

Lustbound Entertainment

Written by Septia.

“Oh wow, Sinny, you went all out with the food.”

I smiled some as Chime Blossom beheld the table stocked with quesadillas, chimichangas, hay chips, caramelized onion dip, and so much more with spiced punch to wash it all down. “And that’s just the appetizers. There’s more in the oven and chocolate & cheese fondue once the party winds up,”

“I say, Sinny, all these offerings are quite, heavy duty on the digestion,” Chime noted and brushed across his belly. “You wouldn’t have any, ulterior motives with this spread, would you~?” Chime added with a musing leer.

“I might, after all, we are here totes-... Its, capacity.”

A knock on the door took my interest, heading over to part the door wide open, where the ever sparkling Brightstar stood.

“Hey Sinder, I’m not arriving too early, am I?”

I greeted her with a smile. “You’re fine,” I gestured in to the furbished living room. “The party is just getting started.”

~ 1 ~

Friendly faces flocked the room! earth pony, pegasi, unicorns, and a few griffons as well. There were pleasant musings in crowd, all partaking of the spread of treats, dancing to the music, and sharing laughter. It had been some time since I saw some of these friends and was being pulled hither and dither to chatter and share in merriment. Many faces I had not seen since before Reign and I got together. It seemed some members of the group-chat had taken the liberty to invite some of their fellows as well, which I didn’t mind-. Suddenly I froze. Reign, oh right, how could I have forgotten.

“Hold on, I’m just gonna be gone fore a momen-.”

“Aww Sinder stay, I just got the chance to have your attention.”

I gnaw on my lower lip and looked off. “Hey, anypony willing to just, carry off that bale of toiletpaper to the lavatory?” It felt rather silly to have just forgotten them by hind the front door, though there had been a lot of party preparations to look over.

“Looks like somepony needs a helping hoof. Heineon said, the pegasus swooping in to pick up the stack. “Wowsa, this is lot of wipes,” with a trail of light behind her from the colored feathers and luminescent hoof bands the cobalt mare arose. “Well, haven’t been using for a while, thought I’d stock up in case-. Oh sorry, right, you were saying?” I turned away from Heineon to support the conversation. Leaving the Pegasus blinking, peering between me and the wipe stack.

“Ohookaythen,” she said and trotted off.

Toting the stack trove to the bathroom down the hall, boy, was it quite fancy too, spacious, clean with cool hues and a big fancy mirror. Though, the toilet wasn’t anything, super special. The mare looked closer, putting down the stack in the corner and fitting a roll into the dispenser. Certainly didn’t look like it would actually fit a pony. If what Sinder had said was true. But it couldn’t be, right? Curiosity consumed her. And while she had no need to relieve herself at the moment, perhaps just a cursory glance... She lifted the lid, slowly at first, then up all the way. -Clnk- it clattered to the back of porcelain backing and...

“Holy smooze on a treadmill.” There, a head nestled in the piping pit in place of a drain, porcelain sculpted around his neck, or perhaps neck sculpted by the porcelain – and muzzle poking

up from the nadir of the bowl, there really was a yellow pony “Huh, so there really was a toilet pony. Guess I didn't doubt it that much, but Sinder can be pretty playful at times.”

“H-hello, to you too,” Reign said, a faint echo from his voice reverberating against the porcelain.

“Ooh yeah, guess you could still talk. Dunno why I thought you couldn't, welllll, I mean I kinda now. I'm Heineon, friend of Sinder, and that must make you her boyfriend: Raisin.”

Reign's muzzle wrinkled. “I'm... actually.”

“Boy,” Heineon continued, “Let me front-load this – instead of the loads you are used to – lemme say I don't judge at all. It is great to see ponies indulge in their... aahm...” she rolled her hoof in the air while humming to find the right word, “interests, things, and takes a lot of courage to be so open about it. Though, guess you can be closed about it too~” she said and shut the lid before opening it up again with a snicker. “Pha, hah, guess I could see this being a sort of, empowering thing for Sinder too, maybe? Having her boyfriend trapped in the loo. Eeeh, maybe not.”

“Please, I just need y-you, s-someone to-.”

“Guess whatever floats your cider, ammiright? But, was really just here to deliver toilet paper, don't wanna break the immersion too much, I get 'cha. Maybe I'll see ya later on, you know, when I gotta do the bathroom thingies. Oh if so, fair warning, I go pretty hard on the drinks no matter if it upsets my gut, so, guess be ready for that, buh-bye~.” Heineon said and pranced out the door.

