

Pony Camp Crashers

Written by septia

Moonlight peeked through the foliage above; illuminating a path for a weary camper pacing through paths and bushes. She did not stop walking until the campfire was but a speck; when the drone of cicadas and flies muffled the chatter of her group. She sighed, wiggling out of her uniform's undergarment. Second year of being a scout, and she still had trouble doing her business near others.

She squatted for a full minute with no effect; something still had her nervous. Maybe it was the dusk wind, the distant chatter of the campers... or the fact it seemed a few more trees had appeared around her.

"What's it doing?"

"Ah reckon it's something ya dun just barge in on," Applejack whispered back to Rainbow, peering down at the girl through the lower tree-crowns.

"Sounds like a dare."

"What? Why?"

"You're right," Dash nodded in contemplation, "too easy for a dare, how about you dare me to eat them?"

"That's..."

"Here comes rainbow."

The girl froze as the new trunks bent, heaved forwards in a leap towards her, the figure veiled in shadows emerging as a blue blur with streaks of colour. As she opened her mouth to scream, the beast followed suit.

"Aaammpmpffh-."

A chamber of soaked fuchsia devoured her; a moist tongue clutching around her frame. Her scream echoed back, muffled, with the churn and sloshes of saliva and cheek muscles concaving to vacuum her into the chamber. -Shhrlpt-. Her legs were slathered with droll from the eager lips bounding over them, and in the next moment she lost her footing, flailing in fervour to get a grip... only to be treated as an unwrapped caramel, wrapped by tongue and cheeks alike as the beast devoured her.

-Oomph- -Aoomppgllp-. Rainbow's cheeks contracted in the swallow, her neck distending around a bundle of thrashes – scrambling like a pig under a blanket – as it descended down her gullet and sunk in flat once it reached her chest.

"Rainbow," Applejack called.

"Mmph, phaaa," Dash cooed with her tongue hanging low.

"You can't just... well, it's just one I suppose," Applejack relented as she joined the side of the foolhardy friend, "so, how was it?"

"Solid nine out of ten, 'specially when she got to squirming, her sweat tasted better than your cider."

"Say what now? Don't believe it."

"Does so."

Applejack's ears twitched as she peeked towards the crackle of a distant campfire.

"Well, guess we haven't gotten a sturdy meal since we got here..."

“And then the girl said: ‘thank the skies we outran those were-maids, and outsmarted the oknytt, I think we are safe now-...’ But little did she know the forest has more than that,” the storyteller’s voice turned deep with drama, illuminating themselves from below with a flash-light, “for when she turned she noticed her friend, already in the clutches of... the giant mare of Twilight!”

“Ok ok, you can just stop, right there,” a fellow portly camper said whilst munching on their third protein-bar, “Your story is ridiculous, it doesn’t have any rhyme or reason. And what, giant ponies? Just because you add the suffix ‘of twilight’ doesn’t qualify it as a spook.”

“Got that right, who’d ever be scared of that egghead either way?”

The booming voice wasn’t one the campers recognised, slowly turning to see a huge blue head, taking up the entire tent door.

“That’s like saying I am scary. Well, scary awesome, perhaps. And you all look scary tasty.” Rainbow reached out her tongue, covering the chubby camper in a stroke of slick drool, washing the whole tent with the stale, dried peach breath from the massive mare’s maw. The campers scrambled as Dash thrust her head inside to snatch up the complaining companion, tongue spooling around their form and hauling them into the depths of her maw.

“Mmawfmm, mmpfm, awwwmmf, soooo gwhd.” Dash held the treat in her maw, lapping the terrified jawbreaker and splattering hulking globules of spittle across the tent. Webs of the pony’s drool clung onto the cloth of tent and the camper’s uniforms alike; campers were ensnared in a web of slime tethers, snarling attempted escapes as the tent devolved into a chaos of scrambling teens tumbling over one another.

“Mmwrf mmwpgh, woopgmth.” Grunts and cries from their friends laid dampened under the cover of eager lips, pursing to reel in the catch. -Shhrlpth-. It quieted down after the legs zipped into the maw, the campers watching the blue mare’s cheeks distorting in a pantomime of their friend’s struggles, moist -Shhrlgsh- -Chhrrllgh- rumbling from the mare’s moist maw-carpet while she sampled their flavour and pools of drool displaced through her maw.

-Ghmmoollp- with a light tilt of her head, the mare sent the bulge sailing down her neck in a smooth dome. “Tah daah,” Dash exclaimed with her open – camper-less – maw. “Scary good is right, this flavour is a real hair-riser... Who wants next?”

The screams picked up once more. From the outside, one could see the shadows playing on the wall, the tent bulging and distorting as Dash’s head ravaged the insides, suckling up the imprints of campers scrambling to push through the tent and calling for help. -Shhrlpt- -Aaammpf- the munches and gulps flared across the campsite, all while the screams and struggles steadily diminished, each time another kid-bulge convulsed down her neck to join the rest.

