**Locker Room Rut**

 Tree Time would grunt as he slams open the door to the locker rooms, rubbing his head with a hoof as he hangs his black corsair hat against a rack beside the door. “Gah, I simply can’t believe that I wound up in sixth place back there. I’m beginning to suspect that the trees are beginning to hide behind the clouds.” He’d jokingly suggest to himself, a lump or two hidden beneath his grass-green mane as he tries to locate a bench to rest on. He knew that the rest of his team was currently treating Naark out to a nice dinner, the orange pegasus having taken first place in the recent race. “This is why captains are the ones that always tell other people what to do, so they can avoid embarrassments such as this one…” The mint pegasus would sigh, resting his flanks against a bench as he begins to disrobe from his sweaty latex racing suit. He figured that joining a racing team would help him train to become more agile, possibly even a better leader, but it’s been proving to be more difficult than he imagined.

Little did Tree Time know that the fourth place winner of the race decided to hang back from the winner’s festivities to rest along with him. A small wall of lockers divided the bench Tree Time was currently sitting on from another, where a dark blue stallion with a slick, spiky, sky-blue mane was currently chugging some water, pouring a little on his face. This was Morning Mist, a pegasus who was just about as much cybernetic as he was organic. In fact, he almost looked like a cross between a jet and a pony. His front and back legs all branched off into mechanical extremities down to form synthetic legs and hooves, with his eyes appearing as reflective glass containing pupils surrounded by a blue iris with a futuristic, synthetic pattern. Even the edges of his wings were made of lead. Thankfully, all of the metal didn’t seem to weigh him down too much, if he could outclass three other ponies in a flight race. However, he couldn’t help but take notice as Tree Time behind the divide of lockers kept speaking to himself…

From the sound of it, he was still trying to determine how he came in second-to-last place, only beating out an exhausted pegasus that passed out halfway through the race anyway. “Perhaps I was a little too distracted to focus very well on the track… Oh, yes! That must’ve been the case! It was that stallion I was right behind for the first half of the race, the one with the strange eyes… The way his tight ass hugged against the flight suit would be enough to drive any stallion into a tree or five.” He mused, making Morning Mist begin to blush hard, looking down at the way his suit hugged his lower half. “Aw, s-shit, he’s talking about me…” He whispered to himself, the thought making him somewhat giddy. The stallion himself was somewhat of a submissive degenerate, and would dive at any opportunity for abuse. And he already figured that the minty pegasus in the room with him probably wasn’t one for light, pleasant sex… He was at least a couple inches taller than him as well, which was another plus. At this rate, he was just trying to think of a point where he could introduce himself.

Tree Time was finally beginning to relax as he lied down against the bench, stiffening up between his thighs as he ponders over the stallion he unknowingly shared a room with once more. “Nnnff… I’m sure he’d be a bit of a pump and dump. Maybe tie him up against the bench and let every single member of the team have a go at him… Yet, I’m more used to taking everything for myself, and what’s the use of a pump and dump if you’re doing so much of the pumping and not enough of the…” His monologue was cut off as he heard someone else in the room exhale heavily, glancing left and right to try and find the source of it all. Then, his eye would finally catch him, the pegasus he was just lamenting over, right in the locker room with nobody else in sight. Half hidden behind the wall of lockers, he’d blush and give a sheepish smile to the stallion, waving. Rather than blushing from being caught at such an inopportune time, Tree Time would merely smirk as his pillar of horsemeat throbs in direct sight. “Well, well, well! If it isn’t the man of the hour. Or really, the *mare* of the hour, with how I plan on treating you.” He’d purr, sitting up and beckoning him with a hoof. “Mind coming over and helping me turn a couple fantasies into reality?”

