

A Dogsplay of Ownership Part 2

Written by Septia.

-Frrlsssrssh- A cord of a liquid, pungent piss ate away at the grime cloaking the bones in the dog themed trophy. Tree Time hovered over the trophy to stir his own lemonade into the mixture of fudge sludge filling it up. “Phaa, hey,” he asked Ain who was scrubbing his coat with a towel, “mind if I grab a souvenir?”

“Be my guest.”

Tree aimed his shaft for the beam of hot piss to slice through the blanket of mulch, speck by speck uncovering patches of pale ivory. Tree fidgeted with the bone, unearthing a semi-intact cranium from the rough position of Gizmo's head with a squelch of dredging through pudding -Schhrrrlpffrtch-. “Well, 'ol boy, you've looked better.”

“Pardon the state of your dog.”

“Oh, quite the contrary, I can't wait for him to see this.”

“Excuse m-.”

With a burst of luminance the tent fell silent. The Crowd covered their eyes in the corona of light, concentrating to a point, where it diffused around the form of the green, white, and black dog.

“Phaaa...” Gizmo sighed, holding his forehead.

“It's clear you require more thorough training,” Tree Time said, ambushing Gizmo and -Crrrptchnk- snapping the collar around his neck, gumming to Gizmo's coat with the mulch still caked on it.

“Gya. Ah... mrrr...” Gizmo mumbled, looking at the crowd boring into him.

“Come boy, we're heading home,” Tree tugged the leash once for him to follow, twice for him to get back on his knees.

The tent remained silent.

“Hold up,” the voice cut through the air, sharp as a sickle, catching Tree off guard, as he twisted back in its direction.

A fox approached them, each step swaying with as much swagger as it was matched only by her bust – which threatened to burst the seal of her cerulean button-up shirt with each sway. She fished up a notepad from her cleavage, and with a sweep of her paw plucked a pen from her right-combed inky hair-do. “Aren't you... Captain, Tree Time?”

~ 1 ~

A generous bounty of light streamed from the diamond windows of the Pursuit.

“I trust this will be an adequate avenue for the interview?” Tree Time said as she served him and Clarissa Clarion, of the Evening Times a thick, steaming pierogi with a delectable char-streak pattern.

“Certainly so,” she said, then matted her lips, holding the word at the cusp... “Captain.”

She watched the stallion's composure waver at such a simple word. If only all her clients were so easy to dig into, she'd have a much smoother day to day.

Gizmo grunted in the corner. Yet to receive a dog bed, he'd have to make due with a crate wrapped in a blanket.

“Hmm?” Tree Time peered at him.

“Grrrg...” Gizmo growled instead, and gnawed on his chew-toy; also improvised, dildos never quite last as long as you wish they did.

“So then,” Tree began, “there's no doubt your readers are intrigued about my life story, but there's oh so much to divulge. Tales of dragons, adventure, a dash of piracy, and romance. Where should I start?”

“Well,” the fox said and tapped her pen to her chin, “could start with how you got that resurrection to work.”

Tree's smile tempered somewhat.

“Ouh...”

Clarissa started writing.

Tree gulped.

“It is far from common around these parts, you know, people wanna know.”

“Right.”

“But to warm up, we could start going personal. There's a whole host of rumours about you, as I'm sure you are well aware.”

Tree idly drummed his hooves over the table, “Ah. You, don't say.”

“The whole eating people thing,” Clarissa continued, unabated, honed on him like a pole arm pinning him to a wall. “The whole act and process, not to mention the returning. There's a whole host of questions to bring up. And as a rumoured, avid predator, you'd be quite the reliable source, ain't that right?” the vixen winked, as Tree perspired. Casually digging into her meal, her fangs crunched through the crust, crisping through the stuffing -Crrcksks- -and felt the pierogi suddenly getting, much lighter.

-Chhhr- -thhppwdggllrprstwp- Its bottom ruptured, billowing forth its contents of mashed potatoes, meatballs and thick, brown cream gravy which splattered over her bust, drooling down her side and out of her shirt in a messy portrayal of a gravy ghost. The fox remaining still with her muzzle still buried in the wheat husk.

Gizmo caught the scent, staring up at the besmirched fox. Dog thoughts... dog thoughts... pets ate table scraps, right? He leapt up on the table, knocking over plates, glasses and trinkets, staring at the reporter.