-Bbhrrllghs- -Ghrrllsh- Drove of wrinkled throat flesh undulated into the campers. Those who grasped at the wall found the lubricated tissue gliding out of their fingers when combined with the weight of fellow campers tumbling in from above. Deeper down the oesophagus they were bundled together, clumping into a tangle of squirming limbs, kicking and wailing while the gate of meat pursed and disgorged them into the gut in a single file line, where the stomach lining oozed bile in rolling dunes draping over them like candlewax. Their screams were not loud enough to pierce through the throbbing of veins of muscles; the osculating nightmare of flesh would entomb them all.

“Let me mmpwpgh-mgpggh, g-gho,” a boy demanded whilst the pink mat of moisture draped over him, staying over his face to rub its taste buds over his face, clogging his pleads.

“Mmnf, darn it, that’s a real rootin’ flavour, can’t say you are as easy to down as cider though,” Applejack commented, shovelling up the camper over her tongue and clasping them to the back of her throat, -Ghmmmpfllk-. At the swallow, she felt her body quiver from tip to tail,

slurping across her lips whilst rubbing at the budding spot on her tummy. "Stars that's satisfyin' though." by the time she finished her sampler, the rest had locked themselves in the tent. "Hey there, I am still mighty parched, mind just walking down my throat all quick like?" Applejack asked while prodding at the tent to watch the bundle of camper shadows inside scurry from side to side. "Well, I'm not that picky to turn down a canned meal," she said and dragged out the tent-plugs from the ground, lifting up the whole thing into her embrace, having to stand on her hindlegs to get her hooves around it proper. "Phooew, we coulda dun this the easy way, remember?" Applejack reminded the tent-burrito, whose filling scrambled from side to side in her grasp before the mare managed to fit their muzzle over the end. "Aahhmp, m-mwmpht mmfmf." The earth pony panted, clutching around the wiggling meal package, wedging her head forwards to fit the tent down. The cloth sack bent inwards at her lip, compressed to half its width as it passed into the damp caverns. The more she fed into her maw, the more the camper fillings concentrated to the outside, ballooning the tent dipping out of her maw over capacity; a plump cherry of squirming treats.

"Shmpt benhs so stubborn will ya?" Applejack mumbled around the tent, tilting her head back and parting her lips wide, letting the stuffed tent shrink with a short second of screams as the campers tumbled down behind the reaches of her lips, until the lump had diminished enough for her mouth to glide over. -Shhrlslph- Her lips morphed along the bulges and protrusions stretching out over the tent; little handprints sealed under the equine's hunger. -Ooommpghl- She shovelled in the last of the tent using her tongue, standing back on all fours and sloshing the stuffed lunch parcel back and forth, prodding her puffed cheeks and jabbing at her open mouth whenever the struggling meal jutted back out.

Within, droves of saliva soaked through the fabric, the slosh and churn of the maw basting the campers, who had sealed their own fate, now frantically attempting to escape what had been their one place of safety.

-Ookmph- -Ghllomp- Applejack coughed, shivered, and swallowed down twice a second, compacting the kids down her oesophagus to distend her neck in droves of tent-clad struggles. Her tension gradually melted to pleasure as it lugged its way down her throat. She opened her maw once to grasp in a deep breath, showing the tent at the precipice of her throat, along with several outlines of heads and fighting arms clutched in a frame of undulating meat. -Ghmlummpl- And with one clench of the tongue, she drove them further, tobogganed down the relentless tunnel, where their cries faded with the -Ghhrrllsh- brewing of an oncoming camping stew.

"Bhuuraaaaallop Phoo, pardon my manners," Applejack adjusted her hat, smacking into her stomach with a sense of pride. "That is gonna make a few hearty horseapples," She mumbled, her stomach flaring up into a cavalcade of bumps and protrusions as the kids refused to accept their role as 'horseapples'.

"Bhhuruaaap," Applejack belched up a cap, "Settle down now, it'll make it easier on my heinie... hmm?" She caught something in the path of the drool-soaked headwear; the third nearby tent, with a squad of campers egressing with stealth on shaky legs.

"Hold up, who gave you permission to scamper off? I am still mighty peckish."

Though the giant mare's words did not seem to calm them down; the group set off in a sprint. Six campers managed to flee into the forest, but it wasn't long before the ground trembled, and the orange mare was seen chasing them in a modest trot.

"Yee-haaaaw, a little herding to work out some calories, keep working up that sweat snackems."

The group split up to lead the beast off trail, shifting between hiding spots until they managed to shake the mare off of their trail.

The campers reconvened at the foot of a cliff mound, catching their breaths and huddling up close.

"W-what was that?"

"Did you see what it did?"

"Anyone got their compass on? We have to find a way out of the forest."

“Well why didn't you just say so?” -Ddppttm- The ground shook as a hoof slammed down by the mound. The campers scuttled off to the other end, -Ddmmph- where a second hoof trapped them, their gazes turning up at the orange mare above.

“All riled up, and now to put you mms, somewhere you won't get lost again,” she called out, squatting over the group, forcing them to the ground; a winking brim of flesh introduced between cleft cheeks, the smooth, plasticine surface clenching tight before gaping into a pit of musky flesh exuding breaths of prime-grade mulch.

