

Orchard Adversarial Part 3

Written by Septia.

-Dwwnnnbb- The vibrations of the steel-clad cowboy boot was absorbed by the carpeted flooring of the bedroom, yet the shockwave – thin as a thistle – still reached Belcot's feet. The tremble wormed it way up her spine Coral cove took another step, slamming her palm to the wall next to the pigeon gryphon -Thhhwwmp. A shudder spiraled all the way back from hBelcot's neck to her tail, the sunset anthro, Crystal mare flinging her fingers and drumming them against the wall as she swept her tongue across her lips. “Well well, if it ain't quite the fancy lil' bird? Didn't expect I'd get to cream such a cutie today.”

“O-ooh well I,” Belcot begun as Coral moved in to a kiss, plastering their lips together taut, the mare's tongue exploring the reaches of the pigeons's mouth.

“Mnnwaa, Ah yeah, gotta we go both got to limber up some, if we are gonna take each other in. take eachother in. Though Once' I am done with you, least you won't have to worry about I anything but being a presentable, steaming heap.”

Belcot swallowed and quivered under Coral's aura, the caught under the shadow of the mare's wide brimmed stetson. “O-ooh y-yes, baby.” She moaned back, then clasped ova wing over her beak.

“Hey, hey, dun feel ashamed. We're here to have a gootd time, and tease others into joining in on the fun,” Coral mused and leaned in or a whisper, “save the struggle for when you're melting.”

“MMfnf ooh m-my~.”

“Sorry for the wait, we are all ready to roll.

“Lets's put on a good show.”

“Alright, everyone ready? Coral got the rope, Belcot in place, close-ups ready and, action.”

Belcot wiggled in pat the threshold to the bedroom, peering this way and that, playing up for the camera. Trying not to keep throwing glances over to The cowboy mare by the bed, reeling up the lasso, flexing, her crotch bulging-... W-wait.

At the center of Coral's lap, the brim leather protruded, twitching as she strained and pumped her arms back. -Clkkr- Until the buttons on the crotch begun to buckle... -Ppthwngng- punching off the square of cloth jettisoned a mouthwatering kebab of a cock, glistening in the opal and chiffony of Coral's coat, head thumping proud and thick in the opening the open, and a petrichor aroma of a hard day's musk seeped into the room. With the shaft grinding forth in a brilliant patchwork of peach and pink. Belcot moaned out at the sight, biting sucking in a breath through the gap in her beak and.

“If you ever feel tied up,” An assistant read silently for the crew.

-Wwtchhc- The lasso cracked in the air as it flu flung over the room, hooping over the pigeon gryphon and constricting around her arms and chest -Chtnng-.

“Then we'll rope you in for an unimaginable experience.”

-Thnng- The rope grew like aguirtarsting, and in the next moment Belcot was reeled across the room, down on tugged down on her knees in crotch height with Coral, a beak away from their cock.

“O-Wowhew, really getting into the role here, th-that's admirable, Belcot said with her cheeks flushing.

Coral snickered and brushed down over the pigeon's face. “Ooh this isn't for who, I'm the proud owner of a lil' ranch, so you can trust me when I say I know how to wrangle you into shape.” She mused and thrust her shaft against the side of Belcot's face.

The pigeon cooed as the thick meat caressed against her side; feeling its plush texture puls well in its rhythmic throbs. She parted her rubbery beak and flicked her tongue around the mast -Clslpth-

“Ooh that's a good girl, so ravenous, can't be feeding you much, ey?” Coral mused as Belcot drew the dick into her maw, swirling her tongue around the arr evolving her tongue around the battering ram and beef and bobbing down towards its base.

“Mnnfphaa mfphaaa haa,” Belcot breath washed the shaft in her huin waves of her humid breath, mixing the air of cowgirl, swabbing her tongue down the length of the twitching flesh prodding at her throat.

“Mmnf oPhoo, oh you are getting slut saliva all over my dick, and I'd just gotten my musk rich and mfmsm potent,” Coral mused as eh rammed her shaft in shaft into Belcot's face, -Clpgh- A bulge of her meat crawling down the pigeon's neck swelled up, to dip back do back up as Belcot coughed and moaned over the thrust of the mare's shaft, holding the back of her head as she rocked into her face. Coral pistoned it down Belcot's neck, moisture specks flourished up in around the mast as it delved deeper, caressed and massaged by slobbering -Chrrlrpth- wraps of Belcot's tongue until the mast reached an apex...

