

A fair trade in the dance of lust

Written by Septia.

A melody of thumps and notes throbbed through the air; the lifeblood of club Orchard raised the hairs of the spy's beige coat. But today the spy was not on duty – despite the ease of hiding in the deluge of electronica and squads of ponies indulging in scores of debauchery, who would turn their gaze to a well-mannered earth pony when there were mares professing their affection in expletives as they descended down a horny stallion's shaft? Oh no, today he was here for the show. A very particular show.

“Give it up for the mare who stole the evening, the house favourite, Wiiiireless 'wi-fu' Fuzz.” The voice of some pompous pony called out as the mare on center stage swung from the pole, power-sliding into a sensual hump to the delight of the front row.

Ace's eyes were absorbed in her spectacle, not to mention she'd been the one to invite him. Meaning this was certainly not a show to be miss-

-Thmmbp- A stallion stumbled into Ace from behind.

“Hey, what the heck was that, wuz in this cider?” The stallion mumbled and waddled off.

“Horseapples,” Ace mumbled and focused to disable his invisibility, having forgotten to turn it off. Again...

'Must have walked in unseen,' he thought to himself, 'hold on, did I even pay the entrance fee?'

Fuzz arched her body in smooth motions, heaving herself upright on the catwalk, her mechanised hooves clattering against the stage as they matched her steps to the beat. Then, her hex-patterned eyes illuminated in neon amber, scanning the room and picking up that a new guest had just stepped out of hiding. She smirked and flicked her right hoof towards a microphone, the appendage morphing and unfolding into prehensile mode, letting her grasp the mic with precision.

“Perverts and gentle-perverts,” she called out, “please turn your attention to a dear friend of mine gracing us with their presence,” at her command spotlights aimed in on Ace, making him the centerpoint of the club. Fuzz snapped her hips to the bumping rhythm, flashing Ace a grin.

As an infiltrator, these were the exact situations Ace had been trained to avoid, though the cheers instilled composure.

“Hah, glad to be here. I was a bit pensive to accept the invitation, almost did not think you would forgive me this quick.”

“Ohh, I haven't.”

Ace was seized from behind in magic and physical force alike, forded towards the stage as his captor stage-whispered into his ear.

“See, my mare friend up there didn't exactly appreciate your last contract.”

Last time Ace had heard this voice, it had come from inside him, churning into muck.

“So, since you robbed her of the date she had plotted with me, Fuzz thought she'd pay you back,” Tree Time continued and brought the captured earth pony on stage, where Fuzz flicked her chocolate-brown tail away to present her posterior in full.

“Think you pervs are ready for some class ass vengeance?” Fuzz called out into the mic and set the crowd roaring before spinning away the stand to focus on the struggling earth pony heaved onto the catwalk.

“Ok, Wireless, look,” Ace scrambled against Tree's grasp while the bronze-coated mare aligned her flank with his, “do not take it personally, work is work, I don't have time for your shenanigan-.”

-Twwmmpgth- Mid-plead, Fuzz had reeled back to jut her ass out onto the earthpony's lithe flank, his puff off a tail wedged between his cheeks as the pole dancer's hips clamped around his tush. -Kgchlllrth- Her rump munched down over his cutiemark.

“Sorry not sorry ace, mmphg,” Fuzz cooed out and grasped the pole, pulling herself intimately close and aligned to the steel beam, dragging the stallion behind her rear like a rag-doll stuck in a ditch. Tree Time kept a hoof steady on the spy to keep him in place. “My flank will be the one talking on stage tonight, and she's already got her mouthful.” Fuzz emphasised her tease with a tilt of her tush, -Ghhrsllp- as her colon grasped and reeled Ace inwards, to the cheer of the crowd.

Ace sensed the humid walls -Chrsplsh- -Ghhrsllp- oscillate around his hinds, gobbling up his haunches into the damp chasm.

“Yeah nope, Fuzz, I am not doing this, I got places to be tonight, can't stay as part of your little revenge plot.”

Fuzz grasped the pole and spun around it, outstretched in a wide twirl, throwing Ace off his balance as his limbs flailed like a distressed spider.

