

Roasting A Couple of Mares

Written by Septia.

-Oomgmp- Ggllrrruk- Wifu wrapped her lips around the white flank stuffed down her gob, reclining back on the club's catwalk, gaining some leverage in containing the flailing pair of flanks. -Shhrrlslp- She wrapped and slurped her tongue over the cheeks, licking the taffy cutiemark as it gravitated into her gob.

"How long you gonna hog that stallion, doll, the night won't stay young forever," a bubbly voice boomed above, Wireless Fuzz scooped up into a metal embrace and getting the alabaster stallion's hind scooped down her throat.

"Mmwmar," Wifu grunted as her throat distorted with the squirming hunk of stallion stake throttled through her throat, her bronze coat morphing and inflating, stomach swelling out with the bulge riddled bloat, engorged to the point it sagged and dipped over the cusp of her diaper. She closed her maw around the stallion's tail, slurping it up and smooching the hoof so kindly 'helping' her with the meal. "-Oommpgh- This night will -Brurrhrrhhorp- last as long as I say it lasts, you big ursa," Wifu called out to the silver mare cradling her over the stage, standing at three times Wifu's size the unicorn was made out to be a giant whenever they interacted with Wireless. "Everypony cannot be in a weight class that lets them gobble ponies like mints, can they Grease?" Wifu called out and drove her iron hooves into her abdomen, shaking the slough hump of bundled meat to whip up a storm of soldering smog.

"Just what a lightweight like yaself would say bammpgh, mmpght," Grease Pan held over her muzzle, coughing as her gullet protruded, a surge up her neck that puffed out her cheeks in a tremendous -Uuhhroooooap- Her lips rippling as she unleashed the guttural gust, drizzling Wifu in throat slobber.

"Pha, phrey, ey what gives?" Along with the belch, the head of a mare peeked up in the back of Grease's throat, cyan mane matted to their coat and ears clogged with stomach phlegm.

Wifu crawled up and splayed Grease's lips apart, sticking her head in the damp gob. "You just head back and digest like a good morsel, won't you dear? You are interrupting my babe time," Wifu explained to the mare lodged in the throat, and dove in for a deep kiss.

"Mmgmr, gmwms," Grease mumbled with her lover sticking out her maw, making out with her lunch.

-Ghrrlsth- -Slllwawht- Wifu shoved deeper into the kiss, cramming the mare back down the neck, a crinkling of the slobber lubed throat rippling around them, until peristalsis kicked in to envelop the mare back into Grease's clutches, and Wireless slipped back out of the throat with a trail of -Braaaurrahahhrp- belch-smog cascading throughout her lover's maw.

"Whoop, show em you take no dung from nopony," an enthused patron called out at Grease and Wifu's display, before a yellow mare plugged their maw with a cock dripping in liquid musk and layers of cum.

"The m-mouth goes shut when it is not guzzling down my piss, uricorn," the mare declared with the pony straddled to her humping hips, decanting liters of pungent urine to clog his cheeks and splurge out the gaps in his lips. "Somepony get me some bondage gear so I can make a piss condom of this uppity bitch."

The whole club was in full swing, the orchard covered with a weave of moaning ponies overlapping one another, linked together by passion or peer pressure into depraved festivities. This wasn't a night when the action was contained to the catwalks, stages and a few private booths, for this night, the orchard was a hive of smut.

"-Gllmph- -Oommpgh- Phha," Grease shook her head after her throat constricted to see the outlines of the mare's head sinking back down her oesophagus and disappearing down her barrel, "did you just burp in my mouth?"

“Did you just swallow it all down like a fine wine,” Fuzz snarked and ground her stomach to the mare's chest.

“And now who do you think is in charge here?” Grease snickered and crawled up onto the catwalk with Fuzz.

“Who do you think runs the show?” she retaliated and slammed her diaper clad crotch into Grease Pan's padded butt pillow.

“Mmad, come here,” Pan huffed and locked her thighs around Wifu, the mares slumping onto their backs whilst alternating thrusting their padded hinds into one another, a whirring of mechanical hooves grinding, puffy fabric crumpling throbbing out of beat, accompanied by a chorus of mare moans and mulching midriffs.

The two tripped with lust flourishing up as electrified static shooting through their crotches, over time the padding dampened with leaks of liquid amber, adding a moisture to the magnetic attraction of the filth charged mares. Their rowdy action adding to the orchestra of moans and pants and carnal meat drumming through the club.

