

Lustbound Jinx

Written by Septia.

The weight on my face shifted, as the soles adjusted to and fro I could glance up through the cracks of light that reached me past the hooves of my brother. Drew didn't look back at me, I couldn't, can't remember when last he did. Though, I was soon to close my eyes again: it was best to avoid getting soot and grime from off of his soles into my eyes. Considering the great restraint the bondage gear put on me, I couldn't easily clear out any dirt that made its way past my eyelids. That, was a lesson I had taken to heart about a week ago, some of my first days back at home... Home... This, didn't really feel like home. Getting my face mashed in a massage of my brother's unkempt hooves whilst he wasted the days away in games. But, it was, I guess, better than being stuck in the toilet. A quiver ran down my spine... that fact I was even in a position to favorably compare the two. The straps on my chest grew taut as I hauled in a series of unsteady breaths.

Drew's eyes and face lit up by the screen, the ambiance of the game complimented by the chatter of his friends.

"Aw sweet."

"Come on get over here."

"brb guys, gotta piss."

"Pssht," Drew dismissed "that's not stopping me anymore."

"Bro on that #Gamer-bottle?"

"What? Course not. I on my bro, remember?"

"Oooh yeah."

"Wha?"

"Dude?"

"Right, thought I told everyone, Reign's move back in with us, he's got this, fetish thing or whatever, something. He's mostly a toilet for us now, but when he's not shoved in the bathroom mom lets me keep him by my desk, got my hooves propped up on his face right now."

"Bro, is that even comfortable?"

"Meehe, could be better," Drew said and ground his hooves down on my face, feeling the weight working its way into my muzzle and jawline.

"So what? You just piss on him?"

"In him, yeah?"

"Bro, nasty, prove it."

"Yeah yeah, gimmie one sec I just gotta secure this... Okay, peek this." Drew took off his headset and put it on the desk, over my head.

He shuffled his hooves off of me and slid in closer, his stallionhood sloughing down to my eye level. It was just a reflex now, I opened my maw as the meat threaded past my lips, his limp shaft lagged comfortably in the warmth of my maw, before it shared its own heat with me...

-Frlrfhssslpth- The stream of piss started small, then fizzed into a spray of raw, pungent urine. It shot down the back of my throat, coating my tongue in splashback while the rest of it whirled down my neck, the steaming river of piss launching me into a series of coughing gurgles in lieu of any voluntary swallows. This artificial tang of fake, wilted citrus stinging down my neck.

-Guughagbagag- -Ghhugbooorghsssk-

"Aww Dudue."

I heard the voices from the headphones above me, a series of reactions to the visceral gags and squeals I was hawked up up out of me through my throat.

"That's naaasty."

"Yo, I can actually hear that."

"Bro's one sick stallion."

“Phaaa,” Drew sighed and wiggled his hips to shake his cock down my neck, flicking off some droplets of residual urine before withdrawing, easing back into his headphones. “Hope you guys heard that, cus if not you're going to have to wait until I've finished at least another can or two.”

“Don't think I need more evidence, dude.”

“Yeeah, what else that throat does though?”

Drew pondered as he settled his hooves back onto me, while I was still coughing and wheezing from the being his personal dick drain.

“Oh it does, so much. I haven't needed to beat off in like, a week or something?”

“Duuuude.”

“Yeah, he ain't much of a talker but this bitch of a brother's got a throat that's slick as a canterlot slut's joystick muffler.”

“Language, man.”

“That sounds sick as balls.”

“Yeah, got up to ten times in a day least a couple of times, safe to say I'm the main provider of Reign's protein intake.”

Some more laughs were shared, and the game continued on. However, about a minute later, somepony in the chat spoke up: “Five bits for a blowjob? From Reign?”

Drew paused, eyebrows furrowed, then eased up. “Phew, dude, I'm not actually his owner,” the response lingered before the continued, “plus he's worth at least ten bits a pop,” Drew made the 'pop' with an exaggerated smack of his lips to really sell his point.

“Yeah, I'll be down.”

“Heck, I'd pay 15.”

“We bidding now? I think it's safe to say Reign can handle more than one of us.”

“You wanna doubleteam?”

“Guys, guys,” Drew said, then snickered, “We can all work something out here.”