“After ruining my evening, there is no way you are spending the night any other way than melting into a fat heap of my mare gelato,” she announced over the speakers to hooting and cheering, her body mimicking the fluidity of the tides as she waved her body against the pole -Thhrsth- thrusting each time she reached down to her crotch to -Lllfth- chug Ace up another stretch.

“Mmf, ah yeash get your butt up my flank you traitorous bitch,” She called out to her rump and took a running start to swing around the pole, swirling and folding her body parallel with the pole and then letting her rear hooves fall back, her stomach turned towards the roof as she put the dizzy, half ass-food stallion on full blast.

-Rkksth- The crackle of an inplant flickered on, and at once the body of the stallion flickered out of existence, the spectators unifying in oos and ahhs as they witnessed the mare's rump yawning in a wide-open gape, contorted and shifting along the shapes of a pony. An audience gathered to stare straight through Ace and into the compressed, undulating bowel walls of the performer, who gave a pleased snicker at the reaction, jousting her rump to have the buns clobber and jostle over, slapping into the invisible force.

“That is not half bad, might make you a regular flank fodder, wouldn't emmf, even need lube, your natural grease would do just fine,” she commented and huffed with her spirits high, raising herself to her hooves once the invisibility fizzled out.

“Hey Tree,” Fuzz called back to her lover, who struggled to keep up behind her and support the weight of the stallion partway out her tush, “I think our audience would much prefer you putting your trunk to use and giving me a boost,” she continued with a wink and a slurp. Tree let go to allow Fuzz to gyrate her hips and bob Ace up and down to the clash of cymbals in the club's tunes, -Gnnrk- -Gnnrs- the squeaking pressure of booty chub base lined the music as Fuzz's joggling rear jostled and ground up against Ace's barrel.

“There is absolutely nothing I would enjoy more, sexy.”

Ace flinched seeing Tree's twitching shaft unveiled before him.

“Tree, I would appreciate if we could settle this another tihmmhps-.” But the cock was already plunging towards him, cramming the flared head into the lips once they parted at the ‘I’ syllable.

“Mmpfaah, wooh yeah, ram him in there,” Fuzz encouraged and wrapped her lower legs against the pole, Tree shuffling his shaft into Ace's maw, straining the lips around his girth. In his first thrust, Ace gasped a breath of air before his maw was filled with the rush of stallion meat -Thwhwosg-

“Mamawm,” Fuzz moaned in grandiose tones, easing the grip on the pole so the hump thrust her upwards, and the traitor inwards. -Twwwmpsth- Another hump gained her another decimeter up

the pole, -Sbchhaph- whilst Ace's body folded up, the mare's pucker gaining over his lower legs and stomach, compressing them together into the bottom devouring him ass first.

“Mmgghs, higher, higher... mpgh, ooh I feel your cock through him;” Fuzz mused and ground her distending abdomen against the pole in-between heavens.

Tree time obliged with his pace matching the ramping chorus, -Twwmp- -Bbtwwpr- slamming the throbbing hunk of stallion-hood so that splotches of saliva flung from Ace's lips, rutting the stallion packed mare up the length of the steel beam.

-Shhrslp- Ace sensed the outline of his body swathed up by Fuzz's form, encasing his lower hooves and contorting them up the crass cheek cushion's catacombs, the brim bloating, broadened around his shoulders and constraining to a choke collar around his neck with a humid -Sqwullstch- clench of rugose flesh.

“I am not gonna be your food tonight,” he grunted around the cock, Tree's cock gliding free from his maw now that Fuzz was rocketed too high up the pole. -Smmatch- Smacks slammed the bountiful buns into Ace's cheeks, sandwiching his face as Fuzz kneaded her hindquarters into him in her contorting dance with the pole.

“Right on, butt head, you are gonna be a cream load of my filthy... mmf, fudge,” -Shhrklp- his neck squelched up past the limit of her brim, and Ace was left sweating.

The stallion bit down on his lip and tucked his hoof into the ass when the rim gaped in a broad yawn, starting to grunt and quiver, the tension of the undulating colon too delicious to deny his bobbing boner.