“Eah...”

Though she didn't get another word in before Gizmo leaned in with his tongue unfolding, plastering against her cheeks and brushing up to lap the streaks of spilled sauce from her face. The vixen was assaulted with laps from the equal sized anthro, dropping the pierogi carcass and waving her arms. “Hey s-stop tellfsm, tell your friend to knock it off.”

Tree's mind spun, then he sunk back in his chair with relief. “I see your talent to cause people to divulge applies to the reality of sustenance as well,” he said, “apologies for my mutt. Though, as evident by the showcase earlier today, he's far from perfect. Probably just sees you as table scraps.”

Gizmo's tongue mat coated her in drool, delving down to slather over her neck and careened over her bust. The vixen scrambling back and shoving the dog away, who only leaned in further to counterbalance. -Crrs- The seat creaked as an old wooden gate as the chair tumbeld backwards.- csthtpthat- Clarissa prone on the ground with Gizmo pinning her down in licks and smacks.

“But if you want a, thorough, demonstration. I can assure this is the most accurate, not to mention genuine, method. So, my interest in devouring live meals came about when dragons razed my village.” Tree Time started, as Clarissa tried to batter the playing pet away as he suckled gravy off of her tits, slurping over her chin and gnawing at her ears. “Gnngfgn, gnsnnphaa.”

“Their callous ways of devouring ponies off the streets, stopping only to delight in the sense of their morsels ploughing down their throats, irrelevant of how much they struggled,” he said peering down at Clarissa, with Gizmo growling and wrapping his maw over her forehead, “They would all end up as fertilizer.”

“Hey, dog.”

Gizmo peeked up with Clarissa trapped in his jaws.

“Sit.”

This time he got it. Unclenching his jaw to let the fox back up.

“Paha, haa, okay this is clearly going past my boun-dmfpq mfpghhw-” -Thhfmfmfms- Gizmo's cheeks sandwiched her face, trapping her muzzle in the folds of his buns as the dog wagged his hind over her drool lubed face.

“Just thought I'd give you a more thorough breakdown,” Tree Time said with a smirk, “Before my pet follows suit.”

-Chrrllgfls- Clarissa felt the bowels rumble ahead... -Bbrrffmmwwrrthph- a torrent showered her face and choked her breath in a haze of cum-pickled cabbage, a spicy air that pricked her eyes and congested her nostrils.

“Ooh phrew, that's fine thought. A foul pooch-fart's the sign of a healthy pooch, and as you see, my lil' Gizmo here is, very, healthy. Wonder if you'll have the same luck, once you've all melted into doggy duty?”

“Mfmmgp phaa...” Gizmo huffed out with his tongue draping low, a cascade of acrid air -Bbrrrrprplfth- -Prrhhrflrpth- flushing out his hind to stain the reporter in the steaming clouds. -Lrlcpsthat- his cheeks limping deeper down her cheeks, wedging over her neck. “Mumps,” Gizmo's pupils rolling up as he felt her muzzle prod up against his pucker -Sflprhht- -Clplthhs- edging against the brim and creeping into the warping clutch of gaping meat. -Chrrrlslpth- his rear slotted down her shoulders, huffing and grinding back and forth as Clarissa coughed and squirmed, a crackle of fried bacon rippling through the active brim as it engulfed the reporter's shoulders, funnelling her in to swell up under his abs.

“Can't say he is quite house trained yet, though I'm sure you wouldn't mind to forgive him if he squatted you out at a street-corner somewhere. In middle of the road if you're unlucky. But isn't there a saying on the ground reporting?” Tree mused, secure in his position once more.

-Shquurlfplsh- -Chrrlspthsha- The pup's pucker squealed and wedged over -Clpht- -Klpththsa- as suction cups snagging into the plush cushions, gulping them down with gyrating wheels of the hind. Clarissa had started to cry out louder, toughening ripples through the hairs of Gizmo's tummy, though the dog only kneaded them down whilst his brim crawled down her torso. Gizmo huffed and whined as he arched his back with each strain, the arch along his hind sinking over her curves, adding to the arc bulging out his pear-heavy tummy. -Shflpht- -Bwnngglsah- The squirms in his rear translating to rustles through his blubber. The springing inflation of his gut undulating with the mutt's howls -Bbgns- -Gbnst- as he bounced his rear down on the fox's thick cheeks, encroaching over them till they -Gllroompssh- were swallowed up like a pair of grapes in the doughy doggy dumper.