It was a special night, the last one of the year, the night where nothing mattered and that made everyone care the most. The orchard capitalised on the fact everypony, independent of what they subjected themselves too – would recover after midnight. A cesspit of depraved mind, the majority of which would end up spending the evening cooped up inside the confines of another patron. There wasn't a direction where a mare or stallion wasn't cramming themselves up a hungry, greased pucker, cock or bellybutton, the less willing crowd standing an equal chance of getting pounced on and crammed up some horny horse's hind, often while they were mounting someone else already. One couple – a stallion with his maw wrapped halfway up his mate's chest – got scooped up and snorted down a tubby mare's nostril, a sticky -Shhrlalst- echoing from their snout as the groaning couple wrapped up in mucus and descended down their throat, slumping up the mare's already pony filled cauldron and engorging her belly enough to smother the stallion she was ravenously humping like a bouncycastle.

In the front of the catwalk was decorated in slapdash poles and confinements, ponies chained up on display and restrained with bones, ropes or magical gum. It functioned like a waterhole in the filthy ecosystem; those not finding a mate could plug into one of the fastened ponies or use them for a sex toy to grind or, even toilet to drench in piss and slathered in steamy refuse. And the hungry ones who wanted an easy meal picked off those ponies, got claimed and straddled up by others in the process, or even chained up with each others, rinse and repeat. The atmosphere in the club laid drenched with cider – the sweet succulent drink and the pungent remains from once it passed through ponies to fester – and stunk of gellating lust staining the thumping party air a syrupy salt, the party was in full swing, and the night was a wild one.

~ 1 ~

“Mgmh, mMGs, ha, should have gobbled you up when I had the chance, huh? Would be nice to test how you'd feel squirming about my belly babe, miss out on the rest of the night trapped in my canister while I go shoot up some hot studs,” Grease huffed out between groans, squeezing her constipated diaper over her mate to smother her legs in the expanse of soaked fabric -Squshllsg-.

“Closing curtains early, and missing out of out on my hot piece of plot, that is likely,” Wifu grunted out and kneaded her hooves into the stack of doughy flesh churning together the latest meal of nights festivities. “I know you wouldn't resist the change to stuff your face into my fudge package once I have got this worthless hunk of junked brewed up into chocolate ass taffy,” Wifu crooned out and drummed her hooves over the taut, malformed middle.

“Mmfw, mfmngwh, hey, mhhwgey,” came from the drove of her gut in objection.

"Mmfsc calm your flanks, I didn't mean it like that, you are beautiful," Wifu assured the stallion bloating out her abdomen, brushing along the sides of the gut to feel heaps of pudge droop over her hooves, "just that you'll be so much more beautiful once I've got you loaded up on my backside as a greasy dumpling." The mare stood up, humping against the laying mare and jostling her stomach like a balloon full of mortar, -Ghhrbsl- swaying and thrusting into the start of a rhythm, dancing turning the humping, tribbing session into a full on diaper grind dance.

"That goes for the rest of you, everypony, you'll all make hot fudge by the end of the night," her shouts were twitching cheers and whistles, situated so close to the display section of the catwalk the pole-dancer eerily caught the club's collective attention.

"You always mm, make thing such a show," Grease complained.

"You are too easy to put on display, hard to hamper my ability to show you off."

"I'll show you," grease sneered in response and turn the tables in a forward lunge, prying her diaper open to peg the mare front into it. -Spsslsttsch- Fuzz's face lodged past the precipice of the pony's posterior pillow, smacked with the urine drenched fur that slathered her in the ammonia rich nectar leaking from the luscious lips. The brim snapped shut around her, encasing her in the dampened atmosphere of wet fur and must, a charred aroma coolant seeping in from the mare's mechanical chest. -Bwba- the padding morphed and clutched around her, Grease kneading her down into the casing of smut, battering her into the vitriol stench of her mate's marehood.

"Hey, everyone, look here, seems Wireless Fuzz is trying out a new dance venue: right down my pants," Grease displayed for the crowd, humping to accentuate her point, along with tossing the mare's hinds back and forth under the cusp of the diaper. "Should I show her what for?"

"This ought to show her who's on top."

Wifu couldn't make out what was happening outside, though she got a hint when a hunk of polished plastic mare its way in next to her and scooped her out onto the stage.

