

Orchard Adversarial

Part1

Written by Septia.

“Isn't this exciting? A starring role for the Orchard's new adds, come on, you gotta admit, there is a touch of stardom to it,” A pigeon gryphon proclaimed to the group they were walking with. The pony addressed in particular only coughed some. “Itis decent pay, bit early in the morning though.”

“Decent? But I suppose you are right Belcot.”

“Decent,” a donkey called out, “you two read the contract, there were a lot of numbers in there, for just a day's work, this'll be a singe.”

The earth pony peered back at the Donkey. “Did you read any of the other words, Stichen?”

The donkey coughed scoffed. “Yeah I got through it, we'll be stars soon enough.”

At the front of the pack a deep blue Stallion snickered. “Oh certainly, if they can make you out in some bulge or protrusion.”

Belcot snickered.

Stichen blinked. “What' that?”

“Oh you'll see.” Morning mists said, opening the door ahead into the Orchards's front, to be greeted by a bevy of crewmembers mingling around the club grounds with cables and lights.

“Hey, we're-.”

“Ah the co-Stars,” A slender a saddle arabian Mare called out. Verali, director, I'll be keeping an eye on you. We've got a lot scheduled for the day so for now, you,” he pointed at Stichen, “Come with the crew on the right, “and you twho,” he pointed to the Earth pony and gryphon,” join the steams over there.”

“Alright, easy enough, see you doubters later,” the donkey mused and headed off, first in line, as the other veered off to mingle and.

Morning mists coughed. “And what about-.”

“Verali, Verali,” A crewmate called.

“Hmm? Coming, coming, shoot', is about to start,” they said and stumbled away, wiping their brow with a napkin.

Morning Mist left stumped in the hall, peering off in different directions. “But... what about... me?” He wondered. When no one came to answer his question, the stallion shuffled along on his lightweight augments, blending in with the crowd escorting Stichen. Surely, it wouldn't be too long before someone took notice of him. Right?

~ 1 ~

-Ctthud- The door sealed shut behind the team, this bathroom was spacious and modern: an open stall fair with squat toilet in spacious booths. Jick bit his lips as he watched the crew around him fan out and set up at their stations.

“Excuse me...?” the donkey asked the director “This, isn't the shoot, right? I was under the impression this would be a... promiscuous shoot?”

“Oh it very much is,” Verali responded, “we're just keen on the Orchard's establishment being kept presentable, and this one's gonna get messy, easier to clear up tiling than full carpeting.”

“Huh?”

“That reminds me,” Verali said and clapped their hooves, “Splsshguards everypony.”

Jick took a step forwards, watching little shields of clear plastic mounted on equipment.

“This I sa joke, right?”

Finally, took you guys enough.” The Voice cut through the mood, Jick flipped to see his costar walk through the door: A gryphon; Upper half a gorgeous rube plumed avian, and the lower a striking yellow leopard, though the majority of their legs were covered up by Charcoal black latex leggings. Had to admit, she was quite gorgeous.

“Hey there l-lovely,” he started, trying to reel in the situation, “how about you help me get the team to record us somewhere more prcomfortaaaahhgugh-.” Jick was taJick felt his vocal cords clamped taught by The gryphon's grasp, in the next instance his back slammed into the ground. The Gryphon's lap slamming into his core to knock the breath out of his lungs.

“You wouldn't believe how bored I've gotten waiting, Imagining grinding someone inside out can only stave off boredom for so long.”

“Gu-hgu hguwa?” Jick wheezed with his eyes pupils shrinking, processing the ache tremors down his spine.

The gryphon shuffled bac, winched his legs apart and caressed jabbed a claw between his spread cheeks with a claw to caress that wrinkled pit: “Moist, but tight, that's gonna need some work.” She stated before reeling back withdrawing her arm, clenching her digits tight, th... then thrusting.

-Chhtddlp- The fist smashed against the pucker, -Schrll- With little attempt to pierce it just pounded Jick backwards, a knuckle poking into this twitching pucker “Gyaa ghaha.” He shouted.

