

Short Feather Game Part 2

Written by Septia.

“Ding ding. Round three has begun, try to give us a better showing than last, alright?” Grease pan called out from the elevated platform. Out of the eight Contestants, six now remained, two of which were standing below at the ready: Iabi with a cocksure grin, Irune still a mess with her peachy coat stained auburn from having to deal with the previous round's loser.

“Hey, Iabi,” Iabi called out as Irune was about to move up. “You think about this for a second, yeah, I can't exactly snuff you out as it is,” Iabi's beak clacked together in a smile, “which will only make this more fun.”

Irune took a step back.

“And I don't wanna have to hurt you,” Iabi said as he sauntered up. “Well, that's a lie, but I'm a nice guy, so instead, how about you just tell me what's gotta get your loins dripping, and we'll make your last day some fun.” He said, placing a hand on her shoulder. “What do you say? Anything you want. We'll put on a good show.”

Irune turned her head down.

“Ok...” Iabi clacked his beak. “See, that's a good giiraaahgrgrhsl-.”

-Clrrth- Irune's beak sunk in a vice grip into Iabi's shoulder, with one arm on her shoulder and the other rendered limp, the Talon agent fell on his face before the peachy griffon.

“Quit your whining,” Irune curted and circled around Iabi, “That's just a flesh wound, but I'll be giving you a reason to shriek soon enough.”

Iabi winched, holding over his shoulder as he peered back, watching Irune strap on a leather harness to slot on a rubber mast at her crotch.

“Wh-where the heck did you get that?”

“Unicorn bitch wasn't minding her satchel whilst taking care of Eresh. Plus, you promised we'd do anything I wanted, well,” -Swtch- she smacked a palm onto his risen hind, and clutched a hold of his tail, “I wanna tenderize this salty, juicy ham.” She proclaimed, and raised Iabi by his tail, to the frantic squirms of the griffon — arching herself back with the strap-on. Unlatching his tail in time with taking a hefty thrust, the plastine battering ram tiling new soil as it pierced through the cocky bird's cloaca -Slfprhhtptsh-

“Mghrrffffms-,” Iabi squealed, twisting and shifting on the ground, -Sflpfhts- -Dpllrtsptsh- colon fluids plastering to the mast as he only wrung himself deeper down the rubber length.

“Hah, and you thought you had any chance of winning this?” Iabi mused with glee as she yanked his tail to draw him back to her lap -Clrlprthhs-.

“Mfmwhghs,” His groans twisted in a tang of temptation whilst the talon tucked her thick trunk up his tight tracts. -Twwlptsh- -Pltwwhlp- -Clphtp- “Fmmrgs. Frmwfhgs. Fmwpghgs,” a steady rhythm of smacks echoed between them as flesh acquainted itself with rubber, Irune polishing her pole in Iabi's pathetic pucker.

“Hey what's with all the struggling, I thought you were gonna show me a good time? You are already a sniffing mess and I'm not even, fmms, close to done,” Irune huffed out as she crouched along with Iabi, ploughing into him, to scooch him forwards along the ground by the force of her thrusts -Thrhhs-. His bowels oscillating around her baton. Looming over him as each hump buried her mannequin mast deeper into his trenches.

“Mfpfhg mpg sh syoufms bbitch...” Iabi wheezed, pinching his claws into fists.

“Phew... what sneaky bastard, really was all talk.”

“Mmff sphaa, you know Iabi. You really always were a tight ass, glad someone at least had the decency to give you a good rutt before you cave in like the bitch you are, huh?” she huffed out, and massaged into his cheeks as she worked his booty raw.

“Mfmm wmpfhsh mfr...” he huffed out, breath getting shorter, as his shaft twitched into a steady throb.

“Well mfm, look at that,” Irune said and dropped, slammed her crotch down to his, pinning him to the ground and holding him beneath her body as his cock twitched against the ground.

“Oh, you know you wanna do it, you whore,” she whispered, before she -Sfhrrllptsh- reeled out the strap on, thick tethers of gut slime webbing them together as she scooped up, dildo trailing up his frame. “Didn’t give me as good a time, but at least I can get some relief,” she mused, parking the dildo by his face, giving him enough time to peek up and see the hollow pit passing through the strap on.

