After kidnapping his girlfriend and using her as a toilet slave, Tulip invites Fyrre over, only to further abuse him while his girlfriend's life is on the line~ After tons of kinky, fucked-up abuse, involving two people getting digested and turned to shit just so Tulip can use it to fuck more with Freya and Fyrre, Tulip swallows Freya, telling Fyrre the only way to save her is to endure getting shoved up her ass, eating her shit, sniffing her toxic farts, and getting his body mangled and bones broken~ And he knows, if he fails to please Tulip, she'll flush that loser right down the toilet~ This is a super long story with tons of hot abuse~

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There's a long successor to this story, called "Freya's Cucking Surprise", with over 14k words worth of the same stuff here, exclusive to my Patreon~ Join to see Fyrre get abused and humiliated all over again~ <3

This story contains: FxM, FxF, **hyperscat**, **shit-eating**, watersports, **toilet vore**, flushing possessions, **cucking/cuckholding,** stomping, size difference, sex, **fatal oral vore**, digestion, **disposal**, **fart fetish**, pet play, micro/shrinking, sadism, snuff, **findom**, bone-breaking, **gore**, humiliation, degradation, forced insertion, breath play/choking/drowning, stockholm syndrome, elements of non-consent, body worship, shock-play/electrocution~

Word Count: 21,570

"Ahh~" Tulip the Lopunny moaned out in relief as she sat on her toilet-box, something she'd had custom-made, just for her. She was a student at Misteria University; her dorm room was supposed to be a double, meaning it came with two large closets, each having doors and a lot of space inside. However, her roommate… well, she didn't exactly last long, to say the least. Once her roommate was gone, Tulip had opted to use one of the closets for storage, and to use one for… well, other purposes.

Just recently, she'd had some "work" done on it - now, that extra closet had been turned into a bathroom. It looked like an outhouse or a porta potty, a simple, small space, with nothing inside but a large wooden box, a plastic toilet seat, a lid, and of course, a hole. And now, she was sitting on that very box, enjoying the wonderful act of emptying her guts out into her toilet slave as she rubbed her hard, throbbing cock.

Indeed, instead of a flushing toilet, or a septic tank, inside that box was a tied-up student at Misteria University. Freya was once a brilliant red dragon, with shiny scales and beautiful silver eyes, but now, after being kidnapped by Tulip, she'd heavily fallen from grace. For one, she used to be ten feet tall, but after a heavy helping of some of the bunny girl's shrinking potions, the red dragon was now barely a foot long. The Lopunny had easily been able to overpower her after shrinking her down - she didn't stand a chance against Tulip's power. The

bunny simply tied her new captive up with rope, making her wings useless, and made her into a toy.

At the beginning, the kidnapper had used her prey for a number of different dirty purposes - plenty of bullying, fucking, and whatever else she needed - but now, Freya spent the grand majority of her time being Tulip's personal toilet. She sat tied-up inside the toilet box; her mouth was not forced open, but she chose to sit there and keep it stretched as wide as she could, swallowing her master's fat logs of disgusting shit diligently and ceaselessly. Every week, Tulip cleaned out the toilet - she'd told Freya that, if she were to find more than five logs sitting on the ground, meaning the dragon had failed to swallow them, then the poor toilet slave was going to be getting a first-hand experience at what it was like to be a piece of Tulip's shit in a real toilet, flush included.

Freya shivered just at that very thought. Tulip had forced Freya into a real toilet a few times and given her swirlies in it to degrade her; she knew that, if Tulip had just let go of her and flushed, the dragon would've easily been caught up in the swirling toilet water and flushed away. And she'd seen the cruel bunny flush other students before - she knew it was not at all an empty threat. So, the toilet slave kept her mouth open, and kept swallowing, gulping, eating every bit of shit the bunny produced, for fear that, if she ever failed, she'd be flushed down the drain.

"Ah, god, that feels so good~" Tulip bit her lip and smiled wide as she shit into her toilet slave, listening to her little dragon gulp down every bit of her nasty waste. The bunny had never found such a perfect little toilet pet - Freya was doing a wonderful job. Tulip had honestly been expecting to flush her dragon toy quite quickly after putting her on toilet duty, but it seemed that wouldn't be happening for a while. Not as long as she kept her word, at least, which was never something she was exactly known for doing. Still, though, using this toilet was incredibly fun - she loved it this way. She let out a hard moan as she suddenly blasted a hefty wet fart into the toilet box, billowing hot air all over Freya's body. The dragon coughed and gagged as she sniffed in the horrible scent - the inside of the Lopunny's toilet box was probably the worst-smelling place in the world, filled with the scent of her gas and shit. The air down there was thick and hot, like the inside of a sauna mixed with a sewer. It was absolutely miserable.

"Sorry, toilet slave~" The bunny chuckled. "This is only my breakfast - I haven't even had lunch yet~" Tulip stood and opened her closet door. In truth, she had "taken care" of her roommate once before, but her roommate had some abilities the bunny girl didn't know about when she'd disposed of them.

There were two figures currently inside the bunny's room, besides Freya. The first was a sheep by the name of Amily, currently sitting on Tulip's bed, her face covered in a hot red blush. She'd been listening to every moment of the bunny girl's shitting - it had turned the sheep on immensely. She was lightly fingering her slit as she listened the whole time. Now that Tulip had come back out… well, she knew the bunny was going to "dispose" of her again.

“Alright, Amily - it’s lunch time~” Tulip licked her lips as she approached the sheep; Amily shivered in a mix of fear and lust as she looked into Tulip’s predatorial eyes. She was barely four feet tall; Tulip towered over her.

“O-ok! I-I’ll g-get ready!” She responded, trying her best to stay calm and collected as she grabbed a few pills from the nearby nightstand. She closed her eyes, swallowed them… and immediately, she began to shrink. Her whole body went from its four-foot tall size, down to barely ten inches tall - she looked more like a plushie now, a fluffy white sheep plushie. She tapped her fingers together and looked up at Tulip’s face nervously.

“Good girl~” Tulip leaned down and picked up the newly-shrunken Amily. This sheep was her roommate - or at least, she was supposed to be. Almost immediately upon moving in with Tulip, she’d become the bunny girl’s toy. The Lopunny had actually intended to fully kill and dispose of her roommate right at the beginning - after melting her down into a pile of shit and washing her down a shower drain, she’d thought the sheep would be gone forever. That whole event had been quite fun, and had taken quite a lot of time to happen - she certainly remembered it fondly. However, Amily had come back. It turned out, her headband, lined with pearls, was magic - if Amily died, no matter how or where, as long as she had the pearls nearby, she could revive herself, good as new. Tulip had flushed the headband down the toilet after killing the sheep the first time, causing them to touch and for the sheep to reform. Of course, the roommate had gone right back to the bunny, instantly falling in love with the cruel mistress, and from then on, her life had been nothing but a constant cycle of abuse and death. She couldn’t count the amount of times she’d been flushed away with Tulip’s shit now, and she didn’t care - she wanted more.

This was the first time Tulip had suggested actually eating Amily; the sheep couldn’t have been more excited for such an opportunity. Now was the time for it to finally happen. “I hope you enjoyed being my shit last time, Amily - you’re about to experience it again~”

The sheep squeaked in horniness, squirming in Tulip’s paws as she readied herself to be eaten alive. The bunny didn’t hesitate; she simply lifted Amily up to her mouth, parted her lips, put the sheep’s head inside, and quickly shoved her in and swallowed her down. She didn’t make a big deal of it; just as though she was having a casual snack, she sent her poor roommate down her throat and into her stomach, letting out a little belch immediately after. “Delicious~” She chuckled, rubbing her belly, which was now a little fatter. Amily was simply laying in the digestive fluids of the bunny, quickly being digested; Tulip’s stomach wouldn’t be taking long to turn her into nothing but nutrients and waste.

And of course, there was still one more pet in the room. The bunny turned to a dog cage and opened it. Inside was Kanakuta, a purple kitsune in the form of a feral fox, who’d been Tulip’s pet for a long time, constantly abused by the Lopunny. Kana looked at her with confusion as she reached inside and grabbed him; she wasn’t going to be wasting quite as much time with him - he was already small, barely a foot and a half long. He’d be perfect just as he was~

“It’s lunchtime, Kana~ You know what that means~” Kana’s eyes widened; he yipped in surprise as the bunny parted her lips and shoved him in, head-first, cramming him down her throat and gulping him down, his little tail wagging and squirming as it disappeared past her gullet. She let out another little burp; her stomach was now much fatter, her digestive fluids melting down the two subs very quickly. She loved the sounds of the gurgling, the sloshing, the bubbling, the churning - it was all so incredibly hot. Kana could revive, just as Amily could - they’d eventually be back. That didn’t stop the bunny girl from enjoying their temporary fatal consumption, though~

The bunny went back into her bathroom; the smell was horrible, but she loved the scent of her own shit and farts, especially when she knew some poor sub was being forced to sniff it all up too. She sat on the toilet’s seat, rubbing her belly as the prey inside loudly digested; Freya blushed hard as she listened to all that gurgling and rumbling. She’d seen Tulip eat and flush so many students. She was terrified of the bunny girl’s stomach. But at the same time… honestly, after being her toy for so long… the dragon was starting to like her.

Freya hated eating Tulip’s shit and piss, hated being fucked by Tulip’s huge, girthy cock, hated being given swirlies in dirty toilets full of Tulip’s waste, hated being used like a toy and an object 24/7, constantly threatened with the thought of being eaten or flushed, but honestly, after all this time, she was starting to find the bunny girl to actually be, well, very attractive. She didn’t know when it’d started, but at some point, she’d stared at Tulip’s brown, fuzzy ass as it hovered above her, and she’d felt her heart skip a beat. She hated the taste of the logs of shit she had to swallow so often, but she found her slit getting a bit wet as she watched them coming out of her master’s ass. She even found herself fantasizing about the bunny girl fucking her insides out.

She realized quickly that she’d developed stockholm syndrome, a severe case of it, but she couldn’t stop herself. She found the bunny girl to be so hot, so cute, so beautiful - she almost enjoyed being her toy. Almost. And the worst part? Freya was already in a loving relationship.

Before getting kidnapped by Tulip around a month ago, Freya had been dating another dragon at Misteria, a student by the name of Fyrre. Fyrre was a black dragon with golden eyes, just barely a little smaller than Freya was - the two of them complimented each other perfectly with their color schemes, sizes, and of course, their personalities. They’d fallen in love almost immediately, and they’d been dating for three whole years now, from freshman year to the start of their senior year, which was going on now. Freya loved her boyfriend so much… but honestly, her attraction for him was fading, being replaced by her adoration for Tulip. She didn’t want that, but she couldn’t help it.

As the dragon had sat in her toilet box, thinking about how messed up her life had become, how her mind had degraded due to her constant mistreatment and abuse… she heard the familiar sound of slimy, wet shit sliding through Tulip’s bowels, rubbing against her wet, squishy flesh, making a gross, muddy, moist sound. Soon, the bunny’s cheeks were parting, her tail hole opening to let a hefty log of slimy waste peak through. Freya didn’t hesitate; she

opened her maw, her body lightly shaking in fear of what was to come, as she waited for the shit to go inside her mouth. And she didn't have to wait long.

Tulip sat on the toilet, grunting and groaning as she sit out a huge load of filthy shit, made up of the remains of Kanakuta and Amily; it was going to be a monstrous amount, and Freya was going to be forced to swallow every bit. "Make sure you get it all down, toilet slave~" Tulip spoke. "If I hear it hitting the ground, I'll just throw you in the toilet, shit out the rest of it on top of you, and flush you down the drain~ You know you'll drown down there~"

"Y-yes, master!" Freya obediently responded, knowing that anything more snarky or sarcastic could cause her to be punished. Soon enough, she felt the first bit of that squishy, wet shit on her lips, slowly sliding down into her mouth, gliding against her tongue and coating it brown. She wanted to throw up just from the bitter taste alone - it was terrible. But she had no choice but to keep going. She let it creep down into her throat, knowing that she had no hope of chewing it, and it kept coming, bit by bit. That log never seemed to end - the bunny girl was just shitting out a huge stream of sloppy waste, coming out like syrup from a bottle, but much more thick and large. It made Freya's neck bulge as she swallowed it down, gulping and glurking, her stomach filling with the brown muck quickly.

Tulip sighed in satisfaction as she felt the shit begin to pour out on its own; no need to force it so much anymore~ And, as it flowed, she grabbed her cock and began to rub, turned on by the sounds of her toilet slave's desperate consumption. It took her almost no time to cum - she quickly slipped her shaft into her toilet hole and squirted semen all over her dragon's neck and chest, covering her in sticky white. Freya felt all the cum hitting her body, but she couldn't say or do a thing - she had to focus all her efforts on swallowing, constantly reminding herself that even the smallest mistake could end with her being flushed.