“That is right, I got you mm, right where I want you” Fuzz cooed and twirled around the pole, wiring to a T pose with her legs parted wide, bobbing in place to let her cheeks smush and brush over the jerk's head. -Gbbrrslgsp- Her midriff stretched around the outlines of Ace's body – her skin a tight latex bandage concealing his body in vague bumps, except one round and one oblong protrusion that rubbed at each other with feverish zeal.

“And now, it is time for you to go... down,” she announced, twirling down the pole head first, to swing upright before slamming the ground rump first -Phhtbwbrth-. Her hind flexed, clamped and chomped to channel the congested clog up her colon. -Bwbegwrth- Her abdomen billowed outwards from the bulk bundling into her hind, engorging and smoothing out the lumps to smoothed stretches of polished bronze. The bloated stomach hugged around the pole, Fuzz scooting side to side, slinging her gut forwards to the beat, following up with arching her head to the audience and slumping onto her back, -Bwbwngms- letting her midriff – with the girth of a cart wheel made of dough – spill out in full view.

“Let's hear it for our special guest, helping this to be a show to remember for them and you alike,” Fuzz called out into the mic held by Tree, ravenous shouting and hooting echoing in the thumping club, Fuzz rising up to grind her hooves down on the bone-head bloated belly. “And you get ready to bake into a fresh batch of booty batter, I want you to sag as low as I felt without my Tree trunk to sex me up,” she sneered at the gut and smacked it in her fluid dance, rocking the gut against the front row, cramming ponies heads to the bloated dome and letting them hear the -Shhwpagh- of mulching churning within.

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-Ghhrslgkb- -Glsbrhgs- The walls contracted and condensed Ace, ferrying him into the damp infested confines of the pole dancer's bowels, the air humid with a tang of peppercores boiled in lube. -Shharlslith- The walls undulated, folds of flesh cramming and grinding against him, the

stallion stuck in a living accordion slumping and sloughing over his frame. Every now and again he saw a pit parting to graze him with light, meaning he hadn't moved far from the mare's rump. -SHHqpth- Colon phlegm doused his coat as the tumultuous walls squeezed him like a chewtoy from the acrobatics Fuzz performed outside. -Shqhtsh- At certain tight squeezes, Ace could hear the crowd's fanatic devotion, before it was toned out by the gratuitous grinding of the tube of tissue grinding in over his ears and smushing him flat with heat tainted with the tang of salty excursion and Tree time's musk.

"Ready for me," She called out, vaulting to the top of the pole.

"As if you should ever assume otherwise," Tree time called out and held up a plus sized diaper – dyed in black with silver trimmings and etched with motifs of bones.

"Don't get too comfy, ammwaa," Fuzz addressed her gut, clasping and groping whilst her backlegs coiled around the pillar, gliding downwards with the soft cushion of a tummy snapping and stretching in wide bumps, "my ass has a high rent." She continued and hoisted herself up, twirling around the pole and plummeting downward, releasing before she hit the ground to slam right into the diaper, -Sppbth-. Tree tugged the straps upwards around his dear, stretching out the elastic bands and -Sbnnsnpth- letting them snap into place snug around her hips. The posterior padding pounded into place and settled as a fluffy cloud of cotton-candy.

Fuzz transitioned to arching herself back into Tree's embrace, alternating between massaging his crotch with her rump and projecting her abdomen forward to -Ghhrsmgpps- broil over her captive.

"And with my flank's current propriety, you'd be lucky if you're not evicted in three songs," she taunted with her stomach and tilted her cheek to lock Tree into a deep kiss. Her hips bobbed so the bloat sagging past her knees throbbed along with the melody, -Spgltshtsh- -Spglpltshtsh- skin rippling like boiling dough.

The -Thhmpbth- impact that followed the landing outside shook Ace in the pliable hold of elastic tubes, roughing and grinding his cock to the furled walls. The thumping heat and muffled music coursed through his frame as he toyed with his shaft, grinding and swirling it against the encasing membrane. Though he needed little effort, for the drooping walls were tending to his needs just fine -Shwhtos- -Shhvbrsllth-. Still, he hadn't moved to the stomach, remaining cooped up in the bowels as the contractions sped up and his rear and hinds were encased in the slick walls, sealing in as a wetsuit compared to the elastic confines, and grinding into him. -Gbrhst- The fizz and grumbles mixed with a gurgle Ace felt through his own muscles, a hint of minced socks and mushroom stew steamed from the depths housing his rear, and the odour mixed with that of his own body. -Pwpldsth- -Hsmmspth- Ace wheezed out when his rump-meat caved in under the pressure of the colons, the tips of his lithe hams moulded under the massaging pressure, their texture coagulating. Flesh diluted and kneaded as if he was not more than cold clay morphing to putty in her embrace, the throbbing clutches of the colon kneading the coagulating tissue into a hot dough.

