

Lustbound Installation

Written by Septia.

Fresh air. It tastes like a dream. I have been walking outside for, at least an hour now, and still the air... I can't get over it. I take a deep gulp of oxygen, it fills my chest, I feel my barrel expand without resistance; when I inhaled, my barrel expanded, there was no piping of porcelain or metal hampering its expanse, constricting my lung capacity, acting as a constant reminder that I was trapped down the drain of a toilet... It was just, a breath. This sensation was, normal, of course. But to me, it felt unusual after being trapped for so long. Wish I had gotten more of a chance to speak with Sinder. Difficult to find the words, and she was busy with work. But, giving us some time away from each other, might be for the best. I could gather my thoughts while visiting my family, and sort it out with her once we were together again. I had to clear up this misunderstanding. Yes, all of this started because... I asked for it, but, I didn't want to live as her toilet... I had more than enough experience of it now to last a lifetime. While walking, I check through my phone again. Still so many messages. People I know, people I didn't know; ponies wondering where I was, ponies knowing exactly where I had been. Over a month of unanswered messages. I put it back in my bag. It was giving me a headache to scroll through. Most of it was just, people teasing me. Unsolicited pictures of their plots and ponuts, as if I didn't see those enough from where Sinder kept me all day – or...worse. A month...

I brought up the phone again, scrolling through messages, oh no. In the cascade of notifications, was a line of messages from my boss. Oh. I stopped next to a house, leaning against the wall. At first, they had asked where I was. But...

Private Messages Chat with The Boss

Greetings, Reign. I have been informed of your new position. While I would have preferred hearing it from you in person, your partner was quite amicable in sorting out the details of your resignation. It was a pleasure working with you, and I wish you luck in your future endeavors. Your severance pay has been wired to Sinder as per her request. Best of wishes
– Tinseltink.

Oh. So, I wasn't working at the shop anymore, apparently. One less engagement that anchored me to this world. I guess that was... another thing I had to deal with.

Private Message chat with Heineon

Wassup Reign, heard you were out, real nice work at the party~. Wanna head out to a festival with me?
– Heineon.

I wasn't in the mood to engage right now. The thought of Hineon still had my stomach in a knot. I put the phone back down. And thus, never saw the follow-up message: "Oh wait lol, I'll just ask Sinder."

~ 1 ~

Secret, Funny to think how none of this was planned in the original story.

Home. That was my door. Been a while bit, it was still there. Deep breath. I knocked.

The door was soon replaced by the sight of a mare in a soft yellow coat and black streaked mane, my mother.

“Reign, my sweet cinnamon top. So great to see you, come in, come in, we have all been waiting.”

“H-hi, m-mom.” My voice sounded, small. The hallway was the same, mom and dad's hats were still on the shelves. And... was that Drew's old jacket? So he still lived with our parents.

“Good to see you, sport.” Dad said, coming out into the hall and scrubbing his hoof through my mane.

“Hey, d-dad. Long time no see.”

“Too long, too long. Aherm,” Brook coughed and took a step back. In the corner of my eye, at the foot of the stairs in the next room, stood Drew. My brother was, mostly the same. Though the way he looked at me... “Heey Drew, I am back.”

“...hi.”

“I will take your bags, dear,” mom said and helped me out of the saddlebags, just like she had done so many times before... This, nostalgia thrummed in my chest.

“I am in the middle of making dinner, so you will have to wait a bit, but there will be more than enough food for you as well.”

“Sounds good, I...” I wanted to talk. But, maybe it was a bit of a heavy subject to get into right away. I could, ease into it. “What's for dinner, mom?”

Violet paused, and tilted her head towards me.

“Oh, I am makin-.”

“Aaaauugh, could we stop this nonsense?” Drew called out and jumped off of the stairs, walking up into the hallway, his grape green hair flung back from his advance. “Why are you both doting over him like this? Its not like he's here to socialize and stay over dinner, he's not here as our guest,” Drew flung his hoof out in a gesture towards me. “Reign is back to be a fixture in our bathroom, he's supposed to be our toilet.”

A fracture chinked into the atmosphere of comforting nostalgia. Breath caught in my throat, my lungs stifled, as if they were already trapped again.