The shitting went on for multiple minutes; it left Freya ridiculously full. Thankfully for her, she did have her own little space in the toilet box that she could shit inside of - a separate, smaller box, made just for her - but she'd be taking quite a while to empty her guts out after that horrible bout of swallowing shit. And yet, even as she found herself forcing down the last few little bits of shit into her bloated stomach… her slit was oddly wet, and she was feeling oddly horny, oddly lustful.

"Empty yourself out quickly, toilet slave," Tulip spoke. "Once you're done, you're going to be joining me in bed - I need some time with my favorite little fleshlight~ Hope you're ready for a severe pounding~"

Freya shivered. She didn't know if it was in fear or lust now. Either way, it hardly mattered - she was going to be fucked, like it or not. She'd better do as the bunny said and empty herself out.

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Hours later, Freya was sitting in the toilet box, her wings still tied, barely able to move herself, just waiting for the bunny's promised organ rearranging. She'd shit out most of what Tulip had forced inside of her, but honestly, that'd hardly made her feel better or really very good at all - she still felt bloated and dirty, so filthy. She really felt like a toilet, like she was good for nothing more than being a toilet slave, for swallowing shit down her throat.

Finally, it seemed her time had come. Tulip peaked into the toilet hole with a sinister smile. "Come on, toilet toy - your master's feeling especially horny~" Before Freya could respond, the brown Lopunny paw reached into the hole and grabbed the dragon by the neck, pulling her out while slightly strangling her, holding her more like a plushie than like a real living creature. The bunny carelessly threw the dragon onto her bed and climbed up onto it; she was entirely naked, her luscious breasts and throbbing cock all visible and open. Freya found herself blushing yet again; she just couldn't help but get turned on at the sight, for some reason. She'd never felt this before, but right then, she actually *wanted* the bunny to fuck her; she was actually excited for this.

"Well, well, what's this~? Someone's getting a little turned on it seems~" The bunny rubbed her large fingers against the dragon's pussy, chuckling. "Are you starting to enjoy being my little dragon toy~? How cute, I love it~" She grabbed Freya by her chest, wrapping a paw around her wings and breasts, squeezing her tight. Tulip lifted the dragon and rolled over onto her back, holding her cock up with her other hand - it was at least a foot and a half long, and more than an inch thick; it was monstrous, far too much for Freya to handle in her small form, but she didn't have a choice. Her pussy had been stretched out so greatly just from Tulip fucking her. "Well, then, I'll make sure to go extra hard tonight, just for you~"

The dragon let out just the slightest little yip as the bunny held her over her cock, slowly pressing the dragon slit against her tip. Freya could feel it throbbing, so needy, so pent-up; she could even feel a little precum already dripping out of the little hole, dribbling against her flesh, a precursor to the filling she'd certainly soon be receiving. She huffed and panted as she waited for it to happen… and suddenly, it did.

Tulip pulled Freya's body down and simultaneously thrust her cock up, forcing it inside of the small dragon slit, tremendously stretching it to make room for her huge shaft. She moved both paws to the dragon, holding her tight with them, and she pulled her living fleshlight up and down, fucking her like she really was a toy. She spared no length - she made sure every thrust forced her entire cock in, pounding against poor Freya's cervix with force and speed, the toy grunting with every entrance as her insides were annihilated by the huge bunny dick.

Tulip moaned and shivered in delight, panting and huffing as she fucked her little toy harder and harder; she just loved all the little sounds of pain coming from her~ The way Freya's flesh gripped her shaft so tightly, so wet and narrow, was amazing. She could feel it stretching with every thrust. Meanwhile, the dragon's mind was filled with nothing but a hot sensation of pain mixing with lust - she shook and squirmed in the bunny's paws, her mouth stuck open in a constant moan and groan. She'd hated this almost every single time it'd been done to her, but

she still couldn't help but be pleasured; somehow, this one was even better than any of the previous sessions. She was loving every moment, her body feeling so heavy and hot, her slit far more wet and slick than ever before. She found herself shaking as multiple orgasms sparked through her body, the bunny not stopping for even a second, just forcing more and more pleasure onto her, even as Freya was overwhelmed and overstimulated. Her mind stopped working; she couldn't think a single logical thought. She had no choice - there was no energy in her body to be spared for her thoughts and mind, it was all focused on her railing at the hands of the Lopunny.

It went on that way for almost ten minutes; the bunny girl couldn't so easily be satisfied, she had to wring her little toy dry. Eventually, though, she did finally feel it happening; she stuck her dick all the way into her dragon and moaned out, high and loud, as her dick pumped out a heavy helping of thick, white, hot cum, her legs shaking as it all came out. And, although it only lasted half a minute, it felt like an eternity for the fleshlight - there was so much cum, she felt it filling her whole system until it was even coming out of her mouth, her body being so thoroughly invaded by Tulip's seed that she felt like she was going to burst like an overfilled balloon.

Eventually, the bunny carefully pulled her toy off her cock, slow and steady; immediately, a rush of cum came flowing out of the decimated slit, all over Tulip's cock. The bunny just chuckled; she was exhausted from that wonderful bout of fucking, but she wanted to be clean for bed. She put her dragon by her cock. "Lick that all up, Freya~ Every bit of it~"

The toilet toy was far more exhausted than the bunny was; it took everything in her power not to faint right there. Her vision was blurry, her mind was hazy, she could hardly even stand up, but still, she obeyed, sticking out her quivering tongue and licking up as much of the cum as she could. Only halfway through her clean up, her eyelids fell and she collapsed, exhausted, far too tired to do even a thing more; the bunny just shrugged. It was always tempting to simply get up, walk to the bathroom, throw the dragon inside, and flush her like she was a used condom, but she really couldn't expect *that* much from her. And besides, she still wanted to play with her toilet slave a bit more.

Though, not tonight. She grabbed a tissue, wiped off her cock, then stood and opened the closet door. She tossed Freya back into her the toilet, then sat down on the seat, quickly letting out a few slimy logs, right on top of her unconscious body, just letting them sit on her red scales and stain them, streak them with brown. The bunny chuckled to herself as she stood, grabbing a little teddy bear plushie sitting by her feet and using it to wipe her ass clean. It was one of many things she'd taken from her toilet toy's room after stealing the dragon's ID card - Freya had always loved collecting plushies, but unfortunately for her, Tulip only saw a bunch of toilet paper. The reptile's collection had been gradually flushed, taken from 40 plushes to barely three, and once Tulip flushed this teddy bear, it would be two~

After a quick trip to the bathroom, a quick little *plop*, and a quick little *flrshhhh*, Tulip got in her bed and found herself almost immediately falling to sleep after such an eventful day. She

couldn't wait for tomorrow - it would be Saturday, the perfect time to play with her toilet pet all she wanted. She simply couldn't wait.

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"Hrnngh…"

Tulip sat on her toilet box once again, pushing out a fresh helping of shit into her toilet slave. It was about noon - the bunny girl's breakfast had consisted of exactly two students - the first two she'd seen upon exiting her dorm room - and her lunch was yet to come, but already, she was happily making room. Naturally, Freya gulped down every bit, her pussy still sore from the previous day's hard, brutal fucking, her whole body aching from the horrible strain of handling Tulip's cock. She swallowed every log that came down, using her tongue to push them down her throat, making sure to get them straight out of her hole.

"Ah, that felt good~" Tulip smirked. "Lick it clean, toilet slave~"

Freya grimaced as she stared at the bunny's fuzzy, but extremely dirty and slimy asshole; it was coated in slimy shit, as were her cheaks, the fur streaked with brown. She had no choice though; she had to clean it up. Better her than her plushies, anyways. She reached her head up as far as she could, stuck her tongue out, and slid it between the big ass cheeks, licking up a few streaks on the fuzz. It was so wet and bitter, just as her logs had been, but with the added grossness of the bunny's sweat and general musk - clearly, she hadn't showered yet. Once she'd seemed to fully clean the cheeks, she stuck her snout between the cheeks and cleaned the bunny's asshole, licking the puckered lips on the outside and even sticking her little tongue inside the hole to give it an especially thorough cleaning. She hated every moment; the whole time, she was sniffing nothing but a mix of bunny musk, sweat, and shit, and being clamped between those wet, dirty, sweaty cheeks was miserable.

The bunny suddenly let out a hefty fart, right into her nostrils, followed by a sudden log crowning through; the dragon immediately opened her mouth to accept it, disappointed to see her hard work being suddenly undone. "Oops, sorry, toilet - guess I wasn't done yet~ Hehe~" The bunny rubbed her cock lightly as she continued shitting. "You know, yesterday, I used two more of your plushies as toilet paper instead of you - a little teddy bear and a Chikorita~ They were both very cute. I just loved watching them twirl around in the toilet when I went to flush them~"

Freya whimpered; two more of her favorites, lost to the toilet. She wasn't going to have a single plush left at this point. Eventually, she finished her job, cleaning Tulip's asshole a second time, and finally, the bunny girl left her to empty herself out once again.

But, as Tulip went to relax, to spend some time on a random hobby, she heard a knock at her door. She turned to it in confusion - this was not a common occurrence. Though, instead of seeing a door that needed to be answered, the bunny only saw a meal delivery. She chuckled

to herself as she walked to the entrance of her room, rubbing her hard cock just a little more - she was 100% nude, and she had no plans of changing that for whoever was about to be on the other side of her door.

She grabbed the handle and opened it only partially, only showing her face to the one outside; she had to make sure it was someone at least worth eating, first. But instead of being faced with a normal student, a random anthro animal of some sort, she found herself looking at the face of a black dragon, one with golden eyes, who seemed oddly worried about something. He seemed familiar, but the bunny girl struggled to place exactly why. He wore a black collar around his neck, one with a little golden bell matching his eyes, jingling as he turned to face her.

“H-hi! Um, sorry to bother you…” he spoke. “But I’ve been looking for someone - a red dragon by the name of Freya. Have you seen her? She’s been missing for about a month. She’s my girlfriend, and she’s a student at Misteria.” He held out a missing poster; Tulip grabbed it with her paw and took a look. This was her toilet slave - she recognized her instantly, though she looked quite a bit more energetic in the picture than she had been in the toilet.

“You said you’re her boyfriend?” Tulip asked, curiously.

“Yes, that’s right. Three years now.” The dragon hardly sounded confident; he’d been searching for her for so long, to no avail. Going door to door was a last resort, but even that was hardly working. “Do you have any info? Anything at all?”

“What’s your name?” Tulip asked.

“Oh, um, I-I’m Fyrre.” The dragon seemed a bit confused by her question

“Fyrre, come inside for a moment, would you? I think I know something - I’ll show you.”

“Oh, really!?” The dragon suddenly perked up; it was the first sign of a clue he’d seen for weeks. “Thank you so much!” The bunny opened the door all the way, let him in, and closed it as his tail slithered inside; he looked at her, only for his eyes to go wide and for him to blush horribly as he witnessed her entirely naked figure. “O-oh my,” he said, a bit too shocked to get out anything else.

“Oh, oops - I forgot to put any clothes on~ Silly me~” The bunny chuckled playfully; Fyrre’s gaze was captured by her fluffy breasts, her fat, hard, horny cock, her huge, beautiful ass cheeks; she was amazing. He turned away in shame and embarassment. “Don’t worry, darling - you can look all you want~”

“Um… t-that’s ok. What do you know about Freya?” Fyrre asked, trying to keep eye contact with the Lopunny, his pupils quickly darting down to her nude body without him being able to control it.

“Quite a lot, actually~ But before that, do you want something to drink? You look a bit nervous. You should be fully healthy when I tell you this so you get every detail.”

Fyrre supposed he was a bit uncomposed; he nodded. “That would be great, thank you.”

“No problem.” The bunny opened her fridge and pulled out two bottles of soda; one was normal, red cap, brown drink, and the other seemed to be just the same, except for a post-it note on the front: “DO NOT DRINK - SHRINKING CHEMICALS MIXED IN”. She pulled off the sticky note, crumpled it up, and threw it back in the fridge, then handed the drink to Fyrre. “Enjoy~”

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“Thank you.” Fyrre twisted the cap off and quickly downed the soda; he’d been working on his little investigation all day, and had barely had time to take a break. He reveled in the pleasure of simply relaxing and drinking a soft drink; Tulip drank hers, too, hiding her smirk behind the bottle. The dragon noticed the drink was oddly bitter; the bunny only remembered she’d mixed her piss in with it after he’d begun drinking. Still, Fyrre drank every last drop, then blushed as he realized what he’d done. “Oh, um, excuse me - I guess I’m pretty dehydrated, hehe.” He blushed and scratched the back of his head. “Thank you again. Anyways - the info about…” he trailed off as he spoke; his stomach was feeling weirdly upset. “Huh?”

Fyrre found his vision getting a tad blurry, his mind a little dizzy, the world spinning ever so slightly… as everything around him seemed to be suddenly growing in size. The beds, the fridge, the drinks, the naked bunny girl… in a matter of moments, he looked at his body, and realized that the world had not gotten bigger, but rather, that he’d gotten smaller.