“H-heheelmp.”

“Aaahfmmfpf-fmmfprthh.”

Cries were muffled. The campers were funnelled down by the crack, two squeezed together in an involuntary embrace as the pucker engulfed their heads. -Ghrrllrth- The brim crinkled of humid putty smeared over glass; crawling down the kids with the pace and texture of a circle of snails engulfing them.

“Phooo, 's gotta stink down there, you feel like you'd end up as rather bubbly butt stuffers, guess we'll find out when... tha's it get up there, don't push yer friends... Got all the time in the world to process pies outta ya.”

-Swquallsgh- The pucker distended, malformed as new campers were shoved within its reaches; the pit descending on high to scoop up any struggling limbs within the embrace of supple flesh. Applejack quivered on her way down towards the ground, her cheeks sandwiching and smothering the group, the occasional squeeze aligning them with the brim.

“Wmmpgpts.”

“Fmma, aaga, pleeamnn.”

Muffled pleads and scampering struggles ruffled her tush, the puffy rim expanding to haul up the ball of squirms and struggles.

“That's how you get 'er done, gotta say you've been the most, exciting dinner I've had for a good while,” Applejack complimented the snacks as she rose up and jiggled her apple-buns around the bouquet of wriggling limbs jutting out of her pucker. “Oooh, keep that up back there, think yer gettin' the attention of your friends,” she called back, huffing and hugging around her gut as a rupture of -Bbhrhrlpgsh- gruelling gasses brewed along her intestines. -Phhbbrwweeppph- The brim flaunted out a cloud of petrichor vapours, the heated stench of fermenting leather and tart chocolate left the campers fluttering – rocking like a bundle of roses caught in a draft.

“Phew, your friends must have been nasty, and that means you'll end up as even more rotten mists yourself, won't stop me from enjoying every bite though,” Applejack assured them with a chuckle, waddling back to camp with her jammed flank.

~ 2 ~

“Hey nice job catching 'em, props,” Rainbow dash commended while nuzzling up between Applejack's cheeks, peeking in at the droves of startled snack-cakes.

“Think 'bout who you're talking to, got it done lickety split, just harvest those buds of my south field and we'll share the spoils,”

At this point Dash was already ear-deep in the plump buttocks, whipping out her tongue to serve up some smooth licks of soothing saliva up the canyon of chub; sending Applejack quivering at the tepid laps, and the campers thrashing with the stale, sport-sweat breath mingled with the earthy musk of their captor. -Shhrrllpt- -Chhrrlsp- The tongue brushed coats of translucent drool across the pucker, caking them soaked and slippery; little tongue wiggles tickling them here and there until the mass couldn't help but burst into a laughing fit.

“Haamampfh,” which is when Dash planted her lips right over the brim, clamping the strugglers stuck between two reeking catacombs of humid horror. -Chhrrllsfth- Rainbow's cheeks concaved as she inhaled the campers in, her hooves keeping themselves busy kneading over the

pudgy bottom as her gob warped with snacks bulging out her cheeks. She could fit two comfortably, yet in the moment she wanted to enjoy each and every one.

“Oomsp, osho, Dashy tha’s quite... Oogh oh stars,” Applejack mumbled, her tail flicking back and forth as the pegasus made out with her pucker. Faint cries could be heard as the brown rectum and blue lips malformed in tandem around each camper; the taut outlines traversing seamlessly from one to the other.

“Oompgh, oomph, Aoooaglp, “Rainbow dutifully swallowed, gulps turning into wriggling bumps morphing down her neck, illuminated by the pale glimmer of the moon, and orchestrated by shared moans of hungry giants.

“Mfms, pahs, that, Phoo, you go deep don't ya?” Applejack said, barely composing sentences between feeling Dash's tongue swirl and dig down her pucker, scraping up globs of congealed sweat and grime along with the stragglers, cooped up in the humid mire of her rectum. “Phoo, think you got ‘em all?”

-Pltch- Rainbow detached her tensed lips from Applejack's rim.

“Mmfra, mwmfm, hhemwpm...”

A final pair of legs flailing between her lips was slurped up in a decisive guzzle, squeaking like honeyed pasta sucked through a vacuum -Chjjrllsthp-. “Phaa, yup, every last one.”

“Wha? We were supposed to share ‘em.”

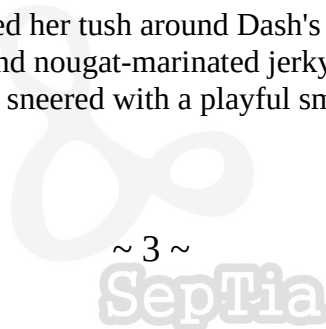
“Oh, you can have a smell,” -Bhhruuaaaop- Rainbow belched out a bassy rumble, shooting up a face at the back of her throat.

“Wait pleamm—mp.” The woman and her pleads were swallowed down the next moment.

“How's that?”

Applejack squinted and clamped her tush around Dash's muzzle -PPBbrrrlwllth- delivering a point-blank pang of rustic vapours and nougat-marinated jerky in Dashie's coughing face.

