

Descending, The Seat of Royalty

Written by Septia.

“My most sincere greetings, I trust you found the escort to your liking; isn't it lovely when you can drift off to the chugs of the train-tracks beneath you?”

“I... think... I slept through it.” My response curt, yet the grand white mare beside me chuckled. Her demeanour mismatched with the guards forcing me to trot in close pace with the princess.

-Pwffoff- A puff of white gas sprung from the regal rear, hanging in the air with a tang of marshmallow. “Even princesses get nervous,” Celestia commented before leading us past a gate, locking out the guards. “Once I had read thorax's letter, I was elated at the prospect of having an ambassador from the hive make a visit.”

Her horn flared up in a yellow gleam before the chamber was cast in luminance, my body elevated in the magic's clutches as the visage of tiled flooring and porcelain emerged underneath me.

“An opportunity to assist a fellow dignitary into the application of their subjects, along with an opening for cultural exchange.”

My levitated form plummeted into the polished bowl of porcelain I'd been levitated over, my lower body twisted and wringed through the straddled piping; torso and hooves swallowed up in the cramped abyss the Princess drilled my form into, until I was cocooned in ceramic. Only my head was spared from the abyss, yet light and fresh air was next to be sealed away from me, when the carpet of alabaster haunches plonked onto the seat.

“Only suitable we'd start with some regal exchange.”

Her voluptuous brim distended and retracted, matching the breaths of the princess, until she strained into a grunt...

“Mmfrf...” -Ppwbrlrlwwrrpth- The pucker trampoline into a flutter as it discharged a mushroom cloud of virulent air, thick vapours stormed out into the toilet, swirling to a cyclone of green clouds polluting the atmosphere with of fermented what cider and lime broth. I watched her compact her thighs together, sealing me in the darkness with the stench padding through the air and down my lungs, in one pungent burst my throat was already retching and struggling not to choke on the damp humidity.

“Phhaa, there we are, even princesses have upset stomachs, but that is not something I could show to my subjects.”

She shifted and scooped to a comfortable pose, slivers of light giving highlights the once pristine white brim, soiled in splotches of verdant grease, her cracked caked in gellated crusts of old manure mushed between her cheeks in a Rorschach painting. -Chrllgrrsth- Her brim crinkled with the bulk welling up within, distending her clenched pit to a throbbing bulb; wisps of -Ffrwwt- putrid produce swished past to grease up the royal exhaust pipe, as the bulb bloomed open to a to a pillar of sludge. -Chhgnt- The force behind the bulk ramped up in as soon as the umber dung heap made its appearance, first not but a bulge of grime framed by once white lips now rammed forth half a hoofs length before the brim clutched the mound to a halt. -Grrhhtl- -Chrslpth- -Frgllrsh- It creaked of rubber hinges as the mound was nursed out from the bottom, streams of viscous colon nectar lubricated the mounds to a scillitant gleam. The loaf of polished, lattice-cracked loaf towered overhead, radiating of warmth that glued onto my carapace and wafting of the breath of salted meat fished up from the sewers.

“Phaa, it is quite a relief, mmfph, to have a change to unload. Magic can hide it, certainly, though the urges and pressure mfmph, do still build up,” -Ppfhwhwt- with another huff of dense exhaust the pillar morphed Celestia's pucker to advance down the drain.

I grunted, squirming as the length clobbered into my left cheek, rapping to a toil around my remained of my neck, a scarf of rotten pungency flaying into my essence as the congealed grime oozed forth to slumber onto my face in tangles of solidifying gut-wax. I couldn't keep my mind straight, any struggles were muted by the bondage of ceramic tubing me from my neck down. Matured odour packed down my nostrils – infecting my lungs with its muddled warmth – and the coil of muddy grime bending a fold down my lips left my ears whipping. My attempts to close my only opened it wider instead, with no method of resistance, I was forced to settle into the pulsating lust of degradation beating through my frame, leaving my head in a haze of stench and drunken excitement as the fold of mare fudge folded down my maw, oozing to fill up my cheek with the tart flavours staining my sinew in umber.