Morning Mist didn’t even know what to say, a sudden unsteadiness overtaking his body as he shakily stepped towards the stallion in his seat. “M-More than anything, Mr. Time… If you’d like me to call you that, anyway.” He nervously laughed, quite eager to get into the whole thing as he sat right next to the mint pegasus. Tree Time laughed along with him, pulling him to his side. Despite the size difference, the two seemed to have roughly the same size flanks. “Oh, please. Just call me ‘captain’, since I’m mere moments away from commandeering your juicy hindquarters.” He’d taunt, prodding a hoove into his thigh and making the cybernetic pony swoon. “How would you like me then, captain?” Morning Mist would grin, his skin-tight suit beginning to sport the outline of his shaft, begging to get some air. Tree Time would reply by shoving him down onto his back, laying on the bench as his captain pulled something out of his own discarded tracksuit. “Simple! Just disrobe where you lie, and I’ll make sure you can’t scamper away until I’m properly through with you. A true captain never leaves home without a little bit of rope, anyway.” He’d wink, revealing a ten-foot length of rope between his hooves.

While the larger stallion was finding a way to wrap the rope around his arms and legs and tie him to the bench, the smaller stallion was getting his tight latex suit off of him. His mechanical forelegs would be visible as her removes the suit from them, getting his wings out from inside of the holes in the back. It was always somewhat of a hassle to disrobe from these suits, but he knew the aftermath of it all would be so worth it… After removing his suit from his neck down to his chest, Tree Time suddenly interrupted him by tightening the rope, finally getting a good tie around the thing and pinning the cybernetic stallion’s hooves where they were, stuck by the front of his chest. “I knew I could get a good knot around you at some point! A real shame that I lack any canine genetics… A knot like that would surely come in handy right about now.” He taunts, a foot of horsecock dangling down right in front of Mist’s face, making him quiver is it drips pre down onto his chest. His hot breath would wash over it, with his own erection feeling like it might just tear out of the bottom half of his flight suit at this rate. “I t-think it’s great just the way it is… I can already tell I’ll be the perfect sleeve for it!” He grins, focused on the flared tip of it.

The pent-up mint mare brought his shaft closer to his head, pondering for a moment. “Hmmm… Now that I think about it, I figure that plundering your booty in this state would be rather rough on me. Need a bit of lubrication, first. Mind if I…?” Without finishing that statement, he would reach down with a hoof and grip the back of Mist’s head. “Open wide!” With the light parting of the stallion’s lips, his cock would soon be thrust deep down into his throat, a thick bulge forming on the outside of it as the pegasis choked a little on it. Tree Time moaned, humping in and out an inch at a time as the slightly-pained Morning Mist moaned weakly against the pillar of meat he was forced to deepthroat. Then, as soon as it started, Tree Time pulled back out with his cock now dripping in the stallion’s natural lubricant, with more of it spilling out of Mist’s mouth from gagging. Despite the stress of not being able to breathe through it, being used like that made a spot of precum surface on the lower half of his suit. “Oh, right! That reminds me. Hard to fuck someone wearing clothes…” With that, he’d continue to disrobe the rest of the stallion himself.

Tree Time would quickly toss the cybernetic stallion’s flight suit over the side of the bench behind him, watching as his erect shaft flips up from the suit the moment it is removed from him. His tail was already parted, giving him a view of that deep blue ponut peeking out from that doughy blue ass. It made the mint stallion bite his lip, immediately standing up and straddling the bench between his legs as he gets into position above Mist, staring him in the eyes as he rubs up and down against his cock. “Mmmmm… I wonder if they make any robot enhancements that will help you sit straight again after this.” He’d purr, frotting the stallion against his belly and causing more pre to leak out. “F-fuck, dude, just put it in already! I can’t take this anymore!” Mist would huff out, getting hornier and hornier as the shafts rub against one another. His request would simply get Tree Time laughing again, pulling back and pushing the tip against his asshole. “Well, be careful what you wish for.”