“Mmfff mm... mm... phaaa...” -Sfrrllsssh- Irune panted out in relief as a flush of fluids congregated through the strap-on and pelted the griffon’s face in a rush of fluid pungency. -Fpplfshths- -Frrrlpsrsh- Trails of the umber crotch wine forged down in paths through his feathers and matted them under the rain of tepid piss.

“Phhf. Fphwhwa prusk,” Iabi spluttered and coughed out, his attempts so shift away mirrored by Irune’s gyrating crotch, dousing him in her tart nectar wherever he moved.

“Just come on and cum while I’m giving you a lemonade facial. Show our benefactor that’s exactly the kind of slutty feather-brain you are.” She mumbled in between suckling air throughout her break.

“Fmmwpghgs- mpah...” Iabi spluttered out with the hail matting his feathers glistening and flat to his skin, his hips jostling as another pool of fresh, white fluids spread beneath his crotch, which he haplessly attempted to shield from view.

“Ding damn,” Pan announced whilst stomping her hooves, “do we ever gotta winner for this round. You are all showing so much spirit today,” she said as she sauntered down the steps. “Get back up, off the poor guy now, I’m gonna judge just how tender you got em.”

~ 1 ~

“Ready for the penultimate round, ladies,” -Huurraalap- Pan belched up a bouquet of feathers and crested her hoof on her distended gut.

“Which of you lucky gals are gonna make it to the finals?” she shouted out to the final combatants. Soon to add to the line of diapers up at the ramp. Teal narrowed her eyes at Iabi. They’d seen all the previous rounds now, and both were aware they had to impress Pan, and the last match had laid any hope of an amicable resolution to rest.

“Ding ding,” the unicorn called to start the round.

Teal leaped forwards, but saw only the pale chatruce trail of Iabi darting off into the halls of the garage.

“Hey, what gives?” Teal called out.

“Come over here and find out.” Iabi shouted back.

Teal clacked her beak dismissively. She wasn’t going to fall for that. She scanned the area, IabiIabi would come back sooner or later, and she needed a plan. At this point, she saw the row of padded, reeking tombs on the platform, beak curling to a smirk.

“Wmfmpfmh, fmwpfh gmfmwfwhgsp-.” Iabi struggled and groaned out, smothered by the massive Rodge stuffed tomb’s contours moulding along her side and flattening to the concrete, keeping the griffon in check.

“Hah, you were the one to skip out on weight training, and now its come back to bite you in the ass.” Teal taunted as she dragged another diaper to her incapacitated foe, and hauled over the arm wide diaper, scooching it up between Iabi’s flailing legs. “And they are about to become an even bigger pain in your ass.”

“Mmfmpwfh?” Iabi questioned muffled, before launching into a muted squeal, “Mfmfwrffhgyyfh,” as Teal funnelled one end of the padded fabric in between Iabi's buns, shoving the diaper up towards the griffon's twitching cloaca. -Flfbchrlp- -Clphfprhths- The brim broadened in time with the girth of the diaper, Teal straining and twisting to wedge the muck filled sack up her combatant's hind, -Frhfgrulchscht- -Crsslfsthpth- a crinkle and mulch of the manure churned whilst its contents turned and compacted in the hold of the carnadine tunnels, -Fpchh- -Iabi's torso distending along her crotch as the bulk of the filth bomb worked into her ass.

“Always smmfs, got a knack for taking it in the rear, these are barely a challenge for you, huh? Don't you thingkwfwuahah-.” Teal shrieked as -Sflptthtpsthushts- the tension holding the diaper vanished -Sfhtptha- and the portly pouch plunged to plug Iabi's plot, pucker clenching and warping over the end of the pale grey fabrics, shuffling it inside.

“Huh, you are a real booty queen, huh? You know what, one's not gonna be enough to suit this regal asset.” Teal mocked, returning with two additional diapers and lining them up.

“Chooo choo, get ready for the ass wrecking train,” she chimed and -Sltpthpthst- thrust with hall her might, heaving the manure clogged sacks to compress, -Flfbrphtths- mangle and mould up past the gate of plush, yellow cheeks and fill the fallen fighter amidst her feeble flails.

“MWMpfhghwt, fmpwfhhthgs,” she howled and slammed her fist in the ground.

Teal only shuffling up and massaging along the warped brim swathing over the oncoming sludge sacks, prying at the brim ever so lightly to let it -Slfpfhspthst- shuffle along the breadth of the pails, and packing them visibly in line up the griffon's body, a slight gap between the domes of the diapers.

