

Lustbound Gathering

Written by Septia.

The screen's luminance laid as an imprint on my face, within the borders of light laid etchings of the third draft of my announcement. The black strokes faded, one by one, as withdrew to rewrite it once more. Exasperation passed my lips as my head arched back, staring up at the clear sky bathing the park in the forenoon sun's glow. This was wearing on me a lot more than I had expected. Finding the words to properly convey this... cinder of information I had been dunked into since yesterday. However, you allow cider to rest in the open, there will soon be not but yeast. Another inhale. I had to just, get it out, for Reign's sake.

Family Group Chat and Announcements.

[08:34] ViolaR: "Greetings and well wishes to you all. Stay calm, this is not an emergency, however it is of concern to the whole family, so read it at your own pace. It is about Reign. My little cinnamontop might be coming home. Again, I assure you, nothing is the matter with them. However, if they do, it is with a few, changes. Which we, as family, should respect. For, he is coming back in the form of a-"

[08:34] DDR: "Cool."

[08:35] Crestway: "Trouble with that lass of his? I'll kick em if I have to, just say how hard."

[08:35] MedleyO: "I thought Reign still lived at home?"

[08:35] ViolaR: "Family please excuse me I had not intended to send tthat message yet. I was not done."

[08:35] BrookR: "Deep breaths sweetums. Give her some space."

[08:38] ViolaR: "He would return to us, with a particular arrangement, for Reign has decided to dedicate himself to being, a toilet servant." (edited).

[08:42] Podial: "Wut"

[08:43] DDR: "Hah, lol, okay."

[08:44] WillamareO: "This supposed to be funny?"

[08:44] MedleyO: "A what now?"

[08:44] Crestway: "Viola I, do not quite get what you are pulling at?"

[08:45] ViolaR: "I know it can be a bit to take in, I'm well aware. Let this settle at its own pace. You will always have me available for questions and clarifications in this thread or through private messages."

[08:45] DDR: "Mom we get it, you can stop."

[08:45] WillamareO: "because I do not think it very funny."

[08:49] Crestway: "So this is a joke, right?"

[08:53] BrookR: "Sweetums, what?"

[08:55] ViolaR: "I wanted to let you all know, so that it does not come as a surprise later. I assure you this is a serious matter, and I want nopony to look down on Reign just because of his position."

[08:57] ViolaR: "More than, one already would with him in, such a compromised position..."

[08:58] DDR: "..."

[09:00] Podial: " Whaaa?"

[09:01] DDR: "This... so... this isn't a joke?"

[09:04] ViolaR: "Oh be kind to your brother, Drew, when he comes back. This applies to all of you. The best way to support Reign is to accept him, so even if you may feel... apprehensive, I advise you do utilise, him, as he wishes."

[09:04] Crestway: "Uh... huh. Huh... huh? Oh you mean... Oh."

[09:06] DDR: "Mom check your dm's..."

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This was, absurd. I stared at the group chat, scrolling up and down the messages, seeing several family members still writing. Flicking between chats while I waited for mom to respond. Idly back and forth, back and forth. I threw a glance in my messaging history, Reign was still there, a few slots down, underneath my group chat, mom and dad. We haven't spoken in like a year and still he's not a far scroll away... Curiosity got the better of me. Last we spoke was... when I still had a job...

My brow furrowed.

Finally I saw mom talking.

Private Chat with ViolaR

[09:02] DDR: "Mom please talk to me here."

[09:04] DDR: "Mom, here."

[09:05] DDR: "Please?"

[09:09] ViolaR: "I'm here, dear."

[09:09] DDR: "Thank the moon, finally. Ok, mom. You can't just go and type that stuff. I wouldn't put it past them for most of our family to have fibs like this go right over their manes."

[09:11] ViolaR: "Dear, it is not a fib."

[09:11] DDR: "mom you can stop, it is just me here."

[09:12] ViolaR: "Please have an open mind for your brother's sake, I would think if anyone would understand this it would be you. The two of you are, essentially the same generation, right? I... might be mistaken."

[09:14] DDR: "mom... What do you mean? Is, Is Reign a... toilet servant?"

[09:14] ViolaR: "He is, yes. I used his services yesterday."

I stared at the screen, slumping back in my bed which creaked and buckled beneath me – didn't fit the same as when I was a colt... I flicked back to chats, scrolled down, and entered my conversation with Reign. Last message from him was: "We'll see how long you'll last~." I huffed. A message prompt from mom flickered up on screen.

[09:20] ViolaR: "I assure you, your brother was very accommodating."

"The Tartarus..." I mumbled and flicked back to Mom's chat.

[09:21] DDR: "So, he's like... just sitting in the bathroom or?"

[09:22] ViolaR: "Actually, he is positioned inside the bowl itself, down at the bottom his muzzle sticks up."