Brook smacked his lips. “While... I don't so much mind. Drew has it right. I have not yet had a chance to go today, still stuffed up from work, and I could use a sit-down before dinnertime.”

The fractures propagated; a lattice of cracks breaking through the façade.

Violet sighed. “Oh alright, I do suppose I will not have much time before dinner either way, might as well let you get comfortable, Reign.”

Drew faced me. Smirking, as his horn lit up.

In a flash of green, I was transported from not just the hallway, but from my family, and from the world I had thought myself anchored to. My hope, shattered.

~ 2 ~

These were the same roof tiles I had stared up at when I was as young. Boards covered in so many layers of white lacquer that they blended together into one whole under the alabaster membrane. They had left the seat up for me... The pressure was back. All around my torso laid the warped metal tubes, my neck encased in the nadir of the ceramic bowl. I was back in a toilet... my breath grew unsteady, in each shaking inhale I felt the metal casing weighing me back, reminding me of my place. Tears... I couldn't helped it. They made my eyes itch. But I could just try my best to blink them away. I couldn't believe this. I thought... I am so stupid... why would this be any different? But I... I hoped that this time...

-Dkkk- The door slammed open.

“Oops, sorry thought that I... forget you're in here.”

Dad... I can't speak, the tears and pressures have me choked up. But I hear him enter, I see him barely in the angle from the bowl. And in his hoof, was a magazine. Chills ventured down my spine. I know my father. I know what this means.

"Was, debating if I was even gonna bring this," Brook said, holding up the magazine. "Since, you are here and all. But it, just... doesn't feel right to me."

I feel my heart clench. Yes, yes he is right.

Brook smacked his lips and shook his head. "Pardon, that was rude, I have talked to your mother about this and, maybe I am just old fashion for not getting this. Didn't mean any offense, just, know it might take me a while to really get acclimated with this, new arrangement."

My heart sinks again. A cold horror streaks its way through my chest, constricting me. He knew it was wrong... he did not want to do it, and yet...

-Gbhrhbgbgghs- a rumble emanated from him. "Phoo, alright. 'Scuse me if I am not very talkative, I'm overclocked as it is."

Brooks' head disappeared from view. A moment of solace, staring at the ceiling. Then, they were eclipsed by a broad pair of wide, swampy cheeks. His hind sliding into the grove, blotting out all but a sliver of light.

"I..." I had to speak, now or never. "D-da-."

The pucker burst open in a pressure wave of smog -Pbbrrrrllpwrrrrth- The force of the hot air sweeping through my face and cloying its tendrils up my nostrils, an air of torched sawdust curdling in vinegar. All at once the bowl's temperature increased, simmering me in the presence of his active bowel's warning of what was to come. The sharp stench and heat coaxed more tears from the corner of my eyes, chipping breaths filling with the ageing flatulence.

"Oh, right, right one thing, Reign. I don't want any of that tongue business, I'm sure you are good but I, I uh mfmgh..." he grunted, the sentence petering out as I hear him fiddling with the magazine.

-Fppprfffwwrpth- Another blast of stench beating me down. His cheeks reverberating above with the force. The reverberations through the flank shook out droplets of old sweat that pelted my face in the redolent perspiration.

Some sweat seeped down my coat and muzzle, others clung to the hairs of my hide like dollops of tar, washing my face in the stench of hard work left to fester for hours on end. It was harder and harder to breath, let alone speak. All of my focus spent on keeping myself from hyperventilating. This odor... It was like hot pitch and raw sewage, it was salt-dried lettuce and old leather, it was... Less than what I was expecting. This kindled a thought in my head. Why? Why wasn't this the worst? Drew and I would always dare each other to go into the bathroom after dad, or, dread being next after he marked his territory. This should be worse.

-Chhrllrlgkts- I hear the pucker warp above, though barely see it. It is heralded by grunts and groans from above, the flesh spreading, the dimensions of the wide tube of raw muck threading through my father's trough. The sliver of light lit up the side of the pillar of dung as it escaped my father's clutches; fatas a turnip, glistening with dewes of colon bile filling the cracks with the mighty bale. As it closed in, the heat and pungency radiating out from its presence bathed me in a fatty sweltering of ripe manure...

