

Dancers

It was Christmas Eve and the twins were backstage getting ready for their show. Naarkesex laid down first, her back to the floor, legs spread open. Her brother was bent over her with a thick diaper, a smile set on his face.

“You ready for tonight’s show?”

“Mm, sort of...”

“Sort of?”

Her brother tilted his head, Naarkerotics sat back, still clasping the diaper between his hooves. His ears wobbled in confusion, head tilting to the side. She rolled her eyes, crossing her arms over her chest, wings fluttering under her.

“There’s always that group of guys that come in. They go on and on about how big their dicks are. Ruin all the fun.”

Naarkerotics nodded, tapping his snout with his hoof. He wondered just what they could do about their little...stud problem. He sat back on his bottom and tapped his back hooves on the floor. The twin ponies sat quiet for a moment, peering up at the ceiling with thoughtful looks.

“Well...I mean...we could just refuse to dance?”

He suggested, but she shook her head and dismissed the thought.

“Nah, it’d ruin it even more for all the ones we DO like. And think of the tips!”

She was right, the tips were good. Enough to buy a year’s worth of diapers in one go. Wait...diapers?...

“Diapers.”

“Huh?”

“Well, I mean. If they’re in our diapers...they can’t complain right?”

It was her turn to tilt her head now, her turn to brandish a confused look etched into her features.

“I uh...I’m not following.”

He grinned down at her, then leaned over and began to whisper in her ear. Her eyes slowly lit up, and she gave him a healthy, excited grin. She nodded, and the two had a set plan. She spread her legs again and let her brother put her in the diaper, pulling the tabs tight around her waist. She flipped over, and did the same for him. Next was their costumes. It was Christmas Eve after all, so everything *must* be Christmas themed. A bit of bondage was best, sexy and alluring, but also themed. They were Santa's little reindeer this year, and adorned their bright green harnesses, which wrapped around their heads and bodies, erotically pinning their wings to their sides. Bells jingled around the leather straps, which were bound tightly to their orange fur. The two stood up on all fours, diapered and harnessed, shaking their rumps to and fro.

"Should we do some practice beforehand?"

"I think so."

Naarkerotics nodded and trotted over to the center of their dressing room, where twin poles stood tall. He lifted onto his back hooves and wrapped his front around the pole. His sister followed along.

"Ready?"

"As I'll ever be."

He nodded, and soon they began to sway. Their diapers crinkled as they moved, wrapping themselves around the poles, grinding their bodies into it. Soon their diapers turned a solid yellow as they stained the inner cotton with piss. They twirled around the poles in unison, each mimicking the other, their diapers crinkling, sagging and wet.

Naarkesex ground her hips into the pole, lifting herself up then swinging slowly around. Naarkerotics was hard under his diaper, the thick girth bulging outward into the stained and yellowed cotton. Finally they finished by coming together, pushing themselves between the poles and slowly grinding into each other. For good measure their wings fluttered, but were stuck by the harnesses, telling their audience they were good and trapped, there for the taking. They wanted to show off an air of innocence, something people could trust. Their hope was that those who ruined everyone's good time would take advantage of them early on, help them weed them out. Then...well...

Santa was giving out a lot of coal this year.

It would be a good night, but watching each other dance, it got them going. The way their bodies moved and gyrated, the sloshing fullness of their diapers, the way they filled with warm piss. Naarkerotics stepped down from the pole, approaching his sibling. She moved too, and already knew what he wanted. She stuck her tongue out and flopped back on the dressing room couch, her bells jingling. She spread her thighs apart and her brother came between them. His rock hard cock pressed against his wet diaper, which he in turn pressed against her.

“I love your diaper...”

He mumbled under his breath as he began to dry hump her. Their diapers squished together, piss squishing around their sexes, their bodies hot, wet and grinding. He leaned in and nibbled at her tender neck, their bells jingling together with every thrust.

“Hahh...”

“It’s alright, you can let it out. We need to change our diapers anyway.”

“Mmmmn..true...”

He humped slowly, but forcefully. His cock throbbed and ached inside the wet cotton diaper. His body shuddered under his sister’s playful touch. Her hooves danced over his back and over the bells that jingled rhythmically with every playful thrust.

“Gonna cum...”

He whimpered into her neck, and she only urged him on, grinding her diaper up into his. Naarkerotics began to cum, spurting into the wet diaper and making a sticky mess.