“Mgmgsamphaa, haawmnnf,” Coral howled, drawing her dick back as an onslaught of cum flushed into Belcot's maw. Globes of pearly white globules of sloughing down her back on its way out. -Cpffhltpsh-

Coral grasping her sh mast with both hands and hosing down Belcot's face in ropes of mare nectar. Sprawling patterns of jellied spunk trailing down her face and melding into dunes of creamy sludge slobbering down her face

“Mm” MFmgmna mpah afar, Leaving her panting as he's head was slobbered in, mouth drooling in viscous splodge.

“Such a pretty mgm lil thing, just look at you rattling,” Coral cooed out as she leaned down, wrapping the rope around Belcot a tighter, looping and tying it together into proper box tie on the quivering, moaning gryphon. She hummed and snickered as the a final knot tied over hBelcot's head, sauntering knees up onto the bed and, loosening her suspenders to let her leather pants Peel pack over the scarlet scaled rear. Her cheeks jostling as the clothing sloped off of them, splaying with Coral fiddling a hand into her hooked around her pucker and -Chrrlpsthh- Drawing it open with a crinkling squeal of the mist depths there I. “-Slpth- Prying her pucker wide to a teardrop shape, undulating at her grasp. “You are even lubed up for my birds nest, so go in, git in there and roost you hopeless lil' birdie.” Coral said with a tug of the lasso. -Thngng- Belcot's restarts drawing her back to the mot motion.

The pigeon barely caught a glimpse of where she was going through the ten webbing of cum before the pucker was upon her. -Chhtltpghbrbh- The stretched brim jostled like gelatin as she clapped into it, pucker warping wider around Belcot's head and swallowing her up ot to her neck under the roiling bubble of spnkher spunk coating curdling against the succulent lips -Chrrpghhtb- -Cffhgrlbglpshop-. “Mmnfs, mphaa, ah yes you lil bitch feather,” moan for my ass when it eats you alive,” Coral groaned and shuffled back, her cheeks -Bbgngsh- Dancing and juggling onto Belcot's shoulders, clasping her it not the depths with a lethargic squelch -Vrrgllluughslh- -Ghhrblgpghs-. -Cshrlprgh- The cheeks forked over her shoulders and, pucker pulsating as it swathed down the Gryphon's back, Coral squatting off of the bed to pile her ass over the quivering constipation -Chrrlpstht- -Chhrrlpstht-

-Wghrrllcch- Every clench sand vibration of Coral's flexing bowels reverberated throughout Belcot. The ruffled surfaces closed in to hug her taught, piling on followed delsh over her that -Chrrlpstht- draped down her chest as she sunk upward through the depths. -Clspatthat- -Lplst- She felt a resistance; a blockage up in the head, a ta wall of mare mulch barring her entry as a suppository. -Clptt- Though tit stille pushed -Clspth- She feel their head concave the muck, cradter into the budge as the pressure heaved her upwards. -Schrrlpstht- The bowel clay warped around her head like butter, the spunk flattening across her head in a abttrriere to between her and the filth. -Chhrrlrpth- Though as the mass shifted around err the pigeon was assaulted by the stirred

up aroma of a greasy stake fried in petrol, a miasma billowing over her frame in a blanket of smog as the bowels rustled -Bffrllprth- -Clpht- The mire round her massaged and clumped around her frame, cast in Corals's custom clay to churn in her coils. "Mfmmfphoaaa mophaa," she yes, melt me into sludge."

"Mmfpg," Coral groaned and patted the lump on her lower abdomen, cradling the shifting head lump. "

"Hold your horses, hoss like you'd be wasted on 0on my ass, can't let those horny juices go to waste," Coral cooed out she cooed and shuffled back over the bed, spreading her legs wise and letting her -Sllcptht- Shaft slough free between her legs, thick a, flaccid and swaying like a pendulum. "Come on, get, back there..." She huffed out, aiming shaft up with one hand and tracing the other down Belcot's cleft, tickling her under her tail caressing as she helped aim her cute paws downwards. Slowly, the curved shaft got into position, meeting up with their paws flailing for a grasp, soon finding themselves balancing on her cock...

