

Twin Birthday's Dinner and Show Part 2

Written by Septia.

Kalmoor crept thought the apartment, the gryphon keeping his fluffy leopard tail hoisted to avoid the drag, following a round of gurgles. The gryphon peeked his beak around the corner into the bathroom. The shower head was still on, cresting down the carpet of water over the twins who were slumped back in exhaustion, partially sunken into the meter wide thrones of muck containers.

“Ahff-fa fplshoroo... nnsahrhgrrlgwgl, fphiooo.” Essex laid huffing and snoring, gargling a mouthful of water between breathes like a rain catcher.

“So you two are just gonna up and nab me without permission,” Kalmoor huffed and clacked his beak, “but a bit of revenge should be enough payback, you rude bitch,” he mused and snuck inside with claws splayed. The gryphon snatched Essex and toted her out with him, straining under the magnified weight the full diaper provided, chugging along until he collapsed with it in the living-room. “Pshaa ok, think you can just get away with this?” he asked, as the pony blinked the rest out of their eyes.

“Husha?”

“You are always so careless. Find it only right I’d get something out of this little deal you pinned on me, Essex.”

“Huh? Kalmoor? I’m Ero...?”

Kalmoor paused, studied a lock of Ero’s mane. “Huh, look at that, green strikes.” He paused for a moment.

“Eh, you’ll do,” he said with a shrug and shifted to Ero’s back, peeling down the skin of the diaper with a -Chrllfpfthtshs- cresting squeal of gumming manure strands stretching in the open space. Cyan hair laid scattered in, sprouting up form the fissures of the compact, much like wild grass.

“Phoooa... you gluttons chugged down Grease Pan?”

“Most recently?” Ero mumbled.

“Phew, you; re a stinky little sucker, but I’m not picky, I’ve been aching since I got back in the grid,” Kalmoor mused and cradled his shaft, stroking along the length of of his meat as the muscles hardened and his dickhead flared up. “And you’ll take my dick like the cute bitch boy you are, right?” He teased whilst he lined his flare up to Ero’s winking brim, -Sfpflths- and wedged right through his tip, the gryphon sighing and cupping a good clawful of orange ass in each palm to knead while he bobbed his dick down Ero’s mud slathered brim. A contouring splutter and burble -Gbwlrpgghths- winding through the rear as fumes funnelled through the gaps of breath afforded by the gryphon’s battering ram, humping with a rhythm that shook down Ero’s spine and jiggled the clogged pampers. “Aah, that’s a good mfms, loose boy.”

“Mfmfms mpfh... Mfms still haven’t r-recovered from my l-last time, fms,” the stallion huffed out, his wings wiggling on his back.

“Shoulda thought of that before your mfs, sister gobbled me up, fmms.”

“Mfmfs, psha, then fssm you would have been cramming your mfms fat cock down the same pit that pasted you out?”

“Mfmss,” Kalmoor huffed and let his palms roam up Ero’s back, shoving him down to angle the hind up in to support his thrashing thrusts, -Thwllpt- -Twtlptsghs- moulding a path to the depths of the pegasus’s bowels through the mire of gruel. “That would have been pretty hot, something you’d be up for once I’m done with you?” The gryphon huffed, riding on the rustling and clattering mound of mulch and bones, his cock swelling in thrusts of lust which collected towards the base of the pink shaft.

“Fmpfs hfshaa, y-you a-are gonna eat me?” Ero huffed out in pleasure, smushed and juggled around in his fanny baked fudge, his cheeks rippling in the smacks of the gryphon’s battering.

“Mfms, haven’t decided yet, would you wanna melt away like all the rest you’ve chugged out into that diaper all day, just a putrid stack of pony pate?” Kalmoor teased between thrusts, withdrawing shorter and shorter stretches as tension surged through his sensitive tissue.

“Mfmfms oaoh heck yeah,” Ero squealed, his howls oscillated by the clapping rut.

“Mfmmfs.”