Tulip smirked down at him, now standing over the confused dragon. “The info about Freya~? I wouldn’t be so worried about that right now~” She said, reaching down and grabbing the dragon by the chest, holding him tight in her paws and making sure to restrict his wings. He struggled in her grasp, panicking as he tried to understand what was happening to him, but it was to no avail. “Calm down - no amount of struggling is going to save you now~ The shrinking agent I put in your drink is going to make you a bit dizzy for the next few hours anyways - even if you try to fly away, you’re just going to run into the wall.”

“What happened to me?! L-let me go!!” Fyrre pleaded, still struggling, though he felt weak and powerless, and her grip was tight and strong. He looked into her eyes, eyes that were filled with a deep sense of malevolent sadism and cruelty, as well as clear lust. She chuckled to herself, removing a paw from the dragon and using it to gently rub her cock as she looked at him, licking her lips like a hungry predator staring at her next meal. He was so weak, even just one paw was enough to hold him. Looking below, he saw his dog collar with its little bell sitting on the floor, the same size as it’d been before he was shrunk down.

“What happened is that the drink I gave you was mixed with a little drug I have~ Just something simple that shrinks down anyone who drinks it. Don’t worry, I didn’t give you too much - now, you’re about a foot long. Consider yourself lucky I didn’t give you a whole lot more - I could’ve made you the size of an ant, then crushed you beneath my paws~ You wouldn’t be the first one I’ve done that to~”

Fyrre panted as he struggled in her grasp, still trying to escape, despite his efforts being entirely in vain. He knew he couldn’t get out of this; now, he was just wearing himself out. “P-please, please let me go! I-I’ll do anything, I promise, a-anything you want!!”

“Beg all you want - it’s not going to change a thing~” The bunny moved her paw, holding the derg by his neck. “But, just to make things a little easier for me… I’m going to need to make sure you can’t use these~” She flicked one of Fyrre’s wings, giving the dragon a sinister little smile. “Luckily for you, I don’t feel particularly violent right now. Instead…” She reached into the drawer of her desk and pulled out a small dog collar, incredibly small, made so it could fit around a shrunken prey. “I’ll use this~ It was actually meant for a different dragon, but I didn’t end up needing it for them, so I’ll use it on you instead~”

Fyrre tilted his head at the mention of another dragon. He thought for barely a moment that it could’ve been Freya, then quickly dismissed the idea - there were plenty of dragons on campus or otherwise nearby, it could’ve been any of them. As he thought about this, the bunny wrapped the little black collar around his neck. It was tight, hard to breathe through, and it felt a little cold - there was a line of something that wasn’t exactly fabric on the inside, plus a little plastic box bulging out of the back. A horrible realization came to his mind when Tulip held up a small remote with just two buttons.

“Alright, I haven’t actually tried this out yet; how about we give it a little test~?” She suddenly let go of her captive. Immediately, Fyrre saw an opportunity. Before she had any time to correct her decision, he flapped his wings and shot toward a window as fast as he could, seeing freedom in his wake. Once he was out of that room, he could certainly get someone to help him! He smiled triumphantly, confident in his own abilities, knowing he could never be caught at his top speed, and certainly not at this-

BZZZRRRT!

Fyrre shouted out with a yip of pain, hundreds of volts of electricity flowing into his body right from the neck; it made him squirm, his wings and limbs all contorting as the shock flowed through him, causing him to immediately fall out of the sky and land on Tulip’s bed. He twitched, his muscles aching, as he lay there, struggling to get back up.

Tulip took her finger off the top button. “Seems it works perfectly~” She showed the remote to the struggling reptile. “The white button on top sends a pretty rough shock through your body, enough to paralyze you for a few seconds. The red button below it sends about 20

times that~ If I press it, it'll almost certainly kill you. Also, if you fly farther than a mile away, it'll automatically activate, so don't bother trying to escape if you don't want to die~"

The electrocuted dragon sat, stunned both physically and verbally; his escape had been so forcefully, suddenly ripped from his hands. It filled him with dread, and the red button on that controller terrified him. He prodded at the collar with his razor-sharp claws, but he couldn't get it to budge an inch, couldn't penetrate the material. It was definitely made for a dragon, no doubt about it.

The Lopunny grabbed the scaled prey back up and held him up to her mouth. "Good attempt, but don't expect to get another chance like that - you're gonna be on a tight leash from now on, understood~? And, if you decide you want to make this more difficult, if you decide to keep trying to escape or do anything to defy me…" She grabbed a plushie from off the top of her dresser - Freya's last one, a white bunny with long, floppy ears. "Well, I'll show you~"

She held Fyrre by his tail and walked out of the dorm room, entirely naked, going into a random public bathroom. It was dirty, with a strong smell wafting in the air, the smell of lots of toilet-use and not nearly enough toilet-cleaning. She entered the first stall, locking the door behind her, in that tiny space with her victim and the plushie, her remote tucked into one of her large Lopunny ears. "See that~?" She motioned to the toilet with the paw holding the rabbit.

The dragon stared at the bowl; he was a bit confused, honestly. He didn't see much more than a dirty public-bathroom toilet. The only thing that seemed even somewhat abnormal was the dirtiness of it - the porcelain was caked with shit, streaks all around, the water inside dark and murky, everything else seeming rusty and just generally not well maintained. "Um… y-yes?" He mustered in reply.

"It may just look like a toilet right now, but for you, it's something far more dangerous~" She took the bunny plush and tossed it in, feet-first. It was a large plush, a good foot long, and clearly well-loved and well-cared for. The material was a bit thin, the plastic eyes a little chipped, the ears bent and creased, but it was still fuzzy and cute, and someone clearly cared about it a lot. The bunny pointed her cock at the stuffed animal and began to piss, moaning out in reprieve as she emptied a stream of visibly steaming dark-yellow urine. It pittered cutely onto the plush's face, tiny drops flying all over the bowl as the bulk of the piss soaked into the white fur and ran all over the bunny's body. It streaked her yellow, staining her, turning her pure shade of white to the gross colors of Tulip's urine, dampening her fur and ruining her fuzziness, making her sink further into the water with the added weight. She licked her lips as she did it, clearly enjoying herself, her cock hardening even as she continued to shoot out the hard stream of gold, turning the water to the same shade and filling the bathroom with the bitter scent.

Fyrre watched closely the whole time, his eyes going back and forth between the bowl, the cock, and the predator-bunny's face. The sight was odd and a bit scary, but at the same time… he couldn't help but feel his own shaft getting a bit hard as he watched. There was something incredibly appealing about her body, especially in its glorious nudity, and even her

attitude, her malevolence and sadism, made him feel some shivers of lust. Though, when it was directed at him, he certainly couldn't enjoy it - he was far too terrified for that.

"Now, watch this closely." She finished her piss and grabbed the toilet's lever, then pushed it down. With a loud *CLUNK*, the toilet water rose, and then slowly began to swirl, spinning around and around, twirling the bunny along with it. It rapidly looped the bunny around the porcelain, throwing it around in the pissy water, rubbing it against the streaks of shit and further ruining its coat of fur, all while slowly pulling it down, toward the drain, where water was already quickly beginning to disappear. And suddenly, just at the last moment, as the last of the liquid was flushed, the bunny was pulled feet-first inside of the porcelain hole, swished and slurped down, its little ears quickly twirling away. The plush was easily flushed down the toilet with little more than a quick push of the lever, hardly any resistance coming from the stuffed animal.

In the last moments of the plushie's life, Fyrre had a feeling of deja vu, a though that he'd seen that bun somewhere before. He soon realized in a sudden flash of memory that his girlfriend, Freya, had the same type - a bunny just like that one, one that she'd named Bunbun. It was a strange coincidence, especially since hers had been pretty worn out, too - he remembered that she'd quite loved that plushie.

"Now, did you see how easily that toy was flushed down the toilet~? Remember, it was about a foot long, and it's not the only thing in my paws that has that length~"

Fyrre tilted his head in confusion, but things rapidly began to click into place as the bunny suddenly moved him, holding him over the toilet, dangling him by his tail above the gently refilling, still-dirty water of that gross toilet bowl. He shivered in fear as he stared down at the large, dark drain, remembering how easily the large plush was flushed, thinking about how little the bunny hesitated to push the handle, thinking about the collar around his neck. He wanted to struggle, instinctually terrified as he realized what she was threatening, but if he actually managed to slip out of her grip now, he'd just land in the toilet water. And would she even hesitate to flush?

"All it would take is for me to throw you in and just flush one time~ Once the flush has started, the water certainly won't let you out of its grip - you'll be destined for the sewers, and there's almost no chance you'll survive the pipes. I'm certain you'll drown in there. But even if you somehow do, that collar will kill you eventually - it's waterproof, of course~ And if you try to fly away after landing in the bowl, just one quick little zap, and you'll be paralyzed while the dirty liquids slosh you all around and send you twirling away~"

The derg's heart beat out of his chest as he listened to Tulip's threat; he was realizing now how much danger he was really in. She wouldn't hesitate to kill him - in fact, she seemed to take pleasure in the thought, judging by the rosy blush on her cheeks, her evil smile, her throbbing shaft. "I-I-I promise I-I'll b-be good, m-m-miss," he said, his teeth clattering as he shook with primal fear.

“That’s good, that’s good~ But, well, I want to make sure the lesson sticks~” Suddenly, Fyrre was plunged into darkness, the bunny shoving him head-first into the toilet water, forcing his face into the drain, cramming him in until he was halfway inside the pipes. She held his tail tight as he began to struggle, drowning in the filth, in complete darkness, unable to escape her grasp; he’d seen what happened to that bunny, he knew he wouldn’t survive!! Suddenly, he heard a *CLUNK*, muffled by the water around his ears, and he felt the toilet waters swirling around him, a heavy, fast, forceful current speeding around him, threatening to rip him right out of the Lopunny’s paws. He felt himself slipping, little by little, deeper in, the predator’s grasp on him getting weaker and weaker; he struggled as hard as he could, but even if he wasn’t being held down, he knew that, if he were just left to toilet’s mercy, he’d be flushed without any chance of escape. He was too tiny, and the flow was too strong.

Right as he was giving up on life, though, the flush ended, and Tulip pulled him back out, the scaled creature breathing in a sharp breath of air and hyperventilating as water dripped off his scales. The bunny girl chuckled at his terrible experience. “Not a fan of that, now, were you~? Remember how that felt next time you have even the smallest thought of trying to escape - I won’t hesitate to flush you, not even for a minute~ And, well, even if I don’t do that…” She ripped off some toilet paper and wiped off his head, then held him up to her mouth, far before he could recover from his near-fatal flushing experience.

She opened her maw surprisingly wide, showing off her cavernous insides and the deep drain that was her throat, just as menacing as the toilet’s, another pathway to a fatal demise. “My diet consists primarily of cute little guys just like you, all swallowed and gulped away, gurgling down in my belly until they’re nothing but waste, waste that I flush down the very toilet I just shoved your head in~ I won’t hesitate to swallow you just because you’re a bit dirty. My body can handle it - it’s pretty tough, as you’ll find out, if I ever feel you’re in need of punishment for trying to escape and I don’t feel like taking you to the toilet~” She reached out her tongue and licked his head, covering him in her drool, the fleshy appendage making him shiver in disgust as it touched him. And yet, just like with the plushie, something about the threat of being swallowed, something about being gulped up by this malevolent predator, made the derg feel hot and horny.

His fear and disgust still overwhelmed that horniness, though - he wanted nothing more than to be out of this situation. His lust only made him feel more afraid, afraid that, at some vital moment, he’d be stunned by horniness, and he’d die for it. He gulped as he stared deeper into her wet maw, at her sharp teeth, at her overpowering predatorial desires, until finally, she closed her mouth.

“Just keep that in mind, ok, my new little toy~?” She smirked. “Though, I do have a feeling you won’t be around long enough to have to worry about that too much~”

Fyrre felt like he should be relieved by her words, but honestly, it just increased his terror. He had a feeling she wasn't just going to let him go. Still, he responded. "Y-yes, miss, I understand."

"Hmm… call me 'goddess' instead of miss, ok~? That's how you should be thinking of me from now on, a goddess who holds your fate in my paws, who can kill you at any time she wants, who dictates your life in every way~"

His lips trembled as he responded, "U-um, y-yes, my goddess."

"That's more like it~" She walked back to her room, dragon dangling by his tail. "Now, I have a fun little surprise for you - try not to be too shocked, ok~?"

The reptile nervously bit his lip. "O-ok, goddess."

The bunny girl opened her closet, holding her prey away so he wouldn't see what was inside quite yet. The door was thick enough that it was almost soundproof, with the wood making it so Freya could hear even less of what was happening around her. "Hi there, toilet slave~ How are you doing down there~?"

Freya looked up at the Lopunny; her lust had only grown since last night's fucking and today's toilet-service. She blushed, her slit moistening as she looked up into the blood-red eyes of the bunny girl who'd so horribly mistreated her. "I-I'm good, m-m-mistress," she responded. She'd chosen to be quiet most times, but now, she actually found herself *wanting* to talk to Tulip, wanting to interact with her. She was hopelessly attracted to the bunny.