"MMm, gotcha," Coral mused and strained herself, the shark mare gritting her teeth into a wide smile as she squatted. -Clprhtch-. Her shaft pried open, peeling over the paws to suckle them into the hot slit -Cttwllhp-.

"Ooh yeah. What do you think about becoming cock fodder? Cus' to me that mfms sounds great." Coral cooed and grunted balancing her gryphon bloated belly against the bed, grind milling into it to feel Belcot's body squish and turn within, bulges receding as her cock suckled over her ankles. Getting a good grasp, the cock head flared wider, sprawling out lik a apink ufo suckling p the Gryphon's legs, the. The rest of her shaft tensioning up and jitting into action stiffening as good as it could in this compromised curve. "Fmmsn mmf time to getmmg, out of your pen and onto, fmsm whiter pastures, " Coral cooed out as the camera came in for a closer shot. The crystal pony's skin sparkling and growing all the more translucent, the shadow of bulges in her torso shifting, growing into more definition around Belcot's frame. Bowels tense, cock twisted, a breath draw in through the shark mare's sharp fangs...

"Here she comes..." She moaned out.

-Gbbrrlpghg- -A growl rustled up through Corals' tail... -Ppwrrrffllpttthbtphrth- In a gratuitous gust of guttural gas. Belcot jettisoned out of Coral's colon, the shaft engorging stiff and solid fling flung the gryphon in an arch towards the ground to the ground, drawing her out in a rupturous -Chhrrlpgbtth- -Bhwrrlpghthpgsh- From the clutches of the bowels with an arc of slick, umber tarnished clump tethering after her, a, vines of glistening nectar trailing from the panting, groaning gryphon's face into thwack to the gaping, flexing pucker, all as her legs -Chrrlpth- -Cbgrlptssh- were gobbled up in jostling tugs of the engorging gooch girder.

"MMPfah amp aha pahaa haa, fmfmsmphaa," Belcot's tongue slosloguhed out of her maw in rattling pants, as the camera crew gathered and got shots f of her smeared face, on her way up the cowgirl's greedy dong.

"Mmfphooahf," Coral cooed out as she heaved herself back aground in the bed, cooing as she cradled her dick, brushing along the shadowy bulges of Belcot's brown paws son their journey thinking through her cock. "Mmfms, mah snakes's been greedy for a real slutty whore to fill em' up, hope you don't mind em' being a lil' greedy," Coral traced her fingers up on her engorged shaft to, to the point up over the zenith of her flare and onto Belcot's furry belly, crotch, teasing her with a few rubes as the transition point between feline and bird was encroached by the pat mast -Chrrlpsth- swallowing Belcot's snatch and engulfing her hips in the swelling dick meat.

"MfMFma phaa, O-Oh I don't mfms mind at all he'they're s-Such a hungry, f mfms, phaa, thng mfm, my my legs are tight."

"Think it is gonna be tight now, yso adorable, to think in a few moments this whole cute turkey is gonna be nothing but nut sludge;" Coral mused as she brushed over Belcot's chest, wrapping her arms around her to heave them up

“Mfm. Come on, let me get a goodmph, look at you,” she huffed out and heaved them up -Clpthgh- Her cock jostling and balls beneath bobbing as the thrust sent thBelcot's paws into her sack -Cslphtthapth-.

“You'll be suck a cute cocksnaek.”

Belcot huffed out gently as Coral brushed under her chin, peeking down with her cum slathered face and snickering. “Mmfms, “If you say so, I've never tried it mfm before, but look, I'm a pigeon cock taur now~.” She mused.

Coral suppressed a giggle, cooing as her shaft -Schhrlpt - -Cvhhrrlptsh- suckled up past tBelcot's threshold of bird and beast. “And soon enough you'll just be all cock,” she said and cupped Belcot's cheeks, “.” hope you savored the spunk I splattered you with, cus' I'll be taking it back with interest.” she gleaned back and -Ththotssp- thrust her hips up -Chrrhlp- -Khrrlrprs- her mast gaping and -Clrrpht- suckling up along the sides of Belcot's torso. -Cbglgphtsh- Coral's sack inflating with the flicking bulges of The gryphon's legs threading through her hose.

“Can we ge ta kiss shot?” Verali called out.

“MMmf?” Belcot quivered.