Gritting his teeth, the dominant stallion would thrust his wet, dripping cock straight into his makeshift mare, who would writhe in pleasure as it plows deep through his bowels. Six inches were buried within his tight asshole in a matter of seconds, with the rest steadily getting crammed inside inch after inch. He couldn’t do much in his bondage but kick around and let it happed, drooling onto his own cheek. The use and abuse of his own body was getting a real kick out of Mist, his cock twitching a little bit with every buck and hump. “Hnnnngggaahh-! Who’s in first place… nnnnow?” Tree Time would yell out mid-thrust, an abdominal bulge beginning to form in Morning Mist’s lower body as his flared tip grinds against more and more of his insides. His cock was so massive that it was almost painful to the smaller stallion, but it all only made the situation even hotter to him. He was being treated as he always wanted to be, and was loving every single second of it. Not being able to touch himself only made it even better. “Y-you are! You’re the ch-champion! G-gah, fuuuck meeee…”

Tree Time bit his lip a little harder, leaning closer and gripping onto his cybernetic fucktoy’s hips. “Haaah… What do you think I’m doing?” He’d joke, fucking him a little harder for emphasis, making Mist throw his head back. “T-there’s so much…!” He whines, cock throbbing as the larger stallion nails him past his prostate over and over again. By that point, Tree Time was really getting into it, leaning over his body and ramming him deeper and faster than before, his black sack repeatedly smacking against his tail until he couldn’t take it anymore. He would inhale sharply, before a twitch of his sack sent hot ropes of load gushing into the smaller horse’s bowels. Well… closer to his stomach by now, with how deep he’d been ramming into him. Upon being filled with the hot liquid sludge, Morning Mist’s whole body was twitching, his cock on a hairstring by now, begging to be triggered. Tree Time would huff, pulling his pillar of meat out and sending a gush of cum to splatter back out onto the tiled flooring below. He’d smack the dripping meat down onto Mist’s thigh, right next to his cock. “Gah… I’m pretty spent, I must admit. Loosening you up felt rather nice, even if it went strongly against my usual endurance.” He taunted, reaching over to the stallion’s twitchy tip as he kicks about, still leaking.

With a light flick of the tip with Tree Time’s hoof, his load would come splattering all over his chest with a heavy moan, before going limp with it seeping down into his fur. “Gahaaaaah--!!” His climax was so violent that it could be seen dripping down his chin, from how far it shot.

 The sight of it all, as well as the still-jittery body of the stallion in front of him, made Tree Time grin. He got what he came here for, and turned the racer that finished two places ahead of him into a cumdump. But why should he stop there? His fun was just beginning, and his stomach was just beginning to rumble… He hadn’t eaten anything all day. The ‘hump’ phase of his plan had just finished, with the ‘dump’ phase prepared to come into fruition. “Hey, did I ever give you permission to cum? I think this calls for a punishment… You will report directly to my stomach, pronto!” Another rumbling groan sounded out from Tree Time’s belly, as he stood over the messy wreck of a stallion, who was still panting. “W-wait, what? What are you talking about, there’s no way you’d be able to fit me in there! And my legs would taste awful!” He laughs, a little bit sweaty as he stares at the larger stallion. Tree Time would look back at him, still grinning quite devilishly. “Who said I had to taste you to eat you?” He’d chuckle, fumbling around with the rope tying him to the bench and loosening it up just enough. Morning Mist would gulp from the implications of his statement. “Oh… Uh oh.” Something about it was still oddly inviting…

 Tree Time would drop his hefty, mint-colored flanks onto Mist’s lap and flick his grassy tail to the side. While Mist had some pretty fat flanks when given his size, the other stallion’s impressive tailhole was much fatter, and probably a lot looser as well. And he was just about to find out why. With a bit of maneuvering with Tree Time’s hooves, he was able to position Mist’s two cybernetic hind legs up against his pucker, feeling it yawn open with a gasp as it slowly squeezes into the pony’s musky, squishy bowels. “W-wait a minute, you can’t do this! What are you going to tell the rest of the team?” The somewhat spiky blue stallion blushed, stammering as he fights back against the rope holding him down. His bondage kink turned out to be his undoing, from what it seemed. Too tight to pull it off himself, but loose enough to slip through into someone’s asscrack. “I’m sure they’ll be happy to see your new form! And you’re going to digest quite easily in there, too. Some believe I only became captain because my stomach can mulch just about anyone and everything! That includes… you.” He sits down rather hard after this statement, getting his hooves in up to the thigh as he squirmed about in there lightly.