“We've made strong headway, now its just a bit of legwork left,” Tree mused as he helped scootch Gizmo up so the legs dangled below his rear, stomach protruding like a napsack and weighing the pup down as he sat back. -Chrrllrpstth- -Chrrllspths- The thighs and legs wound up into his folds, squeals muffled in the insulting layers of meat, muscles and chub, suckled in as a meaty pool noodle. -Sflphtahpw- his cheeks slumped against the ground, shifting with the wriggling toes scratching his crack, leaning his ears to flap as he massaged and ground his ass over the floor, scooching along the carpet whilst lips slathered and engulfed the fiddling digits... -Shflphtp- -Crlspthrt-

-Gbgpbbgoa- Gizmo's gut bounced against the ground, leaving him leaning over and sagging the doming gut in a vista of white fuzz and the protrusions that sailed and bobbed in its hold.

“Phaaamfmmspha...” he huffed out and wiggled his cheeks -PFPbrrpbprhthta- a reek of masticated macerated socks and condoms puffed out Gizmo's rear, eliciting a thrashing hullabaloo from his gut as the reported marinated in the stench of dog ass.

Gizmo blinked and huddled up. Maybe this was too far? Had he interpreted the signals wrong?

“Ooo phrew, that's a good boy. Good boy you are~ Husse was almost in a lot of trouble there~” Tree Time was elated whilst scratching behind Gizmo's ears, the pup unable to help stomping his paw.

“Glad to hear I-”

“Shhe... sh.shh... dogs, so stupid, can't help but love those stupid lil muffs.” Tree snickered and patted Gizmo's tummy. “Suit yourself up, so we won't have a mess.”

Gizmo folded out a pair of XXL pampers from the lowest cabinet – reachable on all fours – and struggled to shift around on the gut to thread his legs in. The hound resigning to roll over and slide into them.

-Gbrhhgosa- his gut shifted and a faint muzzle bulge crept up.

“H-hey, Gizmo?”

“Y-yeah? I mean, awwrf,” Gizmo mumbled as he padded shorts up his calves.

“Heywood don't seem to be all on for this right? He's treating you t-terribly, j-just cough me o-otu, and we'll I'll get you some help, okay?”

-Srgllrccffrt- Gizmo shuddered as the plush embrace of the soft padding slotted over his cheeks, a pleasant bedding for his crotch too, better than those training models...

“Ooo... well, it's not so bad, could be better.”

“He-he doesn't vae to know, I-I can b-barely breathe i-in here. I'm sorry but it-uurlch. It s-stinks unbelievably bad...”

“Thank you~.” Gizmo mused, and shuffled about, adjusting the straps and closing his eyes as he let loose a -Bbrffllwprhht- gale wind circling in the padding, snickering as he felt the morsel throw herself to and through in the distending guts.

“Pleplease pafha pah ai-I'm serious j-just- s-squeeze me back out?”

“Well, I already got my diaper back on.”

“Wha-What? When?”

“Just now.”

“Why would yofmfmpsga-.” her voice muted as Gizmo rolled back over his front, pancaking the gut to the ground with Gizmo trotting in, latching the leash onto Gizmo's collar. “I'm in a good mood, we're going on a walk in the park boy.”

“H-ehe?” Gizmo flushed up. Wasn't one excursion a day enough?

“Co-come on, be more excited,” Tree chimed, brushing over the pup's ears, but dragging him along before he had a chance to answer.

~ 2 ~

The summer sun painted the grass green in the shade of seaweed. Gizmo's paws were getting clumped with mushed stands and blades of vegetation and dirt scuffing up under his claws, shifting to close keep close to Tree's legs as the pony paraded him through the park. -Cllgpthhtsh- his gut growled and rustled as it kept dragging over the field; bunching up with drawn out -Gllgphthth-gurgles of stirring a swamp. Bumps surfaced here and there, though their animosity was severely dwindling. More sunken back through the walk, to occasionally bouncing up off of the ground as he scuttled along.

-Glrbrhhgglaslap-

“Pa aah, this is a grand day, isn't it? Good afternoon, fellow part explordinarrs. Just out on a lil' day trip with my rowdy canine,” Tree Time called out to a couple walking their stroller, who held them in their vision long enough to make Gizmo's tail raise before they hurried off.