“Thought you would never ask, see if you still taste as goas sweet, you'll be a salty mess before long, Coral cooed and wrapped her arms around the Gryphon, squeezing her lips tight to her in a passionate embrace. Mfmmfw mmgwwfm.” Belcot cooed back as she held The crystal shark, making out in each other's embrace

-Smpgh- -Chrrmgpsmf-t Smacks of lips joined by the -Chrrlrfth- -Chhrrfllsph- suction of the shaft slobbering up Belcot's body. The pigeon sinking further and further out of Coral's grasp, whilst the shark's scrotum swelled with the silhouette of the slut sloughing deeper.

“Mmfm fmpshohaaa,” Coral cooed as she broke the kiss, watching Belcot up to her armpit sin her dick, wings pinned to her back and fluttering now and then, setting the whole cock rattling. “Mfmsn apphaa, oh so feisty for a lil' cock padder, you gonna dive down my dick and make some hot slimy sludge now?”

“Mfmng,” Belcot paned and wedged her elbow into the pict, splaying them for some more space just as the cock contracted -Chhrrlprthht- -Slpftthth- ist slopped over her arms with the crinkling curl of a slug orgy, wrapping up around her neck, the whole of her body save her head now bottlenecked, displayed in the crystal rod of Coral's shaft, skin splayed sand glistening so one could see a make out her form and hue under the crystalline cover.

“Mfmng pghaa, oh that is a very, very good girl...” Coral cooed out and patted over Belcot's head, brushing down her shroud of feathers, petting just above her beak...

-Thhrrwwlfpthht- then dunking her palm down, in a rapturous gurgling -Cglglphtpah- swallow from the dick The Griffons's head descended, caught in the clutches of the dong with Coral's palm shoving her along the following her along the way. -Clrrprhahr- The mare drawing up her pre slathered palm up the tip of her tough fare, lapping at the webs of fluids joining it to her cock -Splllghrlppgh- whilst the gryphon descended, steamrolled down the slimming shaft and engorging ther jewels broad and sagging, sagging onto the floor under the bulk of a whole pidgeon gryphon sloughing into the sparkling marbles.

-Cslphtth- Coral squeezed her the tip of her shaft as it shrunk down, milking out thick globe of pre from it trickle down her like wax, joining the bloated dome of her Belcot filled sack down below.

Coral Cove's balls -Bbgllpttsh- Burgeoning with the bulk of her cock 's buffet.

“You done setting up yet, wanna see this little cutie melt...”

“Mfpg gmpsgha.” Belcot panted out within, shuffling to an about in the sack, breathing in the humid, heated air, and that gummed at the back of her neck with ea each breath. “Mfms, that is if your cock can balls can get any hotter than I feel ri-right now~.”

“Hehe, Touché you lil' dick goblin, but,” she said and shuffled her hooves up on their sack, slowly gyrating and massaging them down,” I think we'll manage a bottom bitch like you~. But just so you get we get the most out of it, I wanna let, Hey Director, got what I asked for?”

Verali gestured to some assistants, who brought over a chest high pane covered in cloth. Placing it on supports in front of Coral, and drawing off the cloth... A mirror. Belcot could see herself, vaguely through the reflection in the shimmering crystal skin; as if she was staring down at herself in a clear river blanketed by an autumn's sunset. She could watch the ripples dis of the skin distorting her view as Coral chuckled.

“Give em a good show now, I want you to see yourself churn away into my thick, juicy, ranch dressing...” Coral cooed and tugged at her shaft.

All around the crew was given the clear, a. and Belcot felt the clenching tug of t Coral's hooves squeeze her toghter, watching herself caught up in the bindle of her balls. And feeling the humidity concentrate. “Mphaa pfm sphaa, mmpw,” she moaned out and sloughed back, spreading herself out as her paws and fists warped bulges along the balls, and hearing a soft sizzling -Sffzlrzr- “fmmf afar it is so hot,” she cooed, mugging the best she could under the translucent covers ashiest Coral jerked attempted up her jerks to a steady beat, -Thhpth- -Thptsh- -Chhtpwl- -Tlwp- The clasps of her tugs accompanied by the squelches down below, the keands offher hooves and warping of the balls working down on the pigeon. -Shhzlprhht- -Shsth- Belcot heard the sizzling all around her, watching as trickles of pearl droplets sloughed down the walls around her..., and peering back into the mirror, how the beads of sweat down her fame took on a grumlig appearance.

