

Orchard Adversarial Part 2

Written by Septia.

The team moved into the vacant bar of the Orchard, cleared out at an early hour such as this the empty halls were somewhat unnerving. Though the salvo of fluorescents lights gave more life to the halls.

“Alright, set up some of the props, but start rolling;” Verali called to the team. Stichen the earth peeked around the place, smacking their lips. “So, when are we gonna do this thing?”

Your partner just need a moment to get herself ready, in the meanwhile,” they said and turned to an assistant, “get this snack a diaper.”

Morning mist tapped Verali on the shoulder. “So, when is my part now again? Just wanna see if I can. Just for posterity, and my schedule.”

“We haven't herd back from Wireless Fuzz yet, just be out of shot and, well might as well lend a hoof.”

Morning mist sighed. “Right, that's what I signed up for when I-,” Then his eyes went wide. “Fire toad?”

A deep verdant alicorn strutted in from behind the bar, with coat and mane looking like she'd materialised straight from a particularly condense moss cluster. “Hey Baby,” she called out and skipped into Morning mists' embrace. Miss me? Babe?”

“I didn't think this is what you meant when you said you had something special to do today?”

“Didn't think I'd be chowing down on my Bf again today either, again~. So that's why you were busy today, huh Moist~?”

Moist coughed a bit. “Well I-.”

“That's not your costar, that is.” Verali said pointing to Stichen.

The Rust Yellow earth pony blew a lock of pink hair out of the of his face, which only slotted back in place. “Hey.”

“Ouh,” Fire t said and patted her Bf on the back, strutting up to the earth pony and reaching out a hoof. “Pleasure to meet yo, come here often?”

“First time.” Stichen responded.

“And It'll be your last, because when I am done with you, the are gonna have to ship you out via first class container taxi.”

Stichen raised an eyebrow. “Oh.”

Fire toad held her expression, then let out a deep sigh. “You got that on film?”

Verali nodded.

“Ooh thank the moon I don't have to do that again, really gotta loosen up,” Fire huffed an, then coughed and strutted up behind Stichen, “Just like you'll loosen up real good, do,” then whispered in his ear, “Down my bowels~. “Followed by a nibble.

“Sound enthusiasm, I like it.” Verali noted.

“Thanks~. Whatever brings the Prey in, right? We'll give them a good show huh? Don't mind me roughening you up a bit?”

Stichen was silent, then smacked his lips. “I'm I've gotta

I gotta be somewhere at six.”

Fire's expression slacked. “Ehm...” she mumbled as her wings rustled, “t...tough luck cus you'll be couped up congesting the sewers by five, and being a clog's a full day a lifelong commitment~.”

Stichen stared.

Fire toad leered. Eventually looking averting her gaze.

"You know I'll resurrect after the shoot, right?"

"Ghh, ghyaaa," Fire Toad groaned, "I this really what I have to work with?"

Verali revolved their hoof in a gesture to continue.

Fire toad took a breath. "Alright, you can do this."

"You know what, I think we need to warm up to each other a bit, make our acquaintance,"

Fire said as she dragged Stichen to the counter, slammed his muzzle down on the stool and hovered up above him, splaying her flank broad and buxom. You really should get to know my ass better, it is what your sorry self will get squashed out of as a sorry cessmire of sewage." She raised her hind higher and -Dmdmpwghth-. The bulwark of blubber bulldozed his face, encapsulating his muzzle and swathing down to meet back with the puffed barstool, -Chhflrlrpthh- -Clrrpwthtpsa- Fire Toad squished and ground her cheeks down over him, a soft buffering of hind to fur eeking out as in her grind. "Mmfnsm how is it down there? Better like it, that's the pit That'll melt you into some prime, steamy horseapples." Fire lounged over the bar, bearing down so her cheeks flattened and dipped over the edge of the stool, keeping Stichen pinned in the musky cleft. Though, they didn't play along. Stichen would not merely take it.

Fire's lips scrunched together.

"Babe he's just a jerk, anyone would appreciate your ass~."