“Hah! Fuck...”

He groaned out as he began to cum. His body trembled and shook in her arms, spurting into the diaper.

“Godddd...”

He whimpered, slowly pulling away and panting. He stood on trembling limbs and shook off, his bells jingling loudly. He cleared his throat and shook his head, ears flapping to and fro against his mane.

“Alright...sorry...”

“Quite alright brother boy. Ready?”

“R-ready.”

He reached back and peeled off his diaper, letting the wet, soggy thing flop to the ground. She did the same, and together they tossed their diapers into the trash. Fresh ones were pulled on, rounded over their rumps, fluffy and crinkly.

“Alright Naarkesex, you ready?”

“As I’ll ever be, come on then.”

He nodded, and followed his sister out of the dressing room. The music from the main stage was already on, slow, gentle, sexy. Instead of the booming, thundering music the club normally had this was what they would dance to. Something slow and sensual, to get the heat rising before they brought out ‘the big guns’. The two shook their manes back and trotted onto the stage, the lights dimming in the club. The crowd was silent, but then erupted as they trotted into view, hoof-claps and stomps around. They could already hear the drunken calls of the few who would inevitably end up in their diapers. They pranced around in circles, showing off their slender forms. They ruffled their wings, showing that they couldn’t move, bound to the ground and ‘unable’ to escape from their audience. The two slowly circled one another, their thick diapers crinkling between their legs. Eventually they reached the poles, and the fun began.

Slowly the music began to swell and rise, just as the ponies lifted themselves onto the poles. Their front hooves wrapped around the tallest points, and their bodies swayed around the back, letting their weight hang off. They tossed their heads back and pushed their hips forward, grinding their crinkling diapers into the poles.

“Yeah!”

“Take it ALL off!”

“Show us more diaper action!”

They began to fling cash up onto the stage. Fives, tens, twenties, a few fifties scattered here and there. They could tell what money came from who, simply because of the difference in value. The fives and tens came from the cheap bastards who would have loved a freebie, and the twenties and fifties came from those who truly appreciated the art of pole dancing. Their diapers ground into the pole, and they stood with their legs spread around it. Naarkesex slowly climbed the pole, then wrapped her legs around it and let her front fall down, hanging upside down. Her legs slowly released and she slid down the pole, releasing them once her front hooves were on the ground and letting her back end fall toward the crowd. It was then that she let her bladder go, the white diaper turning a light shade of yellow, which then deepened into a gold. She shook her hind quarters back and forth, letting the heavy diaper sag between her legs.

“You guys like it?”

She asked the crowd, sticking her tongue out playfully. They cheered and stomped their hooves, flinging more cash to the stage. Meanwhile her brother was working on his own solo. He twisted himself around the pole and slowly lowered into a split, raising his tail so others could see his own diaper yellow.

“Woooo~!”

“Fuck yeah! Now come down here and SUCK MY DICK!”

He narrowed his eyes, spotting a rather gruff looking pony in the front. He swore he could smell him from the stage, an acrid scent of stale alcohol. He would be first. The twins silently glanced at each other in agreement, they knew what would happen by the end of the night. But for now, they weren't done, they had to weed out the rest of them, he knew there wasn't just one. The twins came together and danced with each other, slowly circling each other as they gently shook their hindquarters back and forth. Eventually they kissed, and Naarkerotics slowly ran his tongue down his sister's throat. He nipped at it and made her squeal and jump, her wings ruffling under the bells, which jingled rhythmically. She turned away from the audience and he played with her diaper for them, squishing it beneath his hooves, crinkling it, showing the hefty weight of her piss laden padding.

“Yeah! Piss in her diaper!”

There was another one, a griffon, tall and lanky, scars on his beak. Naarkesex glanced over at Naarkerotics, this one was hers. They returned to their poles and did the last part of their dance, twirling and dancing, hips shaking to the music. The bills covered the stage, and they picked them up and danced with them, their bodies grinding into the poles and one another. Finally the music died down, and they sauntered off the stage, back toward their dressing room.

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“I counted six.”

“Six? There were at least eight of them out there.”

“Mmm...”

They were undressing from their harnesses, the bells jingling loudly as they flopped to the ground. Naarkesex sighed and went for the mirror, brushing back her mane.

“So how do we do this?”

She asked her brother.

“Hmm...a private show for them, perhaps?”