“Phhsaa, such a greedy mfms, slut, you’d melt up so good fmmfs.” The gryphon groaned, claspng his claws tight into Ero’s coat as his lust congregated through his crotch -Sflflpsths- his knot engorging to a fat, fleshy gourd plugging up Ero’s bowels as the rush of stewing, undiluted pleasure erupted from Kalmoor’s cock. The stallion’s bowels moulded right around the throbbing shaft, salty spunk gushing out in droves of molten bird jelly, converting his bowels into a reservoir as Kalmoor ground and gyrated his knot in the ample suction of Ero’s rectum, pumping liters of nut sludge to satisfy the exhausted stallion.

“Mfmfpgs haaaf mpfphwa...” he panted, twitching and savouring the bloated stimulus from the knot tying him to the gryphon.

“Phooa... ha... Ooaaww your ass guzzled cum like a trashcan...” Kalmoor teased before cradling the stallion’s ass, and -Flthtjorslp- ripping his dick out of the brim, the tensed pucker warping thin and smooth around the bulb. Kalmoor was quick to snap the band of the diaper back over the stallion’s hind, and tug him back -Sllfpfthsts- so Ero could feel him sitting back on a puddle of tepid spunk, with his brim leaking out waves of soothing cum in the tight confines of his diaper.

“Phaha, that’s better, you dirty bitch, stewing in my cum,” Kalmoor said. Then paused, and hummed to himself.

“Mgm dmpghsg, mphooos aoh my ass realmsmt, needed a bit of cream for all this friendly pudding,” Ero huffed out between shaking coos.

”You really liking how that cum feels?”

“Mmfh mmhmm.”

“Good, cus you drained me dry, but I’d like to go for another round” Kalmoor explained and snapped his beak by Ero’s cheek. Which roused him enough to look come to his senses, looking around as Kalmoor slipped off his back. -Chflprghths- then felt a familiar, gummy warmth applied to his hooves, peeking back to see Kalmoor wringing his cockpit over his hoof, -sllspthths- gradually sinking into the post-climax limping shaft, -Sflpfths- and drawing him into the tubular meat tunnel.

“Mmggm sn fooo, mfpshaheck yes fms geeze your cock real tight,” the stallion huffed out as the shaft -Clflpht- -fllthst- sloughed up over his hoof, drawing it into the embrace of the manhood.

Kalmoor huffed out while he hoisted up Ero’s other leg, -Flclphts- prying his pit wider enough to sneak in the tip of the squirming hoof, siphoning it down with firm thrusts as his pillar of sloppy flesh engorged around the contours of a pair of tree trunks dwindling down his mast.

“Mmfhf sphsa,” Ero huffed out as he looked back, watching Kalmoor on his feet, humping forward to let his mast -Flflpfthw- devour another stretch of him with each motion.

“Mmfns, speaking of dipping back into pits you’ve come out of~” The stallion panted out with his tongue hanging by the side of his maw.

”Mmf, hit the nail on the head,” Kalmoor cooed in an answer and wrapped himself over Ero’s midriff.

“So allow me to nail you down my head,” he huffed out and reeled Ero back to him in the same motion as he gave a mighty thrust. -Chflrprghths- With a scrunching and crinkle like paperwork clotted in taffy the gryphon’s pillar engulfed his thighs, the tensile tip inviting him in to the escalating pressure down the trenches of the flared dick. Fmfms gmpghs... Phaaa, h-hey m-maybe we should change me, f-first?” he said, watching as the cocklips clenched around his thighs and a hillock of the waste filled diaper, the napkin matching him in size...

“Phhff, oh you are not gmg, getting off that easy,” he said and shifted onto his knees, crawling forwards and helping to hook and pry his dick wider as it warped and distended around the expanse of chartruce tainted padding with a coursing -Clpghrhgcshts- crinkle palpitating thought the stallion’s body. “And neither am I, fmms, until I’ve stashed all of you down my balls. I couldn’t sfms, separate you from your filth,” He huffed while his dick -Slfpghhtts- contorted his lips around the bale, gradually gorging itself on the pegasus’s frame like the maw of a monster, confining and condensing the fabric pail into a dune on his stressed, twitching pink manhood. “I’m gonna stew you into the fithirmmiest batch of cum I’ve ever splodged. Itnd you’re gonna get to marinate your fudge filled pampers into that mmsp briny peppery cock ointment.” He huffed as he shoved forwards, the dick caressing past the zenith and warping inwards to contain the front of the diaper as Kalmoor crawled above Ero, droplets of sweat falling from the avian and matting the newly washed coat.