This flicked Fire's lips into a smile. Though, with her teeth gritted behind it as he peered back. -Clillphhth- She clenched her thighcheeks, insulating the bothersome co-star. "Or you want to take the easy way out and suffocate in my ass, I would not mind,, might even be fun to see if your head cracks before you run out of air. But if you Beg, I might ease up the pressure, just a tad. What do you say, hmm?" she asked and swished her cheeks to and for, gyrating them against the cheeks with Stichen's muzzle buried deep in her ass.

There was no response.

Fire's eyelid twitched. She unleashed a deep breath. Time passed. Without a move from Stichen.

"Wait is he already..." Fire mumbled and lifted her rear, drawing off of Stichen's face with a creaking -Chrlrlsth- He stared back up at her

"I'm a real shark at holding my breath."

"Ghyrnrng," Fire grunted and slammed her ass back on the stool -Thhddmpdth-

"Oyeeouch, my crotch Mhuh Mjuffle." Came a grunt from underneath.

"Good, finally something, if you that are bothered by that then just wait till you're are in my guts, they won't be as kind as me when they melt the meat off your bones into slag. Gmmrg..." She grunted and huffed. -Chglrlrrpflpr- A growl arched through her guts, curving a smile on her face. "Mmmf, hear that? I just thought of a fun game, lets see if you can figure out what I had for my last meal." She mused and ground her cheeks back down into his face, muzzle -Clispth- plastered up to her pucker prodding and poking at him before... it bolstered open.

-Ppwrrllfprrrrfttth- A thick cloud of vapours fizzled in the contained clamps of Fire's fanny, tendrils of yellowed smog whisking out to taint the air in gasoline boiled gymsocks and pickled mincemeat, grinding her a pucker against his nose to funnel the smog straight down his throat.

"Phaa, haa, how's that, care to take a guess back there, or do you want another?"

"Hmmm..." Stichen prodded Fire's rump in contemplation. "Enchiladas?"

Fire's eyelid twitched. "Aa... close..."

"Burritos?"

"Phfa, gh I... uuurgh." Fire grunted and shuffled off the stool. "What you smelled was what remains of my boyfriend, I munched him down without a second thought, and brewed him to muck in my guts, and, just a stain in my bowels, and soon you'll join him as a skidmark."

"Morning mist blushed up. "You tell him, babe."

Fire Toad hissed. "Bad timing, Moist."

"Maybe you won't get what's going on hmm? Might be more a visual or tactile learner, huh? Well how's this for tactile." Fire toad burst out and punched her ass into Stichen's gut, -Thhdppppwh- Jamming it down towards his crotch and prying up his diaper, squatting her cheeks

right over them and detonating a thick, moist, -Chhrrlrptttpppwwrwrpht- Billowing gale of smog that flushed down the diaper, inflating it with the rich odour of putrefaction ballooning outwards with the thick smog flushing through it and pluming out any gap it could find. -Chrrlptsha- Then they mare tensed up, huffing and gyrating her hips back, urging it onwards... -Chrrlrpth- -Cllrptrch- A crinkle of grime wormed through her bowels as the fume laced brim winked open for a thick patch of grown ass grease.

"Mf-Mmfpana ah get a real good feel for it, now," she mused out. -Cllprht- -Csptlgght- The muck billowed out of her brim, a sludgy heap of colon fudge snaking its way straight through the green mare's hind into the open cavity of Stichen's splayed diaper. -Cllpthgh- -Cllphtta- The squelching squeal of glistening fresh muck packing and jamming onto dry coat rippled through the air. Fire tensed her cheeks to clamp them back onto his torso, keeping him pinned as she unloaded the batch of raw sewage straight to his diaper. -Krrllpppft- -Flflpghrt- Abones spiked out of the muddy clog, flicking up a remnant of her meal and truth to her claim, the bone laced filth congregating into Stichen's pampers and embellishing it in a proud girth of raw sludge.

"Mfna paha, that's enough muck for you, ever had a mare mess your diaper for you, huh? Well that diaper you are wearing is gonna be your tomb, thankful of this lil' previe mma fm my ass is going you, feeling hot and steamy down there? Cus you are gonna melt into the very same grime, and that's all that'll be left of you." Fire came all the closer to shouting as she berated Stichen, the stallion's napkin. -Cllpghpth- -Phwhglpghaht- Stuffed with the macerated mare mulch, buffering up along its sides as the bulge on Fire's tummy deflated and siphoned in its sewage over to the puff mushroom of a diaper snagged to Stichen's hips. -Shhrlpft- -Crplprllrttch- The crinkling and clatter of bones dislodged and warped through the mire muffled under the white padding.