And yet, it, did not feel like the worst I had been through. Spending so long at the bottom of a toilet, I had, seen a lot. This was, terrifying, yes. But... expected? This did not carry the same, strange discomfort as breathing fresh air had. It was, almost like, this was supposed to happen.

Watching the descending mound with this thought in mind was, even worse. Was I really that far gone? I couldn't be, this was a fluke this, I wasn't... meant to be here... right?

"Mmghgaa," Dad exhaled, I felt the seat shift as his pucker pinched into the mound, dropping the discharge straight into my face... right into, my open mouth. I... didn't remember opening it... it just, was, did this mean-. My thoughts blot out under the undiluted taste of manure slathering my lips and tongue. The blend of the bale barely fit down my muzzle, and was teetering before falling over my face -Clslpthth-. The muck gummed over my snout and forehead, threatening to dry stuck to my coat. I swallowed... leading the corpulent bowel snake down my maw, past my

tongue and down my oesophagus. -Glluguspgl- If I let this one stay, I'd soon be buried, and this crud dried to my skin, it would take a lot of scrubbing to get out. So I swallow, again, and again. The barrel of muck sinks down my throat, engorging it taut, swelling to the limits of the porcelain pocket by my neck. It is hard to work down but I managed more and more. Its incessant odor and taste permeating through my mouth and sinking into my senses, but I know I won't be rid of it elsewhere, it is routine by now. Even if it hurts, even if my neck malforms under its girth, I trawl it back off of my face, leaving me with a skidmark in its wake, and down the fat snake of sludge.

-Pfbrbrrohrhthtph- more smog beats down on me from above, stirring up the odor of filth encroaching from his bowels. It sloughs down over me, I wasn't finished with the first one yet, as the second mound piles down and -Cltpth- gummed at the tail end of the first, forming into one whole bale once more. This one thrusting down my neck without my involvement. -Clglpht- I felt my throat ache against the porcelain, that thin membrane of flesh sandwiched in between cold solid ceramics and a hard dose of gut clay on the other end. I cough, wheeze, struggle for breath in the small gaps I have between swallowing, between feeling the log wade through my cheeks and inflate them in turn, forcing me to gnaw and break down the bale into loose chunks I could pack down my throat.

"Mmpgsh, Reign, be, fms patient down there, more, than... enough to go around..." my father mumbles. Thinking my wheezes, coughs and gurgles were signs of enjoyment, of eagerly to tasting the muck billowing out his hind...

He really thought I... but in the end, neither of us wanted this. He was just... being courteous.

-Chhgprthgh- I heard more filth crinkling and grinding above as it warped and sloughed through his trenches. I couldn't stomach it... it was too fast, too much of a struggle to swallow, to feel the bale mark its pattern of fractures and bumps down my neck as I swallowed. The girth snaked around my muzzle, and I desperately chewed and suckled my lips full, I looked like a desperate, greedy hamster under the torrent of sludge.

"Brook, dear, dinner is ready on the table, we are waiting for you."

"I'm coming, I'm coming..." Brook mumbled out between huffs and grunts, weighing back on the seat and letting the bale flutter out with an -Bbfprprprprph- accompanying emission of gut exhaust.

I can barely see, but what I do see shakes me to my core... There was still more... his pucker swaying, gaping open over a wide stretch of manure... an obelisk of gutter fudge winding its way through. I wasn't halfway done with the previous cargo... The load barrelled down, smearing into the blossoming hill of brown gruel welling out of my maw -Chrlpthghs- and drooped down, curving and slathering over my face, sticking onto my forehead, slobbering through the tuft of my brown mane sticking up, squealing as it dragged against the porcelain above me -Chhrlrpsgha-. I watch it tail back and forth, weaving me in a patchwork of filth... entombed in his waste, baking under the radiating putrid musk...-Gllrrtchhslchs-.

Brook got up. With a practised swipe through his crack and letting it fall down the bowl.

"Oh, whoops I, M... guess that is fine," he says, looking down at the hillock of umber, "you alright down there?"