“Come on, you saying you are nfmsm not enjoy gin yourself?” Teal huffed out as she sat back on Iabi's chest, grinding her crotch along the knolls protruding on her chest whistle heaving the clumps deeper. “Few here that can boast about binging on anal-beads this massive,” she mused as the crinklings of fluids and polymer fabric -Slpfhtpts- melted in the clutches of the humid cloaca, chocking down the string of diapers within the undulating, twitching maw of sultry flesh, massaged and played with till the moans emitting from under the portly padding dipped ever deeper into pure lust.

“Mfmpfh gmpwfhhgh fmpfwhrprfmm.”

“Mmfpwfhwothhsh,” a long howl rustled through the pinning pail, Teal held steadily onto Iabi's knees as they pinched together, and a sprinkle of distilled lust splashed from the fuzzy nethers, just as they clasped over the turnaround the end of the third bale.

“Ding ding do oozy, talk about chewing the scenery,” Grease pan said as she shuffled down the arena. “Great showing, and gotta admit, you've got me curious,” Pan said as she shoved aside the diaper covering Iabi's face, “I'd like to try those beads on for size, mind propping her up?”

~ 2 ~

I filled my lungs with fresh air the moment the pungent hill raised off of me. -Sflpththptsh- just to be plunging into the hold of a new wet darkness. -Slflprhthpths- I could just glance the green metal cheeks before the white pucker warped over my eyes, -Sflphtphtths- the brim moulding to match my head in its crinkling venture down my face, -sclprth- wrapping around my neck and wringing the air out of my throat.

“Phaaaoooff.” I gasped, met with the brine of the congealed atmosphere of mince meat and molten plumage, dangling tendrils of slime -Slfpths- smearing onto my head as the rugulouse walls stretched and compiled over my frame. -Slfphts- -Clpfsthhts-.

“Mmfmoshoo this one is really gonna hit the spot...”

I could hear from outside, that disgusting unicorn pleasuring herself with my body, I quivered, summoning the strength I had left, to stab my claws into her pucker... -Clflphtphtwhs- only for the flesh to pass off my talons, like I was trying to catch a soap sliding out of my grasp.

-Slfpthsh- -Fhtpwthpts- she thrust down, and the ass consumed my torso, compacting my form and crawling past the thick domes sported on my gut. -Lflphfhuths- I could feel the diapers compact within, forming to their fresh gruel in disperse clumps to congest into every nook and cranny.

-Thdsjpthths- the squelch of the flesh warping around me, at times loose enough to struggle against and in a breath it was encompassing me in the malleable trenches of damp sinew. The slimy moisture made my skin crawl, giving me the sense of straddling into a combat suit left out in the in a humid rain. -Fwhprhht- The pucker rippled as it slipped over the last of my wings, scooping up my rear, and hoisting me from the ground. I kicked, paws in search of footing.

“Feisty one we got still, hah, give her a hand, ey?”

I could barely hear the Unicorn's smug tone, but I could feel Teal's talons clasp around the fuzz on my legs, and tucking me into the clasp of the abyss.

“S-stop it, Teal she's not gonna spare any of us, justmmfs s-stop this and help-.”

-Slpffhptsh- The pucker budded close over my paws, sealing me into the confines of the colon, with nary a fresh breeze of the outside world.

-Ghrhrbbgs- -Glrpbghghsha- The walls kept moving, always shifting and clenching, kneading into my frame. Everything stunk of an alcohol distilled from sweat soaked socks, marinated in pepper.

-Fhphfhhrs- Gas flushed over my frame as the bowels worked me down. I felt the heat injecting through my body, mellowing my muscles. Whether the sensation of my body melting was real or an oxygen deprived haze spun in my head. -Sfphsths- but soon it was all I could feel. -Dlslpghts-

-Dlspgthths- Feather, then skin, then flesh, gradually kneaded flexing and kneading the putrid nectar into my frame. -Shtphtps- -Spfhstphtsha- My form segmenting into molten chunks,

cocooning the bales of diaper constipation jam Teal had jammed up my frame, with the rest of me brewing down to join them... -Fshphtgs- -Chrhphrhts- My body folds in onto itself, the pressure from the walls easing as there was less to resist their tug and pull warping my frame -Slfpthths-

-Clspthths- only the constant churn and slop of a bowel brewn marshland revolving around me. -Sfhsstst-

-Clfpphrhthsg- Gradually, I felt a shift and tug, guide me...