“Tree... I don'.”

“Shhhuhshs, bark if you're upset.”

“Gr...rawwf grrawrr farr ghhraawfana,” Gizmo growled and teetered about, bumping into Gizmo's legs.

The stallion smirked, “Oooh wow, such a rowdy boy I have with me today,” he called out to another dog owner. “I really should, take them out on trips like this much, much more often. Lounging at home does a pup no good.” His high tones garnered all the more attention. Until Gizmo relented, ears slacking back and grumbling, exploring the flora and landscape of the park.

-Ghrglgs- -Khrllprhgsha- his guts rustled, and he heard a faint, wheezing cough. “Pha apflaha... P-please. I'll keep m-my yap sh-shut, j-just d-don't d-digest m-me. L-let me g-go...”

Gizmo pondered, -glgplghaha- -cllgpгах- dragging his gut over the grass. “Mmm, once you're a bit smoother,” he whispered, “then I'll let cha out~”

“Gwnnnfnny, rgwwrmm,” The muffled pleads melded in the creaking churns of the puppy piping, -Ghrrrlpscht- Gizmo more occupied with not getting seen by anyone he might know.

~ 3 ~

“How's our friend coming along in there?” Tree asked with a smirk as they passed under a hanging arch of natural tree branches and vines, following the sanded pathways marked by benches.

-Gbrghga- -Fprbrbpt- A faint growl left a soft huff of smog through Gizmo's cheeks. “Still till-... aar... aowrrfs?”

“Aw, my good boy, you are still so full. What if you get a congestion? Can't have that,” he said and patted a bench coming up on a crossways. Gizmo stood.

“Aap app.”

Gizmo shuffled up on all fours to find Tree hunched over his rear, and prying at the hem of his plush pants.”

Better mix things up in there,” he snickered and brandished his polearm. Gizmo chomping at his lower lip.

“M-maybe not when there'se so manyyyoyeeeeooooo-,” his pleads were rightfully undermined by the rising pressure at his hind. Tree wasting no time to slot his plug straight up the pupper's porthole -Sfhrprptla- sloughing over him and humping his lap into the cheeks, the moist -Twwlpt- -Tlwtlps- of his meat battering into Gizmo's hind, which was just about recovered from the anal acrobatics from before.

“Mpoogf, aren't you a tight ass bitch? What? Husse's cock not good enough? Do I need to take you back to the dog show? Should have gotten that werewolf's number, for whenever your ass needs a good mmfsm cleaning,” he huffed out whilst piling his meat through Gizmo's gutters, -tclplsthat- trawling out his shaft slathered in puppy juices before -Ctltlwptshp- burying is bone back into Gizmo's hot ass.

Gizmo clambered onto the planks of the bench, gritting his teeth and slobbering at feeling the punishing pummels striking down his ass... though his gaze peeking out towards couples and families waltzing through the crossroads, throwing goat eyes their direction. Some for a moment might have believed it was an avant garde art piece – 'servant and husse' it would be called – though soon the fact Tree was pummelling him raw dawned on everyone eventually. A part of him still wished he could just go empty and savour the pleasure, ignore the eyes staring at him flagellated by masters meat whip.

“What?” Tree called out, “you've nebeer seen doggy style before?” he cried out to those with spying glances, many of which schooched along, whilst others crept closer. He tugged around Gizmo's gut, and heaved him up. Sloughing back on the bench and... -Cllltghwwlpths- bouncing Gizmo down on his lap, thighs thrusting up to juggle akin to an anti-gravity yoyo, stomach flinging and sagging behind as the chum clogged tummy lurched and jostled as doughy dirt -Gjrlrpsth -Bpplllsscth-. “Then how about this classic, ey? Feel free to rub his tummy, pupper loves it ever so much, Mfm, and he's got a bit of an upset tummy right now, dnon't ya? Come now, submit.” Tree hummed. Gizmo squealing and whining in between wheezes and huffs of getting screwed by Tree's trunk. Worst was that a lot of people actually took them up on the offer. ... Gizmo's gut was

molested and kneaded by hands and paws of passing strangers, groping and jostling handfuls of doggy blubber, some gasping when they realised it was real. His ears flapping and tongue prodding against his closed lips under the onslaught... Though soon lolled free, drooling excitement down his chest. Perhaps... the actual worst part, was that he liked it... then again, what dog didn't appreciate belly scratches?