She slowly grinned, he always had the best ideas. She trotted over to him and pressed her snout to his, then kissed him softly. He flushed, and slowly kissed her back, letting his head tilt to the side. Their tongues entwined as she leaned in, pressing her body to his.

“You know, dancing with you always gets me riled up.”

She said with a smirk, leaving her brother to flush. She giggled and walked backward toward the couch, lounging across it and slowly spreading her naked thighs. Her wings, now free from the harness fluttered softly behind her. She reached down with her hooves and slowly parted the lips of her sweetened slit.

“Come on, before we get to them, why don’t we take care of each other first?”

Naarkerotics felt his face heat as he walked forward, his stallionhood growing thick and hard under his belly. He licked his lips as he walked forward, his sister already toying with her clit, eliciting her juices to flow down her nether-lips. He eased himself up, arms on either side of her, his prick slowly easing along her slit.

“You’re so warm.”

He said with a shuddering laugh, his fat, bulbed head gliding along her slit. He penetrated her, feeling her warm walls sink into his cock and hug him tight. He sank into her warmth and let his head bow into her neck. His tongue rolled along her throat as he started to thrust, letting out a low groan. Her breathing began to deepen as she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him in deeper.

“There you go, pull it in, fuck me...”

She whispered in his ear, sending tingles down his spine with her warm air and deepened, rough voice. He groaned into her neck. She was always in control during their love-making, always pushing him deeper, pulling him inside her, forcing him to worship her trembling body. Even when she came she was in control.

“Tell me, Naarkerotics, tell me what we’re going to do to them...”

“D-digest them...”

He groaned out, thrusting deeper into her, his cock pulsating at the thought.

“And then?...”

“Sshh...shit them out?”

“Yes...we’re going to shit them out into our diapers, use them like the filthy pieces of waste they are...”

She moaned as he picked up the pace, his hips slapping against her thighs as his cock dove into her wet, needy cave. His thrusts were becoming erratic as she moaned under him.

“Going to shit them out, maybe we’ll fuck in our diapers...”

“The messy ones?”

“Ahuh...while it all sloshes around us...while their digested bodies turn to warm mush...”

Naarkerotics let out a solid, loud moan, slamming into her now. The couch springs creaked and whined under them. She leaned in and nibbled at his ear, biting down hard as her cunt clenched around him. He shuddered and began to cum, an explosive feeling of heated pleasure that coursed through his lower stomach and erupted from his tip. He filled her with his hot, needy cum, feeling her clench rhythmically around him as she, too, came. Their bodies writhed together, gently grinding into one another as his cum dripped from her slit into puddles on the floor. He breathed into her neck and moaned, leaning his weight on her. She gently pet his mane and giggled.

“Good?”

She asked with a smile, watching his tongue loll from his crooked smile. He nodded, slowly getting off her and stepping back.

“So!”

She hopped up, letting his cum run down her legs.

“How do we do this?”

“Well we said a private show, right?”

“Yes but we have to get close to them...”

She tapped her nose with her hoof in thought, sitting down on the floor.

“Maybe we should make it more than dancing...a little personal.”

Naarkerotics chuckled, coming up behind and laying his head on her shoulder.

“Didn’t Mom tell you not to play with your food?”

“But you know how fun it is...”

“I doooo...”

He rolled his eyes and stood, grabbing a towel off the dressing table and wiping himself off.

“So...shall we?”

“We shall~”

It was easy to get them in the back, they trotted out into the club, music booming and vibrating the floor. They spotted them in a small group at one of the tables, of course they'd be together as buds. They looked drunk, laughing and joking together. One of the waitresses trotted by and the heavier set griffon smacked her rear.

“Ey girlie! Bring me another beer!”

He said in a raunchy, thick voice. Naarkerotics glanced over at his sister, who gave him a tight lipped frown, narrowing her eyes at the griffon.

“I want him, specifically.”

She said, and her brother nodded. The two made their way toward the table, clearing their throats in unison as they approached.

“Hey there boys.”

Naarkesex said, gently leaning into the table, her eyes turning from a glare to a sultry glance. The griffon was immediately interested, ruffling his feathers and puffing out his chest plumage.

“Well ey there little missy. You were the dancer up on stage huh?”

“Yes Sir, I was...my brother and I...we were wondering if you'd want to keep us...company.”