Fire panted, catching up her breath and spreading her wings in algedonic relief and strain, peering back at the stallion.

Stichen blinked, and shifted in his diaper. Which gradually billowed outwards in its girth -Krrrsllptch -Cllrrpgth- sloughing over his legs and coming flat to the ground, bumps and knolls in the heap of wedged in skeletal tissue poking out in the auburn sludge. "Well yeah. Unlike some of my Of the applicants, I did read the contract."

Fire's head v eyes went blank. Then her head started vibrating.

Stichen turned his head. "We gonna get to that, or?"

"GYRraaa," Fire screamed. "You have any idea how difficult it is to do this? And you come here with your deadpan eyes and stupid face."

Verali raised his hoof to cut, but Moist caught them. "I would, not get involved right now..." he whispered.

"But suuure you just wanna ruin this all for me, you don't deserve to be anything else than filth, you should melt into a skid mark and be happy you ever got to be on a set." She cried out and lifted Stichen up, slamming him down on the pool table and knocking the balls all across the board. "But trash like you don't deserve even the dignity of melting in my rectum, but since so incompetent, let me help you protect yourself."

Fire blazed with her eyes sparking, horn a stark orange glow. And with the sharp contrast to orange and green she brandished her horn and bore it down into Stichen's gut. -Chrrllstja- The heated, sharp horn punctured his coat and, and with a whip rend through his skin up to his chest -Krrllrtich- A tar of moist fabric ripped through the room's atmosphere. Fire went down again, an incision at the base of Stichen's torso, the h -Crlprtha- The heat of her horn cauterizing the wound, yet blood seamed through the gaps as she dogeared his skin open and, exposing red muscle tissue to the open air.

"Ooh, boy..." Stichen wheezed.

Retribution flashed in Fire toad's eyes. "Hah, too late now, bring any complaints straight to your own guts." She beamed and jabbed her horn back into the open tissue, rooting around as Stichen squirmed and squealed. Till she'd fished up the small intestine, a coil it around her horn. "See this? I was gonna mulch you up in mine, but you are causing enough I think I will delegate

that task.” She grinned as her horn flourished up, steam trailing from the meat tube as he rhon -Chhrhrhth- seared through it, slicing through the bowel and levitating it in her grasp.

“Bye bye now,” she cackled as her magic -Chrrlrpht- Pried the tube open, levitating up to Stichen's head and to spread the pit into a wide abyss. -Shhrlrpfhghpthahta- The threaded Stichen through his own intestine, head engulfed by the sleek slim fabric of his gastrotract, his coy expression muted as it was enveloped in the pink hose crawling past his neck -Hglrlrpshgt- -Frlrlsggrltp- the sinew bending and warping as it swallowed up his shoulders, stretching to its limits while Fire laughed, rubbing and drawing down on the intestinal sock with her hooves to swat the Earth pony's upper body in the digestive tract. “Mfmpgh, Wmpgh mfpwght.” Stichen whimpered under the covers.

“What was that? Oh your stomachs a feeling a bit weak? Well why I don't I help you with that.” she cooed and grasped his gut, wringing it in her hooves. -Cflprths- and pumped it like a blood pressure pump. -Clpgthhg- -Gpthpghs- Boats of stomachaches pumped up through the tubes, swelling along her journey as they funneled up through the flesh piping. -Clslpttph- -Frrllrpwrth- acidic enzymes hosing Stichen's head with a crackle of fried bacon and eggs, the Earth pony squirming in place, though saying little the bowels didn't muffle. “Paha hah aha ha, ha... phaa... hoo... Oh can't believe you are more lively with your rectum wrapped around your face.”

“Pahahff a-actually my rectum is the lowest part of-.”

“Sh... shhhsuh...” Fire toad hushed him, kneading her hoof in his face. “I'm gonna ram you up my ass now, Still wanna feel it when you digest yourself into slop.”

Verali and Moist Exchanged looks.

“She's normally not like this,” Moist attempted Verali merely raised an eyebrow. “You don't say.”