This... This just lit a fire in the back of my head. It was like taking an ice-pick to the the stale routine my brain had gotten caught up in. The fact my little brother was pimping me out to his group chat: “Drew,” I called out around his hooves, “Enough, Shut up. You can't keep doing this to me,” I cried out, “Let me go already, I'll talk to Sinder, we'll get this sorted. I'll help you out, I'll get you a job or something just, please... stop...”

Drew didn't seem to pay much attention. He had heard me call out like this before, maybe not to this extent, but he hadn't been very keen to aiding me before. However... this time, something in his expression twitched.

Drew mulled over my words, glancing down at me, parting his hooves to get a look at my face, pleading, dirty, speckled with piss... There was something in his pupils, the reflection of his brother, bound beneath him in the black pools. He thought back to talks with Sinder, to my previous behaviour, to how I had behaved this past week... And it clicked. 'Reign really doesn't want this. This isn't just fuelling his fetish or whatever, he's, being serious... but Sinder said... but, did she really mean?' He thought back to his conversation with Sinder.

[10:44] Sinny: “I think Reign's having the time of his life~.”

But the way he acted now didn't reflect that, so maybe Sinder really did want to convey, something else. Maybe even... When this realization crashed into Drew's perspective, that he had been a cog in the machine to keep me beneath them, to have me endure all this treatment from my own family...

He couldn't help but grin. The pompous, oh-so-holier-than-thou Reign, had really been his actual unwilling slave. How far back did it go? Every time he'd shove his dick through my maw, each time mom or dad had threatened to wreck the bathroom with some disturbing deluge of dung that Drew'd been forced to guzzle down... A quiver started in this tail, travelled up his spine; a quake of righteous, sadistic delight finally painted all across Drew's muzzle.

“Ooooh... Oh that's, so much better,” he chuckled, glancing back down on me, seeing, and perhaps for the first time truly taking in the visible despair on my face between his hooves, until his

rising mast covered his view of me. Drew pulled his hooves off of me, replacing it with his dick, pressed to my forehead -Sllptsh- rubbing it down between the ridge of my nose, a skid mark of pre left in its wake as it got to to my mouth.

“Give my dick a good kiss, bro. I'm not really in the mood to help you out o there, you fit so well... but with enough convincing... Maybe I won't keep quiet about it?” he whispered down to me.

I swallowed, puckered my lips for his meat, kissing it, feeling its briny tang of unkempt horsecock pre marr my lips. “And if you don't keep up... Well, I could give mom and dad some, more ideas. They've been so happy to have you back. Shame, if they didn't use you to the fullest, wouldn't it?” he said, gently rocking his throbbing cock head against my mouth, the teeth in his grin shining down in my dark nook beneath is table.

I watched my own brother's face folding into a new, twisted outlook. As soon as I tried to speak up again, I was gagged by his dick, and only made things, so, so much worse... I cursed myself... faulted myself, ruing the fact that Point had been right... I should have just endured, just a few days more...

Secret, Melody has indeed appeared before.

“Drew,” mom called from outside the door, putting a wedge in my brother's power trip.

“Ughs, what is it, mom?”

Violet snuck her head in through the crack in the door and ushered him towards her. “My sister is about to arrive, get yourself presentable and come down to greet her~.”

Drew sighed. “Yes, mom, just need a sec.”

“Then I'll see you downstairs~,” she called out, and was about to shut the door before she caught herself. “Oh, and bring Reign too.”

So, was that all I was right now? An afterthought? I would say it stung, but when something just keeps stinging... well...

~ 1 ~

“Medley,” Violet called out as she opened the door.

“Violet,” Medley responded, joining her sister in a hug over the threshold before she was invited inside.

“Still as prim and proper in this house~. And Brook, sharp as ever, you better be taking good care of my lil' sis now~.” Brook chuckled in that polite way parents engage in.

“Oh, Medley, it is rather Violet who takes care of me.”

And now all of them were harmonizing in that same chuckle...

But... why did my mind hone in on that right now? I was out of bounds and restrains for the first time in, days. I could stretch and really get some motion in, maybe try to speak up again? Or... Maybe, just try to play it cool. Drew was standing right next to me. Instead of wanting to stretch, legs twitched and, shook. I just tried to quell it, it was strange enough to stand upright like this.