Ace inhaled through his gritted teeth as his breathing picked up. It begun as tension in his haunches already melting off of him in congealed droves. From there, the tension spiralled through his hide and electrified his muscles, putting them into a state of forced relaxation, as if he was massaged by countless tasers. -Gbhrhsgsls- these sensations roved through his muscles, fat, and bones, swiping the infection of melting ham through his frame while the clumps drooping off of him baked and decayed in into clogs of mud reeking with a perfume of rot, cooking into nothing but a pile of raw umber.

"Mmmgpgsh, guess this is my evening now haammmgf," Ace huffed out as he beat his erection senseless, perturbed by the treatment but revelling in the sensations of sloughing into sludge. As the sensation spread along his haunches and legs, his coat moulded with his flesh and took on a deep hue of auburn, the surface of his body tessellating and segmenting along the mosaic

pattern of manure. -Ghhrstlsp- Ghhrbsbrlt- Chunks of him were dragging and rolling down off himself with cobwebs of colon fluids and brown gruel webbing them together. His mind raced with tension and pleased ache as his body gradually devolved into crevice-etched hunks of bowel chocolate.

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Fuzz launched herself up in the air, stomach weighed down to follow her a moment after, and hung in the air for one breath before she was caught by Tree's levitation, holding all but her stomach in place, so the engorged abdomen tossed and bobbed beneath her, contracting onion shaped with the caricatured outlines of the stallion morphing along its edges now and then. At Fuzz's command, Tree let her go and she back-vaulted to the pole, catching it in her cybernetic hand and hoisting herself into a stable T-shape, hoisting and heaving her gullet as it -Shhbrgltsp- -Ghhrslg- Gurgled and mangled inwards, collapsing onto the shape of Ace hidden away inside.

"Tick tock, I gotta entertain these lovely pervs you know," Fuzz said and jabbed her hooves into the gut, spiralling down the pole and exchanging the position of her rear hooves in a gracious fold, "I am just doing my job, don't take it personally." then, a meter above ground, she turned her belly downwards and released the pole, crashing downwards with a -Ppbbflth. -Ghhrbslgwwb- of the gut compressing to the stage, pancaking flatter than what a full pony should be able to be contain within, Fuzz humping against the ground, grinding and squishing her engorged barrel as she gyrated her hips up in a serpentine wave, -Gbbrrslgls- mixing and mulching the stallion to the delight of her spectators.

"Fhmmfph," Ace huffed out at the impacts and grinds, -Spsllqush- feeling chunks of his form melting into waste, chomped off of him by the incessant grinding and rolled up into bonbons by the rippling intestines. The grumpy mood over losing his evening melted under the sensual grind and battering the bowels he baked in, his member throbbing stiffer than Fuzz's pole the moment it erupted in a shower of slimy clouds; a stream of spunk flung from the shaking shaft and showered the cramped compartment in a drizzle of gelatinous white.

"Mmffs, phaa. Hoaa," Ace heaved in exhaustion whilst his member pumped out his foggy glaze, -Splflths- until that glaze was injected by a tint of maroon. His spinal chord jutted with the churning grind surging through him, passing the barrier of his haunches, consuming his crotch and was already halfway through with moulding his stallionhood into a loaf of crackled gruel.

"Mmgns, hngnrs... do it then, mfms, I won't have anything to do either way as half a hunk of sewage," he called out, the throbs and jostles of the colon embedding him in the rippling jolts of pressure. The muddy tessellation sprouted over his form, cracking him into doughy segments of mud, spiralling up from his rear to lay waste to his torso and legs, under the mulching and churning, tossing motions of the bowels he was rattled and separated along the ridges and cracks, his dung-morphed body shattering into horseapples from his torso upwards, until the sprites of umber cracks consumed his face, petrifying him into a statue of muck -Ghhrslpgb- Bhrstsj- and sundering him entirely.