~ 2 ~

For a moment I could hear the bustle of the party again. Fading in and out as the door swayed back closed. It was, surreal. Both to hear so many voices other than Sinder's or Point's, but also that it was... really happening. Point's words still echoed in my head. That if I couldn't handle the party, Sinder would replace me... Discarded... The cold embrace of the moulded ceramic caging my body made itself known. I couldn't stop thinking about it: I was on the cusp of the drain, of oblivion, at every moment. All that kept me here was Sinder deigning to do so. Sustained as long as I was a functioning extension of the drain. And if I clogged... At least that mare had left the lid open, so I could think in some light, see myself reflected in the porcelain.

Throughout the afternoon I had few visitors. The odd guest came in to peer down into the bowl. Some of the guests were shocked when they saw me, others amused. Chime Blossom didn't say anything, just smirked and winked at me. A stallion with a friendly demeanor noted how my deep auburn mane and yellow coat matched the contents of a toilet quite well. I tried to get a word in with all of them, though no pony would listen. He was the one I didn't attempt to reason with. Even if he was right... I stared at my reflection again: my coat tainted in the shadow of muck, stained in streams of amber showing my coat below, and my mane bundled and sloughed back like a greasy pudding. They were right. It really looked like I belonged. So far, they only seemed to gawk, rather than use the toilet. Seemed Heineon had spread the word that the rumors were true.

~ 3 ~

Secret, this story was written during a ploy, and has been edited more than most stories.

I gave a glance to the notification in my phone, bringing up the invitation I had received. This certainly was the place. I had only been here once before, after my dear Reign had introduced his marefriend. I had awaited his next visit, though I had not expected our next meeting would be in the form of a... house party? If that was what this arranged meet-up was intended to be. This was the third time I had knocked. It sounded of quite the hootenanny just behind the door, but what if I was mistaken? I shook my head, gathered myself and simply strutted inside.

"My stars..." I mumbled under my breath. It sure was quite the occasion: food in heaps and drinks in droves, music and dancing. It made one feel quite nostalgic, even if this somewhat younger crowd was one I hadn't engaged with since my own days of partaking in such frivolities.

"Greetings, quite the shin-ding we are having?" I said with an elbow nudge to a nearby stallion.

"Oh uh," he glanced over to me, then put on a smile, "Yeah, for sure, come on in."

"Oh I'm 'in' already, I can assure you," I responded and strutted forwards. My first interaction quite the success if I do say so myself. Perhaps, this is just what I needed to shake up some of my youth again. Whilst maneuvering to the snacks table I kept an eye out for ponies I knew, – Reign and Sinder in particular – to no avail.

"Ppfhwhrohrhth. Mrs. Viola?" A stallion spat out his drink before announcing my name.

"My, if it isn't Point, glad to see you."

"What are you doing... here, all by, yourself?" The pegasus said, somewhat stilted. He looked like he needed a drink more than me.

"Oh, just partaking of the festivities, do sincerely hope you are well. I'm certain you've kept a good eye on my dear Reign. He's not treating you poorly, is he?"

The stallion swallowed the remnants of his drink. "Uuurhm... He's, yeah, you know, the thing is. We... I, I, have to go but I'll catch up with you later," Point said and sprinted off through the living room.

I sighed. Youth, couldn't even sustain a conversation. After settling into the rhythm I started asking around. "You wouldn't happen to know where Reign is?"

The unicorn in question blinked. "If you need to use the bathroom, it is right down there," he gestured.

"Oh, I see." Here I thought I was somewhat keeping up with the youth, but this was slang I'd had never heard.

"Yeah, bathroom's down the hall."

"Toilet's that way."

"If you must, the lavatory lies over yonder."

So many variations of it too... Though everypony seemed to give the same direction. And honestly, I was a bit ashamed to admit I had no clue what they were talking about. "Thank you kindly," I'd say and shuffle along. I kept an eye out by the refreshment's table, munching into some fried, savory pastry. 'Bit too oily, though when in Baltimore... After nearly ten minutes since I last asked for directions, I decide I was getting somewhat restless.

"Suppose I, could stand to powder my muzzle," I mumbled and finished some of the my punch. Sauntering between party goers and teetering my way to the restroom. A mare snickered as I opened the door. Perhaps... it wasn't slang, but some form of prank. Had I walked right into it? Was I to be the party's laughingstock? Then again, everypony had to use the restroom eventually. It was inevitable, I thought as I opened the lid.

The bustle of the festivities faded. Silence enslaved the room. I remained, clutching onto the lid, staring.

"Oh." That couldn't be... but... how could it not?

"Hmm-. Mom?"

"Oh." It talked. H-he talked. He...

"Reign," I said, calm, "am I... dreaming?"