Fyrre thought her voice sounded familiar… but he dismissed the thought, just as he had when Tulip mentioned another dragon earlier. Certainly, the one the bunny had just referred to as "toilet slave" couldn't have been his girlfriend - it would be far too cruel, far too coincidental.

And yet… it seemed the world really had it out for the poor derg today.

Tulip dropped Fyrre to the ground and immediately slammed her foot down on top of his chest, knocking all the wind out of his lungs and holding him down with a good amount of pressure. "There's a guest here to see you, my precious little toy~ Why don't you come out and greet him~?"

"Hm?" Freya responded, unsure what to make of that; she hadn't recognized Fyrre's voice at all, she was used to hearing Tulip doing things to random students in her room. The bunny girl reached into her toilet and grabbed her toilet-dreg by the tail, pulling her out… only for her to instantly be greeted to the sight of her boyfriend, Fyrre, her beloved mate, who she'd expected to never see again! Her eyes widened as their gazes met, the bunny chuckling malevolently as they stared at each other in disbelief.

“Freya!?” Fyrre exclaimed. “Oh my god, I missed you so much! What happened to you? What are you doing here? Are you ok?”

“Oh, Fyrre, it’s you!! I thought I was never going to see you again!” Tears welled up in her eyes as she looked at her beloved mate, elated beyond belief to see him again, to have a chance for escape from the bunny’s enslavement. Her stockholm syndrome hadn’t gotten that bad yet; she still very much wanted out of this… or, at least, that’s what she was telling herself, but even now, as the bunny held her by her tail, she was feeling a warm sense of lust just from the fuzzy fingers holding her tight. “This Lopu- I-I mean, my mistress, she trapped me hear for a whole month, made me into her toy and her toilet! She’s been raping me every night and forcing me to eat loads of her shit every day!” Her tears only worsened as she spoke, her voice wavy and scared.

“Oh god…” Fyrre responded, looking back to the bunny girl, who only seemed proud of herself. He was speechless; how could he possibly respond to that? He felt like he should be feel of rage, but instead, he just felt sympathy for his beloved, and a whole lot more fear. He wanted to save her so bad, but how could he possibly do that now? The bunny had him completely defenseless, as Freya was much worse for wear. “I-I’ll find a way to get us out of this, I-I promise!!” Fyrre proclaimed, trying to be confident, even though he had not even a bit of courage inside of him.

“Oh, will you now~?” Tulip snickered, stomping her foot down harder, making the dragon gasp out in pain; he swore, for just a moment, that he could feel something inside of him breaking as great peels of pain shook his body. “How adorable, the loving boyfriend being the hero, saving his girlfriend from the big bad bunny.” Tulip overflowed with confidence, quickly shattering any illusion of Fyrre’s heroic rescue. He could only think about the toilet; the fear paralyzed him. “Try all you’d like, but this isn’t a comic book - you’re both my toys, and it’ll be up to me what happens to you~ And unfortunately for you, I don’t play nice~”

The bunny dropped the red dragon to the ground as well, Freya letting out a painful *MMPH!* as she slammed into the ground. She was still tied up, her wings unusable, but honestly, even if she’d been free, she’d have stood no chance - she was malnourished, weak, sleep deprived, she couldn’t have flown if she tried. And even if she could, her fear of the bunny girl, and her simultaneous affection for the bun, prevented her from doing anything even resembling disobedience to her mistress.

“Toilet slave, open up - I’ve got a fresh load for you~”

Freya’s face reddened as the bunny turned around and pointed her ass at the toilet-derg, her thick, fuzzy, brown thighs bending as she squatted, her massive, dirty, smelly ass cheeks getting ever closer and closer to the living toilet. “Y-y-yes, m-mistress!” She responded, huffing; she couldn’t deny it any longer - even just eating Tulip’s shit was getting her turned on now. She was so hopeless; she could never go back to just being Fyrre’s girlfriend, even if she did escape!

Fyrre watched in horror as the Lopunny grunted. She made sure to keep her foot on the male victim as she hovered her ass over the female dragon's head; Freya lifted herself up, positioning her maw under the bunny's tail hole, opening it up wide as she could, ready to swallow down her filth. Moments later, a rod of slimy chocolate slipped out, the female dragon immediately lifting her mouth to wrap her lips around it, letting it slide into her throat just as naturally as it always did. Her gulps were loud and wet; she breathed through her nose, her body shaking with the clear effort it took her to do this. She was struggling so much, but she still managed it; she still managed to pack away multiple logs of sloppy Lopunny waste, down her throat, into her stomach, without hesitation.

"Freya…" Fyrre whispered; he felt so horrible. He couldn't stand to watch his beloved being so mistreated, so abused, but at the same time, he couldn't look away. It filled him with such great dread.

"Alright, Freya, that's enough~" The bunny finished one last log, letting her little toilet lizard gulp it up before patting the dragon on the head, degradingly treating her like a pet. "Good girl~ You've become such a great toilet slave~"

Freya's tail wagged as she received the compliment; she couldn't help it, her body was hardly under her control anymore. Fyrre was confused by that, but he tried to ignore it.

"Now, dragon toy, how about I show your precious boyfriend how else I've been using you since you disappeared~?" The bunny grabbed Freya, holding her tight in her fuzzy paw and lifting her up, the Lopunny grabbing her hard cock and holding it up.

The female dragon's tail wagged faster; she didn't respond, but her eyes said it all. More than ever before, she yearned for that gigantic shaft to ram into her tiny slit, stretch her out, rearrange her guts, ruin her body with its massive, throbbing force. The bunny girl lifted her paw off of Fyrre's body, but he didn't dare move, still frozen in fear, and possibly suffering from a few broken ribs. "Don't worry, hero - I'll make sure you don't have to watch this part. In fact… you're going to get a very special view while it happens~"

Fyrre didn't even have time to consider what the bunny possibly meant. She grabbed him and threw him on her rubber desk chair; the seat smelled heavily of sweat, scented with the bunny's musk - she'd clearly spent a lot of time there, doing who knows what. At the same time, he could smell what seemed like something worse, something a bit gassy, but it was just subtle enough he couldn't tell whether or not he was imagining it.

"Don't move - try to fly, and I'll shock you right away." Fyrre quickly nodded. "Smell anything special on that seat? Whenever I have to do my assignments, I like to throw Freya on it, sit on top of her, and let her get nice and cozy with my ass~ Especially on days where I'm feeling a little gassy, like this one~" She turned her ass to the male dragon and held her female toilet slave to her bunny asshole, shoving her tiny head between the sweaty cheeks, practically

crushing her with the force of their squeeze. The Lopunny farted, letting out a strong, brassy show of gas right into Freya's face, right up her nostrils, her gas smelling like her shit but on a new level of grossness, like a porta potty, or like sewage.

The red reptile shook in disgust and pain from the toxic gas being forced into her system; the bunny pulled her out, only for the dragon's face to be covered in slimy shit from being shoved between those ass cheeks. Freya coughed and gagged, her stomach nauseous, her lungs irritated; the bunny's farts were never good for anyone's system. The toilet slave was lucky to survive them. "She really takes those quite hard~" Tulip said. "It's impressive that she's managed to survive some of my worse days - it gets so hot and toxic down there, I worry that, once I get up, all that'll be left is a cute little dragon corpse. I have to wonder… would you be able to handle them quite as well as she could~?"

Fyrre was covering his nose; even from his distance, the smell was miserable and disgusting, worse than any fart he'd ever smelled before. The scent of the leather was now easily identifiable - it was clearly the same scent of the gas that emanated from the bunny's rear end. "W-what do you mean?" He asked, stuttering.

"You care about this little dragon-toy I have here a lot, don't you~?" She smirked, holding up Freya. "Well, I've changed my mind a bit on my punishment for your disobedience. Not only will you be going down the toilet if I believe you deserve punishment for defying me… but she'll be going down too~ And you'll have to watch the whole thing~" She snickered. "You wouldn't want to watch me flush your precious little girlfriend down the toilet, now, would you~? She might not have a collar, but I'll make sure she doesn't survive - I'll break every bone in her body before I push that handle to make sure she drowns down there~"

"Please no!!" Fyrre quickly shouted, shaking in fear at just the thought of his lover being flushed. "I-I promise, I'll be very, very obedient, I'll do anything you want, just p-please don't hurt her!!"

"Good boy, I thought that's what you'd say~ Just remember that bunny plush - one flush was all it took~"

Freya looked to Tulip's face for a moment with a hint of sadness when she mentioned the bunny; she could guess that it was hers. The last plush, flushed away… she felt sad, sure, but at the same time, the blush on her cheeks grew a little redder. Even this was turning her on now; she was so hopeless.

"Now, how about you give me a little display of your obedience~?" Tulip moved and pointed her ass to the chair, jiggling it sweetly, her small fluffy tail lifted in the air to show her dirty, shit-pasted fur off well. "Freya's been on that chair under my ass for many hours at a time; I want to see how well you do at it yourself~ Don't worry, though - I'm not going to wait a whole hour. You just have to survive…" She held Freya up to her shaft, the bunny girl grabbing her

brown cock with her other paw, and she pressed her tip against the red dragon's stretched pussy. "Until I finish fucking your girlfriend~"

Fyrre's breathing grew unsteady; he gulped, staring at the ass in dread of what was to come. But more than that, he found himself so upset at the thought of Tulip fucking Freya. Before, the red dragon's slit had been exclusive to Fyrre - their relationship made their act of sex such a personal, important affair to the both of them. To imagine that his girlfriend had been fucked multiple times by the bunny girl without the victim's consent made Fyrre feel so angry. But that anger quickly dissipated, replaced by overwhelming terror and sadness, as he knew there was nothing he could do to get back at the bunny. "H-how many times… h-have you done it with her?" He asked, knowing he'd regret it.

"How many? Oh, that's hard to say~" She chuckled. "I use her every day, usually a few times a day, and every single time, I make sure to fill her up with so much cum it flows out of her for minutes afterward~ I couldn't even begin to say how many times I've used her as my fleshlight, how many times I've violated her, fucked her so hard she wanted to throw up after, left her unable to even stand for hours. At least… 60, I suppose~"

Fyrre teared up as he listened. Sixty times!? And she'd cum inside her just as many times, too… it was horrible. He felt so bad for Freya, his poor, poor lover.

And yet, the dragon sex toy didn't seem quite as upset. As she felt Tulip's tip pressing against her pussy, the sensual throbbing of the bunny's girthy, needy cock, the sensation of the big paw gripping her tight, Freya was immensely turned on. Her face was filled with a red-hot blush; she was panting, huffing excitedly just at the thought was about to happen, turned on as she examined the familiar veins of the big brown shaft that would soon be ramming her cervix. Fyrre was confused. Did his girlfriend actually… *like* being used by Tulip?

"Well, well, someone's feeling needy~" The bunny said, rubbing her cock head against the wet flesh of the slit, teasing the dragon with the possibility of an entrance at any moment. "I think I have a little idea. Freya, do you want me to fuck you right now?"

"Yes, yes, yes please, m-mistress!!" Freya immediately responded, no hesitation, her voice so cute and soft, not a voice that should've belonged to someone begging to be fucked, Fyrre thought. "God, please, I want it so bad!"

"Are you sure? If you want, I'll let you fuck Fyrre, your beloved boyfriend, instead~ You're about the same size - his cock will be much easier for you to handle, and it won't be nearly as painful as me using you." She pointed Freya at Fyrre; the black dragon looked up at her with a hopeful but sad smile. The red dragon looked down at his dick. In comparison to Tulip's… it was minuscule, almost sad, and that was even without him being shrunk down. Honestly, she'd never even liked it that much - it was always too small to really pleasure her satisfyingly, always a disappointment. She would've never told that to Fyrre, though - she didn't want to hurt his feelings, and she *did* like him… though, now, she didn't like him quite as much as she used to… and not nearly as much as she liked Tulip.

Maybe if she was a bit less horny, she would've reacted differently, but with her thirst, Freya couldn't help but say, "I-I want you, mistress! Please, your cock is so much better and bigger than his - I could never get off to his shaft after handling yours!"

"Aww~ Sounds like you're finally starting to love your new life~" Tulip smirked at Fyrre.

The boyfriend looked at both of them with his jaw on the floor, shocked, confused, heartbroken. He couldn't believe what he was hearing. He tried to rationalize it in his head - maybe she'd been coerced into saying that, or maybe the bunny was hypnotizing her or something? But no, she seemed just fine earlier, and even now, there didn't seem to be anything else off with her. Tears flowed down his face, silently crying as he realized his girlfriend was choosing someone who'd used her as a toilet over him. "F-freya… y-you can't be serious…"

Freya frowned for a moment; she did feel a little bad, but her horniness was winning out over any sense of guilt or shame for her actions. Fyrre and her were both trapped anyways; what was the point of keeping up any illusions? She didn't respond to his comment, instead turning to Tulip with a smile on her face. "A-are you ready, mistress?"