The colon rolled, bundled and contracted around the flood of mud chunks, forging and sculpting them through the undulations funnelling the gut gruel into gnarled, gummy horseapples, all rattling and bumping along the congested catacombs to the thrumming beat of The Orchard's blasting techno.

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-Fppfbrbrwrth- “Ooh yuck,” Fuzz fanned away the gas, mid twirl; her receding middle was supported by Tree. -Pbbbfrweeth- Her tail fluttered under the foul cloud of exhaust – fuming through her rear hatch – dousing Tree in the redolence of charcoal and dirt dried to a chilly.

“So, he smells as bad on the outside as on the inside now,” Tree joked to the audience, who reciprocated with laughs as he let Fuzz go, the mare twirling off the pole and landing on her front hooves.

“Ohh, he is still on the inside, but it is time to mmpfh,” she paused and sighed at a puttering from her rear -Ppfhhrbrht-, “kick out this freeloader.”

-Ghhrlg- -Ghhbrlsh- The walls were reverberating again; Ace was ratted, through his top to his bottom and everything in between. -Spwllstuh- Colon tissue contracted, gut flora brushing and squeezing him on his way through the guttural canals, mangling and merging him together just to -Shhfbrst- sunder him apart once again; ferrying the reeking clay boulders towards that pit yawning glimpses of neon lighting onto him.

-Ghrrlrsptch- The rim around him parted, bulged and engorged as a flower bud in bloom, a chunk of him being crammed into the rippling hold of the flesh choker, framing him in the rippling amber flesh. While the internal pressure jammed him forwards through the exit hatch, grinding into his muddy surface to compose a symphony of crinkles – ranging from slimy moisture to taut rubber – as he was forcefully unearthed from Fuzz's posterior trench -Chhrsl- -CSHrslgth-.

“Mmprgths, phoo, ooh yeah, you have been waiting for this, haven't you?” Fuzz called out to the audience, clutching onto the pole and draping herself along it as her padded rear rattled and shook with sharp, earthy bouts of fumes -Ppfrht-. The black bloomers inflated into a bulb to mark out the position of her pucker, swelling it to a cobbled uneven bloat.

“Ooh m, aoh hay yeah it is time to dish out some hot, steaming portions of retribution, fresh from the source,” she called out and grunted, accompanied by a bulge that ran through her colons and culminated to an eruption. -Bghhrsktpl- A blast which sent the bulge swelling in her diaper magnifying twofold, droves of outlines rolling down the diaper as Fuzz huffed and panted, squatting her back legs and bobbing her head to the beat while her butt blaster bulbous bloats of booty butter bound to her bum's britches. -Ppfbbrth- Clouds of vinegar and toiled farmland filtered through the padding, as the bloats swelled and marched downwards in droves morphing along the stuffed surface, containing the bulk of the stallion melted and processed on center stage for the delight of the whole club.

“Mmpgpsh, hot, fresh and seasoned with salty spunk,” Fuzz continued and gyrated her hips, spinning, then letting go of the pole to performing her warping waveform dance close and personal to the crowd. -Bhfrllsph- Muck Crinkled into the diaper, the filth barging down and starting to collect at the bottom of the black britches, sagging down the cantaloupe sized dune which happily bobbed along with Fuzz's rhythm.

“At least jerks are good for something, right Ace, even if that something mmfmpf, is bloating out my perfect little pucker?” Fuzz announces triumphantly to the raving club patrons.

“Oh? You pervs want a closer look?” She invites and then crouches on her back legs, transforming her right hoof to hand mode and plucking a few fingers down the brim of the diaper, waiting for a crowd to come together before she pulled it down -Sccthc- and revealed her bottom disgorging heaping clumps of wet clay. Fuzz's rim twitched and squeezed inwards before each new mount, the muck gradually welling out the tensile strength of tuzzle of rugose amber flesh, until the whole pit was clogged up by a hoof width glob of past pony compost, her pucker flinching and wrapping along the crags and bumps in the hunks of filth -Shwoothc- getting lodged stuck in the flumes of filthy fudge fluids, siphoned through the furrowed fractures.

