

It had taken all of Titania's power of will not to simply grab the dragoness from the street; even more so once she actually got to chatting and got up close, sheer boredom setting in almost instantly. The oversized centaur, a mini-giantess of a human body, who might have stood eight feet tall normally, merged fluidly down into a plump, heavysset brown equine body larger than the biggest Clydesdale mare, was much more a 'grab what she wanted' kind of girl. But it had paid off, she *finally* had managed to convince Sonya into her house for some fun.

The dragoness was as physically impressive as Titania herself, standing just over ten feet tall, broad hipped, curvy, muscular in all the right places. She had bumped into the centaur earlier in the day in a pair of jeans and a casual t-shirt that failed to hide her stunning physique, dark green scales running over her entire body, from the front of her snout to the tip of her tail. Titania couldn't place her species, and didn't much care anyway, the only real defining characteristic would have been her short tail that only just reached her heels when hanging limply.

Not long after entering her over-sized home, the pair found themselves in Titania's bedroom, kissing passionately as the horse trotted insistently forwards, pushing Sonya backwards until she fell onto the bed, the weight of the centaur's front half crashing down atop her to keep the contact. Breaking the kiss, Titania leaned over her bed, and returned with a huge dildo, the mass of rubber as thick as Sonya's thigh, and an eager smile. Sonya didn't even have time to strip before the centaur was on her once more, her jeans and panties only dragged down far enough to expose her buttocks, leaving juuust enough room for Titania to cram the toy up and in, drawing sharp, hissed grunts of pleasure from the dragoness as she forced herself down over the bulbous head, lubricating juices leaking from her depths to slicken and swallow up more and more of the thick toy. Of course, that was just to keep her occupied for a few minutes, Titania had her own plans.

As soon as the mass of purple rubber was solidly jammed in, deep enough for Sonya's pants to be tugged back up, that's exactly what the centaur did, wriggling her jeans back up over her hips, leaving the toy squished inside; leaving Sonya squirming and gyrating, getting herself off on the toy, lost to her own pleasures for the moment. Titania wasted no time after that, turning around on the spot to point her rear towards Sonya and flicked her tail up, exposing a large, glistening, moist pucker, before she sat back, hard. The bare dragon feet flexed and curled in the air moments before Titania's oversized, fleshy pucker plopped wetly down over them, stretching effortlessly and swallowing up both feet under little more than Titania's own weight, pressing them into a thick, gloopy, sticky mess just behind the rim of her tailhole. Moving quickly, aware the dragoness could still pull out for a few more seconds, Titania wriggled her rear and pushed back again, sliding herself across the bed, her backside and the filth within offering no resistance at all as Sonya sank in all the way to her knees without ever sliding further up the bed, plunging her feet deeper into the mess within as manure oozed out over her knees, inside and around the jeans, lubricating her legs to sink further inside.

"Wh-?" the dragoness shivered at the unpleasantly wet tightness crushing down around her lower legs, and squirmed, fighting through the relentless pleasure from her stretched pussy to look down. Her eyes widen in shock at the same moment Titania gives a hard clench, inner muscles flexing, kneading crap into her scales and clothes and *dragging* her deeper. "The fuck are you doing!? Let me out!" Sonya kicked out sharply into the tight depths, but her struggles only seemed to pull her in

faster, pushing the filth out of the way just enough for her feet to sink a little deeper, inadvertently helping the centaur's ass swallow her up. Each time Titania relaxed, bubbles of displaced gas burst out around the dragon's thighs, splattering her hips and belly with muck, disgusting her just enough to allow the broad-rumped centaur to clench and start to drag her deeper yet again, feeding her steadily up into Titania's bowels. Though full with filth, it was clearly nowhere near enough to impede the dragoness's insertion, her squirming toes doing nothing but coaxing coos of delight from the equine. "Stop!" Sonya swore and thrashed about, though any real struggles were hampered by the constant twinges and ripples of pleasure from her stuffed cunny. No longer wanted, they continued to get in her way even as she watched in growing horror as the creeping mess of shit oozed over her hips, Titania's pucker stretching effortlessly, sliding over the girth of her thighs and buttocks, claiming her hips, dildo and all, into the hot, filthy interior.