"Mmgpg gmpsg." I try to speak, feeling the bales oscillate around me.

"Mmm, Mhm, right then. I'll leave ya to it," Brook said, cleaning up, and walking to the door. He turned, paused, and turned around. "Good to have you back, son," he managed to say. Then left me...

He really thought... this is what I wanted, buried under a steaming stack of sludge... I wept under closed eyes, to not get filth in them... And kept working my way through the congealed gutter putty weighing me down. Forcing it down through my congested neck and screaming stomach... but, there was an even heavier pit in my stomach, than all this filth... I could not believe, that for the first time in years, this was the way we were eating dinner as a family again.

I felt heavy. My guts bulked with colon cement, clogging me into the surrounding tubes. I feel the grime squelch and warp through my stomach -Chhgllrpghah- -Grhrltlptsuahah-. Can't imagine how much time it had been. Time was, weird in the toilet bowl. I wasn't deprived of all senses, but, enough of them to lose myself... I could still feel, smell, see, and taste... but I didn't want to.

My breath stunk of hide dried in foil oil and salt. At least I could look at the ceiling. And the air wasn't all stuffy. So much time to think, but all I could think of was the smell.

-Dnnktkh- The door. Someone was here. My heart beat again. Please, please.

Drew's face peeked over the bowl, his grin mutating to a grimace as he took in the same air I had been soaking in for hours. "Hey there Rei-. Oooh... Ooough oughs, woow, you reek bro. Geeze, dad did a number on you, huh? But he always does, right? We know that better than anypony. Mm, guess I'll give it to ya, you have more first-hoof experience of it now." His voice, drenched in a malicious pleasure, staring down on me. "How you finding it? I set up the toilet with Sinder. Should fit a lil slave like you.... Heh, slave, could you believe it? You, get to be, my, salave?" he savored the words.

"D-drew, p-please."

"Wow, ok, begging already, can't even talk to my bro, huh? Weh, whatever," Drew said and shuffled up closer to the seat, looming over me from on high, his shadow falling over my eyes. "Guess I will get down to business. But, you already took quite a load from dad, so... I got a different load in mind..."

The unicorn flashed his teeth. At the end of the seat, by his crotch, I could see... a pole of flesh twitch, creeping up over the edge. "I've read your reviews, good stuff."

Reviews...? There were Reviews?

"Kinda worried my dick would get slobbered with dung if you sucked me off, but I guess if you suck long enough it will get clean, right? So... guess we should just get started... Ready to taste all I got, you washed up loser?" Drew beamed and moved his crotch over the bowl.

"Wait, Dew, please."

He stopped.

It took so much energy, my lungs aching after working over that filth and now, raising my voice. But... I had his attention. "Drew, I am, sorry. I don't know what I did. But, I -I am sorry. P-please. Yo-you gotta get me out of here. I'll do anything for you if y-you just get me out."

My brother's face folded in contemplation. It wasn't a look that suited him.

"Hmmm..." A long pause. "Out, yeah. We could do that."

"R-really?"

"I think it is a great idea, just gotta run it by mom, so we can adequately set something up, yeah?"

"Wha d-do you-."

-Cthnk- The lid slammed down. My brother's hurried hoof steps disappearing. Tension, ran rampart through my body, surging with adrenaline... stuck, in this darkness, with nothing to use this energy on. It just, festered in my chest, clumped, and congealed into discomfort, and dread.

The lid opened to a comforting sight. "M-mom," I mumbled.

"Hello, Reign, I just talked to Drew.

"Oh, good."

"I didn't know you would be comfortable in that position. But, if it is for my cinnamon top, then we'll get something arranged for tomorrow. How does that sound?"

What... was she talking about? What did Drew tell her? What had I said?"

-Bbfpprprfhht-

"Ooo, excuse me, but I do have to go. Have been holding this one in for you though, freshly baked straight from momma," Violet said and stood up.