“Mmgnsmmmngt yes, just think of how much nut butter you will becum.” Coral teased she hissed and groaned, -Clspth- her sack clenching together, reeling back in Belcot's lumps to confine to the sack, only for her to spread out again, and recoil in its clutches -Clslptth- -Twwlllpth- -Chrrllspgh- -Cttwlp-. The moisture condensing around her, nowhere to go but circulate in the tight chamber as it sloughed and churned around her -Clpshh- -Krlspgth- out in the mirror so she saw their body sparkling as much as the crystal mare's skin; a glaze of perspiration drooping off of her body, salty In a salty aroma simmering to rival Coral's ball busk, but the more she breathed it in the more she knew it was the same.

“Mmfms deep breaths in there babe, deep, we'll get ya churned up form the inside out,” Coral cooed out, and squished down on both her balls with her legs, gritting her teeth and moaning out a hot breath of relief.

-Cslptrlpth- Belcot panted and swallowed the rising miasma around her as she felt the balls compress. The liquids pooling around her rising tighter upwards, licking across her frame. -Shhkpgh- -Chrlpgh-. The liquid balm of gunk around her sloshing and crashing against the walls along along to the whim of her squirms. Deep breaths, longer, watch. -Scplstht- She brushed her arm against the walls of the sack. -Crlpttllp- and hear the curdling plaster of drawn out along it. Shpwwriseeing droves of herself molten across the walls, collecting in viscous droplets against the oily surface of the balls and trailing to join veins to join the puddle she beneath her. Belcot watched through the mirror as she boiled in a cauldron of her own spunk. The balls contracted, raising from the ground and danling, already shrunken so much around her.

“Mmpfhf phaa mmwmwff pahaa, “Longer, louder breaths, through each one feeling more... sloppy. Moisture travelled all along her neck as he breathed. -Slpghthat- the walls compacted and kneaded around her from inside, squishing her to the to the sleek surface -Sglpth- grinding layer of herself down in droves of birch grey: -Sbghrlpgh- Phhglrpsrrth- The scrotum shrunk tighter and tihgter in the rthorbes, lungs goopy. She splayed her beak wide, staring out into the reflection... Past her beak she saw no throat, but a tunnel of congealing milky onitment, clumped and sloughing together at her breaths, the more she breathed in, the more it curdled her inside.

“Fmmpgah ammgpwhaa,” he moaned out, muffled and mumbling in the gunky windpipes. Globules of foam stirred up and bubbling around her as the surface rose to cover her stomach, or was she inking deeper with her shredding mass?

“Mmf oh yeah babe, feel that? That's you breaking apart at the presence of my balls, Soon you'll jut be a puddle of slut syrup, “ in the heat and moisture the grasp of the ropes eased more and

more, soon sloughing off of her skin as she ground her way through it. Soaking in the rich moisture of the cramped meat cell.

“Mfms just embrace it, be cum, as you were always meant to be you hot little cock fodder...” Coral cooed out as she leaned back and worked her shaft, swirling kneads down on her sack with her hooves, the resistance dipping more and more as the sludgy -Slglpth- -Chrlpgh- -Slphgt- squelch of stacking flapjacks jruseltd out of thfrom the jostling sack.

Belcot squealing and panting. -Clpsthgh- Coughing up droves of white muck to meld in the surrounding reservoir, peering back through the window, she could just see the white goo filling up the sack, peeking over the surfaced, panting and spewed up the pearlescent sludge. One last heave -Ghrruaglps- and she sunk, a pucker of gummy goop welding in over her face as she submerged into herself -Clphtth- -Chtglpghgh- “Ammawwmfnf amgmmgoaghsmm phaaa,” Coral cooed out, stomping her hooves onto the ground as her sack clenched and reverberated, slowly calming its pace to a thrum, then a throb, her sagging, salve filled orbs retracted. Jostling like a two headed pendulum as Coral panted. “Mmfmpa phaa,” she panted and squeezed the her thighs to a bust of her sack for the camera, “good, birdie~.” she mused.

~ 1 ~

“Mmfnof phooo fooo, oooh you are so thick. Gal...” Coral Cove panted in a in the stall, after waiting and idly tugging at her mast while the crew set up she could finally o to down, punishing her aching needing dick while the filled rolled, getting close up of every drop of sweat and speck of pre lubricating her mast as she choked her meat, the pink shaft aimed down an, resting in the nock of her sack at the latrine floor below.