"MMF, oh yeah this ought to do it," Grease mused and tucked the double ended strap-on into her diaper, squeezing and mangling her gut in the process of fiddling the length into position. -Wbwbbght- A pillar of plastic tenting her diaper the tip of which she bore down on Fuzz's lap.

"How is this for a display?" Grease snickered as she thrust the tent into Fuzz's diaper, slipping it past the cusp and grinding against her marehood. -Rhcc- -Ckkrkst- With a decisive hump – and perhaps a touch of magic – Grease ripped a clean hole through her own diaper, and the behemoth of a strap on pierced through both padding and ponut, delving into the depths of Wifu's love tunnel as the mare ground herself thigh to thigh with her. -Shqthch- -Chrhsnsk- Their diapers crinkled against one another as Grease pumped into a rhythm, dipping the faux cock through Fuzz's funnel, the mares groaning in the shared pleasure of the dildo plugging them up with each impact.

"Mma, mfmawa, ooh b-babe, maah, that's big, mm, babe I sometimes forget how huge you are," Fuzz panted out as her colon congested with the frantic rut.

"How is that even possible, mfmf," Greasy wondered, -Ghrrbsb- hearing the churnings of growls and gurgles in her gut when the humping picked up speed.

"Cause you are so small and precious when you are around me," Fuzz teased with a wink.

"Oh you've done it now."

Grease rotated Wireless so she faced the ground, weighted down her stomach over her and smothered her in the burbling cauldron brewing away mares into muck, and then flung herself backwards, pinning Fuzz against the tip of her mast and letting gravity bob the mare on the wide girth, a sprinkling of sweat whipping from their manes as they stole the stage with their rampant lovemaking and growling guts.

"Mma, mawmam, pha," Fuzz panted out, grinding into her stomach, feeling it distend with the bloat of the dildo protruding it outwards, sandwiching her stallion like a proper hunk of ham paste in her gut, the billowing gut growling in a liquid -Wppgth- -Allwplapsht- as the cock mottled her meal like a pestle, grinding away the goop into pate. "Mmfa, paha, ahamee you're missing on all this huh? Bet you'd wish you'd rather enjoy then the night, mms, rather than being the side attraction, melting away in my stomach. Hah, mfmf, oh yeah... that is gonna make a smooth load of

nougat,” Fuzz groaned out with her tongue hanging by the side of her lip, bouncing along with Grease's motions.

The lust piston kept pumping until streaks of undiluted mare nectar webbed the pole in a mosaic pattern of gooey passion. Moans reverberating in the air to join the club's heartbeat, before Grease slumped back in exhaustion, Wifu bobbing at the end of the strap-on linking them together, Grease's end partially dislodged from its hold in the lubricated crotch.

“Mmfs, you are gonna get it now,” Fuzz panted out, slumping on top of the mare's chest, and wrapping her rear hooves around back of Grease's head, shoving her up to the poofy padding swathed around her rump.

“Wmms, just, fms, get in there, I got a batch ready to go,” Wifu panted out, grinding her gut to her mate's frame as she finagled the exhausted unicorn's muzzle in past the rim of the diaper, lodged between her flank and held in place by the cusp of the diaper cupping the muzzle.

“Mmmfsw, lacking some energy? How about a big, fms, fat dumpling~.” Fuzz groaned out and felt her guts inflate -Ppbrrhhwffth- her pucker vibrating under the storm of smog bellowing out of her ponut, soaking the air around them in the humidity of a locker-room post practice.

An odour of garlic and fried jerky pluming over the hefty mare's face, marking her with Fuzz's musk before the brim broadened before her. -Chhrsllspth- the pucker warped and contorted under the bulk swelling up in the tunnels, fudge filling out the brim to frame it in a wide bloat of reeking tar. -Ghthsvs- The grime crinkled as the lump of manure sloughed through the throbbing hatch, a sausage broad mud-heap delving out into the open, for a moment, just to arc down into the diaper held open by Grease's muzzle. -Ghbrbsl- -Bhrgs- -Chhrrnsgrrlsh- The Brim oscillated and snapped back over the mounds of fresh, umber curling out of the mare's hind, crinkling the polymer padding of the basket pants as they started to bloat in Fuzz's fudge.