"M-moderm-." But her hind blotted me out soon. Out of all of them, she had gotten the most experienced. It seemed she had really... mentally prepared for me coming over like this. Did... she do all this just for me? What would it have been like, if, when I was younger, I just told her about my kinks? If she was this supportive then, maybe none of this would have happened... This prospect loomed overhead, into the bale of mother's hind-baking, wedging through her hind in an onslaught of crinkles and pops of mare gruel -Shhrlpgshah- -Clrlphgt- Sound, taste, smell, and touch, subsumed me once more.

~ 5 ~

It was a strange morning. First one in I don't know how long that I had woken up not encased in metal and porcelain. I wasn't doomed to sleep in the pipes. However, this didn't give me any more freedom... around me was a flat arch of wood, like a small hut, and ahead of me laid a room: I saw my brother's childhood bed, which... he was still sleeping in? Didn't seem like it would fit him anymore. I also saw his bookshelf, his collectibles, his comics. Didn't take long to figure out I was under his desk. But... every motion I made was hampered by taut rubber. I saw hooks embedded in the table on each side, from which a rope of laytex elongated towards me. I was shackled together, hooves bound into a squatting sit or pinned to my frame. I was dressed in a suit covering everything beneath my neck, which the ropes anchored into. I was... bound in place... And while I had, limited movement, the way the rubber fought back against all of it. Dissuading me from even turning my head.

Drew walked in.

"Oh, so you're up now, cool, cool. Been waiting, and mom set this up, neat huh? But Tartarus I've been waiting all night for this, so it is time to deliver." Drew sat down in front of his desk, crotch aimed perfectly to my muzzle. Slowly, I watched his sheathe unveil a thick baton of meat, creeping toward me with a creak of polishing a window with a slab of butter.

-Chhrlnfljuurugshc- It, stunk, in a way I hadn't experienced. This wasn't like at the party, even the ones who had used me were, clean. But... Drew's dick was... sticky. It looked thicker than sweat, but there was no lack of that either, his meat was... glistening. And... and it was still growing. Drew, was packing, so much. How did it even fit? I was, a bit impressed. The mast bumped against my forehead, the noise it made was like squeezing a clementine -Cllrpthsh-

"Hookay, I'm still kinda out of it," Drew mumbled and shuffled around in the seat, gyrating his cock so it sprayed and brushed a streak of pre along my face, till it came to rest at my lips. "I really gotta pound this one out, you just sit there like a goood cock sleeve and take it."

"D-drew w-wait we can talk about this."

"I don't care," Drew mumbled and seized the opportunity to breach my lips mid-sentence. -Chhrlpgththah- His mast plugged up my muzzle and arched into my cheeks, spreading it out wide and rotund around the vague imprint of his cock head. The taste... was worse. Like chancing to take a bite of an old cheese, only to feel the mildew brushing through your taste buds. How did Drew not know how to wash his cock? And why -MMgpllgsh. Oough. The stench is everywhere...

"Pho yeah you do shut up, good bro..." Drew mumbled, eyes half lidded from sleep. After a halfhearted pet he shoves his chair closer, burrowing his dick out of my cheek to spring down my neck -Slpclhthtph- The mast straightens out my throat as he sinks the slab of cock meat through my oesophagus. I wheeze and gargle out snot that only seem to lubricate the mast as he gets

comfortable in a rhythm of plodding his meat through my lips. His mast is molding my throat. Unlike the waste that eventually macerates or breaks down, his cock was a stubborn, a statue of marble imposing its presence down my neck. The pressure shoved me backwards, but I was bound in lace against the rubber. Drew lazily shuffled, bapping my face with his crotch and straining my neck as his flare pulsed in my chest. I reeled back, and the rubber contraction bounced me right back, forcing me to bob down his dick as he bumped into me with his steady rhythm -Bdnn- -Thwwlwp- -Bnnd- -Thhwrrllsp-. “Hooo, ookay, yeah work that shaft, you dirty waste of space... can barely handle dad's load,” Drew mumbled as he flicked through things on the computer, “waste even for a toilet, yeah? Heck yeah, at least choking down those loads got your throat some exercise or whatever,” Drew huffed. My brother plowed his unkempt lap into my face, forcing me backwards, just to reel on back, his cock trawling out my mouth, and the rubber bounced me straight back, swallowing the hoof of a cock down to my chest -Chhrrllrpth- -Thhwwwlwp-. My lips were salty, my throat was salty... I could even feel the taste of his musk in my gut, an overbearing vitriol soaking me from this stay-at-home-son.