“How's about that?” Applejack sneered with a playful smirk as Dash tumbled, coughing from her tush.



The sight of the beasts surrounding the campgrounds watching for their moment to strike instilled fear in the camp-leader, who watched the development from his own tent a stone's throw off the main site. First, he thought to warn them. Then, he thought to flee. But... the curves of these mares, their throats swelling with each gulp, their pleased hums as they sampled and suckled down on the kids he was supposed to be caring for... He simply froze, unable to tear his eyes from them. That was... until the orange one fled, and he took his chances to scatter. It wouldn't have been long before they found him, he knew it wouldn't be different, they would tower over him, lean down to eye level, look him straight in the soul and say-...

-Thhwwpt-. The leader rammed into a tree, stumbling backward, seated from the impact. Except, the tree was a striking magenta, stretching broader than as a tent's short side, and had two wide, curious eyes scrutinising him.

“Oh, what an intriguing discovery.”

The leader just stared, pale as chalk, as the horned mare sniffed him and smiled, laying down on her belly across from him.

“By my observations, I hadn't thought your kind ventured this far out, Ooo, are you on a camping trip?”

She looked so pure of curiosity; did she really care? “We are, or... were...”

She nodded. “Sounds like the girls found the others. Shame, guess we'll have to have fun experimenting, just you and me. Oh, manners, I am Twilight,” The transition from childlike wonder to psychotic glee was so smooth, he couldn't help but feel for her. Up close, their breath was so potent, an intoxicating stench of tree sap and sea salt. Suddenly, she opened her maw wide, letting

him gaze into the chamber pooling with drool from ceiling to floor; vines of spittle stretching and dripping between her teeth.

“Ooo, I had a feeling you were one of those, it is a shame I already napped a couple treats earlier,” she informed and sat up on her haunches, prodding at her tummy with her hoof, “wait, somewhere... there you are,” she exclaimed as the stomach poked back, stretching out under their coat, hills and valleys of purple skin moulding to the whims of a lively dinner.

“Oo, still kicking, you are resilient snacks too, but don't worry, I've the perfect place to put you,” She said while turning around and slumping down crouched with her hind brushing over the grass, showing off where those purple cheeks sloped off into. “It is a bit smoggy, but you squirm so great when it gets a bit rank, wouldn't you mind scooching up there yourself? Or should I give you a hoof?”

He stared at the plump, rugose pit, watching a single drop of sweat bound across the curve of squeaking rubber, occasional clenches giving him peeks into the lurid depths. The surrounding air took on a character of the mare's matured lady-musk; an alluring temptation of taboo spices. This close, he was drinking in the exuding fragrance – intoxicating as a cardamom spiced tequila – his circulation brought to a pounding through his body. He was sweating a fair bit himself. If he didn't do what she'd say, he could easily be crushed, or stomped or... it wasn't that... that pucker seemed to beckon him, that he listened to her... he was just...

“Do all of your species' pants pitch tents when you are camping too?” Twilight remarked.

To avoid further discussion, he scuttled up to the lilac rump.

“Ooh, eager are we, just stick your arms in and wiggle through, it'll catch you eventually-moogph, ooh you are alreamm, already doing it, huh?” Twilight blushed, feeling the little treat's arms diving in past the pre-lubed pit, prying it open and sending pleasing jolts through her system as his little hands grasped full of her plush pucker and wriggled himself into the hold of her rear.

The orifice sculpted around his arms, a pit of putty welcoming him to make himself comfortable, eager to hug him into the warm depths promised within. The colon walls were springy, polished to a shimmer by constant undulations and movement of the flabby, wrinkled tissue, like grabbing onto mounds of chilled lard. The pucker swept up his arms, bumping onto his face, and folded over his head to clasp a tight seal around his shoulders, retracting to tug him inwards. -Bbghhrslttt- the tunnels rocked, quaking beneath his arms. -Pppfbbrrwth- Smog steamed from the tunnels ahead, enveloping him in a blanket of scents that prickled up his nostrils and tickled his throat with tendrils of pungent muck and festering moss.

“Whoops, you ok down there, just a little bit further, mfmf, you are already treating my bum like a princess, omm, I can tell you she is enjoying suckling up your chest.”

-Sghhrlslrths- In the midst of his crawl, the tunnels ahead crinkled of plaster plugging a leak. -Ghrlgllwrgb- The colon undulated in around him as the aroma of feminine brine joined by the tang of fertilised loam. Up ahead, rolling forwards by the clenching valves of the equine intestines, laid an expanse of auburn colon caramel. Heat stained with the tart odour of the grime radiated from the heap, growing potent as they encroached towards one another. The rank odours polluted each breath with the sweat of putrefaction, an aroma that spread through his core – lassoing him from the inside. He reached out to touch it, staying out of his grasp, the walls massaging them closer together, gradually revealing the mounds' creased surface billowing forwards like a liquid leaf; its bumps and irregularities moulded along the sides, smoothed out by the massage; and the trails of viscous colon lube, drooling in webbed vines cross its surface. -Splrltcch- Once he reached it, Tyto felt his hand buckle the surface, bending into a crater around his handprint. The mulch was still curing from being brewed throughout the mare's body, the sludge was rigid, yet malleable when force was applied; its texture that of an orange peel, while its density mimicked mattress foam. -Chhtllrsgth- Tyto was lost in thought when the contraction of the walls sent him and the chubby bowel bonbon to get closer acquainted. The mangled orb of dung plastered into his embrace in the next contraction -Chhrlggwth-. His nose was buried into the mulch, arms and cheeks glued by a mixture of surface grime and colon slobber, his world encased by the clasp of dense gruel and tart stench burrowing into his lungs as he burrowed into the chocolate drove. -Shhrslth- -Chhrslth- The crinkling of