"Mother... I don't know why you are here, but t-that is fine, I can explain."

"Oh, so you can," I mumbled. I tried to deny it, though, if what was staring me right in the face was really the case, then all the puzzle pieces fell into place...

"I suppose, it wasn't slang, after all."

"Mother I... What?"

"Reign I, you really are... My sweet Minamoto you are..."

"Mother, this wasn't supposed to happen. If you please, I never wanted you to see this, if you just give me a moment."

"Of course... of course I... was confused by why I had been invited so suddenly. I am, I am sorry for, stumbling onto you like this."

"M-mom wait I."

-Ooomph- I clutched over my muzzle, I had tried to repress it, though this sight, and the thoughts it spurred. My son, with not but his head sticking up from a drain. It was. "P-pardon, I'm so sorry. I, I can't intrude I-... I can't see you like this. I... I will speak to Sinder about -ooflpguh-." I had to walk out, stumbling through the bathroom door. My mind, addled into sheer confusion trying to piece it all together. And there, around the corner, stood Sinder, who's eyes bulged as they came upon me.

"Mrs. Viola... You are, here. And, right out of fo the bathroom, I see."

"Yes, I do apologise, I hadn't intended to find out this way."

The unicorn winced. I could see her gritting her teeth under her lips. "I couldn't even... He's in the uuofh... Again, I am sorry, I couldn't speak with my boy in such a state. This is, far over my head."

Sinder paused. "So, you didn't." Cogs turning. "So, he didn't say anything?"

"Barely," I responded.

Sinder laid a hoof around my neck and rested her head to mine. "Come, mrs. Viola, we can talk in my room. Some privacy away from all the noise."

"You are certain that is fine? Despite everything I, don't really understand I... I wouldn't want to be a bother."

"Mrs. Viola," Sinder said, "I assure you, I'll explain everything."

~ 4 ~

"Wait, mom, please. It is not what you think. Mom, wait don't... go..." Finally, someone who could listen. Finally, somepony who could understand my plight... Finally, somepony I could trust... and she was gone as quick as she came. It was a miracle she had arrived, but a curse that she'd left. She could be somewhat lofty and... this wasn't how I imagined our next meeting. But, seeing my own mother abandon me at this moment. It was... as if I could feel every vertebra in my spine: biting frost of frigid steel... parts of me twitched in the ceramic confines. The toilet, shrunk around me, I could sense it. The clutch it had on me tautened. Deep breaths, ... Deep breaths. She said she would talk to Sinder, right? When she heard what was going on, she wouldn't stand for it. It budged into my chest. In just a short while, Viola would demand my release. How Sinder reacted I would have to deal with as it came, but at least I wouldn't be stuck in the-.

-Dkknk- The toilet door opened. My heart skipped a beat. Already? That was fast, but of course, Viola must be outraged, I knew it was just a matter of time before...

-Dnmf- -Dmmght- I could, hear the hoof steps, a faint vibration in my gut through the floor, rocking the pie. The oval of light above me, a shadow of a peachy coat and cyan mane. A muzzle carrying more curves than some ponies sported on their whole body: "I wish to begin with front loading my feelings on this," she began, the next few words sounding as if she spat them, as if the words were tinged with lime, "Unlike the backloads I am certain you are quite fond of receiving..."

I just shook my head. I didn't know this mare, why was she...

"I did not attend this party to partake in..." she waves her hoof, "Your, unique services... Everypony has their right to enjoy themselves how they please, but this... this is, quite a public display, all to get friends and strangers to indulge you in your perverse fantasies."

I started to shake my head, but hesitated. There was something to it; if I had been presented with this situation a few months ago, it would maybe have been a dream come true. That was before I met the reality of my fringe desires, before the weeks spent in the drain. Still, her words sunk in deep.

"I knew it..." the earth pony mumbled, "You are just a degenerate 'lil stain. 'Can't believe you landed a fine mare as Sinder, and anchored her to this... debauchery." The mare shuffled away from the seat, for the light to soon be subsumed by a pair of plump, rolling hills. "'Bet you don't even care who I am, all you got your eyes set on is this flank of mine," -Sttwch- she gave it a spank, the blubber rippling along her rear, "Well for your information, this rump is attached to a real mare, and her name is Clover Juice."

"W-wait," I said. -Chhngk- the squeal of polymer to plot ground above me as clover seated herself aback on the porcelain throne: her flanks eclipsed the outside world. "Once again, I strain myself even more than I am about to do on you right now, I had no intention of rewarding filth like you with what you most desire, but..." -Vgrrghrlrpghbghs-.