"There's just one last thing, little heartbreaker. I'm only going to fuck you on one condition: while I do it, I'll be sitting right on top of Fyrre, with his head shoved between my cheeks, and the whole time, I'm gonna be farting on him with some of the worst gas I've had in a long time~ And I'm planning to churn your guts for at least ten minutes before I finish and fill you up. It's going to be absolute torture for your lover down there - you know how toxic my farts are; it might just kill him~ That said, do you still want to do it? If you say no, I'll spare him. In fact, I'll even let him go! But I won't fuck you right now, not for a few days at least. What do you say~?"

Freya bit her lip and looked back at Fyrre; he gave her a pleading look. This was an incredible opportunity! Not only would he be spared from what could potentially be his death, he could go and get help, he could save them both from Tulip's enslavement! It was an incredible opportunity. He nodded to her, wondering why she was hesitating, why she didn't immediately say yes.

The red dragon thought about how terrible it was to be squished under the Lopunny's rear, to be flattened against the leather, stuck there for hours, forced to sniff tons of farts, body odor, and the lingering scent of shit on her almost always filthy ass. It was hellish - she hated it, especially at the beginning, even if now, she'd learned to appreciate it a little bit. But for Fyrre, it would be just as bad as Freya's first time doing that service, and that was after Freya had already done some work as a toilet slave and smelled the toxic farts of the bunny girl multiple times. She doubted her boyfriend could handle that kind of heat, the pressure, the smell of that gas, the toxins. If he didn't die, he'd get extremely sick, maybe even permanently damaged in the brain. Not to mention, the alternative involved him going free, and he could get help… but help meant no more of Tulip's cock. And even if Fyrre didn't set her free, going even a few days

without the Lopunny dick inside of her sounded like torture. She realized at this moment that she'd developed an addiction to it… but that didn't stop her from craving it.

"S-sorry, Fyrre. Please fuck me, mistress Tulip!" Freya begged, Fyrre's face dropping, his hopes and belief in his girlfriend shattered. She'd willingly subject him to this, just so she could get fucked? He'd never felt so betrayed in his whole life, watching helplessly as his girlfriend's scaled tail wagged and wagged, the cock tip being pressed up against her pussy once again.

"I had a feeling you'd say that. Too bad, though - I was really going to let you go if she didn't do that, little hero~" She chuckled at Fyrre's dismay, getting even more turned on from the betrayal that was breaking his heart. "Good luck down there~"

Before Fyrre could spend any more time grieving his broken heart and his chance to escape, Tulip began to sit, his vision turning to darkness as her fluffy cheeks blotted out the light overhead. His eyes widened in fear as they got closer; he squirmed, briefly going to escape, to run out from beneath there before he was crushed, but then he remembered the bunny's threat. Any disobedience, and both him and Freya were going to be flushed down the toilet. He gulped and stayed put. Even if he felt betrayed by his girlfriend, he still believed in her, still had hope that she loved him, that she didn't mean what she'd said, that they could still escape and be together again; he couldn't give that up.

And it was for that hope that he sat in place, letting Tulip's monstrous butt sit right on top of him.

Her dirty, shitty cheeks squished him down against the leather, smashing his wings, forcing his limbs to sprawl out, shoving his legs and arms down and pressing them like a fly hit by a fly swatter. He heard a few loud *CRACK*ing sounds, and he whimpered, the pain of multiple broken bones suddenly lighting his body up with unbridled agony. His head was smushed in a different way; the bunny reached a paw back and pushed his face into her cheeks, shoving his snout right against her asshole, so that his nose was stuck comfortably inside, cutely pressed into the puckered lips, slathered with slimy chocolate that smelled like death.

The pain of shattered bones and squishing was terrible, but Fyrre soon learned there was something much worse than that ahead of him. With his nose perfectly positioned in the worst place it could possibly be, Tulip's first fart hit him incredibly hard. Before she'd even started on Freya, the bunny's tail hole opened ever so slightly, lips twitching and moving, to release a sudden rush of toxic fumes all over the dreg, a good bit going over his body, even more of it going straight into his nostrils. It was hot and humid, muggy, like it was air coming from a volcano's summit. He could feel the rush, the speed of it, like the sensation of sticking your head out of the car on a highway, ridiculously fast. But of course, the worst part of it was the scent itself.

It was what you'd smell after opening a trash can that hadn't been emptied for two years, or like sticking your head in a latrine, but also, even worse. Nothing could quite compare to that

smell. There was simply no other scent in the world that had ever made Fyrre feel so gross, a scent that made him so nauseous, that made his stomach churn, that made him throw up in his mouth. At the same time, it made him dizzy, made his head spin; it burned his nostrils like they'd been set on fire and lit up his throat like he was drinking from a bottle of hot sauce. He could feel the agitation even in his lungs, like they were shriveling up and dying right in front of him, like they were being wrung out like a cloth. It was indescribably terrible.

And that was just the first one.

Already, it was so hard to breathe down there - every breath drew in more of the noxious gas, something his body was quick to reject with a cough, but there was simply no clean or fresh air to replace it with, not between those sweaty, dirty, slimy ass cheeks. His body quivered from the pure strain of trying to process that filthy air intake, as well as from plain fear of what was to come.

"Oops~" Tulip chuckled, waving a paw in front of her nose. "Looks like I let one out early. Consider that a little appetizer~" She tickled the red dragon's slit with the tip of her cock, pushing it in just the slightest bit, making the girlfriend quickly quake with excitement. "Ready, fuck toy~?"

"Oh, yes, yes mistress!" She cheerfully responded, panting, squirming, spreading her legs to make her privates as available as possible.

"Good~ Moan nice and loud for me, ok? I want your boyfriend to know how much fun you're having~" The bunny wrapped both paws around Freya's chest and suddenly pulled her down, right onto her cock, using her like a fleshlight just as she had last time. In that tight grip, on that huge, girthy shaft, the red dragon was given no control over the situation, over the speed, over when it began and when it ended - all she could do was just give herself over to her mistress and hope that Tulip would be somewhat reasonable, which was never a safe bet. Though, in Freya's mind, there was no room for her to be worried about her body, or for her to take into account the pain of her organs and bones crying out at her as they were mashed around, or for her to hope it wouldn't end too poorly. No, when the bunny was fucking, the only thing in her head was an overwhelming sense of pleasure, now even more so than ever before.

The way Tulip fucked her - the way Tulip *used* her - was intense and rapid, multiple thrusts every second, all the way in and all the way out, even making the dragon-toy's belly bulge out with the size of the cock as the bunny girl shoved it further and further each time. Tulip leaned back and spread her legs, nudging her body to follow the motions perfectly, her rod throbbing harder and faster with every entrance. Freya felt like her body was on fire, and in multiple ways - not just from the pain, but also from intense passion, lust, and pleasure, which all combined with the pain to make for an insanely masochistic little dragon, addicted to being fucked so hard that her flesh was being practically ripped apart, and she loved it.

Tulip's and Freya's moans came together in a chorus of pleasureful, gutteral sounds, getting only louder and higher as everything went on, as the speed increased, as the intensity rose. But the bunny girl was having a particularly amazing time. She just adored the feeling of the little scaled dragon she'd just caught moving underneath her ass, wriggling and squirming, not because he wanted to, but because his body was reacting so poorly to her torment. She was never the type to hold back her farts, even during sex, so she had no problem unleashing every bit of gas in her system right onto Fyrre's face, not to mention she'd made sure her diet that day would leave her extra gassy just for this very reason.

Every few seconds, sometimes even more frequently, a new fart rolled over the scaled fart cushion. Some were so loud they drowned out the bunny's moaning, some were so quiet you couldn't even tell they had happened, unless you were Fyrre, in which case you knew immediately due to the horrible smell burning his body from the inside out. His lungs were on fire, like they'd been covered in gasoline and set alight; his brain was slowly losing function, filled with dizziness and headaches, his thoughts diminishing more and more as he found it hard to use logic or even think about anything more complex than his own overwhelming misery and pain. He felt like he was just smelling pure shit now, like he was getting a taste of exactly what was cooking up in the bunny's rear, of the waste she had sitting in her body, waiting to come out. Tears dribbled down his face, some from the way his eyes were burning, some from his pure misery.

To describe it as torture was almost an understatement; it was more like an execution. The black dragon could feel his life slipping away, the gas so extremely toxic he felt it was poisoning his whole body; it was incredible that he hadn't already died just from the shock to his system. He was just barely holding on, through sheer willpower, desperate to get through this with the tiniest hope to escape and be with his girlfriend again, even though that hope had faded and been tread upon so heavily. Time felt like it was stretching out infinitely; Fyrre wasn't sure if this was ever going to end. He didn't know how long it'd been, he didn't know how long it would be, he was clueless, stuck in the dark, forced to just endure until it was over, if it would *ever* be over. The bunny could easily choose to just sit there, even after finishing with Freya, and keep farting until he was a corpse - it wouldn't have even taken that long. His body couldn't adapt fast enough to stop the fatal nature of her farts.

Luckily for him, though, Tulip wasn't interested in holding out quite so long. Sweat trickled down the Lopunny's face and other bits of her body, especially collecting on and in her ass, making the smell somehow even worse for the poor derg she sat upon. Her legs were beginning to shiver; she could feel something in her body, something waiting to come out, a heavy load of cum slowly making its way to her tip as she fucked her toy even harder. She almost doubled her final speed as cum pushed at her hole, her cock throbbing hard, incredibly-pent up, and she managed to hold it back for only moments before squirting out, pulling Freya down as far as she would go, making the dragon yip with sudden surprise at the intense entrance followed by the filling.

Tulip moaned out, her legs shaking as she threw her head back, squirting a ridiculously large load of cum directly into Freya's pussy, filling her up so much that her belly bulged out, the cum invading every system of her body and leaving Tulip's mark deeply stained on her insides, as had been done so many times before. It was the ultimate way for the bunny to show Freya who she belonged to.

Finally, once she'd blown her entire load, the bunny slumped back, huffing, panting in exhaustion from the intense fucking, slowly pulling her used fleshlight off her cock and placing her on the desk, patting her head. "Good toy - you did well that time~"

Freya was significantly more exhausted; she collapsed on the desk, cum spilling out of her pussy and pooling on the surface below her. Her head was spinning, her whole body ached and screamed in pain and soreness, she couldn't move a single limb; Tulip's fucking had sent her whole body into shock, paralyzing her so much that she was almost on the verge of death. But still, the red dragon enjoyed it, loved it, and she wanted more - even right then, she stared at the girthy dick hanging between her mistress' legs, and she wished for it to be inside of her. She couldn't imagine fucking anyone else, not even Fyrre - his tiny cock wouldn't be able to do a thing for her anymore.

"Now, as for my little fart cushion… hmm, I think I have just a little more for him~" She chuckled, closing her eyes, biting her lip, and pushing out another fart as hard as she could, even grunting with the effort. However, it was more than just air this time. She gasped in surprise as she suddenly shit out a load of slimy, goopy shit right on top of the dragon, all over his face and his body. She stood up quickly, but still kept shitting, letting it flow from her ass and stream over his scales, covering him from head to toe in mucky bunny shit. She laughed as he laid there, his body twitching and shaking, his limbs stretched out and flattened against the leather. "Oops - guess I had a little accident~ Are you alive under there, Fyrre?"

The black dragon had only just barely managed to survive, to stay conscious. His head was still spinning, his body was still quivering, his lungs were still on fire, and at this point, he had suffered permanent brain damage - he could live a full life and still be a bit slower than he'd been before - and of course, adding onto that was the immense torment of his body full of broken bones. However, he was alive - only barely, but still, alive. However, he didn't respond to the bunny. Maybe if he played dead, it would present an opportunity for escape?

"Hmm… it isn't looking good for him. Well, if he's really dead, I suppose I'll just flush him down the toilet to dispose of the remains~"

"No, no!!" Fyrre quickly shouted, squirming, the movement of his body immediately causing sparks of horrible pain sent straight to his brain from his broken bones. His voice was weak, scratchy, his throat scarred and seared, but he managed to shout it out anyways. "I-I'm alive! P-please don't flush me!"

“Oh, there we go~ Seems you just needed some encouragement~” The bunny reached down and picked him up, swiping shit off his scales, with no regard for her own fur’s messiness. The feeling of her shit was gross - it was like falling into a pile of mud, but instead, the mud had just been dumped on you, and it smelled far worse than any mud ever could. It felt horrible on his scales; it was hot and mushy, like liquid cement, and it clung to him. “I wasn’t really expecting that - most of the toys I’ve played with like you died in the first few minutes of being my cushion, but you managed to survive a whole ten. Congrats~ Too bad there’s no reward for you~”

“Mmm…” Fyrre struggled to say much else; his vision was blurry. Though, slowly, it was getting better, as was everything else - he still felt residual pain, lethargy, aching and burning, but he was at least coming to a point where he was somewhat functional. The bunny put him back down to wipe off her hand with a paper towel; he took that moment to test his body, finding he was just barely able to stand up, but that he couldn’t flap his wings. The fractures weren’t too terrible - they would heal over time, nothing deadly - but they made the possibility of his escape just that much smaller. He looked to Freya to see how she was doing; she seemed to be in just about as much pain as he was, and yet, her cheeks were rosy, and she had a horny smile on her face. He could hear all her moans below the bunny’s ass as she was getting fucked; he whimpered quietly to himself. He’d never heard her moan like that for him before.