-Ppfphbrrrhptsh- A fanfare of fumes heralded my entrance out to the open world, as the rippling gates spread wide. -Flrprhghths- My form gumming into the sleek walls as a gruelling thrust and tug hauled me through the open pit, down, imperfections exposed to the open air before...

-Slflphtwptshs- A dense chunk separates, and plummets into the spongy embrace of pale fabric.

-Sflplthhtwhts- I hear as more of myself billows out of the pucker, a tightly packed sludge stocking up the pit -Sflprhththw- curdling at the edges of the pucker as the tessellated pattern of fissures are clogged with bowel fluids, slimmed to a polished sheen in the sparse garage lighting.

But... why was I still conscious? It felt as a dream or a mirage, though the -Fstjptwh- clench of the pucker warped my body as it had before, and the -Prfhhrhpwht- ventings of thick miasma spiralled around me in a contorted mimicry of that petrichor air that always hung in my feathers...

-Flwlfprhthsa- A fat pillar of former proud griffon trailed down the pony's trenches, elongating until I met with the padding, folded over myself, gummy manure melding into myself under the weight of the onslaught curving and coiling from above. Because that was the truth, this was me, a piling stack of fanny pickled mare mud, packing into the pamper. My body was steaming heat and goo, drooling of bowel bile as steam oozed form my frame and corrupted the surrounding air in my stench.

-Sfhrhththsa- But then, a brief interruption, the pucker flexing and contracting...

-Flflpshttw- -Clprhrrs- then the brim bloomed over a mound to grey, tainted in a guttural umber, the diapers jammed up my ass, now unfurled out, their full girth unleashed from the cocooning pressure of my body and giving the mare's flanks a workout -Flpsthht- flrprhths- -Brrwwflpths-.

But with thrusts and streaks of fumes fizzling out the rear, the bowel beads -Flspthtw- barrel out her bum, -Chlflpwthhts- smushing into my frame, pancaking me flat to a cast of the diaper that lost

me the match, stuffed with the fellow griffon who couldn't cut it, buried in their failure... As the mare's voice crooned in satisfaction and relief from entombing what remained of my body in solid sacks of sludge.

~ 3 ~

“Phooo... fmmfsm phaa... oh yeah, gotta admit, those do really mfms, serve well as anal beads. That's one to remember for next time, so even if you lost and don't make it, rest assured you've fmmfsmph,” -pfrhoororhhths- Grease Pan let out a rapturous bout of flatulence -Sflfpths- -Clfpsthths- flinging out a partially molten skull into the mountain of mud clogged diapers building up in the open diaper behind her, “that you've contributed some fun to this world, at the very least.”

~ 4 ~

“Mms, glad the slut took a bit of time, we're just about ready for the finals, aren't we? One of you are actually gonna get to head out through a route not first leading through my guts. ... Question is... will you know which route to take?”

“Alright you horny hens, open ‘em up.” Grease Pan called out. In the center. The four remaining griffon opened their eyes, sitting back-to-back they took in their surroundings. In four corners surrounding them each laid an object of a bright, pastel hue, contrasting the dull concrete. Rubber toys. One a conventional dildo, one a harnessed birdle, mouth gag, one an oval butt plug, and the last... a slender, oblong sounding rod.

“Welcome to round four,” Pan continued, “a lil' game of choice: four toys, four birds. And in the end, there is really no wrong decision.” All of them had one thing in common: from the 'business end' of each, the rubber extended into a leash, ending in a broad latex loop. She took a moment and grinned. “Though, of course, only one of these will assure you a victory in our lil' contest. But which it is, well, that's the game, isn't it? Let the round, commence.”

Teal scanned the toys, Was it by preference? By association? The butt plug seemed like a gimme for failure, but what if that was the unicorn's intention? Only the one willing to risk associating themselves with her ass were fit to win in her eyes? Her thoughts were interrupted as Rodge sprung up and shoved her aside, making a b-line for the sounding rod. And she was reminded, this was not a situation where she had the luxury of analysis...

“Where do you think you are going?” Teal cried out and darted after him.

“Mare's got no dicks, bonehead.” Rodge shouted back.