“And Drew. You've had some growth since last I-. Oh, and Reign is here too, I almost didn't notice.”

“Why yes,” Violet said and smiled, “We still have to greet our guests, do we not?”

“Oh, of course, so right you a are, sis. It is nice to see you, Reign.”

Drew coughed. “Aherm, shouldn't Reign be greeting our guest in a more... appropriate, manner?” The emphasis of his word choice dripped with venom, though I seemed to be the only one to pick up on it. I was really not feeling up to this right now, but if I just didn't engage maybe we could just look past it an-.

“Oooh, of course, this is about the lavatorial duties, right? Well, t’would be rude if I did not partake.” Medley said as she turned around, lifting the bundle of silver threaded strands that was her curtain of a tail out of the way of her rear.

My aunt stood there, presenting her rosy, yellowed flanks right before me... I glanced to Drew and his venomous smile. Over to my parents, but they had nothing to add. What, was I even expected to do? I mean, I had a guess I just, didn’t want to... But if I kept If I resisted at this point...

I bowed my head to her hind, moving up towards it and... planted my lips on her buttocks.

-Pfprth- thin wisps of guttural farts winked out of Medley’s hind, my nose spiked with the sharp tang. “Ooh, apologies, I didn’t mean to-.”

“He likes it. Don’t worry about it, he’s had much worse,” Drew chimed in, I gave him a glance.

“Oh, well in that case, why hold back~.”-PPPFHbbroroooooppffftps- A soggy burst of smog billowed out in a dense plume.

I could feel the disturbed particles in the air cascade over my muzzle and down my neck, the heat of her bowel’s brew, mulched carrot steam soaking into my face. I stepped back, coughing, but only got another breath of the lingering smog down my lungs, quaking. My knees folding into another shudder.

Brook covered his mouth, cheeks rippling somewhat.

Brook’s cheeks rippled as he pinched his mouth shut.

Violet shielded her muzzle with a hoof from the sight and smell.

Drew just smirked.

“Phaaaa, hooo molly that’s better, kept that one in through the whole journey here.”

My parents were quick to look past things, even if there were some aspects of my treatment they hadn’t quite gotten used to, perhaps seeing someone else use me is what triggered their response. This was good, it meant I was not totally lost yet. I found myself smiling.

“Aw, he likes it. Well your Aunt’s got more than that cooking up her hind~.”

My smile drained, legs shuddering again...

“But, Medley,” Brook said and walked up beside her, “Violet has been working on making this dinner as tasty as always,” his eyes shifted to mine for a moment, “And Reign has gotten quite used to his new position, so we should let him back into the bathroom.”

Wait... my shaking, Dad thought I was uncomfortable just, standing regularly like this? I mean, there was some truth to that, but not for the reasons he thought.

“Right right, of course, I shan’t keep you, Reign, but I assume I will be seeing you later.”

Drew raised his hoof. “Well, it would be, such a shame to just plug my bro back in, without spending some, quality time with our... dear aunt. I’ve got a suggestion. That will make, every pony, happy.”

~ 2 ~

I couldn’t believe this was happening... Back in more of these, this bondage gear. My head arched back and locked with chained hooks at my back legs, forced into such an awkward position, splayed on the ground with my head pointing to the ceiling. And that sigh, soon covered by Medley’s approaching form, by the looming presence of her buttocks crawling over my view, and then dominating my visioning with the fields of rosy yellow fur, weighing down upon me. The cheeks enveloped my face with a faint crinkle of sweat draping over me -Crhrhgllrsth- as dollops of mare blubber devouring my face into a chasm of brined humidity, slotting my head into the cleft of her buns, and my ears smothered flat against the back of her cheeks.

“Al-right, there, doing well down there, Reign? Just allow me to get a smidgen more comfortable.” Her cheeks ground over me, to and fro, shifting and wriggling over my muzzle, kneaded into the soggy canyon flanked by blubber -Chhrltp- -Ghhrrltl- -Jchhrlrlt-. My head was

daubed and smeared with residue of her travels, grime mixed with sweat and dust working into my coat, nestling into my skin under the heat and pressure of her posterior clamping and massaging itself into place over the real estate of my head... I heard their muffled voices above, but I don't think she could hear my groans over Brook finishing the table setting and Violet carrying in the food. "Ah there we go, always thought Reign had quite the big head, though hadn't quite imagined it could be used as a seat," Medley mused and let her weight settle. At which point I was thankful for the sturdy neck brace I had been outfitted with for this exercise. It, almost seemed like this gear in particular was, expressly for the purpose of letting ponies sit on each other... and, this was something, mom and dad already owned...? I banished the thoughts, I couldn't take thinking about my parents doing, that... but who would be on top?