With over five feet of herself crammed up horse-butt, Sonya realised she couldn't feel shit around her toes anymore... well, not quite in the same way she could around her legs and hips, instead she could feel the tight, crushing depths of Titania's colon flexing and kneading around her feet, rippling to actively drag her deeper, the walls thick with slime and uncomfortably tight... not to mention painfully hot, but it seemed she had reached the end of the collected manure inside the centaur. It wasn't much comfort, especially not when she realised it just gave Titania's bowels even more grip on her body, dragging her down and inside all the faster. After the swell of her hips, her waist and chest vanished with terrifying ease. Or it would have, if the dragoness's hands weren't pushing frantically at the broad expanse of pony-ass. "Gah! Let me out, this is disgusting! Filthy animal!" she hissed, spouting obscenities and curses at the silent, moaning horse and groaning in pain as the pressure steadily grew, her elbows locking out in a desperate attempt to stop herself sliding deeper.

"But you're already halfway in!" Titania teased, stamping her front hoof as she clenched particularly viscerously, tears of pain trickling from Sonya's eyes as her legs were crushed and bruised by the flexing bowels. Unable to hold out any longer without feeling as though her arms would snap, she let her arms go limp, accidentally slipping them together and towards the voracious ring of muscle. The pent up pressure slurping effortlessly up her waist, the swell of Sonya's hips 'pulling' herself inside and trapping her hands as the flexing, 'chewing' pucker netting the hem of her shirt and dragged it down as well, forcing the foul muck up underneath her shirt and between her breasts.

As Titania's bowels slowly dragged the ten foot dragoness deeper, the thick pucker squelching and 'kissing' the underside of her breasts, she could feel the tunnel around her feet growing a little tighter in between each clench as she sank deeper into the hot, humid tunnel. Her clawed hands raked through the shit, trying desperately to scratch or wound the horse internally, but the slimy walls and manure made anything of the kind impossible, even when Titania *wasn't* clenching down and dragging her deeper. "Augh....god it stinks! Stop!" she retched as filth oozed out, the stench finally reaching her nostrils fully when she was in up to her breasts. By way of a response, Titania wriggled her hips, dislodging a large pocket of gas that slipped through her bowels, moving over Sonya's entire body. As the dragoness was squirming uncomfortably, feeling it oozing over her hips, Titania glanced backwards and positioned herself again with a cruel grin, 'sitting' a little to press the back of Sonya's head and her shoulders into the soft bed, smearing a few dropped clumps of manure into her hair. She waited a moment longer, before relaxing and *pushing*, forcing out the gas amidst a wall of filth, pushing down hard at the same time; the rippling fart stretching her pucker wide, shit

lubricating the dragoness as her breasts, shoulders and entire head vanished from sight in a single, sickeningly lewd, disgusting motion, letting Titania's pucker squish into the blankets.

As Titania lifted up and clenched happily, feeling her pucker squeeze tightly closed, nothing but a few strands of Sonya's hair dangling out and slowly slipping up inside, the shock hit Sonya fully, and she began to struggle with all her strength, the retches and gags of disgust muffled but very audible as mouthfuls of manure slipped between her lips in her struggles, only working herself deeper the more she thrashed, helped along by Titania's pleased clenches

"Oh...it's so difficult to 'enjoy myself' with a body like this," Titania finally spoke up, turning to admire the splat of manure on her bedsheets, "I need help getting off with toys," She clenched happily and wriggled a little, her belly sagging a little in the middle, but otherwise barely any sign showed of the ten feet of dragoness packed into her colon. The sensation of her new toy pressing deeper into her body, wriggling and writhing all the way, and grinding against the walls of her pussy from the other side, was more than enough to set Titania off properly, finally giving her that much needed release as she climaxed, sticky juices splattering over the floor behind her. A few minutes later, she twisted and trotted from the room, patting her flank "Thanks for being one, butt toy."

Her pucker twitched and flexed, relaxing as a drawn out fart rippled out, but no trace of the dragoness reappeared. For the moment she was only barely inside, if someone had reached into the equine's backside, less than half a foot into the filthy sludge trapped just beyond her tailhole, they could have rubbed the entombed dragoness's head; but that was slowly changing. With every step and soft sway of her gut, and with each desperate struggle to claw her way back to freedom, barely even able to move in the crushing swampy depths, Sonya sank deeper and deeper. Titania didn't seem bothered by her toy's lack of movement, she simply adored the *full* sensation and the way her lightly squirming body pressed and stretched and filled her so delightfully. The wet, rancid pockets of gas from somewhere deep within her labyrinthine guts that slowly tricked up only provided more discomfort for the dragoness, sliding steadily up her bulky form, teasing her with what was to come before passing over her face, making her retch and gag and buck at the foul stench, inhaling desperately; and every time a particularly large bubble was dislodged by Titania's movements, it created a little pit of space below Sonya's feet, letting her sink sharply deeper by several inches each time.