"Gmmnnng, gnyndaaa," Tree huffed by Gizmo's head, biting his ear as the ruts grew slower, heftier... -Slplfptghhrltp- and his bowels thrummed in the spooling deluge of rubbery lust hosing down his bowels, drooling along like tears of wax as Tree tugged out his shaft, shimmying his dick at the cusp. "Mpfs pha. Haa haht foxy dame really buffed up your cherubs," he said, kneading and smushing together Gizmo's asscheeks, "Knew she was just hammy." He shoved Gizmo out of his lap, guiding his muzzle to lap at his dick, cleaning up the globs of his master's spunk. "Might as well do my ass after scrubbing my dick clean."

"Huurf?" Gizmo huffed and tilted his head.

"Gotta shove you up there later. Might as well be clean before you go, since after you'll definitely just make a mess no matter how hard you try."

Gizmo swallowed.

"H-hu?"

Tree preached own and prodded Gizmo's rat spotted ass. "I did tell that vixen she'd be all dung today, and you've got a good chunk of her fattening up your haunches, not to say what's still curling in your gut..." -Clpghpghah- A growl coiled through the pup's torso, Tree snapping the diaper up over the twitching ass, "Speaking of which..."

"I-is this really-"

"Shhh..." Tree scowled and patted down his pup. "Pick a tree that's suitable," he said and gestured to the glade. Easing on the leash to let Gizmo roam.

"I'm wearing a diaper..." he mumbled under his breath. -Pfpbrpprpthsa- A stench rose of compost and ink. "I'll let ya out soon," he mumbled. Sniffing against several trees, then shuffling up to a tall oak. He peered at Tree who gestured with a big smile.

He sighed, balancing with the weight still clinging to his gut, raising a leg towards the trunk, holding it high.

"Mgmhgh. Gmgpsh..." -Bfprprb- more bouts of smog, muffled by the diaper "Mfmgha..." -Fpprpfh- -Pffhcrllsth- -Ghrlpghrhtlp- The smog gave way to solids, and the soft folds of pale white padding began to mould, sculpted outwards as the doggy-dung dispatched down droves of doughy dung. -Sfhrllprhth- The fudge funnelled free with the resistance causing a chatter of humid squeals and crinkling of the polymer fabric. The manure was free to curl out and -Sflprpth- -Chrlpssh- slough down to the base of the pants, swelling and flattening the white dunes to a bottom heavy satchels of sludge.

"Mfnngg. Mfm...phoo..." Gizmo huffed out, feeling his abdomen quiver and deflate as the chunky mire fed through his flaps, the widened thigh gap surprisingly cozy, causing him to ponder why he hadn't tried it before when -Fllpssth-. His teeth gritted as a chunk wedged stuck in his hind, Gizmo shuffling, wagging himself to and fro -Crlrpsghtha- -Crhslspgpathah- the drudged up skeletal matter of the nosy reporter congesting his pucker, protruding in a light dimple out of the padding's zenith, -Krlslpt- cleaning the floor of muck around itself as Gizmo struggled. Was it her skull? So thick, bunched up ribs? A pelvis? -Shthpflsautha- Gizmo's pucker pursed, and the chunks -Fllprpstuahta- were suckled back in, His eyes widened, and his tail flapped, letting out a long, groaning sigh as he applied pressure again, -Frlssflprth- juggling the bone in and out of his brim. What did it matter which bone it was? He was a dog, and he was gonna enjoy every moment his friends gave him. -Chhrspllrth- -Vrrllsprlth- The mulch wallowed throughout the stretching cloth, -dfllpathat- the surface crinkling like a stack of autumn leaves smothered by a load of mud. -Cflptllch- All as the growls of his tummy transferred through his sewers. The diaper hung lower and broader, the rich umber bleeding through the stuffing to shade the drove into a bloated chestnut.

“Mfphaa... fmpfs mpsa wmpaagao.” Gizmo wiggled and tumbled his leg down to steady himself, the diaper displacing his center of balance as the last tubes trudged through. -slslpthatha-

“Aw, and you were doing so well,” Tree time said. But upon getting loser he noticed the problems.