 Morning Mist would try to argue back, nervously blinking a couple times. “Uhhhh, no you won’t! I have hardly any nutritional value! I’d hardly even fill you up! Can’t I just buy you lunch or something?” He’d suggest, Tree Time moaning as his ass stretches around the bottom of the pony’s flanks, feeling his more organic parts against his ass for the first time. This included the fluffy tail of the stallion, as well as his more-limp shaft squishing up his hole in reverse. “I never said I was doing this for the nutritional value! As long as I can turn you into a pile, that’s a victory for me.” He’d stick his tongue out, wriggling his hips as his anus engulfs the entirety of the pony’s thick hips, which were probably the most struggle he’d get out of taking in the whole guy, the rest probably being quite easy. Morning Mist could feel himself slipping through the bowels of the larger stallion, the walls almost seeming to tug him in a little deeper as Tree Time shoves with his hooves, tongue dripping out. “Come on dude, this isn’t funny anymore!”

 The deeper he slipped inside, the more Mist found himself focusing on shoving back against Tree Time’s ass, rather than focusing on undoing the not. Even if he managed to undo the knot, the only way out at that rate was through the stallion’s bowels. His mechanical arms didn’t quite have the same muscular strength to them that regular arms had… They could only really keep him walking and standing up, trying to shove back against a voracious ass working its way around him proved to be a fool’s errand. After his wings are folded back and forced into the hole, he had a feeling he was doomed to Tree Time’s flanks. “If it isn’t funny, then why is hearing you struggle back there so amusing? Any last words before I end up popping your head in there?” The predator would grin, glancing back at the state of his prey. Morning Mist was entirely shoved up his backdoor up to his shoulders, head and arms, some of his mane already being engulfed near his neck. His heart was racing, quite horrified and disgusted by how the bigger pegasus was even capable of this. And yet, it was all almost a bit hot, this level of abuse to him… Not that he’d ever admit it.

 His body would proceed to wriggle around in Tree Time’s bowels, getting him to a huff a couple times with his shaft catching a second wind from all the stimulation. He can only imagine how great the pony would feel once he was being forced all the way up... Taking up on the predator’s opportunity, Mist raised a mechanical hoof and began to speak. “W-well, I just thought I would make it aware to you that I have claustrophobia, and the fact that you’re forcing me into a tight space like that is a little bit of a-” *\*GrRrRrRnnnn…\** Tree Time’s stomach would interrupt, prompting him to use a hoof to stuff the pony’s head up his asshole, his front hooves quickly following in tow as he shouts. “Ahhhhh… Too long. Way too long. Keep shouting in there because it only makes it feel better.” Now, Tree Time had a massive, weighty bulge passing up his bowels, sitting up straight once again as a tied line of rope sits empty around the bench next to him. His lower body would proceed to churn with every slight movement as his cybernetic meal slowly passes through him.

 Trapped within the intestinal tract of the captain, steadily inching his way closer towards the stomach with every second that passes, Morning Mist was smothered on all sides by the mucous-slathered bowels of the predator. It was rather wet and dank in there, proving that he didn’t really need any lube to pull him all the way up there. The stallion started to hyperventilate a little bit, the walls squeezing him more tightly and crushing against him tighter than any horrific scenario he could make out in his head. “Holy shit, holy shit…” He muttered to himself, at least somewhat thankful that he hadn’t really squeezed through any such shit yet. There’s been at least a considerable amount of it streaking to his metal and fur as he made his way through, though… Hard to keep the space clean, when it’s all so deep inside of him. He could feel Tree Time’s heartbeat pounding against him every second, the walls almost seeming to squish him to the beat as he tried to focus his mind somewhere else. It would always be distracted by the stomach growling just above him, waiting to be filled. “Damn it…!” He’d whimper out, giving a couple more light kicks as his head began to squeeze through a tight hole above him. It’d only taken about ten minutes, but it felt more like ten hours.