~ 1 ~

Fire Toad spread out her leg around her hooves around against the legs of the billiard table, hind pointed high in the air with, aimed toward sStichen's hooves sloughed olagging over the edge of the table. “You got the shot yet?”

“All ready and rolling:”

“Ooh that's good, I really want some food footage of this lil' prick, so we could get somepony decent her to cram up my ass.” She mused as Stichen begun to glow, his body trialing over the edge toward her parting pucker, the open brim accepting the tips of his hooves as they -Sllsptha- slotted through, the rugose brim crawling and oscillating as it warped into shape along his legs, swinding unwinding upwards as the was fed down from the table. Mfmns mphaa, phoo, you might really be good for something, should you really are a eat firs, t ask question later kinda bitch, aren't you?” She asked as she fed his thighs into her pucker. -Chrrlpstah- -Clpwrprlpghs- His thighs broadened out her brim, the furrowed surface of her pucker stretching to encompass the bulging girth. The bugles ferried down her frame, bloating out her snatch as the stallion sloughed into her bowels.

“Mmfn mphaa,” Fire moaned out and leaned back, arched her head back, looking towards the camera as Stichen's diaper crepet closer to her cleaved ass. “This right here, could be you, going up to a nice, cozy one way ticket up my ass, and it will really need it after handling this jerk of a meatbagmmfms msma ooh,” she started to huff as the diaper -Clpsth- bumped against her pucker, tissue splayed taut as it -Clprhthsa- crawled up to engulf the padded bottom, scrunching and compressing the fabric taught in, like her ass was sucking up a dumpling. “Mmfna ooh yeah that's more lke it, a thick, big butt plug for my poos ass...” Fire huffed out, brushing and caressing gentle along her snatch as her cheeks devoured closed in over the diaper -clslptphtphat- devouring the Stallion sloughing down the the table.

“Mfmpw mapgh,” Stichen grunted out, as he was forced upright, higs front hooves pinned to his sides by the stretch of rolled up blanket of intestinal flesh, draped over as much of him as they could manage, still drooling some crimson onto Fire Toad's lap. His lower gut -Clpghth- -Crlrlpwwhtlpsh- Was swallowed in by the brim. Fire toad brushed along her stomach, panting with her tongue lolled out, kneading and stroking across her broad stomach swelling as the mounds of bowel wrapped horse feed slotted trough to through her cheeks.

“Mfmnfs, and if you don't behave? Just look at the joy our service has brought to this customer,” she said, rubbing over Stichen's covered head whilst her ass distended to -Clispth- choke down stretches of his body at a time. -Clglpthha- Her cheeks brushing together and grinding against his sides as the pink lump of a pony plowed deeper in her trenches. “You too can be swept up by The Orchard's charm and, fmmrms enraptured by its service she mused as her pucker munched and kneaded in over Stichen's shoulders, twelfth- -Chrlsptsp- suckling “Mmfsm oh yes... Fire moaned out and masaged the top of his head, -Slclsptha- which was mushing like a ripe banana to her touch, bending and -KKrlslgpth- moulding as the stroked. “You'll find the Orchard's service is really mmfs...” She grunted and clenched her cheeks -Cltpths- -KRrlrpthss- drawing him deeper into her depths at the sound of polishing a window with motor oil -Chhrlgpgh- -Vrrrlgghrlsph-.

Our service is really what it's msm,” she huffed and gyrated her cheeks, smacking into her gut to see the bloated dune of a stomach jostling over her -CrrltLpghthg- -Swttwwchc- -Vhrrlpghs- “Is all that isssmmf, cracked up to be,” she huffed out and strained, pinching her cheeks together. -Chhrlptwwrrlptsh- like dropping a ripe mango down into jelly -Chrlplthghsh- her pucker swathed closed around the mushy suppository. -Clpthgh-. -Ghbrrlpggah- her gut swelling out with broad rolling throgs -B-Hwbhpm- -Bhrbghgas- “Mm mfwmfma, mphh phaaa...” She panted out, brushing and caressing her stomach, wrapping her wings around it with a snicker, prodding to elicit the kicks and jostled form within. “Come for some action, stay as fertilizer,” she mused. Fire's cheeks suddenly inflating. -Bhuaaaooouraalp- Lips rattling as he unleashed the guttural gaseous roar, finish gin with a warm sick and slicking her lips.