“Mfma, ohaa, oh yeah this is much better beautiful, mmfs, white isn't a suitable colour of taffy either way,” Fuzz groaned out and rubbed into her stomach as she dispensed the steaming dunes of butt cobbled bile into her mate's stuffed diaper, “though this shade of taupe my guts gave you fits more fudge, but fudge or taffy doesn't really matter, they are both sticky, creamy, and feels great coming out my ass to bury that girlfriend of mine,” she groaned out, humping her rear backwards as she dumped kilos worth of reeking rear cement onto Grease. The surface of muck rose up along the colourful diaper, engulfing the grey mare's face where it wasn't already engulfed by the rear fall of fermented rump filth.

The grime was laced with trails of colon fluids, adding streams of silver to the surface of murky syrup, the liquid seeping its way through the furrows giving the mound texture; creases and trenches, separating expanses of thick chocolate paste into a webbed patchwork of grime. -Wpflth- -Bfhrhstll- -Grrrwh- Belches of fumes followed the flood, umber oil spluttering around crags in the gooey slag, -Chhrspl- Chunks of femurs and vertebrata splurging up from being embedded in layers of dung, clogged with calcium tainted in splotches of bronze from being tempered through Fuzz's fuming flank forge.

“Mm, paha, that romp really softens you up, Babe, you down there, what do you think of this? I've got a whole caramel enema billowing out of my rump,” she snickered and drove her hooves into her stomach, squeezing and funnelling the remnants of the once pale stallion through her sewage, “might just wanna see you after midnight.” she admitted with a smirk.

-Ppglbsh- Dunes of her tangled fudge ribbon melded together encasing Grease Pan's head, droves of gunky butt wax sloughing off in apple sized dollops over her fur, gluing itself onto her with the elasticity of marshmallow fluff. -Ghrhslbg- Grime smeared and cocooned her face in a fanfare of phlegm spirited through onto a mudcake. The mare felt the slop coagulating around her, settling into a clay reeking of ammonia, sharp liquors, and charred mushrooms drizzled with crystallised fig syrup.

“Wmgms, Gmrmms,” the mare straddled in place, hugging onto Fuzz's hinds and heaving herself backwards, -Shshlsltps- gooey tethers of oil latched onto her face in a webbing of posterior

drool, crinkling like tearing the filling out of a doughnut, yet the mare's head gradually sloughed free from the arm-chair sized bloat of sagging diaper.

"Mmfpah," she groaned out as the face dislodged from the heap, tentacles of chocolate glue snapping and flinging across her face and those nearby, the whole sprinkling met with a myriad of icky and indulged moans.

"Pahha, hpa," Grease Pan panted out as she got a breath of fresh air, glaring at Wifu with a face slick with gooey brass, though only tainted by the hue of it, as when she looked into the diaper she saw the muddy wax had kept together, and of around her, forming an imprint in the butt putty of Grease's face, plastered with a blissful expression. The display burned fluster on Grease's cheeks.

"Ooh? What is the matter, ursa babe? Aren't you big enough of a mare to appreciate your own 'Grime-ace' when its staring back at you?" Fuzz taunted and wobbled her cheeks, sloshing the clogged diaper back and forth with the taffy paste inside jostling like jelly.

The big mare grabbed the cusp of the pit and pulled it up to Wifu's back, snapping it back to mould crush the imprint of her face back into an engorged diaper dumpling. "You know you are going right down my butt cheeks for this?" Grease stated lethargically with a faint grin on her flustered complexion.

"So, you are letting me off easy then, tubby tank?"

The two mare's gaze met, electricity arching between their gaze, each quip and taunt fuelling the beating passion radiating from the spirits, mirrored in their eyes.

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An orange pegasi budged his way throughout the queues; in his strategy of arriving at the orchard two to midnight, he had underestimated the event's popularity.

"Who do you think you are?" the Khaki earthpony guard posed to the eager cutter.

"I am a pony who thinks employees didn't have to stand in line," the pegasi countered.

At this the guard scrutinized them up close.

"I don't recognise you on the list."

"I work part time, as a one of the poles, and I have an appointment" The pegasi snickered and barrelled past them. "Wi-fu, I am coming in."

"Look who decided to show at the party, finally," Wireless called out as she saw Nark enter the somewhat thinning crowd of patrons.

Nark worked his way past few ponies stuffed in a collective diaper, a couple spit-roasting a stallion, and a feisty sienna mare tossing her engorged gut back and forth.

"Mmmf, hey you, wanna get thrown down in my gut?" the thrashing mare asked as Nark passed, shaking his head.

