted. Yet, her embarrassment only grew her face redder, knowing she was besmirching her master's honour.

Persian tail wagged in a smoothed wave, her cheeks parted under the bulk of molten robbers forged through her rear into the slabs of creamy bulwark curling up behind her. She tried to avoid her master's face, knowing it was right there, stunned as she unloaded untold kilograms of thief putty, bundling and folding together with furfrou's heap into one mountain of muck, rising in levels of coiling fudge deluging from their overstuffed cannons.

The heap stood many heads over furfrou, sprawling in width to a full roadblock. Persian felt their brim still gaping, twitching to shut, exuding bolts of relief through her tissue.

Furfrou panted, each long breath letting her tongue dip deep, sensing her voided bowels breathing along with her, vacant as a shore shell, still vibrating with shock in the vacancy of tush jamming bulk.

They both carried their heads, with aim of a pompous, dignified pose. -Dwwpth- -Twpth- Yet, before they met with master Sein's gaze, they slumped onto the carpet, fainted from exhaustion.