“And cut.”

“Hooo thank the moon,” Fire groaned and sloughed over, folding her legs together and moving them ins steady arches. “Phaa that position is tartarus on my legs.”

Morning mists strutted up and offered her a hoof. Fire Toad hoisting up to her hooves and sighing as her gut -Cslpthgh- Sloughed and lagged below her. “Phaa, Thanks Moist babe.”

“Mgmgmwh” she grunted. -Chhrlrpgsh- Clgprhhth- Her ut rippling and broiling with growls and -Crlpgh- -Grrhgbglpls- Gurgles, condensing the sloppy bl lumps into a smoother, decompressed lump. With a -Ghrglpgh- Rattle of jostling manure.

“We'll be setting back up in the lavatories.”

“Yeah, I just, require a moment to relax.”

moist gave her a smooch. “Doesn't he feel good at least?”

“Fire wiggled her cheeks. “He kinda ruined the mood, but...,” she smacked her lips, “but yeah, boy this is gonna be a reeling heap to unload, we might have to catch up back home.”

Moist gulped but just chuckled. “Sure thing.”

~ 2 ~

“So the shot's okay? Alright, good, ok. Mmhrm hmm, Sand after a long night, you'll find yourself just wantSmooth, cozy, a, and ready to unwind.” Fire Toad shuffled in the toilet booth, rear facing outwards towards the cameras, giving them a sultry look over with a tilt of her head as she wiggled her cheeks.

-Ppffillpth- A think mist of concentrated musk and gullet grime filtered out through her flank, -Clsptrch- a gentle crinkle and popping muffled in the cheeks before, growing in amplitude as her cheeks diverged -Chrlrlrptghht- -Frlprthhths- Think fumes filtered through the pucker as it

filled with a broad stretch of raw umber, thick and doughy as it pushed on the edges of her behind, the girth widening out her buns. -Clprhth- -Grrgpthht- its the sprawling brim warped wide enough to encompass her own hoof with the rump polished smooth texture of the burnished filth widening through. -Clspgthp- The putter and curdle of hot colon fluids against her brim peaking as the manure poked through the clutches of her rectum. -Cslprrth- The mound distended out the brim and into the spotlight. The texture was that of molten coconut; a thin ruffled texture with detail and intricate fissures and trails in the at a close gaps, but from a brief distance it was a polished mound of brass curling its way out of her hind. -Chhrlrph- The mound lodged into a firm cylinder, budging outwards and dipping like the end like a slug on a windowsill. Droplets smeared layers of colon lubrication giving in a glimmer in its reflection of the studio lights. -Clprhgh- -Clspgthrch- slowly sloughing forwards, unwell a fracture ripped through along its circumference, -Clpsthah- Fire Toad's brim clutching and sinking into the doughy manure to -Krrlrlslp- pinch it off, the thick curved cylinder toppling under this own weight to smack into the open faced squat toilet below her. -Clpththg- with a smack that rung through the porcelain and with the peel of a bell. -Prrllgsspt- Back at its shape dented and flattened against the ceramic bowl like any hot fudge. Up at her brim one could see the head of a humerus poking out, trained and slathered in the surrounding brown manure, giving the impression of a cartoonish hunk of meat.

"Mmmms a place for sweeties to get some meat on their bones, and some to get it right off~." Fire mused as she wiggled her rear, cheeks dancing with the bones dangling and jostling in her clutches. -Sllgpthgha- -Slp- The muck welling forward and drawing out the Femur with it, -rolling out of her bowel with a squeal of skating on molten cheese as the onslaught of dung crept up -Chrrlpchghth- -Fbhrllpghghssh-