-Chhgrrrrsllfths- Then she twisted her wrist, back, f-Chrlrpta- forth, and...

-Thhwrrplghgslsh- rammed her foyer knuckles into the concaving pit -Shrllprthh- a squelch of fluids saturating past through thecollapsing interspace of claw and brim, as her clenched clobber wedged inisndie the donkey's rear with the elegant knack of a lockpick. “Keep straining yourself and you'll bowel's puncture, we don't want that, do we?”

An assistant coughed to the side. “Ehm, Miss bead, the submissive was supposed to be diapered for this shot,” she said and held up a pale chalk diaper.

Verali held a hoof in front of them, pushing down the napkin. “Ap ap ap... this, Keep the camera's rolling,” they said to the staff then whispered to the assistant, “let Ruzzy do her thing.”

Ruzzy's elbowed her way into Jick's ass. -Chrhrlpfhth- -Chrrlpsth- Drawing back her arm came accompanied y w slobbering putter of the rippling pucker splattering its reserves of bowel lube all across her arm can chest.

“Snffff, tsk tsk.” She inhaled and clattered her beak as her wrist back up through the donkey's rectum, revolving her fist in his depth to watch the donkey's abdomen buckle under the bulge of her clasped fist. “You come on here with an ass like this? Just begging to be, you ever even taken a dump before? You are way too stale,” Ruzzy commented and swatted at Jick's stomach.

“Gyrge gask aasha oh skies and sea skies and seas what's going ooognnghh.” Jick shrieked out in response, panting and squirming with his limbs pinned back against the ground by the sheer shock.

Ruzzy cozied up back between his thighs, cleaving them apart with her body to o make hi, pushing him into a split To ease access to the pounding pit. -Chsrlpsth- -Chhrlrptsh- -shhgllrlrisch- The compression and extension of rapid movements down the bowels trembled out from the donkey's rear reprieve, his whole body shuffled back and forth as Ruzzy's arm plunged an pumped into the -Shcrrlctsh- She shoved deeper, clacking her beak together, shifting to leverage her bicep through the convulsing snag of an as, the billowing bulge of her arm creeping further up the pas the barrel and reaching the chest. “Come on now, Yo, you got nothing in there? Working my way through some muck but doesn't feel like he's been eating anything in, ooh...?” she asked and clutched a hold of something as she drew back, the bulge at his barrel expanding to a broad protrusion “Fmhghta ahaa, o-oh heck oh heck,” Jick panted out as Ruzzy kept rooting through his insides.

“Hey you see this, a Think it is a skull, so we do got ourselves a lil pred here,” she mused as she turned the drove, a faint indents of eyesockets visible against the tensed coat over the bulging abdomen. “Thin tk that is a good angle for your lil' commercial? Something about everyone getting a chance at being taken care off?” She asked.

“Well-.” Verali stated.

“Eh doesn't matter, it is what you are gonna have to work with anyway.

She said and twitched her arm, weeding it to and tor, then -Shhrlprhthatha- Drew it withdrew, in one sweep the bloat roiled backwards like it was steamrolled through his abdomen, swelling the clasping pucker of a moment before spreading wide around a paltarined ochre cranium in Ruzzy's clutches,

“Gyrnaaargmg,” Jick heaved out with his stomach rattling in rapid breaths.

Ruzzy discarded the skull and. “Gonna have to give this one a bit more of a workout.” he mumbled and strapped on a black chunk of laytex over her arm, buffering and padding out her am with a thumb of buffer: Jick squealed at the sighed, trying to pinch his legs closed by only met with her thighs spreading wide to keep in him place.

“just one mor should do, it,” she mused and flexed her claws in the covering sock. Then -Shhhvrlptha- wedged it through with a grind of rubber through his mangling his pucker.

The polymer swelled out his brim further than further, a sledgehammer pounding laytex breaking through the worn barrier and pummeling him back. Through the ache and strain crawled through him like an army of spiders, the tension crept up through his dick, raising out of his its sh sheath, rising up towards the Griffons's face.