Oofmfms, ooohe-heck y-yes, s-stuff me a-all the w-way downf fms al-almost got it gmmfs, s-ses I’ll b-bee seieng you sofmn Pan, fmsm, l-let’s be greasy together.”

“Mgmgn sooh yeha, fmsm, I’ll melt you both into some thick cock grease.” Kalmoor moaned as he -Slfphttbwbtphts- swept up over the diaper and collapsed it over Ero’s chest, -Scnttchc- slathering him in a balm of clotted dick slime infused with pamper phlegm.

The gryphon took a breather and drummed his knuckles onto the bulge in his dick, -Cfpth-clfpths- the ripple of his skin taming the crinkling and clattering of round bones and sludge congesting his cock in a mammoth bulge.

“Don’t fmsm you worry, I’ve got ya...” he huffed up, folding Ero’s shaking shoves in with his own rattling , -Clgpthhg Cbprhtsh- his dick rippling in tension as it slurped and suckled up to engulf the pony’s shoulder. Mfms, bud you are making my dick sag so deep,” he huffed out, trickles of pre squealing and bulbing up around the stallion’s neck as the snapping, oscillating ring of flesh wrapped upwards.

“Mfmfms aaah y-yes, t-thanks fmms you, this is th-the best birthday ever.”

Kalmoor blinked, “Huuh? Oh, it’s your birthday? Heh, well that’d would explain things,” he said and planted his palms on top of the pony’s head. -Chrllpghthhg- he shoved the orange muzzle down his dick, watching his cock acclimate and constraint around his wrist, suckling up the green and blue striped mane into its lurid confines -Shfflpthsgshshts- -Slfpsths- before drawing back his hand for the dick tip to seal up... The whole oblong bulge spanning from his neck down to his lap, Kalmoor balancing on it and kneading down with his tail and his knees. “Mmf, almost, fsm come on,” he huffed out. “Don’t be difficult now, just get, down there,” he growled and shifted backwards, hoisting the engorged mast up as he sat back onto the ground -Dtwwhpt- -Clpghthhths- the thud of his hind rousing up into the contraction of his dick, the mast slimming from the tip downwards as it shovelled the onslaught of pony and sludge down into Kalmoor’s balls, the deflating dome magnifying into two grotesquely broad and crinkling bulging hills. -Slfplfshththsts- -Scllpshts- leftover cum cream spluttered from his tip as he -Clspghthhg- -Pllgpghghs- swallowed down the eager slut into this expanding, white fuzzy balls -Clpghghtbts- -Cspgphts- a slosh of sludge and chunky batter rippled through the orbs as Kalmoor panted out heavily, grunting with his left leg cresting over the zenith of his left jewel, watching it contract and -cgbrbgs- mould around the series of shuffling lumps, sailing around his sack.

“Pfmsha.a.f mfmosgphaaooo... ooooh good pony... psha, osj. Haaa just relax in mfms, there fmms, shehh, shh,” she shushed as he limply massaged the engorged bloat with his leg, before it slumped off, along the rest of him, sprawled out on the floor with his tongue peeking out the side of his beak. “Mmfs I’ll have you churned up to fmms, some chocolate buttercream, smms, just gonna... stew for a bit,” he said and clenched his knees on the orbs to -cllspghths- jostle them up, “let you brew for a spell...”

A resounding thud in the distance broke through Essex's wail of recovery.

"Mmfs. Whuhs... that?" She mumbled, eyes roaming around the bathroom.