"Let me out you bitch!" She screamed into the manure, enduring the taste long enough to scream at the top of her lungs, before breaking into retching and sporadic jerks in an attempt to clear her mouth; every inch of her being utterly caked and filled with muck.

The noise made it through the horse's body and out of her thick flanks, drawing a cruel grin to her lips as she patted her swaying belly and cooed softly "Nope, you're staying put, it's not every day I get a ten foot buttplug, after all." Trotting into the living room, she settled herself into the custom-made couch to enjoy the rest of the day, loving the muted *schlorp* as shit and dragon moved and pushed around inside her bowels as she lowered her weight onto the couch and squashed her belly somewhat, dislodging a long, drawn out fart; flecks of manure clinging to her rump. She relaxed contentedly, not 'needing' to clench anymore with Sonya packed so deep, there was no chance of the dragoness accidentally slipping out, and her naturally powerful, flexing pucker trapped all the filth firmly inside, releasing only the occasional fart. Even so, she clenched and shifted every now

and then, grinding her walls around her trapped toy, and pushing the still very much conscious, slightly green at the smell, Sonya deeper.

Deep within her captor's bowels, Sonya's face finally slipped down, deeper and away from the mire of shit in Titania's rectum, into that dragging, kneading, crushing colon. If she'd not been so disorientated... and the tunnels not so filthy, she might have noticed the fact her head was slipping around a distinct 'corner' in the bowels as it slipped free of the muck, albeit utterly caked in filth. Though she was more preoccupied with the fact that the 'clean' section of the equine's colon had ended quite a while ago, and she'd just been too preoccupied...and already covered in filth, to notice her feet sinking into yet more packed shit, now up to her waist in the mire. This time it was much thicker and clay-like, wetter. Clearly her bowels weren't quite done with it yet. Even worse, Sonya could feel *things* in the mess, distinctly solid, oddly shaped lumps that pressed between her toes and slipped under her jeans from time to time, or rather, that she slid against as the undulating, kneading bowels pressed her deeper, inch by inch, into the accommodating colon.

Close to an hour later, for all her struggles and screamed curses and threats, the dragoness hadn't gained an inch, instead, she was up to her neck in the packed, gloopy manure; the mess having squeezed slowly up to meet her as she sank down, growing thicker and just a little drier, just like the manure she had first plunged into. By tomorrow it would have closed up the mercy of a 'gap' entirely. "For god sake just...just stop clenching!!" She begged, thrashing and trying to sink her claws into the tough, barely reachable walls of Titania's colon, her toes flexing and curling deep in the muck. Unlike before, there wasn't any respite to look forward to, every inch of her body stuffed into what seemed to be endless mires of filth. Her hands had discovered those odd, firmer lumps to be dildos, buttplugs, even a mobile phone...clearly toys the equine had used previously, or maybe swallowed, they *were* kinda small compared to her usual fare it seemed. In response to her screamed begs, a muffled, splattering fart, and the deep, rhythmic rumble of...a snore?!

Titania had drifted into a deep, satisfied sleep while her toy squirmed and sank deeper into her rear, the clenches and teasing wriggles entirely subconscious, a dreaming centaur enjoying a likely wet dream, if the juices pooling beneath her plump pussy was anything to go by. It made it all the more humiliating for the dragoness lodged up her backside to sink entirely into the mess of shit, her screams and furious struggles entirely unnoticed by her captor, barely a ripple showing in her broad flanks.

Several hours later the equine stirred... Sonya had no idea how long it had been or even how deep she was anymore, her world was nothing but foul, cloying, squelching shit and the occasional tortuous gasp of rancid intestinal gas. Even worse, the *ungodly*, sweltering heat had broken the dragoness into a sticky sweat minutes after vanishing from view, and the constant sheen of sweat only made her surroundings worse, thickening and making the filth all the gloopier and press in around her even closer, and providing just that extra bit of lubrication to help squeeze her further inside.