"Oh this is looking magnificent, It is a almost a shame Reign can't have any of this delightful kelp lasagna," Medley said as she sampled the air.

"Oh, he'll be having plenty of it," Drew snickered.

"Eventually, yes," Violet said and as I heard her cut up pieces to serve to the family, "it all comes around to our dear Reign in the end~."

"Oho, right of course. Still haven't gotten quite used to that, but mmf, I could see myself doing so." Medley grabbed a sizable piece and started eating, as was her right as a guest, and the family soon joined in.

-Grrllscs- -Chrrgggnctch- Medley's cheeks scooted and ground up against my face as she shuffled about. "Hmmm, sister, are these bonds really necessary? If your son has chosen to go down this line of... employment? Activity? Out of his own will?"

I heard Drew tighten his grasp of the table.

I wanted to thank Medley for asking this, bringing these strange circumstance to the surface. I tried to nod, but the brace held me sturdy. How could I communicate that she was on the right track... well... I shut my eyes, and gave her grundle a lil smooch.

"That is just a precaution. Bearing the weight of a whole pony for an extended period, while fun, can be, a bit taxing on the neck," Violet said with a glance to Brook. Th-that is quite right," father responded.

"Oogh gmms, of course, mfmm, yes, I can see that. But I am certain my weight is not all that much. You would still hold me up without all those braces, right Reign?" she mused down to me, clenching her cheeks around my face in an almost, appreciative gesture. "I can already feel how much he is enjoying himself down there~," she joked.

Everything I did... It all just, seemed like the wrong move. How could every route I picked be the least helpful to my goals?

I felt her pucker twitch... A reflexive breath through my nostrils gave me another sample of what awaited inside, this damp, saltine funk... I tried to shift my muzzle, just enough that her cheeks would pinch over my nostrils. This, was a modicum of help, but it at least blocked some of the smell. Is, what I thought... -Ppfbrrrhhwhtpwa- The Release of flatulence shook my surroundings, her pit gaping open as it rattled out a waft of pungent air, crawling and slithering up my partially obscured nostrils like worms of stench.

"Oh, excuse me everypony," Medley excused herself.

Violet looked up confused. "What for?"

Drew cocked his head. "Yeah, what's up?"

"Is it something with the food?" Brook queried.

Medley glanced between them. And realised I served as much better of a muffler than she had expected.

"Oh it is nothing, never you mind. This is quite delicious, though you always had your hoof with the kitchen, sister of mine," she declared with a toast.

While at her rear, she was holding back far less... -Fpbrbrbthpth- -Bbrrwwwptm- Bbrrwpfpflfl- Thick bouts of smog clapped into my face, juicy breaths of colon brewed exhaust smacking into my face. And my nostrils being plugged up... well, I still had to breathe... My mouth staying open in the onslaught, taking in the brunt of the heat expelled through her ponut and

branding down my neck. This cocktail of foul clouds, an omelette made with overboiled peas and rancid lard all plumping down my neck with force. She just kept letting out bouts of the rotten funk, sometimes it didn't go ten seconds at a time before I was pancaked with another slap of my aunt's flatulence. All the while she was concerting with my family. Drinking, laughing, eating, cheering, while I laid smothered under her ass and was force fed buckshots of her sphincter puffs... It stung deep to be ignored like this. To be so close to partaking in this family get together... Closer to my family than I had been for years. That, this, this is what I got when reuniting after living on my own... The closest I was back to having a regular family meal... was as a piece of fart soaked furniture. I cried, but the tears washed away in the throes of flatulence, just more droplets of salt among the whipped carpet of perspiration and condensed fart fumes -Fpprbbrwpptpsh-.