Morning Mist would soon squeeze through the sphincter separating the stallion’s bowels from his stomach, a light collection of digestive fluids already at the bottom of it and tingling against his fur as he squishes through. “Ughhhh… F-fucking disgusting in here…” He huffs, a returning erection betraying his words. Tree Time prodded at his body as Mist squished against the walls of his gut, giving a rather hearty belch as a result from such stimulation. *\*HurrrRRPP!!\** “Excuse you, sir.” He’d grin, feeling his overstuffed minty gut up and down with his hooves as his meal is jostled about within. His once-again throbbing shaft was pushed up beneath his gut, appreciating every small movement of it. “I always thought it was a little bit rude for food to talk back, don’t you think? If you knew any better, you’d just lie back and let the digestion take you… I’m sure it’d be more pleasant for the both of us, that way.” He’d reply, stroking at himself as he leans back against the bench. The entire contents of his gut would slosh to the side from all the movement, leaving the groaning chamber to tighten around the meal resting within.

The tightness as setting off Morning Mist’s fear once again, making him clench his eyes shut and moan to himself as the stomach walls roll and clench against his cock. The digestive acids spilling out around him from all sides only made it all even more horrific. Yet, as the digestive fluids churn away at his fur and corrode at the light metal, he couldn’t help but feel just as invigorated as he was when getting his ass pounded. “Gahhh…!” He squirms about, lightly pushing against the stomach walls with his deteriorating cybernetic arms until they would stop functioning altogether, leaving him with no means of fighting back. There was no way out now, and maybe that wasn’t such a bad thing. Tree Time simply kept massaging his gut and belching, less and less free space around the stallion within him as his gut eats away at whatever it could. He’d twitch every time his hooves drag across his cock from the outside, until moaning out with a secondary heavy climax. That would be the last thing Tree Time ends up hearing out of his meal, before falling back against the digestive acids eating away at him and blacking out. ***\*GloOrRrRrrrrppP~!!*** *huuuUUUURRRRRrrrrp!!\** “Ugh… Well then. Pretty noisy down there.”

Tree Time shudders a bit as well, climaxing in the midst of his last belch, without even bothering to clean it all up. There would surely be a much worse mess to clean up after later events, flopping down onto his back as he laments the whole experience. His stomach was hard at work, violently churning at the hefty pile of pony meat and metal left behind inside of his stomach, softening up a little more with every moment that passes. “I must say, that was pretty pleasant. A shame the other boys can’t use you like I did, but perhaps that could still be arranged…” He’d lament, caressing the slowly-smoothing bulge inside of his body. “Well, until next time. I’ll catch you on the rebound, Morning Wood~” The sixth-place pegasus would give an uncaring yawns, crossing his hooves behind his head, and opting to sleep the stallion off until a few hours later. Until then, he can rest assured that he was technically the fifth-place winner, after eliminating a little bit of the competition.

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During his slumber, the slurry of stallion-turned-food inside of his his stomach was broken down in a way that would leave even the most prominent of preds impressed. Tree Time’s gut was potent enough to reduce the weak metallic aspects of his cybernetic meal down into essentially nothing. Additionally, the bones of his meal proved to be no match for the grinding stomach walls and the heated stomach acid constantly softening everything up. The end result was a hardly noticeable amount of fat that would cling to the hips of the mint predator, while the rest of his meal would gradually slip into and compact within the same intestinal tract that the meal was forced to slide through in order to even get up there… Over the course of three hours, more and more of his meal would end up piling into his bowels, up until the point where it proved to be enough to wake the stallion up.

“Unghhh… Did I catch a stomach bug, again…?” He’d groan, blinking awake as his bowels strain in anticipation against the weight it was holding back. The increasing desperation to relieve himself lead the predatory caption to press his gut with his hooves, sitting upright on the bench. “Nnnghh… Oh yeah, I almost forgot. Hump, and dump. Now that the cute little chump is nothing more than a fat lump on my rump.” He amused himself with wordplay, trying to distract himself from how badly his meal needed to get out of his system, as his eyes dart around the room for anywhere fitting. A meal like him deserved a good resting place to drop back out into, anyway. Tree Time found his eyes being drawn to the musky uniform that Morning Mist left behind, having quickly ripped it off before rutting him against the bench. He couldn’t have thought up a better place to release Mist if he tried. Quickly, he’d get into position, now straddling the bench in the opposite direction, his grassy tail flicked to the side as his hooves press against the bench for support. “Welcome back, Mist~” Then, he could finally start cutting loose, backdoor yawning open once again.