Tulip’s belly suddenly gurgled, a wet, loud rumble emanating from her pretty stomach. She rubbed it, smirking. “Excuse me - it seems I’m feeling a bit hungry~ I had a big breakfast, but I guess all this fucking and such has left my belly very empty~” She looked between Fyrre and Freya. “Hmm… I think I know exactly what I’m in the mood for~”

She grabbed Freya and held her up, examining the red dragon in a way she hadn’t quite ever done before. Her gaze was incredibly predatorial; her tongue traced her own lips over and over again, covering them in drool. She was clearly incredibly hungry, and she was looking at something incredibly appetizing. “I think I’m in the mood for something nice and meaty~” The Lopunny stuck her tongue out and gently licked the bottom of Freya’s neck. “And you look absolutely perfect right now~”

Freya gasped as she realized what Tulip was implying; she was so close to her lips, close enough that, as the bun spoke, the red dragon could see inside her mouth, past the long lines of drool running between her wet lips, past the sharp white teeth that lined her flesh, past the tongue that had so causally tasted her scales. She stared right into the bunny girl’s throat, dark, cold, damp, and fatal. Tulip hadn’t ever even mentioned eating her, though she knew the Lopunny loved to eat students and other sapient creatures for almost every meal - she’d even seen a few reptiles going down her throat, most of them all in one piece, still alive, until they melted away in her belly. She shouldn’t have been surprised that Tulip would actually eat her. “M-mistress…?” She murmured, her body shaking in horrible terror as she saw her life flashing before her eyes, her mind not even bothering to consider the possibility of escape.

“Aww, what’s wrong, darling~? Don’t be so worried - you’ll be a part of me forever. Once I’ve absorbed all your nutrients and digested you away, you’ll live on, maybe as a little fat on my ass~” She chuckled.

Freya huffed and panted; she shook so much, she could’ve functioned as a vibrator. This was really going to be the end of her life? Even at the hands of her beloved captor, she didn’t want this - she didn’t want to die! She squirmed and struggled, but it was useless - the predator’s grip was just as strong as ever before, and she was more weak than she’d ever been. “P-please, mistress Tulip, p-please don’t eat me!!”

“Freya!” Fyrre called out, now standing up on the seat, his legs shaking; he could barely even support his own weight. “W-wait, p-please don’t eat her! She didn’t do anything wrong! I-I’ll do anything if you just spare her, please, I’ll be your toy in her place, I’ll e-even…” He gulped; he still loved his girlfriend so much, even after she’d been so corrupted. “Please, e-eat me in her place!”

“Aww~ Sorry, dear, but in case you didn’t notice, you’re currently covered in shit, and that isn’t exactly the most redeeming quality for food. And sure, Freya might have some on her face after my little gassy demonstration earlier, but she isn’t nearly as dirty as you are~” She licked Freya yet again, running her tongue along the top of the red dragon’s head, feeling the texture of the meal’s scales against the Lopunny’s flesh.

“Wait, wait, p-please stop!!” Fyrre gathered up his courage and shot up from the seat, flying into the air, beating his wings and aiming straight for the bunny’s head, hoping he could hit her head-on and cause her to drop Freya, letting the red dreg escape. However, he didn’t even make it far in the air - quickly after starting his flight, he felt horrible nausea overtake him, the world blurring, and he quickly plummeted to the ground, hitting the carpet with a hard thud. He groaned in pain, shakily lifting his head, only to see the sight of the bunny looking down on him, laughing at his failure.

“Nice try, fart cushion, but there isn’t a thing you can do to stop me~ My gas is going to keep you out of order for a long time~” She stomped her foot down on top of him again, making him yelp out in pain as his broken bones were aggravated by the sudden pressure bearing down on him, preventing him from moving even an inch. “Say goodbye to your lovely little girlfriend~” She opened her mouth and brought the red dragon closer to it.

“No, wait, no no no, please, please, please don’t! Fyrreeee!!” Freya’s voice grew higher-pitched, stuttery and shaky, as she nervously begged for mercy and pleaded for help from her boyfriend, but her words fell on deaf ears. The bunny slowly slid the dragon inside her mouth, turning Freya around and electing to eat her feet-first. She stuck out her tongue and laid the dragon on top, slowly pushing and sliding the meal into the Lopunny’s maw, her slimy tongue covering the red scales and belly of the derg in saliva. Still, Freya squirmed, but it was no use - she was still being steadily pushed back, at just the same pace as before.

Slowly, she slid further, her body being steadily forced into the wet, fleshy cavern of the bunny's mouth; it was a tight fit, but she was still making it. She could feel the drool-drenched, cushiony, moist walls cradling her body, holding her tight, pulsing around her with the predator's heartbeat as she was slowly pulled further down. Her tail drooped into the Lopunny's throat, as did her back feet; she could feel the gravity there, pulling her down, making it clear that she had no chance of escape - she was starting to slip now, destined to be swallowed even without the constant pressure of the bunny girl pushing her deeper inside.

Tulip kept going; she disappeared further and further inside, calling Fyrre's name, begging for the bunny to stop, right up until her last moments. Her neck and head were soon the only thing on the outside; the Lopunny closed her eyes, and as simple as eating a bowl of ramen, she swallowed, a loud *GULP!* coming from her throat, accompanied by the sound of the dragon screaming as her head was slurped up, and her body was packed away.

Tears blurred Fyrre's vision as he watched the large lump that had been his girlfriend move down the predator's throat; she gulped and glurked poor little Freya down, down, and down, the red dragon taking a long journey down the tight walls of flesh that grasped her body, that made her feel claustrophobic as she was squeezed into that tiny place, making her only panic and freak out even more. Finally, she was spit out into the bunny's stomach, crammed feet-first into a belly that was absolutely filled to the brink with stomach acid and digestive fluids, wasting no time and immediately beginning to eat away at the dragon. She tried to struggle, but her movements were slow and pointless; she was fighting a losing battle.

The belly was so small, too small for her. She was crammed in, pushed so that her head was between her back legs, her body curled up into a ball just to fit, uncomfortable and unnatural. She was almost entirely submerged in acid; it felt tingly and sharp, like she was being pricked by tons of needles every moment, and it was simultaneously boiling hot, already beginning to melt down her outer layer of scales to get at her flesh. The little space in the tummy not occupied by fluid was steamy and humid, oppressively so. She could hear the sounds of bubbling, gurgling, acid sloshing around her as the Lopunny moved, her heart beating carefully and making the flesh walls pulse. She couldn't escape. She was trapped. She was going to die there.

"Ah~" The bunny sighed in satisfaction, burping as she rubbed her tummy, bulging out with the new addition of her meal. "That was wonderful~ She tasted delicious. I so rarely get to eat dragons, you know - I was planning to swallow her away eventually, no matter how long it took~" The wet, gurgly sounds of her digestion were incredibly loud; her belly visibly rippled and rumbled, quickly going to break down the new load of food sitting in her gut. "Won't be long until she's gone~"

"F-f-freya…" Fyrre whimpered, tears flowing from his eyes, as he stared at the bunny's belly. That was really it; she was gone, just like that. Just as easily as Tulip had pulled the handle on that bunny plushie, his beloved mate had been turned into bunny food. He couldn't believe it. He'd never felt so hopeless before.

“Aww, what’s wrong, darling~? Missing her already~?” Tulip snickered, lifting her foot off the black dragon and grabbing him, lifting him into the air. “You know, she isn’t actually digested yet - she’s certainly in the process, but it’ll still be, say, ten or twenty minutes until she’s dead~ I could still get her out safely - all I have to do is take some antacids to stop my digestion. As long as I do it soon enough, she’ll be completely fine~”

Fyrre’s eyes perked up; he felt a ray of hope shining down on him. “R-really!?”

“That’s right~ Thing is, though, I’d much prefer to fully digest her. However, since you seem to want me not to do that, I’ll make you a little offer~” The bunny laid down on her bed, on her pristine white sheets, immediately dirtying them with the residue from her unwiped ass. She lifted up her legs, revealing her ass, the puckered hole only barely visible between the fluffy cheeks, and she held Fyrre down in front of them. “If you really want to get her back… all you need to do is just let me use you like I used her - as a toy~”

The black dragon ignored her ass, instead looking to her cock. The same way she’d used Freya meant she wanted to fuck him, right? Probably in his ass. He gulped; that dick was a lot to handle, and it was incredibly hard right then. It was going to be painful, and maybe even permanently damaging… but he had to save Freya. “I-I’ll do whatever you want, or be whatever you want. Just, p-please, don’t digest her.” He looked at her belly - it was still gurgling away. Things weren’t looking good.

“Perfect~ But I don’t plan to use you exactly like I used Freya. No, she was a great fleshlight… but sometimes, I like to make use of my other holes, you know~?” She pulled him a little closer to her cheeks; she grabbed one with her paw and pulled it back, showing off her twitching tailhole in its full glory. “I don’t really need a fleshlight right now. No, I need you to be… a dildo~”

Fyrre gasped. He hadn’t considered that as a possibility at all. Her ass was so tight, so incredibly dirty; he could see the brown shit caked onto it, all around, on the inside of the cheeks and all around its lips, like chocolate frosting on a cupcake. And right inside of it, he could smell something, something horrible; it was definitely not empty, not at all. She would be shoving him into a rectum full of her shit. He trembled in fear, feeling very similarly to how Freya did before she was eaten - he’d never faced something so terrifying in his life.

“And, if you really want to get Freya back, I’m gonna need you to do a really good job in there~ A living dildo should do more than just let me fuck it. I want you to eat up my shit as you go in, all so I can shove you even further and further~ And if I think you’re doing a bad job, you’re going right to the toilet, and you’ll get to watch Freya’s last moments in my gut as I pull the lever~”

He had to eat her shit!? He felt nauseous already; he could not imagine a worse fate for himself. But Freya had been eating it every day… maybe it wasn’t as bad as it seemed? The

threat of being flushed and of his beloved being gurgled away was immense. He had to try; he had to do everything he could to save them both. “I-I’ll do my best,” he said, unenthusiastic, his voice showing his clear disgust and nervousness.

“Hehe~ Good luck, dragon toy~” Without another word, without giving him a moment more to prepare himself, Tulip shoved Fyrre into her asshole face-first, forcing the black dragon between her cheeks and into the puckered lips that acted as the gateway to her shit-filled rectum. He gasped right as he was pushed in, an action he immediately regretted; his body was shoved right into a ton of shit, the ass being packed-full, slimy logs all mushing and moving out of the way to accommodate his presence, sliding against his scales and leaving them stained with a gross brown.

The bunny was sure not to spare any length; she thrusted the dreg as deep as she could, until she was holding him only by his legs, his whole upper body deeply submerged inside of her. She huffed, biting her lip, her cheeks red from pleasure; the simple act of forcing him inside of that deadly, toxic hole that she had on her body immensely enjoyable, but at the same time, she’d so rarely used dildos, or let that part of her body be entered by anyone who was meant to come back alive. It immediately flooded her with pleasure; she wasn’t going to spare any expense to make it as good as it could possibly be.

The inside of Tulip’s ass was completely dark; the dragon could feel the shit squeezing him, tightly compacting him, constantly sliding and rubbing against his scales. He shivered from intense disgust; it was horrible. It was extremely hot, too, as thoug he’d been forced into a charcoal furnace; he could feel the heat digging into his scales and burning him, making him sweat from every part of his body, making him feel like he’d melt down and meld with the shit if he was forced to stay there for long enough. The soundscape was overwhelmingly miserable and dreadful. The pulsing of the flesh, the sound of waste moving through the bunny’s body, her calm but horny heartbeat, all of that loudly echoed in the dragon-dildo’s ears, making it hard for him to hear his own thoughts, drowned out by the terrible sounds of Tulip’s terrifying body, sounds that made him shake in fear and distaste.

Though, those sounds were far from the worst ones he could hear. He was now much closer to the bunny’s belly, and that made it so he was forced to hear the sounds it was making from a much closer distance. The sloshing and the gurgling seemed to ripple throughout the bunny’s whole body; Fyrre felt surrounded by it, surrounded by the threat of his beloved’s ongoing digestion, forced to listen to every bit of the ongoing death march. But even worse, he could hear Freya herself, could hear her whimpering and whining - she wasn’t begging for release, or screaming, or anything, just making low, quiet sounds of dread as she tried desperately to hold out against the digestive fluids slowly gurgling her away. The boyfriend was resolute; he had to do all he could to save her, even if all he could do was be a dildo and a toilet slave.