Teal winced. How'd that idiot get to such a sound conclusion this fast? And now he was about to win? She shook her head, and launched upwards, to spike downwards in a swooping strike as Rodge neared the toy. -Ddfmfpshts- Tackling into his side and toppling him off balance assured her the lead, but the cock was up a moment later, rushing shoulder to shoulder... before Rodge grabbed the rod. But Teal clutched the collar, ripping it out of Rodge's grasp threading her beak through the collar.

“Ding, the dick toy's claimed.”

“Fmmgs, ass,” Rodge spat, “I'll show you what-”

“The cock plug, is claimed. Fits just one, you are on thin ice already, won't have a choice for much longer,” Pan reminded.

Rodge's eyes widened, spying Irune halfway between the dildo and butt plug, but Fyn running to the plug.

“Hey slow down.”

Rodge shrieked and sprinted off.

“Oh no, in your dreams, you psychotic jerk,” Fyn called out as she leapt on top of the butt plug, threading the collar around her head when Rodge neared.

“Dicks,” he shouted, then stared down Irune, who only now set off for the dildo.

Rodge furrowed his brow and ran her down, The hen wincing as he neared, seeing anger flaring up, and veered off.

“Agatha,” Rodge laughed as he grabbed the dildo, hoisting it up triumphantly and snapping the collar around his neck, letting it hang as the medal on his chest. “I win.”

“Dildo's been claimed, and if picking second to last counts as winning, then you are all winners,” Pan mused, seeing the four of them strapped in. “Which is true, you all made it so far, but only one is eligible to leave, and spread the name of Grease Pan, Raider Queen,” she toted whilst sauntering down the steps.

Teal swallowed, “Alright, i-is that it? Just musical chairs with sex toys?”

Irune shuddered and swallowed, staying straight. “So who's the winner?”

Pan stepped into the center of the hall snickering, “Who said the round was over just yet? Did you hear me ding?”

The griffons waited with bated breath.

“We've got one more bit of fun to determine that,” Pan said, as her horn lit up, and the collars following suit, drawn towards the center by a magical attraction, to converge upon Pan. “But I'll give you a hint. What are sex toy's used for?”

“Wait, what do you mean? It was all this for nothing?” Fyn called out, her paws dragging across the ground as she was hauled towards the mare relaxed in the center.

“I still want someone to come out of this and spread my reputation, so that'd be pretty silly.” Pan explained, the griffons only a hoof away from her.

“Th-then what's the meaning of this?” Irune struggled. -Tnnfhfhtc- Until the bridle yanked back, heaving her off the ground as it was suspended in mid-air... and the collar tightened. Wait, that wasn't it... grave still hung, locked in a horizontal free fall, as gravity shifting in relation to the gag.

Pan licked her lips. “In principle, if you all knew who would win, neither of you would strut up a fight.”

“So this is still just you getting off?”

“Essentially,” Pan responded to Teal, reaching down to her crotch, and dispelling the cloaking field, to unveil a throbbing trunk of a marehood, “that's the idea,” she said and parted her maw, Irune suspended at just the right height for her leg paws to dip past the humid abyss, winding into the broad maw washing her in swatches of drool laced breaths.

-Tngngh- -Thngngs- -Thngngs- Gravity displaced for the others in tune, as Pan laid splayed back on the ground, Fyn hanging from the butt plug, suspended a few cents off the ground, -Sflfpthhts- but haplessly sinking into the gaping brim — the pucker had already gotten quite a workout to say already, and her squirms were only warping the risen flesh to cling to her contours -Sflphts- -Flrlsfpshhts- Right above her hung Rodge, frantically tugging at his collar whilst his tail -sflfpths- was snatched up by Pan's pussy, pulling the perturbed punk past Pan's lips.

“I'm not scared of some mare puss.”

“Mumps, mm, that's good,” Pan mumbled around Irune's thighs, wrapping her lips -Gllgpmhpsb- to shovel the hen's drumsticks down. “Keep thelffmmpgh yourself that ff.”

“Gorgas.” he grunted as the slit clasped around taut onto his crotch, his legs forced to contort to the hold of the damp chasm. Rodge felt the reverberations from Fyn struggling beneath him, the two of them stacking together to bloat out the mare's midsection, as she scooped along the ground to work them in deeper.

Above Teal was waist deep in dick. -Chhflrpths- cpfhhsthst- the thick mast creaked and squealed of greased rubber hinges whilst the hen delved down. The shaft's sides swelling to a smooth bulb of twitching meat, all whilst the griffon flapped her wings in an attempt to rise out of their predicament.