All throughout the meal my will to fight back was worn down, the gas's taste becoming all the more, commonplace. The longer I was fed it. My spine tingled... If I closed my eyes, real tight, if I tried to ignore the weight of Medley's rear or the pressure it forced on the sides of my head. If I just tried to listen and shut out my sense of smell, taste, touch, and sight... then... It was almost like, I was there, as if I was just part of having another family meal with my visiting aunt. This... alleviated some of the tension, some of the strain, made it... bearable to be placed under her, under Medley's fat flank... Even though... at the back of my mind I was visited by the ghost of the notion that... this should not be a position, by any means, that I should find comfort or solace in. That my instincts were right: this was a situation to feel dread, to accept fear and healthy worry, to fight back... But it was so difficult to fight. It hurt so much... it was easier to just, find this sliver of solace, and let my heart beat at a comforting pace again. -Fpphrbrbrpps- Even if all the air I breathed was tainted by the microbiome of Medley's ass...

~ 3 ~

My crumbling bastion of solace was interrupted by a slumbering gurgle from above. Bringing me back to the place I was, jammed stuck beneath Melody's ass. "Oooh, pardon me. Seems I might need a visit to the lil' mare's room."

-Chhrlatp- The stretching squelch of sweat dragging off of him with her rear echoed in his ears, and the rushing winds of fresh air welled in place of the damp congestion under her hind. I took a couple of strong, deep breaths, before I saw Melody's face glancing down at me. "I guess I'll be seeing you again quite soon."

Before I knew it, I was back in the comfort of the toilet. W-wait... comfort... That's... but compared to where I had just been, just being restrained by cold porcelain, there was some routine to it... I heard the door open, the seat lifted. And Melody's face peering down the bowl.

"Oh, my, you really are just shoved down there, aren't you?" she mumbled.

My tongue was still sour from her farts, but I had to take the chance. "Melody," I said, "please, please understand that I-."

"Oh there is no need," Melody dismissed and waved her hoof, a light shuffle as she shifted her rear back over the toilet and let her thighs and flank smother out any light I had access to in here, just staring right back up to her rump again...

"My sister, ah, your mother, has explained it all to me, and she was, eah," Melody coughed in her hoof as she sniffled in the seat, "Aehrmng, quite thorough, at times. I think I understand it well enough."

"B-but, but-."

“Yes, I do have quite the rear end, don't I? And, I wouldn't mind if you want to clean up back there afterwards. My sister says she hadn't dared to yet, but... It is somewhat intriguing: I want to be your cool aunt after all, even if you-.” -Fpprrbbbrwtphs- a juicy fart bellowed out of her rear, staining me with a tinge of its rotten air. “Ooh, ahah, we'll, talk about that later, I really have to let this one go...” Melody mumbled and groaned.

There isn't much input I could give now, just watch her pucker clench and pinch, gaping open around the wad of home-brewed pony fudge nestled within. The pillar of manure winding through her rear in one, fat, ingot, drooling of colon fluids and reflected as an auburn shadow in the pale white porcelain of the bowl. I felt powerless... But I knew the routine... I knew what happened if I didn't go along with it... I didn't want to suffocate again... So, as the tail end of Melody's mound grew near, I opened my maw for it... -Shhrlrpguhtha- The mound dropped, slapping down my throat after my aunt pinched it off, instantly I felt the girth radiate out from the ingots and into my maw, a forge in reverse as the steaming muck cooked my tongue and neck in the peppery, pungent taste molten together with the mildew of peas and beans.

-Fwhhgaoggh-” I gagged, though Melody was unbothered, more filth was already crawling out of her hind, down towards my face... I chugged down the filth, shaking and groaning as it plunged down my neck, just in time for more gunk to take its place, fed the raw filth dropping from her ass, hearing the crinkling popping out of her rear and siphoned down into mine, -Hhrlpghagha- -Chrlrlptshh- The grime smearing as it pressed down my gums and throat, the fouled vinegar character soaking and seeping into my taste buds...but I chugged it down as I had learned to for to long. Even noting how it, had a different kind of character compared to my mother's or Brooks... as terrified and disgusted as I wanted to be... I could only muster so much.