“Hmm, well I'm not go about to turn down an offer, hope you didn't want to keep this stiff,” she mused before clapsing her beak shut and threading it through the tip of the dick. -Svhhrlsptsh- -Thhrs!ptah- the slim hummingbird beak shimmied through the slit, warping the dimensions of Jick's cock head to a cone around her beak.

“Mfmwm fmmghs, got it pretty salty in their huh?” she mumbled, muffled by the cock around her mouth, -Krhhrpsl- -Cspth- slurping sounds rippling through the oscillating cock as she pounding him hardder. The gyphon locked the donkey in a vice grip of algedonic sounding, imposing herself through dick and ass, every twich and shift of her flailing the donkey around like a puppet.

-Chsltpath- -Chrlprth- -Vhrrlprttch- -Vlsl!ptch- The Squelches of polsiehd beef rustled through the ass. Ruzzy pistoning through him as she savored the nectar of his dick, splaying him further and further. -Cllspt- -Grllrps- The pummeled bowels started to give, squelching as they friction loosened their bindings, Jick's eyes flicking wide open at the strain punishing his ass... until... -Chrlrlptsh- -Chhrrlortsh- A roiling clatter of compressed meat rustled through his flank.

“Ruzzy stopping and chuckling down the dick, vice muffled by the walls of his meat warping around distorting around her beak. “Aahhw heck yes we got it.”-Shtlltphghthat- she arched her beak out with a trail of pre crossing out from the tip, webbing her beak to his shaft. Then gra. She gradually draws her arm out off of his neathers, -Chrlfph- -Shllsghtp- and then clutching wrapping a Adolf of his ass with her claw. “Oooh let me see it, come on butt boy...” She hummed out, and slowly eased her grasp. -Chrlrpgh- -Crrlpttch- A crackle of honey slathered steak shielded between her digits as she puled back, and through the trembling pucker warped a mass of red flesh following her grasp, -Sghbbglptghahs- sloughing out into her palm as a jellied prolapse, the rectum turning inside out to and playing through the canyon of a his flanks

Ruzzy holding and toying with the bushel of gelatinous crimson in her grasp, squeezing and rubbing the soaking colon fluids between her digits. -Chslrpsth- -Krrlptsh- pools of the viscous slop dripped through the ruffled surface out over the floor and trailed like dewdrops along her laytex gloves.

“Heeeelll yeah look at that beauty, I played your rectum like a damn accordion you cute bitch,” she squealed out and sloughed over Jick's frame, taking her bowel soaked arm and slathering his frame in the distinguished fluids, matting his coat in broad -Shgltpthsa- sweeps gumming the hairs of his fur together in glossy Swaths.

“Pfha mmgah,” he wheezed out, peering back at her, “I-sis it over+” he whimpered.

“Over Puff, tha's fnny, nah now that we got some lube we gotta gloss you up, if we're gonna cram you up my cunny.”

“Gh-. Ah-wha?” He whimpered, before a brush of her arm -Scpppltsh- plastered the pulped contents of his oven bowels across his face.

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“Heh yeah now he could really use that diaper, keep it all in you know?” Ruzzy commented as the crew fitted the diaper to Jick's lower frame. -Chrlpht- -Clspht- the padding clutching onto the wrist length tube of rectum and smothering it in the soft surface back to his crotch.

“I'm still in frame right?” She asked.

Verali nodded.

“Great. Mmgmph...” she huffed awhile rubbing at her snatch, squatting knelt abode the floor seated donkey. -Sllpsthah- -Vrrpplrlrhfhthp- a beam of yellow amber splattered overs mattered over his forehead, the tainted yellow mixing in the is bowel nectar and carving out fissured streams through this down his face. “Aawh yeah, just wanna Getty mm moist up and ready to melt into piss down my snatch, This is just a little preview, plus I wanna be authentic, gotta know how much piss you make huh?” she asked down to the stunned Donkey, starting listless with faint pants inhaling droplets of urine.

“Ok clear,” an assistant said and shuffled out of frame.