“MMmfpgg at the Orchard, we can take a lod off of ya, And let you Be cum what you've mfms always was destined for.” She grunted as her shaft twitched in her hands. -Clslphtth- a lump traveling up her from her shaft, cthrobbing at her mast st it budged up against her grasp, easing her grip for the orb to worm its way up.

Her flare pulsated wider as the slip pried open, -Slfplth- speckle of cum dripping through as a yellowed beak punctured the slit, pryplowughing through with spunk drooling down the parted beak lips as Coral's demeanor followed suit, jaw hanging open as her dock divulged Belcot's cranium -Cshrlrlphtth- and once it reached its zenith launching it forth with a salvo of Coral's piping hot ranch dressing -Scllphtpghahg-. The skull clattered into the porcelain -Crkr- a faint crack head before -Cshhrlrpt- it was buried under a deluge of dick batter. -Clpghth- clslpghaht- Thick bolas of glistening ivory erupting from the jittering mast. Congealed globules lobbed off from the retching dick to pile over the brim of the squat toilet and onto the ceramic plates. Cum pluming and sloughing out her ecstatic dick in loops of white tar. -Kkrlpht- -Phglrlpgh. Embedded in the onslaught of sludge were further smoothed fragmetns of skeletal tissue, calcium boilebcracked and boiled through the journey dost stirred down the dick and sloughing free in Coral's orgasm. -Chrrlpsrhtht- Webbing os dick nectar threaded the bone shards together, beak tott the tip of the mast pumping out thick gryphon syrup like a net of viscous vines -Chrflrprth-.

“Amman among Oooh Luna that's a, you really clogged my dick up, ammdh.” she moaned out and massaged her shaft from the base of her dick up in grinding claps ts, nursing out the -Cgrlphtpghlptha- globby gunk with -Flrprhthh- a frothing fluff of puttering up along the edge of her slit, dropping like beer barm across the clotted pile of dick curds.

“Mmgm fampgha, phaa... The Orchard, where all your worries mfms will drain away,” She mused and tugged at her dick, balls constricting and siphoning the mass of gryphon sludge up through the hose to paint the floor in a tactile and voluptuous splodge. Her balls tpumpppulsing calmly, sinking with the remaining salvo ferrying up her shaft and drooling out into the squat toilet below, a doughy puddle of white dew gradually trailing down towards the drain.”

“Hmmm, hang on, I don't like the wording on that.”

“Hmm? How so?”

“We used a similar early for another section.” Hmm,” Coral hummed to Verali, and then brought up a rope, wringing it around her palm and grinning. “At the Orchard,” she pause and snapped the rope tighter between her hands, “we’ll whip your creamy ass into shape.”

“Ooo I like that angle, we’ll just need to get some more angle and b-roll.”

Coral sighed and lapped over her lipss “MMfm... as you wish.”

Morning mist poked at Verali's shoulder.

“Ehm. Heard anything about my role yet?”

“Hmm? Oh, Wireless Fuzz isn't able to make it, we'll have to cancel your scene.”

“Moist blinked. “But, I've waited all that.”

“That's showbiz.” Verali shrugged.

“Hey,” Coral called and smirked, “if he's not occupied, I could use him to blow some steam off...”

~ 2 ~

-Clpttwp- -Thhwwlp- -Tthchelwp- The pony's blue ass bounced down the length of Coral Cove's mast as she sauntered through the empty Orchard, one hand calmly at his back dictating the pace of his thump her thumping up his ass. -Clisptah- -Chrkpht- drooling coils of cock grease splattering out as their laps merged at the end of each -Cltptah- clap.

“Mmfna aah we yeah boy, milk that slut off of me, fmms, you are so light, those cybernetics can't be made of much, fmms, actually made a handy cock sock.” Coral sucked on her teeth as she stopped in her tracks, pushing the stallion down with bot hands as her cock pushed through his intestines, swelling up on his abdomen and jostling about as she drummed out another climax up his sore ass, a hair of white spunk trickling out through the gap of ass and dick before she kept going.

Morning mist panted, groaning, barely any stamina left as he felt himself reduced to a pleasure rag doll for the anthro to feed her dick's need with. Mungs, phaa, well this has been fun, but I've just about run dry,” she mumbled and patted Moist's belly, -Cthwpt- -Clptthpah- the cum inflated dome juggled in the reverberating smacks. “As good a toy you made I'm about ready to head home, anywhere you wanna be dropped off.”