“Phaaaa ooooo yes... That is such a load off of me...,” Melody hummed and wiggled her cheeks toward me, over my face, as I was stuck there, dipping my tongue up her ponut, lapping up the crusted stashes of grime and fresh messy muck clinging to the insides of her rectum, pistoning up her pit till it was clean and sparkling with my spittle. “MMmprrrph phaa, thank you, dear. That, mfs that should be good...” she said, after at least a minute of me being done. I took some deeper breaths, shaking. It still took a lot of effort to down that much filth. I saw her face gaze down on me again. “You really know how to work that tongue. My sister's gotta have some good genes, because I doubt you took after your father~,” she mused and sighed. Reaching her hoof down to the bowl, then halting herself. “Oh, right, best not to pet. Still have to get used to seeing you just as a toilet and, nothing much else. Though, I must say I am glad that you picked your parents to belong to, gives me an excuse to be able to see you again, and I am sure you feel, some sort of comfort for being with your parents even as just a toilet,” she said and rose up tall, washing her hooves with a lil' hum.

What was she saying? I... she was talking about it like I really was nothing but...

“Oh and after that showcase, I'll be sure to put in a good word for you. Might find you some other, opportunities out there, maybe even put some of my interest in you myself. Wouldn't you mind visiting your auntie for day, or, a couple, weeks, months, right Reign?” she mused and blew him a lil' kiss. “Keep doing your best~,” she encouraged and let down the seat.

“W-wait M-Melod-,” but she was gone... It was clear to me that, she hadn't had a conversation, as much as, just, monologuing, pondering out loud. And, I was left, with a tummy full of hot muck, in the dark bowl... Maybe It had been, stupid to have hopes in her. At all. In, anything...

I opened my eyes, this was different. I saw the ceiling, and around em was... so soft... this comfort, this gentle plush cupping of my form... a mattress. I was on a mattress. A bed? Y-yes... Ooh... Oh skies and clouds above... was... had it, really all been a dream?

-Ckltctnng- Some chains clattered, and leather straps were inhibiting my movement. I, my maw, plugged with a rubber warp around the back of my head... So, that was no to the dream scenario then... But it was such a pleasant thought I let it linger, clinging onto that hope even still.

-Kkrrrrrc- the door hinges creaked open, I recognised that sound, a noise I had grown accustomed to as a child, on the weekends when mom or dad had finally come out... it was my parent's door.

"Oh," and that was my father's voice, "That is, how did he get here? Should I tell Drew to sort this out?"

Violet chuckled and brought her husband with her. "Oh Brook, easy now, I asked him for this, come here," she said and sat down on the bed. Brook on the other end. Soon flanked by my parent's bodies on either end.

Violet took in a deep breath. "It is so nice to have Reign with us, isn't it?" she asked Brook. He nodded.

"That is what I wanted to speak on."

I glanced between them, as she brushed down the side of my head.

"I have to admit, at first, it was difficult to adjust to, but, it has been some time now... And, knowing that Reign will be there, every time I need him, there is, a certain comfort in that. We get to see him so much more."

Brook nodded. "It, was hard for me when you told me the news."

"I know, dear, but, think of it... Every meal we enjoy, I know Reign will have too. To think that he will be there, no matter how much fudge my fanny's sporting, that I have, a whole pony waiting to care for the whims of my ass... it is sort of magical, wouldn't you say?"

Brook hummed, resting a hoof over my chest. "To be sure, there is something to it... While I can't relate to his-. Ah, your, position, son, I am slowly accepting it more and more. Hell, I will admit I have caught myself chuckling when I have felt a particularly thick bale nestle up in my hind, imagining how happy you will be when I bring it to you, choking down that whole pillar with the ease of an expert..." Brook said, giving my side a light pat. And through it I could feel such, actual care and fatherly love... but the words he was saying made it sting so much deeper.

"That, and we have not needed to call the plumber in a good while," he added.

Violet giggled to herself. "I have been thinking about that too. We do have a certain tendency to... stress test our lavatorial equipment, so to say," my mom mused as she looked longingly into my father's eyes.

He smiled. "Do you remember when we were younger?"

"I remember a lot of it, how so?"

"Specifically," Brook continued, "our competitions."

I saw my mother smile, in a sly, yet genuine manner, that I had not witnessed before.

"Oh yes~ It was always such a fun game of chicken, to see who could fill the toilet enough to clog first~. Sometimes holding back, sometimes letting all the more out~."