I could feel the seat reverberate at the growl of her guts, a gurgle whose very sound was... chunky.

"Mmrf... Though, the food has been great, but all that lactose 'been teasing my guts. And since I don't wanna do my business outside... looks like you are my only option..." she said as the last of her cheeks -Clbgbths- smothered over the seat, the rhind of polymer sculpting out her cheeks in a muffintop dipping towards me, cleaved by her pucker budging and wrinkling at the center gorge."

"But you better not take pleasure in this, you creep..." she sneered, and suddenly doubled over, clutching into her gut as a -Crrbbggglpsh- rushed went through her frame. -Pppwwrrrbrrrprprpth- Her pucker gasped in a flutter of tepid vapors crashing into my face. The rank odour of mouldy mushroom pastry clogged the sparse air I was afforded, weighing down an oppressive atmosphere of the portly mare's inner sewers straight into my face.

I coughed, wheezed and spat, the giant echoes in the bowl were subsumed and smothered by the bulwark of her behind. If just her gas was this bad, then each twitching of her pucker had me aware of my spine once more.

"Oh, shut up..." Clover Juice grumbled as she wiggled back, plying into her gut to aid her bowels. I kept staring... As she settled in her bountiful cheeks kept -Cvnnnng- sagging down towards me, like a dough sack rested on a branch... the heft of it just eeked closer. I shuffled as far back as I could, and still my muzzle came right into contact with the cheeks, brushing between them and feeling -Chghrlpgh- a creak of old perspiration smearing over my muzzle. If I wasn't a good toilet for Sinder... I was a goner. But, with mother here, I had to believe I would soon be free. And If I did... I wouldn't have to put up with this.

"I-I don't enjoy this, either."

"Phhff, ha, sure, like I'd believe that now. If you are just gonna lie you might as well shut mfmfs uuuhp-" -Ppftwwwrrrthps- another gale of bowel smog; a harbinger of what lurked within, -Chhrlprtsh- Then... I could see it. Rather, before I saw it I, felt its scent: a tangible musk of lard stained salmon, pickled in sewage and vinegar. A scent that crept through my nostrils like hooks of rusted metal and sunk into my flesh, soaking in its putrefaction all throughout my head. -Chrrrlslfpstha- The crackling of stirring old porridge rumbled in the bowl as the cheeks gradually cleaved apart around my muzzle, wedged apart by the glut of filth mounting through the mare's hatch... First the mass was wide as a lemon, then her brim peeled off along its bottom, surpassing the girth of a grapefruit -Vhhrflgghrlrlchrrlckt-. A creamy behemoth, riddled with the foulest concoctions a bowel could brew, gradually creaking -Chrlrptthshhal- against the hinges to Clover's hind, lubricated with its own bowel slime, crawling ever closer towards me.

I panted, and recoiled as my cheeks were filled with the radiating musk of her colon cooked sewage. I had just started getting used to Sinder's filth, but this carried another character: a depth of mold and lard wafted from the percolating pummel of punishment gradually extending from the surrounding crack. Revolting, but in a different flavor than Sinder's, one I was not used to, and which torched my nostrils by its presence.

I swallowed. "I-I mean it, t-this is a misunderstandingfmgm," I tried to speak as Clover's grunts and shifts whacked her buns into my face.

"Mfngs. P-pipe down, will you?" Her stomach rattled and drummed with gurgles, strain visible in her face as she grunted and huffed this mighty constipation out of her hindquarters. "If I am g-

gonna tuff your face with my manure, 'least you can have the decency to just mfms, chug it down and shut up. That's what a good toilet would do..."

-Chrlrptah- I heard it, the puttering texture of colon fluids ferried down fractures along the exterior of the mound, droplets of the murky liquid -Scclpth- dropping just above my lip. Even there, it singed and wafted of rot and corpulence..."I-I don't want to be a good toilet."

"Mfghs, well you certainly aren-."

"Wait," I interrupted her, panting, catching my breath in the polluted atmosphere of the bowl. "I... I admit, once I, would have liked this, or, I thought I would have. You are right, I had fantasies about this, I am a, filthy, pervert of a stallion. But, that's not what I am now. Pl-please, I k-know you don't want this either, it is e-embarrassing for a pretty mare t-to expose herself like this. B-but y-you got the wrong idea. I have changed. M-my dream turned to a nightmare. I c-can't stand t-this." My voice trembled like a violin string, devastated at what Sinder would do if I ruined her party. "S-so please, please stop, f-for the both of us. I promise, I am not doing this to tease you" The mound creaked closer, closer... though wouldn't come near my face. The brim undulating, struggling wit the girth, as Clover had fallen silent.