waste moulding and accommodating for the new shape introduced throbbed in Tyto 's ears; his senses overwhelmed by the experience of diving into a morass of nougat pudding and feminine nectar.

“Mmwmpf, mmfw,” Tyto grunted into the mound, kicking his legs to release some of the tension, his upper body compacted to a statue by the grinding catacomb, his legs' flail warping and moulding Twilight's pucker wide.

“Ofomsp, we mm, have some contact, temperature must be in awfully lewd levels in there, Feels like my muck has already accepted you as part of the system too, that 'll be a trial for my rectal elasticity,” Twilight huffed and rubbed her hoof in circles around her muck chute, keeping the struggles somewhat in check, prodding at his feet to squeeze him into the depths.

-Chhrrlslth- With a crackle of brewing plastic starting to cure, Tyto's frame peeled off the sitzmark his frame made on the booty-bile, the mound engulfing his legs as it bulldozed down his frame. Despite feeling gargantuan, the filth's scope was at its margin as wide as his torso was tall, yet the oversized medicine-ball of chocolate cookie-dough made its presence felt through density as it ground into his frame like a reverse rolling pin. Tyto's body laid sleek with colon goods; that and the stamp of the fried hay redolence was all the grime left on him. Yet, as his lungs were free to take in another breath of air, the oxygen had grown only denser with the cluster of buffalo-chocolate.

-Chrslpht- And another hefty bonbon of sludge clamped town at the back of his head, bending him over into a curl between the mounds. -Shrlltp-

“Aawmmff.”

It was then he felt the shove of the mare's hoof shovelling his feet past the pucker. The mare's rind of flesh was excited to munch over his ankles, plumping in girth as they sloughed over his soles; sealing him in as a marginally raised pocket at the mare's lower abdomen.

“Phooaa, my original intention was to keep you as a plug formmf, my next batch, thought immfs, phaa,” Twilight sat back on her haunches and rubbed over the bump in her physique, “fit better as the dung itself, you are a real, mm, natural.”

-Sqhrurushl- when the mare sat, the walls convulsed, warping to cram the filth downwards, rolling the lower mound down past his knees and cobbling the higher slab of sludge over Tyto's back until he couldn't move, sandwiched by baked buns of butt bonbons. Furrows sprawled out like roots into the compost where his body dented, opening fractures in the grime that wafted of piquant jerky and pickled ham. An occasional bulge of a bone poked out, its surface ranging from tainted brown to embedded in bowel batter. The cramped space concentrated the potency of the mare's pheromones, dense mulch smothering his back like a skin suit, dunes of muck smushing up between his legs, compacting against his crotch. The bowels undulated, starting at the top, and coursed over him on its journey to the end station, a rhythm that pumped the hot clay against him. Tyto joined the rhythm, drinking in the humid air as he humped into the globule of gunk ahead, each thrust between the waves of contractions, leaving his shaft perpetually stimulated.

“Mmpfs, mpha mamfhw,” thoughts melted into a bog of lust and grime, his shaft lubricated by oozing mucus. Any will to argue against this boner faded, and the massage of flesh and filth brought the camp leader's rigid hardon to a climax. -Spllfgrrht- Blobs of pearly cock glue splattered from his tip, shading the crevices of dung in veins of man-milk slobbering through the trenches and cracks. His shaft kept twitching as the caramelised air turned creamy with the saline spunk painting pools in the cramped cell.

“Ommphg, certainly got busy in there, a self-lubricating buttplug mmf, have to remember to write this down.” Twilight brushed over the slight bloat in her abdomen, her trot gaining a bit of teetering on her way through the forest while she searched for her friends.

Applejack peered over at the sleeping Rainbow dash, tucked out and using some of the tents spread out as a blanket.

-Ghrbrbsllth- Applejack idly rubbed their stomach. "Could've used a few more, sure they're tasty, but filling?" she mumbled, dipping her hooves into her stuffed gut.

"So you have been feasting as well, Applejack?"

"Twi? Where've you been?" Applejack called out and invited her into the camp clearing.

"Oh I've ehm, been enjoying myself. I found snacks, and one helpful Samaritan, practically dived into my tush, he's still squirming in there."

Applejack's eyes shot open. "Mind sharin'?"