“I-if,” Gizmo mumbled, “I’f I’m gonna keep walking on all fours, can I at least get out of the diaper?”

Tree Time pondered, peering over the pup anchored under the compiled weight of one hell of a busty fox.

“Yeah, alright then.”

-Crkkrpth- the cardboard of the straps struggled against Tree's tugs, though they accepted defeat eventually. Gizmo slumped back against the tree, flustered as he fiddled with the straps, a pat scrubbed his tummy. “Such a good lil pup, dealing with that meddlesome vixen,” he huffed as the last strap caved. -Clrrpsth- and the diaper loosed around the hound's legs. “Come here,” Tree said and reached for Gizmo, trawling him up with a crinkle of manure slime webbing Gizmo's coat to the mire.

“Ooowhoppsy poodle,” Tree huffed as he heaved him free -Slclpthata- and slumped back to the tree with his pet in his grasp. Peering back to it, he saw the slumped diaper and its content clogging like a bloated dumpling, a vermilion auburn flooding, packed taut with crevices and fissures moulded together around the butt groove of the mutt's ass. A smog of old ink and piping hot scoops oozing from the added clutches. “Heh, you think you'll fair any better?”

“Haphazard?” Gizmo shuffled, though Tree kept him taut in his grasp.

“You'd be just a stinky mound as her after a trip down my throat. I won't be as accommodating as that werewolf though,” Tree said and hooked a hoof at the side of his maw, stretching his lips wide and folding him, drool dollops streaking down to lather his forehead. “I know you aren't worth the meat on your bones, or such a fancy ceremony. Pff, nah, I'll just pinch you out as a clutch of horse apples by the road, just a worthless heap of doggy duty,” he said, shifting his lips further down, slurping over Gizmo's flushing face, ears tickling his cheeks. “You nervous? Come now, I know you're a big ol' gut slut,” he said, drawing down closer to cover the dog's face.

-Slfprhrpaha- then peeling back and showing Gizmo his torso, “But hell, you're a horny bitch too. You'd jump down my dick without me needing to promise you a treat, huh, wouldn't ya? You gross lil' pervert.” -Clrspth- He streaked his cockhead over the mutt, painting streaks of fresh pre and tendrils of old cum across his fat, grinding his muzzle clear past it, -Slflphtah- wedging open the flared head over his muzzle, reeking of raw musky brine which the pup -Sfnfnfna- suckled in with eager whiff and huffs. “Then again, we,” he said and shuffled up, punching his flank into Gizmo's face and pinning him to the tree, a scattering of leaves fluttering down around them. “I could just cram you up my ass right way,” he said, grinding the smothered mutt with his bouncy butt, “That's most likely where you'll pile out of anyway, why not expedite the process?” he huffed and ground his cheeks taut to them, suddenly tensing with a rustle down their his. -Slflpth -Flrrlrptpht-

“Awwa, I didn't even have to tell ya to lick my ass this time. What a good boy, so eager to waste away into husse's piss and muck: A splattered load against one of these tree trunks maybe? ‘Be a pain to pick out all those tail hairs from my shaft though,” Tree Time mulled it over as he smothered the pup in the confines of his cheeks. Though the pup valiantly applied his tongue to lather up the twitching pucker... -Clplththa- he shuffled, letting the pet slump back, gasping for breath.

“Aww, what a cute lil' buster,” he said, licking his lips. “You're gonna make one hot, stinky stain...,” he scoffed and stretched his maw down Gizmo's face, -Gaaaafmfmpga- closing it at his neck, lathering the canine's head with his tongue before -Gllpghpgbspa- taking a swallow, sinew compiling and muscles flexing the mutt up into his throat. Tree stretching and groaning over the