"Ooh...you're in *deep* aren't you!" Titania commented, rising to her feet and clenching, wriggling her body experimentally to *shove* the dragoness roughly a full foot deeper into her bowels and get a better sensation of just how far inside she was.

“Let me OUT you...!” whatever else Sonya had been about to say was lost into a choking retch as she accidentally swallowed a mouthful of shit. Not that anything could have seen, even if she were released, all ten feet of dragon would be completely buried in the sloppy mire, but her scales had taken on a mildly green tinge in response to the sheer disgusting *swamp* of filth she had sunk into.

Titania giggled and clenched playfully, her colon flexing around the dragoness “Nope, it’s not every day I get ten feet of dragon to play with after all!” she hummed and trotted from the room, pilfering her fridge and making herself an enormous lunch, ignoring the screams and threats from inside; seemingly paying more attention to the infrequent farts and muted noises of her belly. When she had finished, Titania turned to look at the smooth, heavy swell of her belly and rubbed her palm over it, loving the weight and sensation of the dragon inside, despite nothing showing on the surface “Ok...I’ll let you out, if you agree to be my butt-toy *whenever* I want,” she waited for a moment, “Deal?”

“FUCK NO!” The dragoness hissed through gritted teeth after several long minutes, struggling vigorously, and receiving a crushing clench for her efforts that squeezed her all the deeper within. “When I get out of here, I’m going to turn you into *mincemeat*!”

“Fine.” Titania replied, her tone low...angry. “Guess you’re my permanent butt-toy now then.”

The struggles slowed to a weak wriggle, several hours of thrashing, coupled with constantly sweating and retching, had all but exhausted her. “You...you have to let me out eventually...” she groaned. The horse would eventually evacuate her bowels, and she’d just slide on out with everything else.

Titania giggled and patted her flank “Don’t be so sure, butt-toy.” She clenched and swayed her hips as she sauntered off to enjoy the rest of her day. By nightfall, a full day after the pair had started ‘playing’ on Titania’s bed, Sonya’s struggles had all but ceased. Not because she’d given up, oh no, Titania could *feel* her muscles straining and flexing against the thick shit and muscular walls, but the dragoness was held too tightly to really move, crushed inwards from all sides, neatly compacted into an immobile form within the cramped colon, as the walls flexed and wrapped around her constantly, as if always seeking to shrink just a little tighter around her. Sonya might have seen it as a ‘mercy’ that she wasn’t sinking any deeper anymore...well, not ‘much’ more, maybe a few millimetres every now and then, but she could barely tell which direction was up anymore, let alone how deep she was, only she was *extremely* far from the exit, unable to feel any of those first few toys and bits she’d slipped through so much earlier. She could still feel things... what felt distinctly like partially digested clothes, but it was all new filth pressing against her.

Titania trotted upstairs and remade her bed. As filthy as the horse could be, and loved to get, she wasn’t going to sleep in her own shit unnecessarily. “Good night my little toy. I’d say I’ll see you in the morning but, well,” she snickered and patted her belly, before clambering onto the bed and settling down for the night, flicking out the lights “But you won’t be coming back out again”. She drifted to sleep, leaving the entombed dragoness to squirm lightly and try to somehow escape, clinging to the knowledge the horse would have to use a toilet eventually.

The next day passed uneventfully. Titania didn’t even acknowledge the dragoness’s presence anymore, save to grind and clench contentedly around her whenever she felt the need for some pleasure, and in the morning Sonya was woken from a fitful nap by a huge mass of rubber plunging

into the centaur's cunny, kneading and crushing and squashing her as the equine rode her dildo, bringing herself to a needy, satisfied climax. Beyond that, the largest change to the dragoness's swelteringly hot, rancid prison was a steady oozing sludge of filth squeezing around her as Titania's stomach greedily digested breakfast, lunch and dinner. In the evening the impressive taur headed out clubbing, and the captive dragoness listened...and felt, as the first writhing victim vanished between Titania's greedy lips and slid effortlessly down into her spacious equine stomach. The centaur didn't even leave the club afterwards, and simply returned to the dance floor afterwards, her bulk stifling any struggles, and the music drowning out whatever muffled cries Sonya or the centaur's meal gave. By the end of the night, and she made sure to leave half an hour or so before the music stopped, five whole people had disappeared between her jaws to slosh around in the gurgling, churning guts. Using exactly the same tactic she'd pulled Sonya into her home with, Titania took a small vulpine boy home with her, and less than twenty minutes after closing the door, the fox had joined Sonya in horse-butt. Though she was far too deep within for him to even come close to reaching her, she could feel, and hear, him struggling and writhing, retching and screaming just as she did.