-Ghrlbltsh- Tyto was roused awake by a tremor of gurgles jolting through catacombs, -Chhrth-latent mud dislodged off of the walls and crawled forwards, hastened by the pressure building up from higher in the colon network. -Chhrslltpth- The pumping muscle tissue carted the dung forwards, giving Tyto not a modicum of time to catch his breath before the sludge heaps surrounding him clamped together, entombing him in the muck while the walls kneaded it all down towards the pucker. -Pprbrbrwrrth- Through vents and fractures in the grime he felt the sting of a fried tomato puree batch of bowel smog.

-Ffrwrrpth- Applejack quivered at the flatulence bubbling out through the broadening brim, panting as she watched the purple pit broaden in oscillating patterns, winking at her as it protruded and withdrew over a dome of filly nougat, in which she could see the marking left by a tiny face.

"He's been busy down there," Applejack teased and moistened her lips, wrapping them over the protruding bulk wedging through the hatch; lips and pucker moulding after each other as the chunk drove its way down her maw.

"Mmfmwf," she mumbled around the baked, steaming butt dumpling, sinking her teeth into the hunk of booty caramel, bending around her molars with the ease of warm butter. -Chhrwpptths- She tugged at it, suckled over the slimy surface of grime and rump lard and tugged it outwards.

-Chhrlslth- Tyto felt the cocoon of cooked chocolate ripped from his body; tethers of gunk crumbling around him like globs of piped frosting. For a moment, the glue of dung held him gummed to the upper horseapple – enough time for him to see the orange muzzle withdraw with the dome of mulch in her maw – before he dropped down after it. Tyto curled up in a ball, dangling above the two-meter drop on his rump before -Splldth- smacking into the clay clenched between the mare's lips.

-Gmnnoomph- In the next moment, the swallow sent him tumbling off to the side of the sloped mud-heap, rolling down her cheek an instance before the filth sunk into her maw. -Bbgnnr- The cheeks swelled out under him, providing a cushioned fall from the dung he'd been sealed within moments before. Her mastication of the mound left his ground rumbling, and Tyto slumped off the mare as she savoured the fresh mud candy.

"Mmpffg, awmamf mmfph you't ever lay mmf off the hayburgers," Applejack mumbled with her maw full, before diving back into the canyon of purple ham, suckling and slurping at the pucker to partake of the deluge of balled sludge.

Tyto panted heavily, the air smelling odd, stuffy... despite him knowing it was the crisp breeze of the forest, he was drawn to the radiating heat of sulphuric filth as a moth sought a flame, staying close to the mares as the orange equine nursed a salvo of cream congealed pudding balls from Twilight's cheeks. -Splltsth- He noticed a wet smacking in between the slurps, watching as a streak of his white spunk trickled down the mare's cheek, only to be slurped up with the rest of the cavalcade of cooked clay. He could not help his cheeks reddening at the sight of the orange gullet distending, warped in domes trailing down her neck in bountiful swallows; imagining just how much grime would be packed away in their gut by the time she was finished.

"So this's the feller?" Applejack wondered, casually licking Tyto clean of the spunk and rump grease coating -Shhrrllsp- -Chhrrlp-

"That's him, impressive that he is so versatile, I thought he would end up being your snack."

"Who says he ain't?" Applejack asked, dangling him over her open maw, rolling out her tongue to drop him onto.

"Actually, would you mind if I keep him?"

"Huh?" Applejack said, maw still agape.

"I'd like to run a few more experiments, and you've gotten more than your fill of dessert already," Twilight pointed out, booping the distended dunes and valleys stretching out Applejack's abdomen, -Shwhthh- her hoof sinking into the melting bile of her nougat.

"Suit yerself," Applejack yawned, mouth tantalisingly close while her tongue played with lakes and vines of drool, before closing up. "Is 'bout time to hit the hay."

Twilight lifted Tyto close to her cheek, nuzzling his soaked frame as she curled up to a pillow of the camper's supplies.

Tyto didn't complain, their coat was much softer than the grass, and her breath still smelled of that alluring must.

"What's... up-... ight? ... is coming when-... ing."

Tyto blinked, brushing sleep off his mind at the rumbling voice above, peeking up out of his slumber to see an oddly familiar pair of curves, with a plush, pucker trembling betwixt.

"Whwha-wha?"

"Good morrow. Oo, careful not to fall," Twilight instructed him.

He felt around, and noticed his back was resting against the purple mare's horn, her muzzle aimed straight up at the musty mare canyon.

"You are just in time for breakfast, Applejack is frying up some hearty horseapples, and I thought it'd be a treat to get a front-row view, so just don't move too much, or you might be on the menu." She giggled, leaning up to take a teasing lap of Applejack's sweaty cheeks, brushing Tyto against them in the same motion. "We are fine to dine now."

Tyto clasped his arms around the horn when the head tilted backwards. Drool residue clung to him from the previous night, his palms gliding like ice skates over the lilac cartilage.