The outburst gave her pause. She ruminated on my words. It sounded genuine. Perhaps she had misjudged me. 'Perhaps,' she thought, 'this degenerate stallion really disdains being a toilet, beneath me, trapped under the majesty of my body to chug down whatever scraps of my nourishment I deem him worthy of...' Those thoughts, took root. There was a tickle through her chest. 'For all the stallions that ignore me, this one has no prerogative other than devote his full attention to servicing me, even my foulest desires...' Clover found herself chuckling, a sense of ease plying through her veins. 'Perhaps,' she thought, 'this is where a stallion like him, truly belongs, subsumed by me.' "Haaawnf..." Clover exhaled as she slumped back against the toilet. Her body relaxing, down her spine, all the way to her sphincter, and the eased tension -Krhlrpths- letting the tissue bloom open around the bale.

-Chhr- -Chtlpth- -Crrhvlvthsth- The mound sloughed down through the brim, in a moment the mound rested above me, then plowed through my lips, the heap of dense sludge warping my lips to stretch along its humid, steaming surface, forcing me to wallow in every stretch of wafting miasma of putrefaction coalesced in the clog of feminine clay. -Chrlrpththa- Its weight alone bent my tongue. Her filth barging down my neck, -chrlrpthta- bloating it taut to the porcelain ahead of me, feeling the pressure from my neck and the cold ceramics mashing into the mound, smothering it to wring out droplets of liquid filth from its interiors and exteriors, drooling the stream of redolent fluids down my neck. "Mmfpggh-afhbhgh," I gargled around the loaf, whimpering and pleading.

-Bwbtn- -Btnt- Clover's stomach rattled as she patted it, sighing as she listened to my frantic squeals and -Glgpgsh- chugs below her. "Perhaps you are right after all. You are a terrible toilet, but don't you think that could change, with a bit of potty training?"

"Ompghg, mdoppgh." I chugged and guzzled every stretch of the obese cable of mud billowing out from above. The bulwark of constipation moving from congesting her bowels, to my throat, stuffed past its limit, leaving me gargling as the wedge of dung warped and strained my lips. My gullet filing the role of a sock trying to fit a thigh three sizes too large. And the briny, tarnishing texture of grime splatting into my taste buds and dominating my senses in the oozing miasma of repugnance, warping my senses around the tart malodour, straining my senses in the same way my lips felt a prick from rupturing, white and aching.

-Gllpggph- Glgpgugmpg- -Glgpggugmpghk-. But I swallowed, and the mound wormed down my neck, burrowing like a larva to coil in my gut and stew, its radiating heat letting me feel it clearly through my body, I couldn't get rid of it.

-Gllpgmgohk- -Oomph- -Ofmgpgsh- "Phahaa." but then in one chug, my lips shrunk together, a closing aperture snapping around the bulwark, and after another few struggling -flfmpggh- swallows, I could breathe again, air filling my neck, and caressing the mound of rot winding down to make my body its new home.

"Mmf phaa... I will admit, that was sufficiently relaxing. We got there in the end, wouldn't you say?" Clover mused as she wiped down the groove of her hind, -Clrlpth- a curdling crackle of

old glue reverting above me, before she dropped the squares of soiled paper on top of my still shaking face.

“Though, you really do not make for prime stallionfriend material.” She rose her hind off the throne with a -Chhstpwwop- like uncorking her flanks. “You deserve what you got, and soon enough, Sinder will see that too. I’ll have her see the writing on the wall,” she turned and looked down at me. “And when she does, she’ll find someone who treats her well, who suits her, and devotes their life to her. But, in a more classically romantic sense than your little, display,” she mumbled the last word. “And then, you’ll have that forsaken wish, you’ll be the toilet for a passionate, happy couple... My, ‘suppose Sinder really did have an idea of what she was doing. Still, she deserves better than you, Resin,” the mare mused and withdrew. She washed her hooves in silence, and left to rejoin the party. Without another word spared on the toilet.

It stung... Even at her worst, Sinder had not looked at me, or talked to me with such... undiluted malice and contempt, whilst having not an inkling of their words weighing on their head. What was a soliloquies for a latrine? -Chrrlpagg- I could still feel the mire macerating in my guts... plugging me tauter in the pipes, a constant reminder of the filth that had passed my lips, and still lingered on it. My eyes grew salty. I caught some droplets with my tongue, to vainly attempt to wash away the plastered caulked mulch. Or, at the very least, taste something else. This... couldn't be my fate.

-Crrrk- The door creaked open. And again... A familiar voice.

“Reign?”

“It strained my lungs, but a wheezed out in reply, “M-mom?”