By the next morning, the fox had all but tired himself out, barely conscious in the muck just beyond Titania's filthy tailhole, and Sonya realised that, like herself, Titania hadn't bothered to strip the majority of her meals, as shredded, ruined clothes and other articles; a phone; a shoe, oozed around and past her, nothing thick or big enough to press her up towards the exit; and Titania's crushing, tugging bowels weren't about to let her shift anytime soon.

"She has to crap *sometime*!" Sonya repeated to herself, kicking and struggling as much as her exhausted muscles allowed, her occasional shouts and threats to the taur going completely ignored. Titania didn't even bother to clench around her anymore. That night she did much the same as before.

By the end of the week maybe half a dozen, Sonya hadn't been able to keep good count from her position, other victims were stewing in the rancid manure with her, all having disappeared entirely through her pucker after a promise of a good time, they all struggled sporadically, some able to feel the others, or the toys and objects that had escaped digestion, touching them, all screaming for help, and yet, even with so many crammed into her rear, none of them had been pressed as deep as Sonya yet. Countless victims had screamed their last into the slimy walls of her stomach as well, and their remains all slowly oozed and squelched around, against, even *into* the weakened dragoness. How the centaur could be so over-full, hold so much compact *stuff* inside her body and not need to empty herself out was beyond Sonya's comprehension. The packed, sticky shit crushed down almost as tightly as the kneading colon walls themselves, and yet the centaur seemed perfectly content and satisfied. Sonya desperately clung to the *knowledge* she would be released eventually; she didn't even want revenge anymore, she just wanted to escape. After sweating constantly for a full week she desperately needed a drink, not to mention her hunger, and the walls were pressing in tighter than ever, holding her almost immobile.

Several days later, all other struggles had ceased, and it occurred to Sonya that the other victims inside Titania's rear had been digested, melted down into yet more manure. That flickering, desperate thought of eventual release reared its head again. Every inch of Titania's colon was packed with manure, compressing and squeezing all around her pussy and womb from the other

side of the walls, and pressing in around Sonya; every time the centaur farted, or deliberately *relaxed* the natural, tightness in her tail hole, filth threatened to ooze out. She *had* to empty herself out soon, if only to stuff things back inside again!

Her hopes were finally dashed the following night, when she felt Titania squeeze *another* victim into her almost overflowing colon, shit oozing out around the newcomer even as Titania crammed her inside. That victim was gone by the next day, and in desperation, dehydrated, and finally starting to believe that the centaur really wasn't ever going to let her go, Sonya called out desperately.

"T-Titania! Let...let me go! I...I give in! I'll do whatever you want, be your toy...please!" her voice cracked as she realised she'd just swallowed a mouthful of filth by accident, and not retched, too used to it and desperate, her body wouldn't reject even such rancid attempts to get nutrition anymore. "*Please!*"

Whether Titania simply didn't want to give up such an enormous 'load' just for Sonya's benefit, or she really was serious about a 'permanent butt toy' Sonya would never know. The centaur completely ignored her, and all of her increasingly desperate, begging pleas for the rest of the day.

Two weeks after her toes had first squelched into the filthy horse's backside, the mercilessly still conscious dragoness barely moved anymore, too weak and exhausted and hungry to struggle or call out anymore. It had finally dawned on her that the equine's colon was treating her just like any other waste, and steadily sucking all the moisture from her, crushing down and compacting around her even as it absorbed away every drop of sweat. In desperation after the centaur ignored her offer of servitude, she'd fallen back on her previously confident assumption; waiting, hoping, *praying* the centaur would have mercy, or at least overstuff and need to empty herself out soon. Several days later the combination of pressure, dehydration and the stench finally reached Sonya, and she slipped into welcome unconsciousness, unaware as her body was steadily compacted and crushed down tighter and smaller, moisture steadily being absorbed until, by the third week, Sonya was almost entirely gone, nothing but a hard, lumpy, seven-foot log of shit 'dressed' in tattered, ruined jeans and tank top, with a massive dildo partially buried in the tip of it. Titania hadn't 'forgotten', she'd remember exactly who the particularly hard, long log would belong to when she finally *did* release her load... she just didn't care.