*\*Fffsshhhhh****hhlllrrrRRRPPTT!!\**** “Yeesh, you’re chatty.” A vibrant round of flatulence served to signal the first bit of Mist’s departure from his digestive tract, lightly shoving down on his lower body as clump after clump of smooth, compact horseshit began to splatter out upon the costume, doomed to be buried. Tree Time gave a deep sigh from it all, noting how satisfying it felt to eject the cybernetic pony from his bowels. With how smooth and easy it was, it was almost better than taking him in! And there wasn’t a sign of his bones or more mechanical parts anywhere in the growing pile, nothing but a steaming load of post-vore waste rising higher and higher above the discarded suit. Unable to stop himself, his shaft began to spray a hose of piss onto the floor in front of him from all of the relief, taking in a deep breath as he basks in the disgusting glory of overpowering his meal in the most humiliating and demeaning way possible. “Damn… There was more of you than I thought! I guess that’s what happens when you don’t make any fat, huh? Hufff…” He adjusts his stance, flicking his tail to the side once more as more waste rolls out of his system.

By then, there was so much shit he was dumping out onto the suit that hardly any of it was even left visible anymore. It’s risen so high that the only place the rest could go is off the sides of the impressive mound, beginning to form smaller side-piles upon the ground surrounding it. And still, Tree Time voided his bowels all over the side of the bench, up until it would be difficult there was much else there in the first place. Just the horrid, disgusting remains of what used to be fourth place in the race. The stallion occasionally had to lift his leg up a bit to force out some of the more troublesome compactions in terms of size, straining against his asshole. “Agh, shit… You’re going to have a lot of explaining to do to the janitor here, won’t you? What in the world are you going to tell him?” He coughs, fanning the air around him with a wing as a couple more nasty splatters sound out behind him. “I figured as much.” With only a few more horseapples left to crown off the pile, Tree Time was finished disposing of the submissive cybernetic stallion, who was now in a state that hardly fit that description whatsoever anymore. For all intents and purposes, he was simply a captain’s shitheap.

With his tailhole getting more than enough exercise for the day, Tree Time was left sitting down on the bench, catching his breath. To his left was a loose rope tied around the bench, which he recently blasted a few ropes onto himself. To his right, was a pile of his own shit roughly the same size of the pony that initially interrupted his monologue. Rubbing his forehead with one of his hooves, the stallion tried to relax a little bit. “After all of that, I’m rather pooped out. Not nearly as pooped out as you must be though, Mist.” He smirked, speaking to the pile of waste as if it could respond to him. Instead, a bit more of it dropped from the bench down onto the floor. “I wish you would open up to me a little bit more… You’ve gotten so silent since we first properly met.” He mused, wondering if he could spot any sign of Morning Mist anywhere in the giant mist. “Oh! I know! Let’s guess each other's favorite colors. I’m going to guess that yours is… brown.” He chuckled to himself, finding this to be a rather entertaining way to spend the time. “Can you guess what mine is? If you could tell me, then I’d probably call an exorcist.”

Suddenly, he could hear the door to the locker room slam open once again, followed by a storm of hooves. Tree Time nearly fell off the bench in surprise, as the rest of the racers return to the locker room to finally towel off. “Damn, that dinner was fantastic! Thanks so much for…” One of the ponies began to say, before they all saw the white stallion sitting alone in the locker room, next to a giant pile of shit. “...Yo, what the hell happened in here, and how come I wasn’t part of it?” Another one laughed, breaking the silence. Tree Time blushed a little, shrugging. “Oh, you know. One of the racers showed up early, one thing lead to another, and now the name ‘Morning Mist’ better applies to the smell in the air right now.” The stallion explained shrugging it off. One of the racers stepped forward to express his interest. “Hey, good for you! Nice to see you snagging a victory, for once.” The orange pegasus said in a snarky, joking tone of voice. But this wasn’t just any pony, it was actually the winner of the race itself, Naarkerotic.