Naarkerotics let his sister do the talking. Instead he looked to the pony next to the griffin and smiled softly, ruffling his feathers at him. He smiled back, suddenly interested. He was a lanky grey pony, with a messy brown mane and a too-long neck. Naarkerotics had to keep himself from grimacing as he gave him a little wave with his hoof.

All in all there were three of them. The heavy set griffin, the lanky pony, and an average sized unicorn, colored an odd rusty red. He was quiet, glaring at the two pegasus' like pieces of meat. It disgusted them, but it was alright, soon they'd be digesting them. Naarkerotics pondered quietly how they'd do it. They could eat them, but there were...other ways.

Ways that were much more fun for the pair.

The fat one belonged to his sister, he could take the lanky one, it was no matter. He seemed more interested in him either way, it would be easier.

“Hey, sis...”

He started, and Naarkesex looked over to her brother, ears pert. She could see the twinkle in his eyes and knew he was up to something.

“Yes?”

“I think this gentleman and I would like a little alone time. Wouldn’t you, sir?”

The other pony was quick to nod, his tongue rolling over his greasy lips. It sickened the orange pony, but he only nodded and smirked at him.

“Of course, Naarky, you go ahead and escort him to the private room.”

The pony shoved by his friends to follow him. Nasrkesex could feel the absolute desperation permeating off him as he followed him.

“So you work here long?”

He asked, his voice almost giddy.

“A few years now...”

Naarkerotics said, glancing up at the tall, awkward pony.

“So do you think you could give me a happy ending buddy? Would love to have those lips on my cock~”

He had leaned down to talk in the ponies ears, his voice was slippery and wet. It made Naarkerotics shudder...disgusting. Still, he kept his false smile on, leading him to one of the private rooms. They were smaller, laced in red, and heated. It was supposed to offer comfort in a private dance, *just* a dance, but all too often they would get clients like this who would push and shove for more.

Not today, not anymore.

“Why don’t you have a seat, sir?”

Naarkerotics said softly, trying to keep his voice low and sultry. The door opened and Naarkesex peeked inside.

“Would you mind if we joined you? The other rooms are taken...”

She said, the fat griffin following along behind her. Naarkesex glanced at her, this wasn't part of the plan. But the horny, needy flash told him she wanted him, especially as they digested the others. It wasn't just to get even with a bunch of nasty patrons, this turned her on.

“Do you mind, sir?”

Naarkerotics said, tilting his head and motioning for them to come in.

“Do I have to pay for seeing you both?”

“Not at all, in fact you don't have to pay at all. Consider this a gift from us to you.”

“Hah! Well alright then, come on in!”

The griffin walked over to the red couch and plopped down, sitting back and scratching his stomach.

“Where's your friend?”

Naarkerotic said, looking to his sister.

“He's going to join us later, wanted to get a few drinks first. Don't worry, I assured him we'd take good care of his friends first.”

She explained, shutting the door with her back hoof. She pressed a button on the wall and soft music began to play through the speakers.

“Alright boys, we're going to give a special dance. And if you'd like...you can fuck our asses at the end.”

“But-”

Naarkerotics piped in.

“But...you have to lick it before you stick it...fair deal?”

Both the pony and the griffin were overly excited now, their cocks erect and standing between their legs. They nodded rapidly, all but drooling. The twins did their best to smile, trying to put their victims at ease.

“Good..you just sit back and relax...”

They started their dance. It was less energetic than the previous one on stage. They could take their time here, sway their bodies slowly back and forth. They didn't have diapers on just yet, but a pile sat on a chair in the corner. They knew they would need them when they were done with these two brutes, it just excited them all the more. Naarkesex was growing wet, and she gladly showed this off to the two brutes behind her. She wanted them to see her dripping, just as her brother wanted them to see him hard. They wanted to lull them in a false sense of rather sexy security. Showing off how aroused they were, making them think it was for them would make them trust the twins more. In turn...they'd be easier to control. The twins danced around the room, swaying hips, grinding their bottoms against the laps of the two men.

“You boys like?”

Naarkesex asked, glancing over her shoulder and gently spanning her wings out, dipping them down her sides submissively. She gave off the air of an innocent, submissive pony, wanting to bring them further down into a pliable mold to work with. She wanted them hot, horny, and eager. Her brother was working on the lanky pony, sitting his ass across his lap and gently rolling his hips over his cock. The music was winding down, the heat of the room making everyone more than just horny. It brought a sense of calm, of a heavy blanket washing over them. The scents, heat, and ponies in front of them made the men very easy to work with, almost drugged on carnal lust.