"Ero?" she asked the empty bathroom and shuffled up -Shflpwqsh- a curl of caked crud coursing through her nappy as she sauntered out of the shower, leaving hoofprints of moisture in the hallway.

"Where're you hiding, my little-..." she began, until her gaze landed on the spent leopard gryphon sprawled out on the floor. -Ghrbgshs- with a pair of inflated, furry orbs warping and contorting in the distinct squeals and squirms of her twin.

"... Bitch." She snapped and took off into the air. -Flpsth- Her diaper anchoring her to the ground like a teardrop sculpted satchel of lead, though in her frantic burst of energy she let it drag beneath her as she flew up to confront Kalmoor.

"Kalmoor, you rude maggot. First thing ya do when reformed is to devour my bro?" she said, taking a gasp of air as the weight and adrenaline rush was wearing on her, all as the gryphon remained panting on the ground, "I was-" but soon gasped in a deep breath to growl, "I was gonna do that."

"Shhfs..." Kalmoor mumbled.

"That's all ya gotta say for yoursel-."

"Cut the canter, Essex. I'm in the middle of pulping your sweet slut of a bro into nut butter. We'll deal later, just let us enjoy yourselves."

Essex's grumpiness concentrated into a scrounged grim pout; the pegasus peered down to the ballsack, hearing muted moans and sloshes of melting gruel, then back up to the gryphon. She spat out a "Fine," and landed.

Despite relenting, the mare's levels of perturbedness were made visible in her expression. "But I'm still pissed, There's gotta be somepony I can hold responsible."

"Fbeep bwop." A buzz and a squeal sneaked out from around the corner after she had voiced her frustration, and from around the corner to the hallway galloped a blur of chartruce, unfolding their leathery ochre wings to scootch to a halt in the middle of the room.

"Ti dih diiht," Sick chimed, the bat pony's tail whipping in an orange blur of excitement.

Essex scanned them from top to bottom, then smacked her lips. "Ah, yeah, you'll do," she said and stepped ahead, "you little pipsqueak, ready for round two? Bro got to churn you up, but my gut's not as stuffed, ready for round two?"

"Bwwelrp," she called out, "one sec," she added and dashed back out of the room.

Essex gritted her teeth.

-Flpghths- A jostle of rubber rippled as Sick leapt back, now with their crotch wrapped with a harness, sporting a hollowed imitation of a dick. They pumped their lap forwards, so the rod erected tall in a ripple.

Essex mused, "Ooh," she leaned back and let her own lilac strap-on cock rise, "you want a joust, huh?"

"Berrwlp," Sick cooed and stood wide-legged herself.

"It's a bother to not have your brother here to translate," Essex mumbled as she got into position, "but here's the rules. Only the weapon of choice is our instrument, first one to climax loses, deal?"

"Vrrwlp." Sick answered with enthusiasm.

"Good, then ready..." she mumbled and squinting at the Bat pony. The room falling into silence.

-Bwwooohhhh-. A siren from the bustle on the road outside signalled the start of the duel, and the two ponies leapt forwards to clash their spears together.

"Pghsm, hasty are we?" Essex taunted, wringing her dildo around, gyrating Sick's shaft back to knead her pussy, their wings fluttering out as chills crept through the pale chartruce hide.

“Hah, didn't think it would be so easy-gso-.” she was interrupted when Sick reeled back, and thrust their strap-on onto hers -ScIpghhths- a potent squelch wrung out of Essex's hips as the bat pony hit their strap-on head-on in a risky thrust.

“Grrmmf.... oh you bitch.” she hissed and hopped to the side, diaper limiting her movements, but with a smack of her dick across Sick's thighs she got the upper hand, pummelling the rubber against Sick's polymer shaft in rapid bobs -ClIpthg- -Clpghths.

“How's that, whore? Like you should be leaking already, are ya?”

“Fbrgrwp,” but Sick swung back and clashed their strap-ons together, sending a thorough vibration through the two of them, “Mfmm.”

“Mmfmgths, youamfmsh heck yeah, come here.”