"I've already been invited to a dance, by two eager mares," he called back to them while making a beeline for the stage and hooking a hoof around Wireless. "Isn't that right? Hope you didn't hafta wait too long."

Wireless scoffed and pushed him into Grease Pan's embrace, "You are late, we've just been killing time in waiting."

Grease pan puffed up their cheeks at this scooching up just as she let out a plume of -Pfbrrrrweth- oily smog into her diaper.

"Babe is being silly, at least it looked like she was enjoying what we were up to so far.

Wireless snickered and hugged onto both the oversized mare and the newcomer.

"You know you are my biggest source of fun babe, but this is the main event," she turned her gaze down to Nark, both smirking, "private orgy post a putrid preshow?" she asked with a wink of her mechanical eye.

“Better than the usual song and dance, starting off with a chocolate and vanilla double mare sundae.”

“Who's gonna be the steamy vanilla?” Wireless wondered and spun herself to Nark's front.

“Who's the professional pole dancer here?” Nark responded, grinding his crotch into the puffed out fluff of her diaper, swearing he could feel some gorges and moulds within the heavy bum ballast.

Grease laid back on the catwalk and aimed up her hooves at the couple, donning a soft smile. “And I don't get a say in this hmm?” “You are still a big part of this,” Wireless assured with a snicker.”

Activities around the orchard eased, the attention curbed towards the catwalk Wireless pumped a pegasi's shaft larger with each thrust, and the massive mare taking up most of the catwalk behind them.

“Mmfg mmwmag,” Nark panted out as Wireless cranked his shaft into gear, “don't need to tell you to save it for later, you always liked a good show,” he snickered to the mare who clutched his cheeks in her hooves, and brought herself in for a kiss, the leg length cock throbbing in the framing between their bodies. Once the mare broke the kiss, she wrapped her legs around his member.

“Kick us off, Grease,” she called back, & the giant unicorn happily obliged, sending her grey hooves straight at the pegasi's rump and launching the two up into the air -Shsrllth- The cheeks bent and warped around the dirt stuck to her hooves, Nark's rump jamming stuck around the invasive trunks of grey mare poles. The Stallion's wings flared and fluttered at the sudden increase of bulk making their way through his tailhole.

Wireless in the front was brandishing a pole of her own. As they were propelled upwards, the dancer swung herself around the throbbing pillar, swaying herself back and forth, jerking Nark off in the same motion as she hauled herself up the shaft. After hanging suspended a pony's height up in the air, she took to leaping upwards, twirling the air above Nark, pirouetting in the air before landing with her rear hooves right into the slit of the gaping stallionhood. -Wpslrlrsth- -Ghhrslth- The cock engulfed her hooves, devouring the mare up to her thighs in one fell swoop, distending the member with the oval humps of Fuzz's augmented hooves.

“Mmfps, warn me next time,” Nark snickered, feeling his shaft oscillate with the sudden waves of pressure, his cock lip creeping up her hind, “Mma, oh you are such affms, slut for that pole,” he continued, groaning as Grease's attempts at wedging her hoof further up his rectum domineered into the both of them bobbing, and his shaft thrusting up to engulf stretches of the professional stripper.

“I love my job, you should've caught on by now,” she snickered and gyrated her hips down into the gape of the shaft; her internal pole dance seeing her disappear into the sleeping-bag of sinew, moulded into smooth swellings.

“Mmgsg, I hope you are ready to make a load of mare fudge like you never have before,” Grease grunted out as she threaded her legs past the comparatively petite posterior, at nearly three times the pegasi's size her legs alone were distending his abdomen in creeping bulges, the club pulsating with the slick grind of colon juices dripping down the leg columns jutting out of the orange buns -Vrrshslslgghs-.

The world bobbed and thrashed, Nark feeling himself weighed on from both ends, thrust upwards from the hooves plunging up his rear or jabbed downwards from the mare wringing her way into his cock. -Ghhrjsbsl- His stomach swelled in turn with his rump descending towards the stage, the buffed up belly pushing his shaft forwards, letting Wireless hang from the arched mast like the bait on a fishing pole, or perhaps more apt: an eel snatching up its meal with all its might. Drove of protruded flesh warped down the cock's sides, shaping pantomime dancing with Wireless's humping and wedging, her torso coming to snuggle down the meat with the hooves

prying it apart to let her screw herself deeper with sensual, waving acrobatics that warped and bent the cock to the whims of her tightly clasped outlines.