Tree Time grinned, happy to know that nobody was really upset by his controversial decision to churn a team member into horseapples at all. “Oh, it’s no big deal, Naark. I just saw the guy around here, one thing lead to another, and… here we are! I wish I could’ve saved him for you all, tied to the bench, but I just couldn’t hold myself back for that long.” He explained, trying to undo the knot on the bench to get his rope back. “You know, you could probably still have a go at him if you feel so inclined… After all, he isn’t quite cold yet.” He purrs, giving a wink to the first-place winner. The champion flipped his green and blue mane to the side, already getting quite the hard on from the thought of it. “You know, maybe it wasn’t such a bad thing that we showed up a little bit late after all. He might be ever better this way…” He laughed, the rest of the squad gathering around in amusement as Naark began to approach the pile. “I’ll give you some space, dumphumper. Don’t wreck him harder than I did~” Tree Time teased, hopping off the bench and moving to the side with the rest of the team, who seemed to be staring at him in awe for leaving Mist in such a changed state.

His cock flaring out, twitching with every step, the orange stallion positioned himself to the side of the bench, reaching over to use the seat as a support. “Man, this is gonna feel amazing…” He huffed, legs almost quivering a little bit, as Tree Time cheers him on from the sidelines. “Come on! Fuck him! Put him in his place! Or new place, rather...” He laughed, leaning onto another pony that he was already considering eating later. And then, it happened. A heavy thrust, and his shaft was embedded deep within the pile of shit, giving a great sigh from the way it squished right apart to make way from him. The thrust was strong enough to create the initial hole, which he bucked into over and over again. The other ponies were going quite wild from the sight of it, perhaps a little bit drunk from dinner as they cheered. “Hah, now that’s what I call a cumdump....” One of them slurred, another one becoming almost as aroused as Naark currently was as his hips buck in and out of the pile. There was a rather unique slapping sound every time his balls hit the muck, biting his lip. It was much easier to make his way in and out of it than it was when he was still more of a cybernetic pony.

*\*Schlap, schlap, schlap\** The harder he humped, the more of the pile slopped over onto the floor from the bench, much of the pile hardly retaining it’s former shape from before Naark started going at it. He simply couldn’t help himself from such an offer, and the stallion responsible for the mess was happy to watch. The hole in the side got wider with every thrust, bringing him closer and closer to a heavy climax as he takes in the repugnant stench from the whole thing. “Oh fuck, I’m already really close…” He mutters, his throbbing pillar of horsemeat thoroughly wrecking the pile unlike anything the crowd had ever seen. At points, a couple could swear they saw his tip poking out of the other end of the pile. And then, Naark threw his head back, ejaculating hard into the pile as cum drips out of the same hole he formed in the mess. “Gahhhhhfffff…!!” He cringed, pulling out with his filthy cock still dripping in his load. Upon pulling out, the pile of Tree Time’s shit collapsed over itself.

“Damn… I gotta hand it to you, that felt pretty good after a long day. You should really make a tradition out of this.” He teased, slapping one of his hooves onto the mint stallion’s shoulder. “Something like that sounds like it’d be pretty fun… I’m sure I’d make it up to second place in no time.” The predator boasts, chuckling from the thought of turning every other pony into such an unsightly dump. Looking back at the crowd, he’d find that tasty-looking pony from earlier had made yet another ejaculatory mess onto the floor, one of them had passed out from either the smell or sheer exhaustion, and another one still seemed to be cheering at nothing. Naark decided to tease him a little further, leaning on him some more. “Any idea for who’s going to be your next lucky victim?” The thought made the stallion ponder, licking his lips as he glanced back at the pony he was just gazing at not too long ago. “Well, I may have a few ideas~” His stomach was already groaning once more.