The two scrambled over one another, locked in a fight, though – a horny tussle of pummelling plastic pricks – all as Kalmoor relaxed on the carpet, trailing his fingers along to tease his dick.

“Heh, we're getting dinner and a show,” he mused as mares collided in combat.

”Phaa... phah...” Essex huffed, gnawing on her lip as she pressed her strap-on tight to Sick's, a few cents between their guts, spears twitching against each other in a cross between them. “Iaham fl'm not giving up s-so easily,” Essex huffed.

“Hnfmnch hhe” Sick snickered, to Essex's confusion.

-Frlssshsha- ‘He must be as depleted as her, was she just desperate?’ Then she heard it, a stream of fluids, collecting, rising. She peered down, and saw how the level of darkness rose up Sick's strap-on, the hollow rubber sloshing up and flooding with a liquid amber, a smokestack of steam rising from the wide tip.

“Ooh you wouldn-”

Sick thrust forwards, -schgfllpftsh- -Clpffhthw- and that strap-on full of reeking piss lobbed outwards, -sflprprlsth- splattering into Essex's front to sprawl into a broad splotch of matted coat. A sultry, humidity infused into her coat, spreading a tantalising heat through the mare that set her spine quaking from the pent up lust. “Fmgs gmshaa,” she grunted out, eyes wide and eyelids twitching. -Slpffhthts- Then a second coating of honeyed mare nectar dew flushed her coat, and the lurid embrace became too much.

“Mfmpfhahaaaa,” Essex vented a sardonic frustration in a howl of pleasure as her pussy shuddered in the drool of lust leaking down her thighs and seeping over the diaper, her hooves shaking, legs caving -Sldlpshthtgs- in a crinkling collapse of mud roused through her diaper as she slumped back into it with a drawn out sigh of satisfaction. “Mmff smpsha... fpshsh... T-that's cheating...” She wheezed.

“Flrlrwp bwewlp.” Sick tooted, wiggling her strap-on, she'd used nothing but it, and upheld the terms of the duel.

“You b-bitch bat...” Essex heaved out in a sigh, awash with annoyance and her reserves of adrenaline punctured like a water tank, draining out with her energy reserves, defeated.

“Fnn hehee,” the snicker of a scoundrel accompanied with a looming darkness, Essex peering up to see the chartruce cheeks hanging above, and betwixt them a ponut of plush meat in a beige peach, giving off the hue of expired frosting.

”I win raataa~” Sick declared, hosing up her hind to ram it down upon the exhausted mare. The pucker gaping broad as her cheeks -ClIsphth- sandwiched her head, Essex's mane slathered in gut phlegm as the pucker -ccrlprshhgt- snaked open and clung down her cranium with eager tugs of the colon carrying her upwards, and the plump hind lips oscillating its way along Essex's face, devouring her muzzle in the clutches of Sick's cramped catacombs.

“Fmmgths pwheesyfsmfms,” Essex manage to protest before the -Slflpfwhttvs deluge of rectum absorbed her lips.

“Mfnphooo,” Sick cooed above, gyrating her hips back and forth, rolling her cheeks over Essex's shoulders so her hind rippled with the muted growls of the mare. -Clpffhghts- Before the

crinkle of squeezing a camembert through a grate reverberated from the warm lips, warping over the pegasus's shoulders. Sick arched back to put her stomach in display, scratching around the warped outlines of Essex's muzzle that bloating out her crotch, the strap-on twitching and glueing itself around the fleshy contortion crawling up to inflate her body. "Mmfms mphaoaaa frwet," She huffed and shrilled, bouncing her thighs down on the mare sinking up her ass to stimulate the strap-on to dance on her crotch as her cheeks cleaved to -Slflpfthstha- vacuum up Essex's torso and bulldoze her wings which were pinned under the expanse of the bat pony's rugose pucker.

-Shlvlpftr- -clpsfsths- squashes and churns warped Essex's hearing, the wrinkled walls of the scamp's digestive tract smooching into her one moment only to yawn open the next, slathering her in webs of bowel lime on her journey up Sick's haunches.