A deluge of chestnut auburn billowed thorough Fire's fanny. The twice digested Stichen coming to a smooth, sticky loaf of horse apples, gummed together to form a majestic trunk of muck with mouth broad clefts forking the interspace between the mighty dollops of horse apples -Chhsflpsthah- Fire Toads' brim crawling and smoothing down the texture of the filth as it wallowed free of her brim, prodding down bulges of bones of ribs and clavicles, though. Though as the grime descended and the rifts parted wider one could see ribs and patellas stitching together the mounds as stiff threads of calcified yarn. -Clslprth- Clrgth- Along with tethers of grimy filaments webbing the bowel chocolate together, all rattling like strings of dew between and along the broad mounds as they vacated Fire's neathers. A thick aroma of roasted coffee distilled in vinegar permeated the stall, the ooziest of the fresh muck radiating out with its pungent vapors. -Clplpthpghstpw- wltpgthpah- The mounds bundled together down in the squat toilet; clumps wedged on top of each other and condensed with the squelch of choking taffy -Chrrllpftptwh- though with the segregated trunk of hoof wide manure piling on from on high it soon bulged over the brim of the squat toilet's brim and piled onto the bathroom tiles, -Clslpthgphag- -Dllspghth- the onslaught billowing over the plates with its dense sludge clapping into clean slates, the moist hoof steps of a creamy behemoth -Chrlptwhpw- -Drgrrfttwmmpglsh-

"Mmmnn Pshaw, you can find your own little hidey-hole to crawl into and enjoy a first class massage from our staff, or get frisky with your fellow patrons, always less ponies leaving the Orchard than fmmfs, came in~." She mused and huffed, tail flicking out of the way of the shot to show the pillar of tilted towers of tripe trudging through her trunk tract, trawling out in troves of tubby tummy tar -Chrlphtpshs- -Fpprrpwhphthts- a thick gust of smog littered out through the brim, whistling along the open fractures and clefts in the loaf and dispersing the distilled rancid syrupy character all across the crew, whilst the receptacle below clogged and filled filled with a mountain of sleek, rounded dung bricks stacking atop one another. -Chrlptprt- The slabs moulding in place as the hot surfaces warped and melded into one another in the open air. Loaves forking in their paths to tumble down in doughy dunes -Shhrrflp- smacking onto the floor and drooling of greasy bowel oils.

“Mmfns afar,” Fire huffed out and steadied herself, wagging her ear as her pucker clenched inwards, puckering, oscillating, and sprawled wider and wider around musky clog off bark thrown sludge. “Mmfms because there are few places where you can get this...f pampered,” she huffed out as her pucker spread wider, clearing her cheeks apart wider than her thighs as the clog of a dung filled diaper trudged through the strained pit, warping outward with a nest of bones buried in the sludge, trickling out as her cheeks -Clslptha- clamped together to rid itself the congestion of compost -Krlrlpth- -Chrlrpths-

“MFMpwflflfpwt.” the diaper crept past its zenith, and sloughing ed over from the pit, flipping over to -Clpghtphahga- deluge its contents over the tack, -Cllwptphtdwth- a thick bale of compacted, hard muck clapping onto the heap, cratering the horse apples under the weight of the diaper, -Thhwwgrlrpshgha- “Mpghhthaa,” Fire moaned out and flexed her wings wide. Her gaping colon belched a breath of fresh air, and expelled a thickened cloud of exhaust -Fbbrooorplfpthta-. A mist of yellowed smog blanketing the room, lingering over the tart muck crowned with the broad stuffed diaper, a melange of brown hues and, ribs, and humerus poking out like an upturned bird's nest. -Ghrllpgbvhhga- Bllprhgha- With mulch higher up the mound macerating into the, in the lack of pressure, spreading out as a thick grimy mortar in drooling dunes along the mound.

Fire panted heavily, peered back over her shoulder with a grin, fanning over her muzzle at the sight of the mountain of stallion sludge she'd built up behind her. “What are you waiting for back there? Come and leave your skid mark on the Orchard today.” Fire Toad beamed with a sultry smooch at the camera, wiggling her rocking buns over the thigh high pie of pony bile sloughing, cllpathha- crinkling and popping beneath her.

“Annnnd cut,” Verali called.

“Phaaaa..., oh Luna my ass is sore, mfmsm so worth it though, l... Seeing that jerk melt into my slag's even more satisfying than I thought melt into my slag... just oozing out o my ass with the only noise being the putter of my pucker... mm... Think Stichen is free after filming?”

“Thought he said he had somewhere to be?” Moist added.

“Oh, yeah, kinda wanted to rub this in his face.”

Verali scratched their chin and nodded, then turned to an assistant. “Write that down.”