“Fmfmwph, fmpwfh. Mmg, smpaha, but I did good, right? I thought I impressed you?” She squeaked as -Flslphfhts- the dickhead broadened just enough to snag up a wing, -SFfplssfhts- the flesh worm winding furthers up her body as gravity sent her ever deeper.

“Nmmhmmf, fmsp,” Pan mumbled back, her cheeks plump with spry chicken, licking over Irune's breasts as the bird chest's bloats siphoned form her cheeks down to her engorge her gullet.

-Chflrlpths- -Chfppshts- -Flltwhtps- A cacophony of clenches, grounds, and the polish of meat buffering coat and feather's matte, from the quartet of distressed chickens threading down to occupy the mare's insides. -Clpghtpghs- muffled jabs protruded up along her abdomen, round her dick and down her neck, each bump which rose soon to subside all sailing down smooth as the tissue wore them down. A slather like the sound of spreading hot glue -Chrlffpcllrths- pasting over the griffons whilst they reseeded into Pan's body, gradually siphoned into a disperse collections of bloated bulges, with fur, feather, and talons consumed by sprawling, moulding meat -ShFhhrrfppts- -Rhflfpshfsh-. The pleading grinding in amplitude, and Pan's body jostled to and fro by the boundings, as each pit -Flpcthhs- -Clrpsthhs- crawled past their faces -Sflpcpfrtu- sealing in around the collar... -Cthwmmmp- -Twmpshlp- Until each toy slotted in, plugging the one escorting them sealed in the unicorn's innards.

~ 5 ~

-Gllgmpghgs- -BhhraaAhhhiiuurraalp. Irune felt he throat quiver around her, meat massaging and slapping into her sides as the caustic vent of fumes flooded past her on the way out of the mare's throat, she could hear the others...

“Mfmfosmgs.”

“Mfghhrf.”

“Mdmrm Mfmwhr mrmrsp.”

Though distanced by the nature of the adipose and muscles insulating them, but close enough that she could feel the vibrations of their kicks and struggles. All this just to end up down this bitch's gullet... Irune shivered... -Clpftthhs- Then... the taut trough stretched, the flesh ahead of her moulding outwards, forming a pouch, -Slfpstshhs- which the griffon slotted in. With a most smear of custard.

“Wuh... hah? It, stopped?” she mumbled.

“Yuh huh,” came a voice rippling around her, “That's mah crop, you birds know what that is, right?” Pan spoke around the gag, rubbing down on the congested outcropping sculpting her neck to a rotund orb. “Congratulating ding, we got ourselves a winner.”

“I... won?” Irune mumbled.

“Yeah, the crops where I store things when mah pockets are full, but smuggling such a big load, you be careful, a wrong move and you might trip in. Other than that, get comfy, I'm gonna take my time with these, and you get front seats with me to hear em squirm.”

Irune felt the mare heaving herself up, and trotting away to slump down somewhere comfortable. Swaying gently to and fro in the throat, she heard the growls and gurgles erupting beneath -Flpftthhs- -Brhrlgpghts- -Chhrrlslpstish-. This wasn't a show she wanted to experience, but, it couldn't beat the utter relief fluttering through her chest.

“Mmf?” She mumbled, as she felt herself bump up to something, fishing out a data chip stashed in the crop with her.

“Ooh, looks mighty important...” she mused, -Flpths- and dropped it down Pan's throat behind her.

“I win.”

~ 6 ~

Pan’s lips rattled in a vent of gullet steam -Graaaaahhoourrrslp-. “Phehaa, those turkeys feel like they roasted up good,” Pan huffed out.

Iruno quivered, spittle and drool soaking her plumage, and the struggles had long since stilled, but she could smell a ripe tang of curdled malt in Pan's belch.

“Holding up alright?”

“Better than the others.”

“Better than the o-. Oh hey, got a bit of wit to ya, glad to hear you are in good spirits, about time to check up on the others, just gotta...” She mumbled and reached back to her ass. “Phaaa. PPhaa... phrew,” Pan tugged at the flat end of the plug stuffing her ass. Wiggling it to some amused shudders. -Sflpfth- -Clpshts- -Pjjwopths- Till it gave free and bounced off the ground.