"Mfmg sheater, let mg, ouht, this wasn't h-how today was gonna go, If anyone would suck me up it'd be Ero, I'm not gonna fmfmpsh. Pffhsah... melt down in some... fpsha... sluts's, mmcfpgh," she strained to struggle. The humidity amplifying as the bowel's atmosphere drenched her in a tepid mire, inviting her to unwind, "melt ings s-some, sluts... bat guano..." she mumbled. -Thbgths -BHFthsump- The undulating of moulding flesh around her lulling them into lethargy, satisfying a carnal desire within the mare, in the gentle gnawings of the bowels cradling her into the depths reeking of peach and spoiled grapes.

-Slflptghshth- -sflpsthshta- -clrpslghs- a cacophony of crumbles, bloats and squelches wafted from Sick's hind, the mare struggling to plug the diaper in through her pucker, wedging herself past the zenith, until she could hold out along a moan -Slflpfpths- as her hind burgeoned over the stuffed pamper -sflpbgithpwa- and siphoned its bulk to protrude the yellow dome sloughed into a sag between her legs. -Slflptsh- Her pit suckled up the padded fabric, with her flanks meeting the floor, and panted as she cradled and clubbed the bulges of the stubborn mare cooped up in her guts. "Fmprooorwt," she huffed, elated at the prospect of claiming her prize.

"Phoo..." Kalmoor chipped in from his spot on the floor. "These two mfs jerks make for some satisfying sags, huh?" The gryphon smiled.

"Pfhroowt~" Sick concurred, the two soon retiring to relax, and let their friends grow intimate with their insides.

~ 2 ~

Sick The bat pony cuddled her engorged abdomen between spells of rest, till the -Glrpghsa- gurgling mound had shrunken back to a manageable dome of flab, padded plush by the perturbed pony.

-Clflpfghts- her hind hissed with a flutter of meaty vapours, and she heaved herself up, sauntering towards the wide glass door in the living room. It opened out to the balcony. The underutilized area had space for a half dozen guests. -Gbghrpghs- Or, one pile of perturbed pamper padded pony pudding.

"Mmgghfr..." Sick growled, shuffling back with her hind facing the center of the alcove, running a hoof down her domed lap. "Mfms, phoot photoo," she huffed out in an imitation of a train whistle. -Chrlrpgsths- A crawling crackle of crusted fabric plumed through the pony's pucker prodding its way through the plump posterior, flesh blooming as the tainted bloomers budged up to jam the pucker. -Crlslgpghs- -KRkwpggghsst- The stuffing stopped the bat pony briefly, -Clprhchshts- till her brim relaxed to relinquish the bloomers, billowing through her buttocks. The fabric squealed through the brim with the sound of polishing a pane with butter, the once pale white padding corrupted to a bog brown of partially molten polymer. -Scllpghthsa- The brim contracting inwards to plough out a stretch of the bloat, so the diaper collected in a thick droop under the mare's

hind, and -Slflpfrhghtha- spooled free as her hind relaxed, and discarded the diaper to the ground with a growl and -Sbgrhpsfhshts- slam of congealed crud.

-Flprsth- The frills of the diaper unfolded from the confines of the pucker, and as it confined to steamroll over a mighty clog of bowel nougat, -Clfpshths- a crackle and clatter of bone warped the surface of the pucker. -Splfsth- Folded up from the holes of the diaper, squatting back up the band enveloped in the wide pillar of bile, laid the skeletal remains of Essex's legs. The bowels had melted her into a sludge clean of her bones, preserving the stubborn mare in a sarcophagus of fudge, sculpted to a burly, fat column through Sick's fanny forge.

"Mmfms phoor tshoommf," she squealed as her brim distended, wrapping and snapping over femurs, and rattling over a ridge of vestigial vertebrae wedged out through the back of the mulch. The battering ram of nougat -sflpwfjbtthsha- ploughing straight into the diaper pancaked beneath it, shoving Essex's leg-frame back into the confines of the soggy, molten diaper as Sick packed on kilos of curling clay cluttered with a carpet of orange fuzz and tufts of blue and auburn tinted mane, identifying who had contributed to the baking of these gargantuan globs of guano.