“Mmaah, aw hay heeay, look at what's become of this big bad boy, mmwm.” She gyrated her hips and dislodged a bundle of umber clogs tumbling into the satchel of the splayed diaper right in front of the waste hatch. “Ain't so grand when my, hot little ponut ate you up and hurl you out as gutter gelato,” Fuzz boasted, swinging her opened diaper in a crescent along the curved front of the catwalk, giving the slews of customers a glimpse at what they had so eagerly hoped for.

“Yeah, that is it, everypony come and get a bit fat look of what became of this joker when he messed with my butt.” -Ghhrlspth- -VhlhClrrsl- She quivered at the bustling of massive horseapples, tensing her pucker taut. At her huffs and grunts the mound bobbed back and forth in the clutch of her pucker, stretching and pumping her brim outwards around the hold of the khaki clod of solid stallion sludge. “Mmfs, but you are still a big, naughty boy,” Fuzz hummed out and jutted her rump out as far as she could into the crowd, giving the debauched ponies a glance onto the hill of murky filth compiling within. -Snnanpthc- The pole dancer let the strap snap back into the place. -Bgbhrslplg- The leashed tension sending her diaper wobbling from the impact, sagging under the weight of the stallion deluging into the black container. Steam reeking refuse built out the padding and warping the skeletal motif around the orbs of dense horseapples, the hump of her diaper soon doubling the apparent girth of her flank, with the contours of holding a bushel of coconuts hostage within the dreary, plush fabric. The avalanche of mulch built with the muddy -Sppglltsbh- -Chhrsltlh- -Ghcprth- Churnsk and crinkles from the serving of sludge sloughing form the servicepony's sinkhole.

“Yeah you want to feel it huh, think of what it's be like, my butt would cook you into chocolate as easy as mudpie,” Fuzz teased with a sense of superiority complex coming over her, bumping and grinding her clay clogged diaper into the muzzles of the front row, to a roaring success as the club ponies were inspired to further acts of depravity.

Ace had gotten a good view of the light outside, the warm florescent glow, the twinkle of lust in the pupils of the depraved slumponies, all whilst warping Fuzz's pucker around every segment of his form, feeling her crinkled flesh smooth and brush over his imperfections to glistening, chocolate bonbons. The sensations evocative of a mudbath, except he was the mud in the equation, mushing and rising the tide of filth to smother the padding in the bundles of brown gruel, Ace's form sagging the diaper down to mimic an overfilled breast, but each time Fuzz bounced or humped or squatted to rock her rump for the viewers his waxy body was hoisted and sandwiched between flesh and fur, gluing his layers of mulchy dung chocolate into her coat and heating her up with the residual heat he absorbed from the humid intestines.

“Mmofoofm, aoooh hot sack of fertilizer you are.”

He heard her call out as his warmth smeared onto her, a lotion brewed from his body instilling such satisfaction on the pole dancer. Each bundle of dung orbs vacating her nozzle built upon the pressure containing Ace, the sweltering heat and flooding -Ppfbrrth- bouts of stench heating up the diaper far more than the colon. His shape warped and distorted the diaper, as Fuzz's stomach sunk the load bearing down her bloomers, inflated to ever grander girth. -Ghhrsopkg- -Brhhst- The mountain of gunk arching the stretched fabric till it brushed by the stage as she heaved herself in her dance. Fuzz's ballet turning sluggish as the weight of Ace encumbered her by offsetting her center of gravity. -Crnrkllsh- -Gnrnrllsh- The crinkling and grind of horseapples clumped and melding together grew to a self sustaining cacophony, even the residual swings after Fuzz's motion enough to orchestrate the gruel fuelled fanfare -Psplltsh-.

With the diaper's limits being tested, Tree stepped in to help haul the sack of mare pudding behind Fuzz, who's wild performance mellowed to a saunter by the edge of the stage, giving sultry glares and jostling her overblown mud cargo behind her. Within in nesting Ace's bulk in stench infused butt magma.