“It does feel relieving, mmhm, pardon my language, to have a friend I can relieve tension with.” The mare spoke.

I watched her hoof rub down at her crotch, until a I bent down into the bow... It wasn't a hoof... -Ppffssslsh- A stream of steaming amber flushed through the tip of the princess's engorged member; orange lakes collected in the trenches the torrent of liquid carved out into the fresh mud. The air warped into a spiral of ammonia and stewed olives, which sliced through the blunt odour of the oozing colon caramel to singe into my nostrils. -Chhrslsph- -Cttdwth- Celestia's rind clenched off the cord of grime, which smacked into my horn; the muddled surface moulded to the around it, encasing my pride in a creaking drove of booty putty. With the column of cheek chocolate out of my line of sight, I watched the white cock convulse with the torrent of urine rushing through. The stream melted into the curls of fat dung, dislodging mounds of to ferry towards the center: my perpetually pried open muzzle. The stationary globules sloughed inwards, I watched the chiselled cracks and contours of the manure melt in the rising heat and sweltering flow, to a look of polished gummy, just before the virulent gelato crept past my maw -Chhrslth- -Chrrllsth-. With the consistency of soft serve gelato, the grime invaded my sense, crawling through the brim of my lip to slather every nook and cranny of my muzzle in the slurry left of someone attempting to distil a swamp into alcohol only to give up halfway through. -Chhrslt- -Shhrrss- The streams of hot amber converged, puddles breaking through the dams of muddled grime to cascade down my throat, sneaking past the gasps that still allowed me to breathe... but the flow only grew, the pattering and bubbling of wretched waters boring through the slimy dung only grew louder as more mud clogged my ears and gullet, and somewhere distant I heard Celestia's coos of satisfaction and relief.

“Haa, I Who's to say I might I have saved up some for your t visit, I wanted to mfmphf,” Celestia shifted in the seat, rubbing her shaft whiles her rear dispensed heaping globules of curdling butt fudge, “give you ample research material, even if you are just an ambassador, I want you to know I already consider you a my subject.”

“Mmrpgn, mwmpgr,” I called out, my mind overwhelmed, my cheeks bloated: buried in manure I couldn't swallow, it only piled up, and the rivers of urine grew to lakes, to basins, to a pool rising above my head; buried and drowning in a sludgy grudge of manure and soling bladder juice,... my body was coming to terms with drowning in her filth, every muscle of my dung slathered frame oscillating, or... was it my heart fluttering as a colibri trapped in a cage of taboo? Bereft of oxygen, I resigned to the feelings of delight, as my head took on all the more properties of a sewage drain.

-Ker-Chllororrsh- I felt the flushing, through my whole being; tensed muscles tickled to a loosened swell, involuntary swallows sending bundles of compacted dirt and grease down my throat. The manure strained my fangs, my undulating throat, even my spirit, with its overwhelming tang of preserved lemon pepper and botched mushroom brûlée. It revolved down my throat, until I saw Celestia looking down under the sheet of reseeded urine, her hoof pressing down on the flushing handle... Once I had swallowed every last drop, her lips curled to a smile. Then a flash blinded me -Kt-ckdff-

“Certainly we cannot let your visage be a mystery? For such a historical moment, I am certain my subjects are eager to see the dignitary coming all the way from the changeling hive, isn't

that right, Chrono?” She posed, marvelling at the picture of the black changeling muzzle peeking out – wide agape – from the bottom of the bowl.

“But, of course, I understand we both have our own duty to handle, I will provide you with some space,” she told me, trotting out of the bathroom, with a hum in her voice. Then, before the door shut and the lamps went out, I heard her call out. “Oh, my sister says she is eager to meet you in person, I am certain she will take good care of you, throne ambassador.”