“And you twoo...” she huffed and fiddled with her dick, -Dflpfh- -Drlgpfshths- until the rod crept up and -Slpftthsp- uncorked from the throbbing bottle. -Sflfspthts- The dildo lodged in her snatch gliding free with a sheen of nectar tethering it to the smooth, puffed lips. All of the toy's collars hanging loose, but striped in brown mire of glistening sex sweat. “Phaa, that’s all of ya, lets see who made it~.”

-Fppfhhrbrth- Pan unleashed a bellow of flatulence, droplets of colon goo and a haze of feathers flushing out her flanks. -Slpfhths- A crinkle of manure worming forwards and spackling the walls of her colon with filth reverberated in the wake of the venting gasses, the thick expanse of auburn wedging open her sphincter, whilst the mare was busy on her front, Brushing down along her cock to massage her balls against her marehood, dipping the -Slpggush- sloughing nuts to her supple crotch. The other hoof scratching at her abdomen where her bladder busily boiled the bird brain, whilst her hind nursed the fluctuating knoll of mulch.

“Mfpha..., out you come now, fmmf, as much as I'll be enjoying this, you are just a heap of losers taking up space,” Pan huffed out between pants. Dipping into her snatch along with her balls whilst the blockage of manure crept down her bowels. The stretch of manure was embedded with a scapula peeking out through a fracture in the filth, grinding up against the side of Pan's pucker as the bale heaved forwards.

-Flplfbchhptths- -Cffpfpstths- The brim creased the bulk of bowl bile with a bubbling putter of rippling dancing flesh, her brim swelling to accommodate the girth of the raw umber, stretching -Slfpfths- till the manure had enough space to slog through, tobogganing out her cleaved cheeks and -Dllpfbthpts- unleashed on the ground. -Sflpftwiththe- With the first one free, her pucker turtled around the second bale. A tear gouged in the bowel fudge revealed a crumbled, yellowed beak nested in the gutter gruel; tarnished and tainted in deep hues of muck, the beak sloughed out the pit in rhythm with the puckers undulating -Flspthths- -Crlphttha-. The bale arched down past the mare's cheeks and sloping towards the ground. The filth extending as a pillow of brown marble, tessellated with fractures that sprouted across the surface of the bale, diving it in segments of processed chicken-litter.

-Slfpfhthpts- -Fppfprlths- Creaks and crumbles of mangled mulch joined thin puffs of vitriol smog crowding in as the bale drooped. Fyn's beak soon -Dlslpftths- burrowed into the preceding bale. -Flsptwtp- Covered up in the stacking lengths of manure, mired in melted marks of black feathers, plastered in amongst chunks of broken osseous tissue, and drooling in strands of viscous bowl lube tethering along the fissures of the doughy bale.

“Mphaa, that one really ha daf, fsss knack for getting herself tucked up an ass, really mfms feels like this was her destiny, fmfms ooh gosh she’s so big,” Pan huffed out to herself, gyrating her hind in rhythm with the pillar of molten griffon serpentine out her hind and prying at her pucker.

She shoved her balls deeper down her snatch. A tickling urge sprouting through her dick as a cock carbonation. Her pussy suckling and -Slfpshshts- clasping around the sack, dripping with a thin beam of fluid, disrupted only by the throbs of the quaking meat above.

“Mmfms mfpshsm alm... oost. Fmmgmghnf...” She stifled her moan into a rustled sigh as a surge of relief flushed out of her bladder and brushed a stroke of heat through her shaft, barrelling up towards the very tip of her flared dick. -PPfssllrrsst- An eruption of warmth soothed into a river of satisfaction, a flood of tepid amber brewed hot through the pony’s bladder hosed the ground ahead in waves of liquid pungency and matting discoloured yellow. The stream of urine strewn with heaps of skeletal chunks -Clpths- clattering to the ground as they were sluiced from the mast -Sffrlpplltch- -Clrckt- -Krlktch-. Her cock pumped out liters of putrid griffon reduction. Stacks of smoke oozed from all surfaces the piss claimed, shedding the heat infused through its broil through Pan’s pressure cooker and contaminating the garage in a haze of mince chicken and dustbunnies marinated in a potent brine. It pooled and trickled down shattered femurs and fractured, hollow wing bones cast off in the humid downpour.