Above loomed orange haunches – radiant in the morning sunlight – housing the persimmon pucker emerging from its snug crack. The surrounding flesh laid rugose as a crumpled rug, converging into a plump hoop. The surface laid sleek as a tire, the rubber membrane winking a few meters away. -Bbrgllsh- A groan was muffled by the colon, trickling towards the brim, which throbbed to life, the pucker brassing off into convulsions. Tyto swore he could see the pungent air bubble inflating the pit for a split second, before bursting from the rectum in a billowing stream of exhaust. -Pbbrrwwrllbth- The pucker rippled with the sound of a mud-submerged noise-maker. Flatulence bathed Twilight in moisture, Tyto's hair stained with humidity reeking of alcohol distilled from swamp-tomatoes and week-old ham boiled therein.

The gust's force plastered Tyto to the horn, posing him seated in the makeshift lawn chair, a witness to the show from the front row.

-Pffrt- -Chhrlgk- The pit gaped wide and then contracted; its outer edges withdrawn, only to protrude once more in an undulation to lather itself with the colon grease the exhaust came with. -Shhrrllgs-. -Chhrlfssgh- Grinds and smears of viscous lard choked from the fleshy catacombs above; the dawn's beams reaching an arm's length into the tunnel of rhythmic tissue. The thumbing, sluggish thumping was all that told of the magnitude contained within, ... until the top of a pole was illuminated.

The pucker's motions grew wider – pried apart by the creamy glob wedging forwards – until it yawned wide open, a cavity that Tyto could stand in up to his crotch. The closer it came, the more of the chocolate bulwark could be made out: cobbled dunes of processed loam, casting stark shadows in the hue of coffee; trenches breathing open and shut from the bowel's vibrations, with nets of grime connecting each edge, along with rods of tent skeletons in metal and plastic molten into ribbons. Her brim widened as the bulk laid only a half arm deep, then... the brim sealed shut, -Shrrlth- clasping to a bulb over the vacating mulch.

“Phoo, just a second, gotta let em, mm, get along.” Applejack huffed, flicking her tail around Twilight's head.

-Frth- -BHGhrrilslgghst- The bulb rattled into a bloom, the aperture of flesh withdrawing over the emerging boulder of dung protruding forth from the rear. -Ghrslpsth- the squeals of polished bronze rattled as the brim dragged backwards over the mound of marinated mare nougat, with the volume of an armchair so casually brought forth. In the next moment it dislodged, falling towards Tyto.

Everything slowed down, and the cocktail of emotions began tasting bitter with fear. One stray move, and it would flatten him to a skinsuit. Time slowed down, and Tyto saw the dreadnought of grime plummet towards him, littered with tarnished skeletal matter of the campers, embedded in a labyrinth of fractures. Hues of green and khaki – from the tents and uniforms – bled into wide splotches in the shades of raw umber, even the colon fluids tinted in a spectrum of molten hues as it wound down in liquid ore veins through the filth. A wave of heat crashed into him, polluting his nostrils in the murky odour of roasted mushrooms wrapped in pickled leather. He shielded his face in reflex,

“Aaammpfh, mmopgh,.”

and was nearly thrown off when the giant pony snapped her head back to catch the boulder of muck, slamming into her molars in a cacophony of wet clay. -Chhrrlth- -Chhtwllfgll-

“Mfmrw, cahwful,” Twilight mumbled as she chomped through the shit nougat, molars digging and warping the auburn clay into craters around them, masticating the bottom-baked remains into syrup.

“Sorry 'bout that, some ‘er these mmfs -Pwwrrpth- campers are as stubborn as a goat in a corn queue,” Applejack excused herself, flicking her tail up past her brim as she contracted to ferry the next orb of gruel forwards, crinkling past her disgorging pucker and rolling forth to plummet into the mare's eager maw -Pltddwrrrh-.

Tyto watched as droves of muck warped the orange mare's pucker, crackled slabs of umber grime dancing at the brim of the pucker, peeking out and clamping back in until the rippling exit yawned open or crept curling around the battered hulks. -Chhrrglslth- -Frwttrpht- Intermittently between puffs of steaming, saline musk pooled through the rear vent, puffs of stale colon air saturated the air with the meaty sweat of massive meat-buns, along with the stench of matured bowel bile. Tyto trembled at the rumbles and shakes from Twilight's head below him, her jaws either busy grinding up tough pony fudge or gaping wide enough to catch the next glob teetering at the edge of Applejack's brim. -Ghrslsl- -Chhrrllgsh- The squelches of teeth mashing through filth woke memories of lathering foam in a bathtub, the occasional air pocket bursting under the mangling teeth, the sludge puttering like a hot porridge.

Tyto gazed at her rear, forging mounds of molten bronze, dripping of guttural phlegm which dressed each slab in a gleaming marble, reflecting hues of golden sunbeams as it squeezed through the brim, tumbling as individual pieces of an avalanche.

Despite the knowledge that the scintillant droves of rear-polished gemstones were all that remained of the camping troupe – and being reminded each time a dissolving cranium or molten cloth uniform plastered into the surface of the grime – he could not saddle his arousal, twitching from tip to toe as the rear maw gaped and winked around clogs of coagulated colon caramel.