“Mfmpghgmamp-,” I tried to speak. But he didn't even bash me for it anymore. His attention laid elsewhere, on the screen. It had his chest convulse almost as fast as mine. What was he looking at?

“MMFma, ooo, yeah... Sinder...” he mumbled.

“Oopgus.” I choke down his dick, the heat of his mast penetrating my throat, contrasting the chill that crept through me at that one word... Sinder... was... What was he doing up there? Is he... is he looking at my girlfriend? H-how, why, would... trying to make sense of it was hard with a dick plugging up my circulation of air. I was just left there, sucking, forced to guzzle down his dick with each thrust he pounded into me. The few breaths I got around his sullied shaft went right into imagining depictions of just what he was watching on that screen. Did Sinder know? Did she always know? How long had she known? Did... I had worked so hard for her. I kept this up, hoping she still saw me as her boyfriend. If I didn't have my family... then I... I needed something, I needed anything to anchor me back to reality, to help convince me that I was real, that I was a pony, and I just wasn't some kind of.-...

“MMFpd mfmfs heeek, tight, dick sock...” Drew mumbled out as his tension peaked, cock slammed right into me, ramming me back against the wall. His mast expensing in droves, swelling from the base and up the mast, the bulge warped my lips, I could feel his cum plowing through his cock and splattering out into my gut, coating the cement of dung in his helping of stallion yogurt -Chglgpsh- Gllgpsghh-. His cock thrummed in my maw, shaking my throat as I swallowed every cent of his orgasm... At least I couldn't taste most of it...

Drew pulled out, withdrawing his dick slowly, the salty meat scrubbing the spunk marinated through me as it moved. My maw was a cave of white drooping stalactites and cum puddles as his flare made its way out past my lips, stamping me in the curdling stench of my brother's raw lust for my girlfriend...

“Phooohaa. Hokay... I am, never, using my hooves again, long as I got you around... Wow, who knew you could amount to anything, huh? Must be nice~,” Drew mused, regaining some energy showcased through his grind as he plapped his cock down over my head. “Feels a bit weird to get my dick sucked by a toilet, like, stuffing my meat down the drain just sounds so filthy, but maaaaan you give toilets a good name. Maybe you were just meant to be a cum drain, ey bro?”

A knock tethered the door opened.

“You boys okay in there?”

“I'm fine, mom.”

“Glad to see you up~. But remember to put him back when you are done with him, moms have to use the bathroom too.

“I know, mom, you don't have to be so gross about it,” My brother says as he casually clobbers me with his spent, limp cock.

“Just making sure~. Oh and Reign, make sure to give Drew your all, he has been talking about you so much. Really missed his big brother, it warms my heart to see you playing together~.”

-Bbglglphghgh- I could hear her bowels revolting from all the way across the room. “Oh and... do plug him in soon, would you, sweetie bun?”

“In a sec, mom.”

“Closing in on an emergency here, dear.”

“Got it, is the first time, geeze...”

“Alright, see you later, and, see you soon, Reign~.” Violet left, leaving her son to leak cum like a faulty strip-club faucet.

“She's so annoying, right?” Drew mumbled, then smiled. “But I love her, of course. And it was real nice of her to lend out all this bondage gear, fits you like a charm.”

“...Wis iishg moohms?” I ask with my mouth still a slobber of spunk.

“Apparently. Who knew she was such a lil freak, huh?”

Wow... this was, an actual conversation. I can see the brother I cared for somewhere in there still.

“But, guess it runs in the family, if we got you to judge by.” Drew wet his lips and chuckled. “We got time for one more before I'll have to stuff you back down the bowl. Open wide...” he said, agitating his dick to stiffen. “Let's see if I can breach your stomach this time...”

The worst thing... is that I still see my bother in this, my family. This was really them. It wasn't a dream, or a hallucination... They were another link in the chain, that anchored me to this new fate in life. Tears cut through the cum. I doubt Drew ever noticed.