Hearing Nark's exhilarated growls she turned back to face him, fidgeting her hooves down the mast as it came to wrap up around her neck.

"You can take this as punishment for coming late," she snickered, jutting out her rump so far it morphed a bold contour at the base of his shaft, which the crowd at the orchard ate up – when they weren't eating each other – with cheering and stomps.

"Mmgs, oh I am gonna butter you up alright," came the response, as he tugged a hold of the sides of his cock lip and heaved it upwards, draping Wireless's head in the pungent cock sock and muting her quips to a muffled "Mmwmff, wmmag" as she tunnelled down the stallion's girth. -HGHbrltsh- The shaft twitched like the bedsprings of a newly-wed couple as the engorged protrusions of the caramel hued mare descended to the depths of Nark's nutbutter forge.

"Mgms, gsna, that took a while, you are gonna have a lot more trouble with my babe than me, mfms, if it took that long to cram her down," Grease piped up from behind, her rump swallowed down the stallion's plush cheeks, which clutched and compressed her plump, gargantuan thighs – the display reminiscent of an earthworm attempting to guzzle down an éclair.

"Gmms, phaha, with how many modifications you usually carry, I am wondering if this could count as smuggling contraband, mmf, cus those flanks should be illegal," he groaned out, rubbing over his stomach billowing out in front of him, feeling the bloats of the giant mare's cheeks take shape in front of his eyes as hills on his mountain of belly flab stretched out over two hooflengths.

"Is that complaining? Sounds like someone is after a bmgms, bit of help," she grumbled, cooing as her horn lit ablaze and levitated Nark's rump upwards, the unicorn slowly threading her chest past the puffy rear hatch, sensing it glide over her coat and stretch to accommodate her funnelling in through the bowels. -Ghhtbrsls- Straining and congesting the colon. -Shwhtggt. The splutter of butt grease and colon fluids sprinkled out with the hefty thrusts her magic was exposing the pegasi's rear to.

"MMF, almost g-gsn...", she mumbled, but then felt a rush of heat spike through her compressed body, and egress through a deep bass toned emission -Bbrrwwwmwmwftht-. Nark's fumes bellowed out of his brim in a cascade of bubbling smog, drenching her in a tang of conquest and stale vinegar.

Papa, woahhp," she coughed out, the emission breaking her concentration and sending the rump currently gobbling up her neck tumbling back onto the stage -Wbbwbgtth-.

"Mmmgpwth," the slam of twenty kilos worth of butt pounding into the stage, muted Grease's whimpers when her head knocked into the ground, giving the last bit of force needed to propel herself into a sandwiched hold of Nark's buttocks, clamping over her as the noble mussel clamping a hold of its precious pearl. Accentuated with a strum of latex strings as the moist tunnel warped and malformed over its new occupant -Clrlslthth-.

"Phhaaa, hooa..." the stallion heaved, slumping over his taut, compiling stomach spilling out on the catwalk in front of him, burying his throbbing stallionhood and churning sack under the condensed pressure.

"Whowee... it ain't easy taking two mares out to dance, you know? He said with his breath heaving in his throat -Ghhrbrbsths- -BRHhrjcht- and his stomach and sack complimenting each other's gurgling grinds and slops with the budging mares enclosed within. "Especially not these lovebirds," he added as his cheeks flustered up with an algedonic relish of the straining tension and bloated pleasure rippling through his form.

-Bhhruauaaorp- Gizmo painted the air with his pungent breath; wisps of boiling grease tang at a constant linger around both lips of his gastrointestinal tract. The stallion had come to rest on top of his gullet, spreading out under him in a bun shaded mattress, his posterior propped up by the gratuitous neather orbs.

“Hhaa, isn't this pmfmrs, precious” Nark mused to himself, resting over the sofa of a stomach, roaming his hooves over the bloats from Grease's body. “I am really going to bring you gals together, so close,” he groaned out and squeezed his back legs around his engorged sack, bobbing the bloated balls and stomach towards each other so their mare's curled bodies would touch through the layers of meat padding them apart, “yet miles away, different organs in the same body,” he narrated, skirting his hooves around to find the spots that made his insides toss and squirm.

-Ghrbsslp- Growls vibrated from the rippling limits of Grease Pan's meat prison, stirring the gruel of pony gel coalescing at the bottom of the stomach sauna. -Pltllhg- Boils of the grey cement popped with caustic clouds unleashed from within, scenting the grim mixer in a cocktail of molten flesh and tempered brass.