“...Wanna fuck us?”

Naarkesex said, her voice low and sultry. Naarkerotics let her take control, as she often did. She was better at seduction, more classy. It wasn't something he liked to admit, but his sister had an air of dominance around her that took control of situations rather easily. He was actually surprised it took until now for her to suggest digesting their more rowdy customers. Normally they got a swift hoof to the face. The griffin and pony eagerly nodded and pushed themselves off the couch, wanting to mount immediately. The twins moved forward, just out of their reach.

“Ah ah! You remember the deal...”

The griffin was first to move, he bent forward with a rumbling chirp, pressing his beak to her cunt.

“Sir...I said my ass...”

She reminded him, but he was insistent. She gave her brother a glaring look and cleared her throat.

“If you don’t want to play my way, we don’t have to play at all.”

The griffin grunted and agreed, though not happily. She understood, her cunt was dripping wet, in heat, waiting. But she needed him in her ass. The other pony was eager to get to work, lapping at Naarkerotics’ ass. His tongue dipped into his puffy hole, and the pony let out an encouraging moan. The pony dug his nose deeper into the ass, just as the griffin began to lap at the other.

“How long do we have to do this?”

The pony asked, losing patience, and having a sore tongue.

“A bit more...”

Naarkesex said, and gave a final glance to her brother, he nodded. They both began to back up, shoving the others against the couch. The effect was almost instant, their heads pushed into the ponies’ asses. The griffin let out a muffled cry, pressing his hands to the pegasus’ rump, trying to push her away. She pushed back, and his struggling only made it worse. He sank into her hole, his head pushing deeper and deeper inside. Naarkerotics was having the same effect, pushing the squealing pony’s head into his ass. The twins slowly sat down, pushing the other men into their ever-stretching holes. Naarkesex licked her lips and squirmed, pushing the griffin deeper inside.

“He’s a thick one.”

She purred, feeling his rotund belly stretch her ass out.

“I got the long one, guys about to hit my intestines.”

Naarkerotics said in response. The two laughed to themselves, sucking the other’s in, pulling them into their tight, warm, cavernous holes. Once they were tucked safely inside, the real work began. With distended stomachs the twins diapered each other up, and laid down on their bellies to let the magic happen.

“I can feel him squirming.”

Naarkerotics said, sticking his tongue out playfully. True enough his stomach rocked back and forth, bulging in places as the pony inside struggled. His sister rolled to her side, and they could hear sloshing from within.

“I think I’ve already started.”

She giggled, pressing a hoof down on her stomach. It squished inward, and a squealing, muffled cry was heard. Deep within her ass the griffin was slowly turning to brown sludge. His

beak hit the bottom of her ass and melted into the pulsating, wet skin. He opened his mouth but it was full of, no, made of shit. He went to lift a talon and found them melted together into one another. His wings fluttered, but every feather was growing heavy and dripping downward. He let out a bubbling squeal as his body churned and moved like a thick wave of shit. He shifted inside of her, barely a griffon anymore, now just a large, thick load. His skull was the only thing that remained after a while, and that too began to break down.

The pony inside her brother was having a rougher time. He was trying to fight it, but as he flailed his limbs they became stuck to the pony. He cried out, but his tongue had turned to shit in his maw and dribbled over his melting chin. His body contorted and melted into itself. He, too, became nothing but a thickened, fat load for the other pony. He turned to a sloshing, bubbling mass of shit.

The two ponies stood, their stomachs gurgling loudly. Naarkerotics was the first to let go, his ass slowly puckering open as he dumped a huge load into his diaper. It crinkled, squelched and sagged, his sister not far behind. They locked lips, kissing over each other as they shit their diapers, filling it with the warm remains of their victims.

“God...it’s so hot...”

Naarkerotics groaned in his sister’s ear. They ground their wet, soggy, messy diapers together, the shit shifting around inside them. The diapers hung wetly between their legs, full of thick globs of filth. Naarkesex fell backward, letting her brother lie atop her. They kissed gently, sighing into each other’s arms, nuzzling together as they forced the clients from them, shitting them out like the filth they were. Suddenly there was a knock at the door, and the average pony from their table poked his head in.

“Hey, where’d they go? I wanted in on the show.”

Naarkesex and Naarkerotics could only grin at each other before speaking.

“Of course sir, come on in.”