-Flpshth- -slpcslthsa- The pucker rippled, contracting along ridges and cracks through the booty blubber, -Sflsphhtha- a fan of fur gluing back up against her brim as it disgorged gunk, buffering the surface to a shine of bowel balms that sealed in the strands of hair not jamming into the folds. The coat hairs plastered into the surface of the mound in concentric patterns, clashing with the smooth, polished fractures, dividing the pillar in segmented patches of grime.

"Mgmm fmfps ofoh..." Sick squealed and huffed as the mound clogged her hind. The arch of sludge driving into the putty mulch below paused, jostling back up and down to stir into the leaking pale cauldron of a diaper below as the Bat pony struggled. -Cspghths- -Vrrlpslghst- The mulched mare's skeleton dislodged in the motion, and chunks of ribs and leg-bones broke apart to wade in through the melding mounds of manure, ribs and wing-bones peeking forth through the warping cracks of the mound suspended from the haunches, gummed deep into the cloak of crud.

"Phfof..." Sick flapped her wings in her struggle with the muck. "Mmfs, s-sore looser," she mumbled with a smile. -Fpshhths- -Clspthsa- The loaf compressed thin in the pinch of her bowels, a grinding mulch of oiled slugs spluttering from the condensation of the pit as the crumbled fertilizer snaked its way out of the straining hind. The pit bulbing gently as the mulch coiled over the rim of the diaper below, -Slplthssa- with a squeal and buffer of the oscillating threshold, the chunks of the mare's crumpled cranium unearthed through the bale, ferried along the slimmer serve of soft fudge to plaster into the mountain below -Chflpsthsha- entombing the skull that was shoved through the entombing bales of muck, -Dggllprllhhhtts- smearing into a tainted rod of lilac rubber jutting out through a slimy fissure, -Clslphththat- and threading into the hole of the caramel clogged cranium. "Fmpshaa, spwhoo phoot, bewp," Sick sighed in content, piling out the molch that stacked in droves and sloughed over the brim of the diaper in polished dunes. Until the commotion roused Kalmoor. "Phooa, wfha. Phaa? Oooh, musta dozed off," he mumbled, watching Sick relieve herself, framed below by his sack – shrunken, smooth, and stocked with slime.

~ 3 ~

"Hey, we can't keep the twins apart on their birthday," Kalmoor cooed and slipped past Sick on the balcony.

"Sgrop btwoop?" she asked.

"Yeah, I didn't know either, they can be secluded," Kalmoor responded as he took off into the air, spreading his wings and clamouring to hoist his jewels in his grasp as they weighed him down, "but mfmsm, I think I'll be able to coax him out, fmms. Come on, Ero. You gotta fmmsm be pulped into some thick, sldung laced dick drool, huhe?" he huffed, tail coming in from below to prop up his fuzzy orbs as his palms trailed up to nurse an erection. -Bbglpsthsa- -Glpshts-

Kalmoor's balls swelled in a throb, pumped up to the width of a couch cushion with the cargo curdling within.

"Mfmsm," he huffed out between tending to his stiffening shaft, head flaring broad and veins bulging in account with the stewing through his sack. "Bet a cock goblin like you fsms just creamed yourself at marinating into my spunk, you've gotten quite cozy in there." The gryphon teased as he juggled his storming sack with his tail, hovering mid air and aiming his erection towards the balcony's brown bullseye. "Mfmfs, but you are my ball batter now, fsmm pal, and you bmmff, better start behaving like it..." He hissed and clattered his beak together, handling his shaft in gropes and tugs -Thgobth- Tltpths- -Tlpths- the weight throbbing in the swelling sinew, till the cum carbonation had been roused to its limits.