However, the toilet slave portion of that agreement was really getting to him right then; he’d been shoved in with his mouth open in a gasp. That’d immediately caused a hefty amount

of the bunny girl's "chocolate" to be forced into his mouth, and right down his throat; even now, his mouth was still open, as he struggled to close it around the mushy shit that sat inside his maw. It was incredibly bitter, worse than he could've possibly imagined, though it didn't surprise him - it was just literal shit, of course it tasted horrible. Still, just that taste alone was enough to make it torture, but it was not the worst part of swallowing the substance. No, the worst part was how his body reacted.

No creature is made to be able to eat shit, and dragons are no exception. Fyrre's body rejected the shit, making his stomach turn just from the very thought of swallowing it; as it went down his throat, he could feel his gag reflex begging to activate, trying to make him vomit it all back up, but he couldn't, he didn't have space in there. There was already shit in his throat, in his mouth; if he was going to get Freya back, he had to be able to properly eat it. Slowly, he closed his teeth, biting off a chunk, and he immediately swallowed, not bothering to chew it. The swallow was hard and miserable, his body actively fighting against the very action of putting that substance down his throat, but he persevered, and he managed to get it all down, as much as he could fit. He felt it in his body, traveling through his system, a solid clot of shit; it was disgusting, clogging him up like a clogged toilet, but he had to persevere.

Only ten seconds had passed since Tulip shoved her new toy up her ass; she wasn't content to just let him sit there. It was time for the real action to begin.

"Mmm… mmm~" The bunny moaned as she pulled the dragon out, all the way back into fresh air, except for his head, just barely leaving it submerged, only to shove him right back in, even deeper than the first time. And then, she did it again, and again, and again, fucking herself as hard as she could, speeding up her shoving and pulling with every moment, until the dragon was a blur in her paws. She pureed the shit inside her like she was putting it all in a blender, Fyrre being used like a spoon to mix it all up, destroying the logs and leaving her insides as nothing but a seamless container of shit, filled to the brim with formless waste.

Her whole body jiggled with each thrust, rocking back and forth, even more intensely as she went on; her legs were already shaking as extreme pleasure filled her whole system, shocking her like a lightning bolt, electrocuting her with lust; she switched to just one paw for the dragon and used the other to rub her cock, matching their movements, an amazing rhythym of dildo-use that her heartbeat and entire body soon latched onto like a metronome. Even her stomach seemd to catch the groove, as the digestion was quickly speeding up as she exercised herself, shooting her metabolism through the roof. It freaked Freya out, the red dragon just hearing the bubbling getting louder and faster; her body was not long for this world - some of her scales were already melting off, or at least, that's what it felt like. Though, now, she was losing any sense of feeling at all - like she was in a sensory deprivation tank, she was struggling to feel her limbs; it seemed as though some of them were hardly there at all. She felt no heat, no biting, no pins and needles on some of them; she wondered if they were even there any more. And now, the drowsiness and lightheadedness were getting much worse. She held on, trying to stay awake, trying to prolong her life, even though she had no hope in escape; she knew that, the moment she fell asleep, she would never wake.

Tulip was enjoying herself immensely, her whole body hot and steamy, but Fyrre was experiencing the opposite, perhaps the worst thing he'd ever been subjected to his entire life, rivaled only by his fart-cushion treatment. The force of each plunge into the predator's increasingly-dirty asshole was intense, and only getting worse; his scales burned as they were forced through the tightly-puckered lips, into the sea of boiling shit on the other side. His muscles ached and burned, his head filled with a horrible migraine brought on by the overpoweringly noisy environment, the sound of his body *shlicking* and *swishing* in and out of all that excrement blaring in his ears.

And as if the ass wished purely to spite him, the bunny started to fart, too, obnoxious, hazy spouts of fumes filling the entire rectum and gassing the poor dragon, seeping into his nostrils and forcing him to breathe it up, immediately building up a putrid fog inside his brain that sought to worsen his already-deteriorating health. He felt dizzy; he was bombarded by pain from every limb on his body; his own cock, limp as could be, was being flung around so much it seemed like it would tear off an moment, as was the same with his arms. However, the pain was quickly getting much worse.

At some point, Fyrre's body was just not capable of putting up with this abuse, and it finally began to give way. "Oh!" Tulip gasped as she heard the sounds of multiple cracks and breaks sounding out from her new toy; she'd shoved him too hard, squeezed him too tight. Multiple bones broke under the pressure, the dragon responding to this with a scream of pain, lost in the shit that quickly poured into his lips. The pred just giggled to herself. "Well, looks like you dragons weren't made for this sort of thing - who would've thought~?" She chuckled, continuing to use him just as she had before. "Well, if you're already a broken toy… I might as well get every bit of pleasure out of you as I can, even if it just makes things worse~"

Now, every time she jammed the dragon inside her shithole, she could hear multiple cracks, sometimes just a few little fractures, other times the resounding sounds of multiple limbs being turned to dust beneath the black scales. Fyrre's misery was multiplied by ten, and Tulip's pleasure similarly increased - she loved nothing more than to know she was absolutely decimating this poor dragon's body with her incessant lust. He had no choice but to take it; even if he wanted to stop, he couldn't have escaped. He had just as much agency and free will as a real toy. He was an object now; he couldn't do a thing about that.

Still, even as his body was breaking, the dreg made the best effort he could to keep eating Tulip's shit. He got in mouthful after mouthful, swallowing as much down as he could each time his face was submerged, though his tiny head was unable to handle nearly enough; he wasn't making a dent, no, in fact, it just seemed like there was more shit than when he'd started. Still, he continued; his thoughts, crowded by the intense feelings of pain that shook him to his core, were made up of only the words, "Gotta save Freya, gotta save Freya, gotta save Freya," echoing over and over.

Tulip felt her legs quivering much harder than before; she was on the edge of an orgasm. She didn't hold back for even a second; she moaned out in supreme pleasure, shoving her dildo all the way in with her last little act of horniness, only the very tip of his tail sticking out of her cheeks as she squirted cum from her cock like a firehose, shooting the sticky white all over her bed, staining and soaking them with her lust. Not that they weren't already dirty - her dildo-use had left a ton of shit on the sheets, leaving a stain that would likely never come out, but she couldn't have cared less right then. Her focus was entirely on her pleasure, and she'd gotten quite a lot of it from that, even if the act was incredibly filthy.

She spread her legs and grabbed the little wriggling tail in her ass, starting to pull her dildo out… though, she elected to wait for a second. Her belly was still gurgling, but the digestion was clearly past the point of no return. She'd never had any plans to actually save Freya once the red dragon had been swallowed, of course, but now, even if she had, it was far too late. Fyrre was about to face a hard truth; why have it happen right then, when she could do it in a much more fun location~?

She stood up, grabbed an important item off her dresser, and walked out of her dorm room, tail still squirming between her cheeks; Fyrre could tell she was moving, but he had no idea where or why. He was just crammed inside her rectum, his whole body sunk into her waste; it was intensely uncomfortable and gross, though not nearly as bad as the dildo-usage had been only moments ago. The farting had made the space especially horrible, though - of course, the shit smelled abhorrent, but her gas was somehow still worse. It floated around inside his system, breathed in and out, the only air he was getting; it had nowhere else to go, so it was forced to sit in his lungs, his throat, to burn them and poison them, deteriorating his body from the inside. He would've died if he'd been kept in there much longer, no doubt.

The bunny girl walked, completely nude, into a dirty private bathroom; she locked the door behind her, setting the item she'd picked up by the sink, and then making her way over to the toilet. It was just as dirty as the ones in the public bathroom, the plastic moldy, the porcelain shit-caked and stained, the walls covered in vulgar graffiti, the floor tiles cracked and bludgeoned. It was the perfect place for what was about to happen~

The bunny put a foot up on the toilet seat and reached back, grabbing the little tail sticking out of her hole, and she pulled, slowly sliding her dildo back out. Fyrre immediately took a huge breath of air, so happy to finally get a fresh breath after so long; he felt like he'd spent his whole life locked in a cave, only to now see the sun for the first time. However, his relief was short lived. Tulip's belly was still gurgling, his body was irreparably damaged, and… he was being held right over a toilet, dangling by his tail, held only by the bunny's two little fingers. He stared down at the still toilet water, at the dark drain, so close to him now; he looked to the silver handle, to the pipes snaking off of the toilet bowl and down into the ground. He couldn't help but shake in fear, just as he had been doing almost from the very moment he was shrunken down.

"Well, little hero, I'll give you some praise where it's deserved - you made for an *amazing* dildo~" She chuckled, lightly waving the dragon over the bowl that could spell his true demise.

“Though, you didn’t really have to do anything for that, did you? No actions, no skill involved - all you did was just sit there, squirming, in my paws, letting me use you as my little sex toy without resistance~ Though, I did feel you eating my shit. That was certainly nice, but you did a poor job - Freya was way better at it~ Still, for your great effort, you get a high grade in my book~”

Fyrre stared at the Lopunny’s belly as she spoke; he could still hear the gurgling, bubbling, sloshing, but it was getting quiter, and the size of her stomach was decreasing. His lips trembled; tears welled up in his eyes, already beginning to drip to the toilet water below, before he could even ask. “F-f-freya?” He said, looking up at Tulip. He couldn’t manage another word; his body was far too broken. But still, the cruel predator knew what he was asking.

“You’re wondering if I’m still going to save her~? Sorry, sex toy, but I never had any plans of letting her come out of my tummy alive - she was going to be digested no matter what~ You let me use you as a dildo for nothing but my own pleasure and satisfaction~ Though, she is still alive - why don’t you listen~?”

Tulip held the dragon up to her belly, pressing his head against her stomach, right in the middle of the bulge; he could clearly hear the gurgling happening inside the bunny’s body, certainly slower and less intense than before… but that was not at all a good thing. “Hear that? It’s the sounds of the last few bits of digestion happening~ She’s nothing but bones now - she went unconscious while I was fucking myself with you, and by the time I came into this bathroom, all of her scales, flesh, limbs, it had all melted down to nutrients, absorbed by my body, and a whole lot of waste~ In fact, that melting process was already happening as I used you - hate to say it, romantic hero, but I think you might’ve swallowed a bit of your girlfriend without even realizing it~”

Fyrre shook harder than he had that entire day; he was overcome with intense grief and sadness at the Lopunny’s words. She was really gone, forever, never to be seen again, turned to nutrients and shit. Even after he’d tried so hard to save her, she’d still been swallowed up and digested. He’d never really had a single hope of preventing her death - she was doomed right from the beginning, from the moment the bunny had set her eyes on the red dragon, she was nothing more than a meal waiting to be eaten. Everything he’d done, all the abuse and trauma he’d gone through that day, was all for naught. He had really become a toy the moment he’d entered Tulip’s room, an object for her entertainment, a disposable, cheap, worthless plaything. Tears streamed down his face, but he didn’t sob; his throat was broken and his lungs were scarred, no sound would be coming from his mouth any longer. All he could do to express his anguish was cry.

“Aww, poor little dragon~” Tulip laughed again, rubbing her cock, which was already newly hard and throbbing. “Hate to say this to you, but although I love playing with toys like yourself… I’m not exactly interested in broken ones, and it’s hard to describe you as anything *but* broken right now. Thing is, though, I don’t tend to just throw my broken things away - I have a much more fun way of sending them off~” She let go of Fyrre, the dragon immediately falling from the air and splashing down into the toilet water.

A cloud of brown spread from all around the used dildo dragon as he was suddenly submerged in the cold water, his body quickly resting on the porcelain below. If he'd had the strength, he might've thrashed and squirmed, tried to fly, tried to do anything to escape, but he didn't - all he could manage was simply nudging his head above the surface so that he could breathe. He looked behind him, at the looming threat of the drain, at the eternal darkness that stretched into the U-bend, into the current that would drag him to his demise. His tears fell into the toilet water as he looked back to the bunny, who was still cruelly laughing - the more miserable and scared he was, the more lustful and joyed she seemed to be. He'd really become an object of her amusement.

"You look so pathetic down there~ Poor little dragon~" She grabbed her cock and rubbed it, feeling the throbbing beat of the veins that lined her shaft with each stroke, pleasure quickly snaking through her body. "I almost regret eating Freya, you know - she was such a good toy and such an amazing toilet, and she was just starting to enjoy it, too, after a whole month of me breaking her spirit~ She would've made for a great long-term pet. But, well, I just couldn't help but swallow her once you came into the picture. I absolutely needed to see the look on your face when your beloved became bunny food right before your eyes~ Don't worry - you two will be reunited soon~ She's currently sitting in my ass, just waiting for me to shit out all her remains, and you just so happen to be in the exact toilet I'm planning to use~"

Fyrre felt a particularly harsh shiver rattle his bones as he realized what was going to happen to him. He wasn't just going to be flushed, he wasn't just going to be shit on, but he'd be covered by his own girlfriend's remains. He never could've begun to imagine a fate so cruel.