“Mmfs, if we are organs, then Wifu is the heart, cause I fmmfs, feel her beating through the walls, filling me with warmthmf,” Grease panted out, while the chamber breathed around her; constrictions and inflations of flesh dripping with enzymes to frost her.

“If that doesn't overhear you, then my tum should do they job, and you'll be a steamy, smouldering wreck, you've have experience with that, considering all the failed prototypes you test, but this time, you are my test subject,” Nark coed out and bobbed his stomach to the catwalk, mushing and kneading the mare within.

Wireless pushed her hooves against the elastic walls, delighting to the stallion's groans as she tickled the inside of his sack with her extendable digits.

“Babe, you are my heart too,” the cooped up mare confirmed, feeling more tendrils of opaque gloop tie to her frame as the sack hugged her, “but if you were an organ, you'd be the colon.”

The sinew between the gut and sack protruded in hoof shaped bumps against Wireless. “Joking about my size again, ey?”

“More your tendencies to get gassy after a single muffin.” There was a rumble of giggles through the stomachs, accompanied by a surge of brews inseminating from the combating chambers.

“Ooh, isn't it lovely seeing you gals get going, make use of that time, you won't be seeing midnight before I've creamed you two into clay,” Nark said, hooves gaining an edge of roughness as he kneaded them into the gorged bloats.

“Wmmgs,” Wireless grunted, her stomach littered with glistening ribbons of spunk that melted into her skin into a tessellated pattern.

“Mmfs, oh but that would mean we wouldn't have a chance to touch each other again,” Wireless moaned a their own theatrics.

“Mgaamm, mm, yeah, please mister, you can't be so cruel,” Grease panted out, the stallion treating her as a beanbag aiding her digestion, gases boiling inside her gut, inflating her midriff to a taut balloon of white fur, -Pgffffr- Until the air fizzled out in a chyme drowned batch of flatulence, deflating the gut to the point where hot slags of it began to slough off of it and join the browning batter around her.

“There must be something we can-.” Wirelss began.

“And there is, fm not a thing you pretty mares can do about it, except be good little morsels and flow smoothly on the way out.” After interrupting Wireless, the three fell silent for a bit, with but the ambiance of the puttering pony putty processing in his pouches.

“But... isn't there... Something, we can do to... please you?” Wireless reiterated, this time with emphasis.

Hearing this made Nark fluster a bit. "Oh, mmm, right, perhaps we can make a deal, if you can think of something more fun than disposing of you girls in full view of these lovely ponies?"

-Pspglltsh- Inside the guts, Grease's belly had slumped off of her in droves of molten mare wax, a cluster of putted organs spilled out, adding coils of pink and purple to the pale gruel Grease condensed into.

"Mgms," Grease panted, "what about serving up that chocolate and vanilla on a plate of two hot mares

"Two hot mares eager for a few rounds of 'pleasing' such a chivalrous stallion," Wireless piped in, brushing her hooves over the walls of the congesting chasm, her bronze hooves might as well have been fashioned out of wax the way they dropped off in gelatinous globules, joining the pearly vanilla gelato in ribbons of amber caramel.

"Mmm, I am not sure, do you two know of any naughty mares," Nark clutched his legs over his stomach and sack, a clucking -Bghrpslgpsghs- roaring out from the compacting sacks, "horny, and filthy mares willing to have a ton's worth of hot, steamy loads dropped off on them, and then an equally huge load of sex for dessert?"

Grease groaned and panted, the surface of white chyme now lingering around neck level, most of her frame congested into an armchair sized drove, a hotpot of lustful mare.

"I think we, mm, have got some, mmf," she panted out, atmosphere of the gut transcending from that of a drone to a full-on steamer

"We'd msm, be willing, as long as you let us comeback before midnights, we'll sandwich you between us for the rest of the night," Wireless and Grease fawned over the stallion, who took a liking to thrusting himself against the ground to knead them into making the most adorable squeals.

Nark snickered and patted squeezed his sack together like stress-balls. "You best be up for a marathon of lovemaking, though with all those mechanical bits, I bet you gals can take turns riding me like the pleasure pistons you are~."

At this, neither mare could really contain their snickers, the piston metaphor was appropriate for someone in the trio, most likely the one shoehorned in for his manly assets. -Ghrhbsspl- -Gbbrrhsh- Though they weren't quick to exchange teases, at least not in the goey state the two came to find themselves in.