“Even I couldn't expect you'd make such a mmpfhg, impressive landfill of my naughty nougat,” Fuzz announced and backed up to heave the mound into Tree's grasp, sinking his hooves and muzzle into the sloughing diaper with a crinkling of soggy padding sandwiched under the smear of a coagulated swamp -Trskkchhwlgsh-. “Sorry not sorry to ruin your evening, I think we are making up for it by all these happy customers,” Fuzz taunted the dung heap, and ground it back against Tree, who smushed and cradled the pony's worth of manure in his grasp, appendages sinking and clutching over the sack accompanied by squelches and squeals of chocolate batter balls -Kklflpsth-. “And I am just about, mmpfh, hang on,” She puffed up her cheeks for a moment with a grunt of strain -Ppfbrrhrsht- -Shwsooshc- The heap swelling and rattling by a boulder of crisp, molten gunk piling into it.

“Aaah, Mmm, he is still so warm on my flank,” Fuzz huffed and wedged herself side to side in a serpentine motion. “Mmm, lets have a round of applauds for our non-volunteer guest,” Fuzz called out and slumped back onto the diaper, Tree aiding her in unlatching the straps whilst the hooting and hollering roused the lust drunk masses. -Scllrrirright- With Trees help Fuzz detached her bottom from the mountain of manure, grinding her rump free with a clasp of old glue. Behind she left an imprint of her bottom, a conglomeration of half-mangled, doughy dung clumps, forming crackled patterns both over the texture of the horseapples themselves along with the wide interstices between each individual dung ball – a cobweb labyrinth of furrows and trenches in steaming compost.

Once she left the diaper, the weight contained within left the sides bloating and sagging in thick droves, the alabaster skeletal motifs contorted and warped to a comical degree as the whole heap sprawled out in girth and sunk somewhat in height, sloughing like a sandcastle injected with water from within, taking on the resemblance of an onyx garlic, billowing of the complimentary scent of a fertilized onion orchard.

Fuzz took a bow for the spectators, spinning in place and jutting out her chocolate smeared flank – which by chance matched her hot cocoa mane.

“Hope that teaches you to never underestimate my rump, or mess with my hunk of stallion beef,” she called out to the whistles of the audience, cheering her on as she flaunted and strutted her stuff backstage, with Tree smirking at the jam packed diaper and levitating it to a table at the corner of the club.

Upon it rested several other diapers, along with bloated condoms with pictures fastened on the side, and a few urns and crates. The table had a sign above announcing 'Trash', which somepony had crossed over – all but the first two letters – and written 'Trophies'. -Bddwwmoth- Tree heaved the diaper onto the table, in full view of the club to marvel at, and flicked up his hat.

“Gotta say, serves you right for accepting contracts on your friends. By the time you are back, I reckon Fuzz and I will have made up for lost time. Maybe even twice.” With that he nodded to the sagging pillow of dung, and headed out to meet with his dear.

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“Wireless,” Tree Time called to Fuzz in her casual clothes in the alley by the club, “there is a swell little burger place I know off; they stocks fresh, prime beef, uses real gorgeous cheese too. How about it, my treat?”

Fuzz scoffed with a hint of a smirk on her face. “Just unloaded over fifty kilos of browned beef, you know?” She paused, gauging tree times uncertain reaction before adding, “course I can't say no to a gorgeous cheese, must be something else to earn that title.” She leaned up to plant a smooch on his cheek, and took the lead off towards the restaurant, the two soon chuckling to one another about Ace.

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It was not until the morning after that the contents of the 'Trophy' table was bagged up and chucked into purple lidded dumpster out back, where it sat and festered for half an hour with the rest of the trash.

-Shhrslp- -Swmts- -Ghrlspt- The container shuddered and trembled, before a beam of luminance parted the glows and streamed into the dumpster, its intensity subsiding over the course of a few seconds.

-Bbwm- -Bbwm- -Bbwbdth- After few knocks the lid flung open, and a disgruntled Ace peeked up.

“Guess I missed the stakeout,” he muttered with a dash of fluster on his cheeks. -Sswth- -Dwrtrtdtf- Before he had a chance, the lid slammed close on him. A moment later, the lid creaked open – as if by the shaking hoof of a pony cloaked from sight– and a trail of muddy hoofprints formed, stretching away from the container.