“Mmrhuphga...” Mists wheezed out.

“Didn't quite catch that,” She responded, then her lips curled into a smirk. “But I found a spot.” She said and shuffled up to the bin the chew had been tossing away the production diaper in.

“With who much as you've let my dick swing in your guts, it is only fair I over you a dive,” she said and lunged forwards, -Smacking her Moist laded cock straight into the bin with a crash of compacting diaper pails -Chhrrlpghtht- -Cfrnggkls- -Thrumgmpgglls-. Moist dunked o to the bottom of a melange of padded bindles, in a myriad of forms, soggy, stiff, doughy, reeking of lust, sewage, and dried kale-glye. Brine steam rising form the cum sludge and staining the atmosphere.

“Mmf smfmpgh,” Coral cooed out as she shuffled back and forth, with her dick still buried in is ass. -Clsptht- -Kkwrrlssh- shuffling him in the depts of the bin before -Shchrlrlrptop- recoiling off with her mast reeling back from the cavernous gape of the stallion's ass, left splayed legs with his ass in the air and his head immersed in diapers on all sides.

“Phew, that's better, hope you enjoy stewing away in there, catch up later.” Coral said with a wave and trotted off, a drippl of cum in her wake.

Moist panted heavily, blood trickling to his head as the diapers encroached upon him -Ghslpthat- -Clpght- every movement he made they came sloughing into the voices he's spared them, bundling up across his body. -Clspthht- some shuffled about around him. -Vhrrrlpatsh- Vibrating and -Crhrstlp- crinkling as they steamed in a dark funk of composting brussel sprouts and tar tried mear. Every movement met with crinkling creeps of his doom -Crkrkpthnnffllsh- -Bbglrps- Like being trapped in a sandpit, the only direction to g was down... -Sflsptaht- soggy

bundles pudged up against his face. From the outside it looked pathetic, like he could get out at any time. But packed under the bulk of the Orchard's star refuse... his heart beat faster, fright, yes, but his head was growing hot by more than the residual heat of the diaper.

"Moist?" babe? Where's my moist lil sweetie?" Came Fire Toad's voice. He could barely see her through gaps in the pad brown stippled padding.

"Oh," It wasn't a disappointed sound, just... Fire leaned down to look him in the eye. "Well figures you'd end up there you cozy up in there, good, mind if you hold this what's left of that jerk from earlier?" she asked holding up her pail, thick and ochre hue with patches of verdant amber from soaking in her sewage.

"Mgm gmwpah," he mumbled out.

"Great~." She mused and heaved her diaper up, right to the conveniently splayed pucker of her boyfriend. -Clslphtaphtphathat- The filled butt dumpling clapped into his cheeks like fluffed up flapjacks, -Clslpthath- with a creaking of ground syrup the napkin slotted into his pit, splaying his cheeks wide with a drip of cum rolling down his pucker, displaced by the manure filled mound crammed into his well-used hind. -Chrlrlpghahg-. -Slpft- he felt juices of the tart bag wring out by his bowel contractions, seeping into his cum filled bowels and tinning tit in Fire Toad's sludge. "Mgm gmwpah, phew, there, alright, that should do it, pick you up later ok? Have fun." Fire toad cooed and waved goodbye as she took off.

Moist left to stew in the residual, radiating miasma of the fresh compost; inside and out. His heart beat faster, cock twitching against the diaper, any resistance was met was amplified as he shuffled or hid about of his cock -Clslpht- twitched in excitement, tapping him in a loop of grinding his meat on the refuse bundles and feeling them. -Clslptahth- crinkling and sunk to hug around his mast. Blood and lust rushed to his head, eye pupils staring up into his skull. The quivering mess of a stallion panting and marinating in the putrid miasma of distilled sewage, to the Claustrophile a rich intoxicating fog he was forced to inhale as his mind melted. Wondering how long it would be until he was had melted into not but mulch like in the rest of the diapers... more crew came, though paid little mind to the half of a stallion poking out of the pail, merely stacking more mulch -Flpsgswtp- on top of him, as the day turned to evening, Morning mist fate was sealed: entombed in an avalanche of production diapers; his cock, heart, and mind, melting in the prickling stench of burnished syrup and vinegar boiled tar. He had been denied the stage, but granted a backstage pass few would behold.