"Mmm, what a worthless little lizard~ I'll be doing the world a favor by getting rid of you~" She moaned out, biting her lip; her cock twitched and pulsed, a heavy load of semen waiting to come out, and she didn't hesitate to release it, aiming her tip right at the broken dragon laying in the toilet. She covered Fyrre's head in her cum, making him look like he'd been dipped into a bowl of her seed head-first, squirt after squirt billowing out and hitting him right where it counted. She just giggled, knowing the dragon was too weak to even move his head out of the way; he just had to take it, as he'd soon be taking something so much worse. "God, I'm going to be jacking off to this for a long, long time~ Are there even that many other dragons around here? I feel like I'm on track to drive your sad species to extinction~ Anyways… I think it's time to wrap things up~" She smirked and turned, aiming her ass at the toilet seat and slowly sitting down. "Hope you're ready for your beloved's disposal~"

Fyrre somehow felt his fear intensifying as the fat, fuzzy, filthy butt cheeks slowly touched down on the plastic toilet seat, their shadow covering him and casting him into darkness; she spread her legs, making sure there was enough space that she could watch the whole thing, while also guaranteeing that the black dragon would get to watch the rain of shit falling from above. He watched the cheeks spread, the shitty tail hole revealing itself in all its dirty splendor, already twitching and pulsing as though it was excited for what was to come next. A quick burst of hot Lopunny gas spurted out, a loud, trumpet-like sound following it, along with

the putrid stench that was to be expected, a smell that still, even after all his exposure to it, made Fyrre want to wretch. But the agony of the bunny's farts was nothing compared to what followed.

The sound of shit sliding against flesh slowly grew louder; Tulip's legs quaked as she grunted and groaned, using all the force she could muster to shit out the hefty load. "Wow, she's a real fighter - she made for a huge load~ It's going to be hard to get all of this out~" She concentrated, as she slowly got the first log to peek its way out. The hole stretched wide to accommodate the massive log slowly making its way forth. It was a surprisingly light brown, like milk chocolate; it was lumpy and uneven, full of indents and cracks. Freya had clearly made for quite a large, unstable load. And it definitely *was* Freya - that was obviously clear, too clear, in fact. It seemed her scales hadn't actually melted, as they were all visible in the shit, red bits of dragon remains mixed in with all the shit, dotted all around it, along with so many bones, some intact, some cracked, some shattered into pieces.

The log made its slow descent, creeping out bit by bit, with a horrible smell to accompany it, a smell that was spicy and strong, making the broken toy's snout burn as it entered through his nostrils. Eventually, it picked up speed, and finally, it fell… landing directly on Fyrre's head with a heavy, slimy impact, falling backward and laying down flat on top of his body. He whimpered as he felt the gunky exterior rubbing against his scales; he could never forget the feeling of the Lopunny's shit, but this was somehow even worse than being inside of her, because he could tell so easily that this shit used to be Freya.

The bunny let out a loud sigh of supreme satisfaction, her face covered in a ruby-red blush as the rest of her shit flowed naturally like the end of a sewage pipe funneling waste into the ocean. Logs, big and small, tumbled down onto the little dreg, a quiet, wet sound coming from each one as it excited the pipes of the bunny's body and plopped into the toilet water. Each one contained different bones and tons of scales - Fyrre was identifying legs, fingers, ribs, and eventually, even her skull, coming out in one particularly large log and landing right in front of him, as the final sign of the shit clearly being the remains of his beloved.

"Oh, god, that feels so good~ She was amazing on the way down, but she's even better on the way out! I think this is one of the best shits I've ever taken~" She stroked her cock yet again as more logs continued to fall; it seemed endless, as though she'd never run out. They filled the toilet bowl, steam rising from the logs, making the porcelain dome feel like a filthy sauna. The dragon was slowly buried in it, shit piling up all around and over top of him, making it so that, soon, only bits and pieces of his body were visible - his head, his tail, a few limbs, some scales, but not much else. He tried to move and get some of it off of him, but it was no use. Even without the broken bones, the shit was too heavy to get out from underneath of them.

Finally, the last log breached her body, landing right on top of his head just as the first one had. He felt insanely gross; the shit piled on top of him compressed his body with its weight. It was like a garbage truck had dumped its load onto him, or like a sewage system had been emptied out onto his head. He whimpered and whined, still crying profusely, body still quivering,

as the bunny stood and turned to look at him, not bothering to wipe her ass. She wore her familiar smirk, sinister, evil, mischievous, and dripping with lust. “What a sad excuse for a dragon - I thought your whole species was supposed to be majestic and fantastical. And yet, here you are, in my toilet, covered in my shit~ What a disappointment~” She pulled her phone out of her ear fluff and took a picture, snickering to herself. “I’ll make sure to share that everywhere I can think of… and you know what? I’ll record this part too~” She began to record, pointing her phone at the toilet. “Pathetic dragon loser gets flushed down the toilet~ I think that’ll do great online, don’t you~?”

She raised her foot and placed it on the silver handle; one push, and the toilet would flush. “I’d ask if you have any last words, but I doubt you can speak, and even if you did, I don’t think I’d care to hear them, or even remember them. I can hardly even remember your name anymore - you were just another object to me, another broken toy, and never anything more~ Now, all that’s left is to flush you down the toilet for good~”

Fyrre huffed and panted; his heart raced as his death approached. Just like the bunny plush, he was about to be flushed down the toilet, gone forever, never to be seen again, killed in the most humiliating possible way, and there was still not a thing he could do but whine and whimper. He tried to squirm, tried to move, tried to fly, or do something, anything to escape, begging for a shot of adrenaline, but nothing came - he was far too crushed by the weight of his own misery and self-worthlessness that he couldn’t do a thing. He deserved to be flushed; he was really nothing but a broken toy.

“Bye-bye, useless dragon~” She waved with her paw, and stomped down on the toilet’s handle, a loud *CLUNK* resounding as the flush was started, like a guillotine being dropped on the head of its victim.

FLRSHHHHHHHH!

The toilet water quickly rose and began to race around, swirling and swishing in a death spiral, all of the shit being picked up from its sedentary position and racing around in loops, slowly circling the drain. The worthless toy was quickly picked up by the current, being sloshed back and forth, the shit sliding and shlicking against him, his body being mixed up in a mushy mess of shit, as he approached the end. The only thing he could see above was the rapidly spinning face of Tulip and her little paw waving goodbye, as well as the camera recording his demise for all to witness. He still tried to struggle, tried to make just one last attempt at life, but it was futile - now that he’d been flushed, he wasn’t going anywhere but down. Nobody escaped the toilet once Tulip had pulled the lever.

He found his body curling around itself as he spun down towards the drain; only moments later, he was plunged into the rapid current going into the pipes and sent face-first into the great darkness, immediately disappearing into the U-bend and quickly being funneled through the sewer system.

The last thing Tulip saw of him was his little tail, wriggling as it was slurped up into the pipes, followed by a storm of shit that guarenteed he wouldn't be coming back up.

The toilet eventually flushed out the little waste that remained, then slowly refilled, some bubbles coming out of the drain along with a quiet *glug… glug… glug…*

Fyrre was gone.

"Ah~!!" The bunny moaned out as she came into the toilet water, having masturbated more times than she could count in just the past hour. It had been an incredibly fun and exciting day, she simply couldn't help herself but enjoy it as much as she could. Two dragons, one swallowed, one flushed, both certainly dead, all for her own amusement, and she didn't regret a thing. She snickered, looking behind her at the object she'd placed by the sink.

In reality, it was two objects - one she'd picked off the ground, and one from on top of her dresser. The first was a black collar with a small golden bell, jingling in the air as she raised it up. The black dragon had been wearing this when he first appeared - at this point, it was the last remaining sign of his existence as a whole.

The other was the Missing Person flyer Fyrre had given Tulip. It was a simple design - white printer paper, with a large picture of Freya smiling in the middle, along with contact information, in case anyone spotted her. At the very bottom was the reward money for finding her: a small fortune of **$3,023.** All she had to do to collect the reward was get it from Fyrre, and of course, his address was included in the contact info. He lived in a cave, it seemed; that was perfect for Tulip - she could easily collect the money from it, now that its owner was gone, and she could grab anything else that looked worth keeping, too~ She took a quick pic of the address.

And with that, neither of these two items held any importance to her anymore. She stood by the toilet and bent over, taking the paper and pushing it between her ass cheeks, sliding its front size right through her slimy ass crack, leaving it was a huge streak of sloppy shit right down the middle, soiling the flyer and leaving a large line of shit going right across Freya's smiling face. Fitting, considering that shitty residue had once been the very dragon featured on the poster~ The bunny tossed it into the toilet, along with the black collar, the bell ringing as it flew through the air only to be muffled by its quick *plop* into the water.

The paper floated, the collar sitting cutely on top; the Lopunny smirked as she grabbed the handle. "And with this…" *CLUNK!* "All memory of the worthless little dragon toy and his worthless girlfriend are going down the drain~"

The paper crumpled as it spun in the toilet, quickly pulled down the drain from the center, creasing and bending to make it down. The collar soon followed, swept up with no effort, disappearing into the darkness, the clinking of the bell hitting the pipes slowly getting quieter and quieter as it was flushed out.

And so was the end for Fyrre and Freya.

Still feeling horny after all of that~? Join my Patreon to read the 14,000+ word story, Freya's Cucking Surprise~ Here's a little preview…

"Mmmm~" Freya moaned in ecstatic pleasure as she sat with her head tucked firmly between Tulip the Lopunny's soft, fluffy ass cheeks, her lips wrapped around the puckered tail hole of the bunny girl, eagerly swallowing down log after log of slimy shit, one after the other, without a single break. This had been her life for the past month; she'd hated it at first, sure, but now, she couldn't imagine doing anything else.

Freya was a large red dragon, about ten feet from the tip of her tail to her head, with a set of glimmering silver eyes and large wings that usually let her fly at unbelievable speeds. Her tail wagged happily behind her as she wrapped her tongue around each textured piece of steaming bunny-girl shit that slipped past her lips, shlucking through her maw and sliding down her gullet without even a single bite. She didn't have time to chew, not when she was working as Tulip's toilet - the bunny's load was simply far too large, and it came out far too fast.

"Hnngh~ Good girl, good toilet - keep swallowing~" The bunny commanded, groaning quietly from the strain of her shitting. She held her massive cock, a full of veiny, throbbing meat, and she rubbed it, pleasuring herself simply to the very action of using her toilet for the purpose of swallowing all of her waste. Yes, a toilet - that is what Freya was now. She was no longer a dragon, no longer a student at Misteria University, no longer even an individual, she was just a toilet. An object with a specific purpose that is made to be used, and nothing else. The toilet couldn't have been happier.

They were in a private bathroom, one located in the Lopunny's dorm hall; one of Tulip's feet was up on a toilet's plastic seat, the other on the cracked tile floor, her ass cheeks parted to make room for her toilet-dragon's snout. She stroked her cock with her right paw, and in her left, she held tight a black leash, curled around her wrist many times to make it as short and snug as possible, with the end of the rope being tied to a collar, which was wrapped around Freya's neck. The collar was black, just as the leash was, with a small golden heart; it had been a gift from someone special, but of course, the bunny girl just saw it as an opportunity to train the red dragon. It was all a part of teaching Freya her place, down from a free dragon to an owned pet.

"Oh, here comes a big one~" The bunny warned, giving her toilet no time to prepare before pushing out a hefty, fat, long log of light-brown. Freya's eyes widened, as did her lips, stretching as wide as they could to fit the monstrous piece of shit inside; the strain was so great, it caused her eyes to water, but still, she slowly managed to gulp it down, bit by bit, through sheer force of will and desire to serve. Once the log finally broke off, the toilet slave pulled her head back and focused on glurking down the rest of what remained; gulp, gulp, gulp… and

gone. She coughed, her lips a nasty shade of almond, her breath smelling just as bad as the bunny's behind, but she didn't mind - it was just a sign that she'd performed her purpose well, and that was all that really mattered.

"Ahh, that was a rough one. But you handled it very well~" The bunny chuckled. She petted Freya on the head, rubbing her fuzzy paw over the soft dragon scales; the toilet slave smiled, blushing at the praise. "Hold on for just a second - I'm still feeling a little gassy, and I want you to sniff it all up~"

"I'd love to, goddess!" Freya quickly responded, her tail wagging as it had when she'd been eating the bunny's shit. Her dragon-slit was wet and needy, but she held back from touching it, knowing she wasn't supposed to do so unless given explicit permission.

"Before that…" The bunny held out her paw. "Hand me the toilet paper~"

Fyrre shows up a little later~ I'd argue he actually gets an even worse fate in this story than he does in Fyrre's Disposal! Join for only $5 to give it a read~
https://www.patreon.com/kitokito1