Brook chuckled. "I doubt you or that magnificent hind of yours ever held back."

Violet snickered to herself. "Oh Brook, it was always such a thrill lifting up that lid, seeing just how much you had made and thinking... 'Oh, I can do better~'."

"That's the woman I married~," Brook smiled.

They chuckled, but, not in that grown up way from before, but a hearty, bright, chime of a laughter, the ones carried out by amused fillies and colts.

It was, comforting to see my parents like this. Even though... the subject of discussion was cutting deep. Putting the pieces together, perhaps it wasn't as strange as I had once thought that I had these certain... affinities for filth and fannies. But I had always thought I was the odd one out in the family. This was a side of my parents that I had yet to behold.

"Maybe I ought to cook some bigger potions in the coming days. Melody will be staying a bit longer, and it would be rude to not provide her with adequate food care~," Brook chuckled. "You want to bring up that competitive spirit again, hmm?"

"Perhaps a little bit," she smiled, and leaned in, giving him a smooch, Brook responding with a kiss.

Watching my parents embrace above me, around me... while sweet in some ways was also, so bizarre. "And then there is Drew," Violet mumbled, brushing down Brook's back. "Have you seen how much confidence he has gotten the past week? Even just the past day."

"True. He was practically glowing at dinner," Brook admitted.

"He's also been talking about Sinder," Violet added, "Do you think they?"

"Hmm? I would not know."

"Must be a bit of a shame for her, despite knowing this is the best for Reign, and supporting him so much, in doing so, she is essentially losing a boyfriend."

"Poor lass," Brook added.

"But," Violet continued, "If she and Drew hit it off, well, that'd be sure to keep Reign close, wouldn't it?"

Brook smiled and kissed her again. "It ain't our place to meddle in these affairs, my dear."

"Oh you are right, I am just fantasizing, it would be nice though, right?"

"To be sure," Brook mused.

I was quivering... They really considered my relationship with Sinder to be so far gone... neither of them denied it, just, that they wouldn't meddle in who she picked next. But... But I was, still Sinder's boyfriend. Drew was still my brother. And Brook and Violet were still... my parents, weren't they? I glared up at mom. She smiled and pushed me down, under the covers...

"So, husband mine. If Reign is to be here, to uplift our lives, to make us more comfortable, should we not, let him indulge, fully?" she said, shoving me closer towards my dad's crotch. I shook my head.

Brook hesitated, though Violet guided his cock to my mouth, while grinding her crotch against the back of my head. She plucked the gag out of my mouth, just in time for it to be replaced... her motions and warmth, triggered lust down Brook's shaft, inflating his meat down past my lips, down my maw.

"Mmgghhaa," Brook shuddered, instinct bucking his hips closer to mine, pegging my neck with his meat, and shuddering from the warm treatment of my lips and neck muscles enveloping and smothering his cock. "Mfmmsa, dear... phaaoo."

"See, I know that face~. Isn't it nice? My sister has given Reign and his mouth such a raving review. I thought we ought to let him shine, I might... even stop using toilet paper, at least for a bit, maybe, to... try it out."

Brook shuddered, still getting used to the warmth of his son hanging on his mast. "Mmfa... she, pfho... she did sound quite exited after her visit."

"Mmgm Mmhmm~. Maybe we could, implement him in some other ways too, eventually. I mean... we've brought out all the bondage gear again."

This had Brook smiling. "I'll keep it in mind, sugarplumb~." Violet shuddered with a gentle moan, embracing my dad, and tugging him close.

-Ghpllrтч- His dick plunged deeper, and I felt it throbbing through my throat, the back of my mane growing damp in a patch around my mother's crotch. Their chatter soon devolving to an exchange of lovey sounds and sentiments, with me sandwiched in the remnants of their lust... less a son, less a toilet, more... a toy, a tool to enhance their pleasure, while my parents moaned above me. My maw full, my nostrils were forced to work overtime, heaving in the heated chemistry of their lust... as they fell asleep in each other's embrace. I knew they hadn't been taking to me, well, maybe Brook for a bit. At least I hope... I could pretend, that they cared about me, really cared, like a son... But, every day I spent back home... that feeling grew, all the more hollow. A hollow that was to be filled, by cum, cocks, and crude clogs. I wanted to cry, but the tears wouldn't come.