-Bflfpfghhshgaht- the initial growl of sap laid muted under the deflating orbs, the rush ran rampant in a series of knolls protruding globes up Kalmoor's cock. The gryphon's eyes rolled up the back of his head as he felt the drove bump up against his wrist near the tip of his shaft, chocking the passage for a moment before he jacked them down in one last streak. -Cbgrlrprlghstha- the discharge erupted from the bloating tip, cast into the open air as an obese tendril of pearly cock milk, whipped to a gummy salve -slpfsthsa- interrupted by orbs of calcium – Ero's skull, polished clean as it lobbed out with the emission of splooge enveloping it and arching down like a convoluted meter. -Cpfshttsa- A second splurge of gryphon syrup bloomed forth and spiked another gallon of pleasure through Kalmoor's spine. His wings lagged behind as the rupturing loads of spunk combed his senses into submission, with further bloats -lfpsthtahta- launching through the throbbing dick with the clatter of cum cooked scapulas, ribs and vertebrae cast out in the geyser of dick mucus.

-Slfpfthsbthwap- The load bowled onto the heap of steaming guano, Sick cooing as she got a close-up of the white clotted nectar splattering into the heap and drooling down in droves of molten wax to frost and seep into the fissures of the bowel chocolate in its pale frosting.

"Gmmpgh gmspgha," Kalmoor struggled as his balls warped and -jgsslfpths- shrunk back to hoist a fat glob through his meat hose. -Lfpsthta- streaks of orange syrup from Ero's boiled hide painted the load and glistening in the light of the afternoon sun. Corrupted in splotches of burnished coffee, the cock gurgled and struggled before the drove rammed itself out his tip. -Sspfhstpshttha- A surge of ochre sludge projected from within, thin streaks of fissures still visible as the dense mortar brewed from Ero, and the mulch cooped up in his diaper and molten in to clumps flung from the dick. The macerated mulch splattered into the puddles of cum carved out in the sludge heap and -Sflpsth- scattered in a wave of murky dick dew around the balcony, gluing onto windows and flooring.

"Mfmsm dick's, that's thick as balls," Kalmoor panted and jerked his dick into motion, almost funnelling the thick mortar clotting in his dick to bloom out in droves through his congested shaft, scattered straps of the stallion's pampers peeking through, wrapped around remnants of pelvis and femurs. -Psgthsa- Jettisoned from the tip like the cork from a bottle to -Flpwfhhts- dig into the cooling bulk below.

Kalmoor gradually descended as he milked the mire mangled mucus of a cum load out his dick, till he hovered just above the pile, panting as the pale chocolate goop trickled out his tip to pile on it in a stream of yogurt, curling the stack of the Twin's mudcake, crowning it with a viscous helping of cock whipped colt cream. "Mfpshaaa...fmsaj... you dirty bitch, my dick's gonna smell like pony manure crud for weeks," he huffed out, landing on a patch of the balcony yet to be carpeted by the sprawling droves of twin tiramisù.

"Phoo...as mmf," the deluge blotting out the sky above the balcony in the looming onslaught. -Cspgthsa- mulch pelting into the supple curves of muck and malforming the heap's surface around the tensile pressure. "Mmm," he hummed as Sick brushed some residue off of her face.

"Well, unless somepony would be willing to help draw out the last of the birthday boy?"

"Flth Brwwp," Sick sneered with a snicker, hopping back and jutting out her hind to the gyphon.

“Oh, come on, it's really percolating through there, just a quick suck? I'll do whatever you want?” he bargained playfully and shut the balcony door behind him.

-Flsthshta- the heap gradually slogged and sprawled over the surface. Essex's skull surfacing through the sludge, sockets pinned on her strap-on, -Slfpflsththa- to be honeyed by the cum whipped, porous cranium of her twin brother, -flpsth- clattering together, and settling in the drooling heap of nougat and frosting.

-Splthwo- a droplet crawled over the edge, a sagging glob of pale white and brown – the tattered scraps of the diaper flung to land on the drove in a ragged cape, falling down towards the streets below, honed in on a cobalt pony's shoulder.

-Spltsthch- “Whathwuat?” they peered up, seeing a trickle of muck venturing down one of the balconies, “again?”