“Ah finally, you guys doen?” Ruzzy asked as she shook and painted Jick in her streams of her urine. A 'clear' sing from Verali brought a smile to her face.

“Alright lil butt boy, muzzle up,” she instructed as she tilted his head back. Jick staring up at the gyp hons's snatch. This close to it, even if the air reeked of pungent vinegar, was in intimate sight, the opening to her birth canal, almost inviting...

“Aww bless your snoot, think you are going up there, didn't I promise I'd belt you into piss?” she reiterated and shoved hi shoved his face towards the puerperal canal, the puffed up piss bud undulating against his muzzle. Ruzzy squatting down with her urethra inflating, the bud -Clslprrrth- crawling down the donkey's muzzle as she eased her way down.

Jick wheezed I, the drenched pit radiating heat of molten sulfur and pickled lemons.. He felt her thighs lench around him, and. The laytex legging we... wait... the texture, wit was not sleek or smooth but coarse and tough. He realised she wasn't wearing laytex, but... crocks, thigh-high crocks, and as her thighs clenched in the cheap rubber clung him in place, the study polymer lodging him stuck Stiff as the he was throttled into her stinking pit above -Shflpwthth-

“Mfmgh mmghana, aah yeah,” The gryphon hummed out as her squat engulfed the seated donkey beneath her, thronging him through the pit that swallowed to enclose around his neck and swallow up his shoulders. The features of his muzzle warping into bbl umps over her spotted abdomen. “Mgmgn gmampgajh apahaa...” she moaned ut, a corkscrew twist o her thighs and thighs -Cslphhtcht- screwing him up as her knees bent around him. “As a splatter of urine and slime cocktail fluttering out of fthe pit as he descended and lugged him up through hit no her gut. Cradling the bump of swengoringr blob of his features congesting in her abdomen as she close din to the floor.

“Amman h yeah that is better, just find your way yup there, guarantee it is more roomy than your asshole,” she huffed out and kneaded into the bumps of his knees as she wickled and gyrated her hips down towards his ass on the ground, “and you call yourself a pred huh? Getting nice and intimate with my bladder will melt you up good,” she mused, -Shthcllch- -Clsgthh-. Her pussy shuffling over the padded hind, framing him in her snatch as she schooled back. Crocks planted at her cheeks to spread herself open as the last trace of the donkey's padded ass -Shrlrphthta- sealed away in her snatch and tucked into the broad bulge on her belly -Cbhghl- -Bwbgmgnnsa- Her gut

rippling and twitching about as sJick got settled, two Crocks covered palms already working him down and plying into the soft spotted fur.

“And you are'n't coming out until you coat matches mine~.” She mused and played through the citrine yellowed fur, giving the side of the gut a good -Cwwwtch smack that sen a wave of bulges and lumps ricocheting in her depths.

“And cut.”

~ 3 ~

“Oouurgh... oOh Geeze you better start rolling if you want anything, this bitch's congesting me hard,” Ruzz wheezed out as he slapped her palms to the sides of the stall, gyrating and flicing her hips too and thro as. A broad bulge was trickling it's way town her abdomen, throbbing and swelling as it the bit crept beneath her coat. Her thighs spread wide with her pussy rattling, urethra twitching as streams of gilded amber speckling the floor latrine in the rich phlegm. “Everything alright?”