"Mmfs, phaa, haha," the orange stallion mused to himself, slumping his head over his stomach as it compressed around folds of future fudge.

"Mmg, I am gonna plug up both your naughty gal's sockets all night long, sparks will be flying," he proclaimed to the silent bloats, and rolled his eyes with a huff. "Figures you'd miss out when I improvise lines to steal the spotlight," he said with a sense of jovial rivalry to his sack.

"That is just how it goes when you anger a mighty stallion, just looking for some depraved fun," Nark taunted the bulges of bubbling belly butter.

A streak of emerald mane glimmered into the corner of the establishment, verdant eyes mesmerised with the scene, ears twitching around a jet black cap. A dusky stallion slumped over his back. "Wanna have wacky sex?"

The emerald mane beamed. "Do I."

-Ghhrbrlslsh- Within Nark's stomach, the robust mare was living up to her name. -Spglltsh- A splutter of oily chyme-clay came to cake the carnal chambers completely clustered, what remained of the mare boiled down to a few base components; a diaper warped by the heat, two pairs of prosthetic armoured legs, and a few cauldron's worth of pearl glaze. -Glsltsh- Shhcluh-. The mixture fed down the routes of the intestines, which swallowed hairy clumps of clay with gusto, a flume of grease laced slop receding through the crooked depths, its surface clad with a nutrient rich dew as the fat on a broth, and as with that broth every modicum of useful substance was scooped up by the stallion's labyrinth. Over time what had been white had wilted into a gradient of auburn & burgundy.

Meanwhile – in the other end – the amber pony poled and churned through the scrotum into a proper sludge, bronze coat bleaching to an iridescent sheen of alabaster nut-butter. Each mare processed into their opposite; white became chocolate, bronze turned vanilla whipped cream, each

one losing themselves in the lust of a coalesced form, trading hue and roles, getting closer together by a mutual infusion of the other's visual traits.

-Brhraallprth- The satisfied orange furnace relished every plume of organic smog which bellowed out of his hanches, venting the steam produced from forging the pair of mares into a once a year special: A black and white gelato sundae supreme, orgy edition.

~ 4 ~

Over the night Nark's colon clogged with a custard of creamy chocolate, fudge filling the funnels leading from the gluttonous glue down the deepest reaches of his bowels, a stench of pickled turnip and motor oil wafting and bubbling into fume clusters throughout the dough of dung deluging through his system. -Sqhlrrh- The umber loam forged and forged from the constraining clutches of the clinging colon, each hug cobbling together clumps of batters into a tessellated pattern of baked bile. -Hgrahhs- -Kklgn- This along with the occasional clank and smack of the armour chugging along for the ride, despite embedded within the processing chocolate pulp posed its own obstacles for the colon to overcome, making its girth known by splaying the cocoa-catacombs on their odyssey out of the oven.

Within the stallion's sack the redolence of lard rouse to conquer the natural musk. Wireless was reduced to a fat dense cream, curdling and cooling into a batch of ball-bloating yogurt – Nark's cherries trading their mare-clogged height, for a billowing width. Webbing of sticky spunk slithered across all surfaces it came into contact with, along with the undulating rushing through the member, the cum webbing grew in complexity with each belch, its only hindrance from gumming together into a network of ball spanning size was its density; similar to freshly chewed gum, the strands could only stretch for so far before it began to sag under its own weight, and inside the heated orbs were no different. The tethers of crystal gleaming cum drooped in compiling bundles of rope, dipping back down into the reservoir of spunk and melding into the gelatinous gloop, progressively washed away like waves licking hoofprints off the shore. Yet, each churn clumped the spunky mare further, compiled and cooked out imperfections to a homogeneous sludge of marble white, and akin to its sedimentary cousin, the wireless slop were tangled in fractures of a darker hue, the brass caramel twirled over a curl of cotton candy fluff.

~ 5 ~

The crowd around Nark had dispersed over time, focusing on new action always present in the orchard. Though, this left the stallion on his own for kneading the dough of delectable dung brewing in his diminishing barrel, and using his tail to pat along the expanding jewels housed between his thighs, whipping that marvellous cream. The attention mattered not, for the stallion's mind was roaring down the singular track of exuberant lust that supplied fodder to his insides, radiating pent up excitement in the processing of the pony pair; a horny forge fuelled the prospect of the oncoming threesome.