“Mmfaanna yeah,” she wheezed between her teeth, -Slfpffhthpht- unloading fluttering rear belches of greasy smog as she coaxed out every droplet of liquefied griffon drooling out her dick. Whilst underneath, the pool of pussy glue -Slclphts- spread every wider into a reflective lake. -Clpths- -Crlsplhts- Occasionally the lust canal dropped a smoothed, clean-boiled bone. It was all that remained of the pussy-brewed cock of a bird. -Sfplfhts- The pond of viscous liquid lust reached back to the hillock of manure and off towards the ocean of sprawling yellow film of urine stretching out ahead as a firework of fluids, uniting the three griffons among Pan’s cocktail of bodily fluids: as three bare bones losers.

~ 7 ~

“Phoo. Hhaaf, tha Pho I really need vacations like this more often,” Pan said mumbled through her gag, keeping it free with her teeth whilst going through her back, wiping; a trail of swirled fluids tracing her back to the stacks of sloping manure and nectar, coming to an end as she wiped herself clean with a towel snagged from the base.

“Y-yeah w-whatever, c-could you just let me out now...?” Irune huffed out.

“Mmm, I dunno about that.”

“Wh-what?”

“You bitch I-.”

“Calm your tail feathers, you are quite a fine bird, and you deserve to spread my reputation.”

“Fmmrf...” Irune grumbled.

-Frllspts- The door flung open, a tired grey mare with her floozy mane a frazzle wobbled in.

“Pan, you about done, geeze these feather balls can be a hassle when they wanna be, but we got everything secured, fofush, oofuh,” Zap waved her hoof over her muzzle, “actually, I can smell you are done.”

“Giving em a bit much credit, aren't ya? They just need a bit of encouragement,”

-Fllspthss-, “Oh, to go soft on ya.”

“Quite so,” Zap nodded, and spied the gag birdle grafted around Pan's muzzle. “Hey, what's this?” she asked whilst already reaching to tug it out. -Thtsngns- the rubber leash tensed with the twang of a violin string, and the earth pony spied the drool soaked talon agent lodged down past the gullet. “Oh, heck, no you are not getting out.” she said and bit down on the leash. -Clpsthsh- The tether snapped, and the weight flew back down and whipped back into her mouth.

“Mfmphahawahchmfmm-fmspghs-” Irune's shouts quickly submerged in within the cocooning insulation of Pan's throat, -Gpmggllhgs- the bloated gullet crop slopping off to -Sllpgbwngmgns- inflate and dip Pan's gut down in a broad sag around the well lubricated bird.

“Phhathsl spathes wpmagha-.” Pan spat and gargled.

“Oh, there is no need to thank me, just watching out for my trusted friend and business partne-.”

“Bug, the Hell, that was the winner.”

Zap tilted her head. “The who’s it?”

“That was the griffon who...” -Pan growled but then peered down at her gut -Sflpghth-
-Ggrrplsghs- growling and churning in turn. She took in a deep breath, and sighed. Then, in a voice shifted two stages duller, she muttered. “You know what, it doesn't matter...”

Zap grimaced, nibbling down on her lip before schooling up to the tall mare's side. “Hey, sorry if I messed something up, but I can make it up to ya, this batch wasn't as grand as we wished for either way, and I bet there's more eager, capable Talon agents in a more active base.”

Grease Pan's ears perked up. Though her tone still carried glum notes. “I'm listening...”

“Great, but first, we gotta set off, transport's waiting.” Zap chimed in a spry tone and sauntered up. -Flspths- A griffon tail flicking out of her pucker, hanging and swinging in motion with her own.

“Hmm? Bug, when'd you nab yourself a second tail?”

“Ooh, this?” she said and -Swttmtph- smacked her gut, the mare's barrel kicking to life and sloughing to and fro -Slfpfbth- -Fsthsb- “I wanted a full belly massage, and that's only done best with no distraction and the masseuse remains devoted to their task, isn't' that right?” -Sllwtthp- another smack sent the gut into a thrashing tumult, leaving the mare huffing and squealing as she teetered off. “Oooh ofosh oo that's the spot, good girl~” she huffed out in the distance.

Pan peered down to her gut, scoffed, and rubbed her hoof to the side of the plush blubber -Fgplghs- -Glspghhths- fumes and mm fresh meat dispersing and moulding to her kneads. “Yeah, may, guess I needed an excuse to extend my vacation,” she concluded, and joined up with her partner; the Talon base left stranded as another looted ruins of the wastelands.