[09:25] DDR: "... In, the toilet?"

[09:26] ViolaR: "Yes dear."

[09:26] DDR: "And, you just... sit there and, piss?"

[09:26] ViolaR: "That is an option."

[09:27] DDR: "What if you have to drop a load?"

[09:27] ViolaR: "He will take that too."

[09:28] DDR: "OKay but like, what if it is like, a big one?"

[09:28] ViolaR: "He was stationed there all night throughout a party Sinder was hosting, I would honestly be impressed if you managed to clog him."

A party... Guests... party guests... Sinder... It was all well and good that my bro got himself a girl, but... did everything have to really revolve around her? Just because she's pretty and cooks good food and holds down a stable job... I pinched my lower lip with my teeth. In my mind's eye I saw Reign's face jutting out of the toilet bowl, that smug face crammed in a dirty pit, protesting as shadows of stinky mountains loomed above... I bit harder...

[09:33] DDR: "Does he like, do other stuff, like what If I wanted a massage?"

[09:33] ViolaR: "I can not say with certainty, tho it depends on how free his hooves are."

[09:34] DDR: "And like...do you use toilet paper or just, wipe off on him?"

[09:34] DDR: "Does he use his tongue?"

[09:34] DDR: "What do you do with the paper if you do use it?"

[09:34] DDR: "Does he have a preferred flavor of paper?"

[09:35] DDR: "Does he still talk?"

[09:35] DDR: "How often do you need to change him out?"

[09:36] ViolaR: "Drew, dear, I am still responding in the main chat. There was paper last I checked, but I am uncertain if it was necessary or not. This is fairly fresh news for me as well. But he will make your visit as comfortable as he can."

My chest oscillated... huffing out through my nostrils. I flicked back to my Reign chat, staring at his icon, remembering his face, so I could picture it down the loo.

[09:39] DDR: "What about other services...? What if I have to go number three? Does he... 'Assist' with that?"

The chat went silent for a bit. The message dots indicating Viola typing shone up, then faded. Bright, then gone. I tapped my hoof against my bed frame, playing with the zipper to my hoodie. Waiting...

[09:42] ViolaR: "Yes. To my knowledge, he would."

All the anticipation flooded out of me in a wheeze, and it roiled into a chuckle. I gnawed on my lip while drumming my hoof against the bed frame. I could picture it clear as day now: Reign's perfect, face framed in the bowl with my dick hanging over him. There wouldn't be enough space on his face for smugness once I'd be down with him...

[09:46] DDR: "Got it mom. This is still like, a lot to process, but I think I'll get the hang of it."

[09:47] ViolaR: "That is such a relief to hear dear. I am certain your brother will appreciate it."

Right. That, put an ever so small hamper on my mood. My perfect way to get at him scot-free, and he'd enjoy it... I shrugged. Still worth it. I'm sure I could find some way to make him regret making himself too open...

[09:49] DDR: "Sure will. Thanks for the head's up, mom."

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Secret, this story is out of order in several respects.

Deep, long breaths, in and out. Just think, letting my mind wander. A glance back at the screen... it was still there. What was Viola saying about our son...? Looking at the description she'd written out

on our private messages. All the words there were... It didn't, sit right. I kept staring at it, but nothing made sense. I hadn't been able to make sense of it. I picked up the phone, and made one more message.

Private Chat with ViolaR

[09:21] BrookR: "Sweetums?"

[09:22] ViolaR: "Yes, buster?"

So, she responded to my message. But... what do I do now?

[09:30] ViolaR: "Buster?"

[09:33] ViolaR: " Brook? Are you still there?"

[09:33] BrookR: "Could you, take it from the top?"

[09:34] ViolaR: "It is not as bad as it sounds."

There were scarce worse starts to a sentence – other possible contenders being "Look on the bright side" and "My sisters are visiting."

[09:35] ViolaR: "He does an upstanding job of it, and he certainly has your stamina. It was late into the moon hours when I got to him, and our boy was holding strong."

[09:37] BrookR: "Sweetums..."

First, Drew's situation was just going downhill, back home and closed off in his room every day. And now this? It couldn't get much lower could it...? But then...

[09:41] ViolaR: "I know you miss him."

My chest contracted at this message. I stared into the screen. As it dimmed, my reflection emerged, and within that reflection, I could see Reign. Had it already been so long? I could only sit idly by so long, thinking of how happy he must be with Sinder, before it started to tear at my heart as well. A calm breath.

[09:46] BrookR: "How big was this party?"

[09:49] ViolaR: "Two dozen, easily."

[09:49] BrookR: "That is impressive."

[09:50] BrookR: "Hardly a chance to clog the pipes then."

[09:52] ViolaR: "It certainly is, Buster mine~. There is much in our son to be proud over. I hope you can see that."

[09:53] BrookR: "He is our son. I am sure I will."