sweaty, salty mess of a pupper, winding and gyrating his broad lips over his feet, tucking the shaking limbs up to the knees, paws tucked away in the long slide of a neck towards the horse's guts. The mutt huffing and shivering as his husse guzzled up his meaty thighs, kneading and gnawing between his cheeks and shrouding his crotch in a wrap of sultry saliva soaked tongue rug. -Gllrpgbpg- -Sllhmmng- He funnelled down his pupper's abs, cradling the bulge swelling out at his gullet, and giving the pup a hint as he wrapped his wings around his neck, and pinched it taught... Gizmo flustered up as his master -Cslphtah- -Oommglmp- guzzled up his chest, scoffing his limbs down his cheeks, and grinding up against the tree behind him, tugging him down further in rapid, succulent gulps, all whilst the patch of the gut laid blocked, Tree's gullet only ballooning wider around the pup's contours, watching the billowing batches of grey skin jostle as he was cramped in there. "Mmfs ghwood bhaay," he mumbled as he sealed his lips around Gizmo's muzzle, arching his head back and straining, huffing in each restricted swallow to tug him down, -Cslptah- lips sprawling over him slowly, covering the muzzle, only the nostrils left shifting and inflating out between the lips before... -Ghhoombpgsk- A hearty swallow. The wings eased up, and the force bound the hound straight into the pen -Ghrgdtwnwpaghs- with a tremendous quake of displaced muscles and expanding tissue. Tree Time's stomach blew up to a meaty beanbag in the clutches of his hooves. The stomach rumbling against the groan as he wiped his lips -Bhhraaaauurrlprsh- he belched so the fallen leaves fluttered up from the ground again, -Spprrlpth- and felt a chunk of leather snagged in his throat, plucking out the collar and leash, unlatched. "Mfma pha. Good. See, fms, you can be a good boy after all," he mused, and rested on his temptress of a gut in the cozy summer air.

~ 4 ~

-Hhrlpsslhss- -Crlflpffllprsch- "Mmfps," Tree huffed as his pucker webbed over a clot of crumbled, deep furrowed pup-pudding. What felt like a femur was jammed in there somewhere, he hadn't seen a pony in the pile as of yet. -Cslprrc- His brim winked over the remains of his dear lil' pet, -Shhffllpgsh- sliding through with a squeel of molten cheese through bellows: -Frflpftthhtah- The air didn't smell much better, wet dog simmered in the evening park air, though a particularly rank one, perhaps a pup that'd bathed in ricotta whey. -Lclpsththpghas- -Gbhrrllpgghah- his efficient equine rectum hugged along globes of horse apple muck, dolling out filth over the building pile at the side of the road from their little glade. -Clspthagha- It had reached up to his knees at this point, though kept tumbling over. -Splthatha- A batch of mulch billed through, and -flsptathaha-. So it was a femur, "Mm fps haa, that's ms, really where you belong, dog. Whther dog, pet, or neither, ou'r emfs, so satisfying as just a stack of muck... even you can't botch that..." he mused -Slfplththwptbtthta- a thick cloud of green smog whistled past the hollow gape of a cranium, wedged in the clamping clutches of the pucker, winding through the pit with a creaking churn of rancid butter -Srrlptch- -Pffrpprrth-

"Mmfpfhh... I'm trying to concentrate here," he huffed whilst scribbling down jottings in a notebook. -Slfpthhch- The muck at his rear piling up behind the skull, coagulated Gizmo-sludge pacing in through cavities, cloying up and buffing out through the eye holes before -Crrhffflsh- finally giving in -Slfpathahta- and sloughing free under a hail of trickling stallion bonbons. -Flrrspth- -Bllspts- -Clprthhch- "Phaaa. Amnfn, haaa, ooooh," Tree huffed out, letting his tongue dangle loose and free like his mutt as the skull sloughed down the heap, partially buried in the onslaught of filth, and rivers of pungency in the lazy stream of urine. Some fur was still jammed in the stack, and the vixen's notice was reduced, her fat churned down to naught by curdled air, a snotty grease that Tree sucked in victorious. "Fmmpfs apphaa, a that's mfma aught to do it," he huffed out as he scribbled down the finishing touches: -Flspththahta- and his pucker squeezed out a gale of air that flapped his tail behind him, disgorging a raw scattering of clumps to tickle down the mire-stained ivory bone and nougat heap.

“Phaa, and guess you're done too?” -Flfprbrrrbptph- fanned through his cheeks. A torrent of sewage soot. “Aa, that's better, I'll take care of ya soon enough,” he said adjusting his cap, then holding up his notes and heaving the Clarissa diaper onto his back. “Just gonna make one quick stop before that, the editor of the Evening Times is gonna find a new story dropped on their doorstep, straight from the genuine horse's mouth,” he snickered and affixed the notebook, open to the brilliant story. “Don't you worry, Clarissa, I proofread it myself.”

So the stallion departed, packs lighter, and the park left. More putrid and defiled than he found it.