-Oommpth- -Oohllpm- He heard Twilight swallow below him, quakes shaking him as her gullet distended in domes full of the haphazardly-cobbled piles of muck, roaming down her neck as naught but bales of hay for these giant equines. Each breath was stained in Applejack's horseapples and Twilight's sludge-stained breath, an aroma that swathed him, cocooning the moment, locking him away from the outside world. His head pulsated from his rapid pants, matching the rhythm of moulding pony-paste.

“Hsoos, got a few sticklers in there,” Applejack called out, Tyto noticing the gap between rear and muzzle closing, “hope ya friend don't mind.”

-Ptwwph- Orange hills enveloped Twilight's muzzle, the soft pudge bulldozing down her cheeks and up her forehead as Applejack planted her bottom straight onto her friend's head. -Shhhatch- The crinkling of melting cheese reverberated around Tyto as the rump meat advanced, his legs trapped under the mountain of flesh at the edge of her crack, the pale locks of her tail forming prison-bars around his back. -Chhrlth- -Ggrhtsl- Creaks of sweat rubbing on sweat rustled through the chub, musky heat radiating from the working haunches, through which he felt the vibrations of mulch and grime churning and stirring. His breath picked up, each shift of the rear threatening to smush him tighter to the horn, smothering him in the embrace of a furnace that had claimed half of his camp. -Bbhghrwwpth- A muffled roar of gas bubbled around him, pockets of flatulence slithering through the fur and basking his little cage in tangs of marinated cotton and buffalo hooves.

“Mmmfs, pmmgs, haa... Mmggn...” -Crrlg-Chhrltsth- Applejack's grunts and hefts above told of her struggle, met with a hum of coos from below.

Sandwiched between them, Tyto could do nothing but bask in the tumultuous rumble and grind reverberating through the colon, squirming as the bulk within stretched the cheeks taught against his skin, straining the mare's system as the mulch crawled through her brim...

-Chhrlrlth- With the clasp of dried glue, Applejack's cheeks began to peel off of Twilight's face, lifting upwards to reveal a fountain of smog filing out into a plume of fluttering stench, Tyto baking in the waves of wilted apple-cores and distilled bog-juice as the hinds rose to reveal the plug connecting Twilight's pursed lips with Applejack's throbbing sewage chute.

The creamy behemoth was at its equator wider than Tyto's embrace, dripping with slews of congealed sludge like wax around the core of the taut boulder. In the shade of the cheeks above, it gave off a coal-black aura, hissing with steam slithering from its depths, cracks parting in the dense mud to reveal layers of bundled fabric and rolls of putrid filth, bouquets of bones swathed in cloth rags harboured within or jutting out in buckles on the dungball's surface. -Shrhslth- -Chrhslth- Drizzles of colon fluids trickled down its surface as the cheeks moulded and sculpted the dome of mud free from the pucker, distending over bloats in the cobbled amalgamation of booty-bonbons. The khaki pit peeled off the patches of plastic smooth and ruffled surfaces, portions of the uniform gruel clad in stream of crevices and pocks akin to the skin of a rotten orange. -Splhrrlpppop- “Phaaaa, mf.” Applejack sighed as the mound uncorked from her tush, jettisoning her rear up an arm's length from the mound stuffing Twilight's cheek. In the graze of sunlight, a pale, beige, and khaki hue dressed the mound, yet Tyto's sight of it was cut short by the purple lips enveloping the sludge from below, clawing over the top with a slick smear of molten caramel. -Shhrlpsth- For a

few moments, he saw it distend and inflate Twilight's cheeks, feeling the clenches of her teeth attempting to rend through the colon chocolate, scraping off globs like a jawbreaker of jelly.

-Oopgmmppth- -Ommph- Gllltrmpj- Then with one trembling swallow convulsing through Twilight's neck, the creamy, musty behemoth descended, sinking down her engorged neck and vanishing flat under her now-smooth neck.

"Haaa. Haaa, Despite their nature of being small snacks individually, it is mmf, -Sllsrhp- astonishing to see how much fudge they end up producing," Twilight pondered, and stuffed her muzzle back up Applejack's crack, draping her humid tongue through the canyon of molten chocolate and sweat stains -Shrlllp- Chrrlppt-

"Phooa, fms, Sure mm, make a whole bushel of horseapples after a bmm, bit of cookin'." Applejack huffed, cooing at each stroke of Twilight's tongue swabbing her hind clean. "By the way, feels like yer horn's a bit, oh... almost forgot about your little feller."

"Mmphf?" Twilight wondered, detaching her muffle from the rump -Shhrltlh- and feeling at her horn. "Oh there is no worry, I bet he had quite the show up there, isn't that right?"

At being addressed, Tyto just curled up in a ball of fluster.

"Suit yerself, gotta admit he's a cute little fella."

"Yeah that lil' sport's alright." Came rainbow Dash's voice.

"Dash?" Applejack flushed up a bit, "How long have you been...?"

"Dash snickered. "Enough to figure out that little bud should know where we can find more of these snacks."

The other two mares pondered for a moment, then peered up to Tyto with amicable expressions.

It was enough to make Tyto feel his body throb again. "Oooh boy..."