“Mgmm yeah it is just this dumb diaper of yours...,” she huffed out and cradled the bump in her gut -Sllpghta. It jostled with a rattle of gelatin. These napkins' feel really absorbent,” she muttered and clasped her beak firm. The urethra bud pinched, wedged, and swelled, gradually blossoming under a flow of amber that sloughed out through her like porridge. -Sllpgth- KRlspgthh- the goo trickling and piling on the porcelain below, melting to streams of oil. Slowly, the blossoming bud warped over a damp texture, the earl gray diaper tainted a oaken sap, jiggling as it filled up puffed out through the pit and inflated to cover across her pussy mmf, soh hi's coming, alright, fatter than he went in that fmmfns ffm bastard,” Ruzzy huffed out between some moans, jousting and dipping her crotch deeprr to power through the bladder congestion snagging up in her pissurthea. “Mfmns gonna get his donkey ass bitch out of my piss chute...” she groaned -Clspthhg- -Crhslpgthsh- the Crinkling surface rocked out through he pucker, growing like a reeking, fluid filled puff mushroom. -Kkprlrpth- Then it halted, Ruzy's body rocked. -Chrllpthgrlpwth- her things clenched, and the bloated, adsorbent napkin wrung together, unleashing a river of raw reeking piss wrung from its palstine fabric, trickling out of its surface and flop. -Scplthcht- -Crlltp- and as soon as one end wedged through the brim -sllpgththpsta-a flood of rich amber deluged out the side, splattering against the black thigh high crock and flooding the squat toilet below her in a cascade of yellow. The stream flushed and piped free from the surface oft the onslaught of urine.

“Hgnnggyngn haaaa,” Ruzzy wheezed and panted, titling to one side as she squatted out another stretch of the diaper through her snatch, “awww balls that piss's streaming me form the inside out,” she huffed out. The pamper sloughed further -Chrlprthah- -chvwlptthah- dollops of clotted piss bile and molten cartilage slopped free from the leg end as it the soaked padding spread out below her, wider than her surpassing the girth of her hips as it thronged its way through and soaked her legs in urine, splashed off the s. The Donkey's body distilled into bladder nectar that splashed backed off of the gryphon's thigh high crocks.

“Mnfna phaa,” she huffed out, and groaned, watching the urien flog into the drain and fill up the porcelain oval below her, squatting with the palms on her ass to spread hself wide. -clslptthhat-a the diaper slotted out its other end and, clinging to the pursed brim of her oscillating urethra.

“Haa, sure will make all your worries melt away, when I' you're boiled off into cunny cider.” Scuzzy mused as the pendulum of a piss soaked diaper dangle between her legs. -Clslprprtht- -Ghhrlpsgh- -Clflphrht- Through the streams of puss flooding around it through her out of the opened path, a rustle of clatter was disrupted in the diaper, locking chunks of labia bones and partially molten femurs out the side in the waterfall of lemon zesting gryphon cider and -Slphtwp- dropping in the steamy puiss stew beneath below. Ht eh cauldron of molten donkey filing to the brim beneath them as the Gryphon's expression contorted and broadened, “Mmhmgm amgah mphgaaamfmfmf,” she wheezed out, -Tlpchth- as the diaper grew too heavy under its own weight and toppled like a droplet... h... -Chhtlpгахbgwhwplslp- -Chglrpthatha- it crashed into the surface

below, soggy and drenched as it be it was a depth charge of weight, and a fountain of amber and molten bones exploded in the stall, splattering the walls -Clpghth- -Clptrlch- with clogs of yellowed bile strewn full of bone nuggets and grey hairs from Jick's distilled coat.

The spalchs guards came in handy as it beaded up and absorbed the crash of remaining liquids, leaving in its wake beads of tellow reeking of humid cabbage boiled in pickled lime zest.

“Ahammwngs phaaa, aaawmfmm phaa,” she huffed out, legs rattling as a steady stream of clean clear piss throttled through into the brew below, shedding the diaper and spinning it in place, -Clslpthaha- Clotted bile of funky donkey cider sloughed over the brims of the expanded napkin, til it tilted back towards the camera, an showcasing a nest of bones trapped within the gooey ambergris inside, a cranium poking out in the cage of its master's organic cider dissolved skeleton.

“And cut,” Verali called out, wiping her brow. Great work “Oh, yehawmfmg mngoh, oh you piss boy... come back with a looser ass next time and I'll give you a real ride,” sh the gryphon mused.

“Ah, miss bead, we are finished.”

“Hmm, ? Ah yeah, whatever, sure. You mind if I keep the diaper?”

“Sorry, but we do need it of other shoots.”

She rolled her eyes, “I'll just enjoy it now then.” she mused and squatted down.

Verali smacked her lips and gestured. “Keep the cameras rolling.”