

Centaur Threshold Congestion

Written by Septia.

“Oooh, stars.” The Centaur huffed before a -Bglrls- gurgle spiraled up her throat and vacated past her bloated cheeks in a cloud of miasma -Bhuraaahrrlsp-. “Uhrll. Urhgs.” She mumbled and supported her forehead on three fingers. “I didnfsm. I didn’t know, how much I wanted pumpkin pot-pie,” The centaur mumbled, the black fluff on her head bouncing as she reeled herself back, continuing to stumble along the pavement. “Or how much I ate of it...” she continued to mumble. -Dfffrdthw- dragging her horse-half abdomen along the street, the plump sack sagging to the point that her saffron ocher coat swept dust off the street. -Bhuraalpr- “I diddin, even know whut it wass.” She mumbled -Brrrbrrgs- -Bhahhrursslsp- another belch fluttered past her lips, stinking of honey and alcohol.

“Porter this ssn’t looking lik where your house’s at. You sure weren’t on the right way?” she asked the man by her side, clinging onto her fine ochre coat like a tick hitching a rider.

“C-coma ohhn,” -Hursrrlspa-, “Toya, you’ve been at my place, yu just drunk.”

“Huay, You dwank mour than meh-uurrlsp-,” she chuckled back.

“Ah, yeah? Least I’m not so drunk I walked passed my house.”

“Huhn?” Toya mumbled, then perched her human-half back, spotting his house.

“Oooh, uh, oh yeah.”

“Ladies mfs, first,” Porter said after opening the door.

“Pmfauh. Phe, yyeah, whanks, It woulda been sucky trip all the way home justa crash. Urgsh sI’m so hammered.”

“Oh yeah, get you gm, phat ass in there and I’ll show you hammered.”

This brought a goofy smile and a blooming blush to the centaur’s cheeks, “Hehes. You are such a perv-.” -Thnnfgdfftd- a straining thud coursed through the wooden frame, Toya’s stride abruptly interrupted as she tumbled, -Fnnfgjths- a bound of her gut squelching together as she rocked forwards, her bloated equine abdomen lodged in, leaving her jammed in at Porter’s threshold.

“Pfhs, wjunk?” she mumbled, strained herself. -Chhrf- her body shifting, though the engorged gut laid nestled in the gate, blubber curving around the wood. Locked in place by gluttony, and the fermenting gases of cheap mead.

“Whau happun? Whas going on?”

“You stupids door caught me.” Toya complained.

Porter stared at the tall flanks, bounding and jostle as Toya struggled, jostling when she turned and wedged forwards, a dumb smile curled up. “Auha... You’re stuck, thas so verry precarious of you.” He shuffled up to her ass with open arms, embracing the mare’s flanks and feeling the firm posterior deform and mold to his frame with a hind crinkle of musky grease. “I’mma help ya out.” He mumbled and pushed into her cheeks, pouring his weight into her, and letting his arms roam in a massage over his friend’s hind.

“Mmrrpfh mssh, Oooh, perv just, mfs looking for an excuse to manhandle me.” She grumbled, hiccups sent ripples all the way to her tail, clapping it along Porter’s back.

“And you like it~.”

“BaalMfmngnrg,” Toya wheezed, “balls, I do,” she relented. -Shhfflpsh- A stretch and swelling of meat and fur rustled at her rear as the centaur’s crown jewels dropped, the orbs swelling up between her legs in excitement, billowing forth like a cluster of mushrooms and bumping up into Porter’s legs.

“Phofah ha, if ya gounan get me in there might as well put some leverage on my balls, you

got them stiffer than my ass.” She mumbled.

“Mfmsr.” Porter huffed out, weighing onto the cheeks and peering down at the girth of the coal-black boulders, “Ok, then.”

“Heey, ya dun say 'no homo' when you're milking my tits like a cow, and down there's where the reaal milk's made.”

“I'm going, ya hot prick.” He huffed and sloughed down on his knees, the orbs as wide as his forearm twitching in front of him, as he lounged in and felt them -Chfhhts- shift and wedge between her thighs, clasping at his chest and kneading in a raw oil of distilled musk into his orange shirt, matting it to his skin as he drove his frame into hers, feeling the leather skin of her sack stretch and gum into him with a film of dick brine -Shflrt- gumming his cheek to the meaty latex.

“Fmfsm and ya know, milk does come from ya tit, right?”

“Mfms, sh-hsut up and fmsm, keep rubbing ya face in my ballsack.” She stammered.

Porter huffed and -Burhahap- belched over her crotch, giving each ball a smooch, feeling his lips planting to the warm skin. He strained and walked forwards on the ground without moving, only burying his face deeper and deeper in the scrotum membrane and shuddering as the quivers from Toya's spine bolted through her sack and down over him. He alternated between hugging into them, kneading and pushing, attempting to wedge her gut past the frame in folds, and backing up to the balls and thrusting his shoulders to cram her through the threshold. “Fmmfa mwmfha mwhoo.” though she only rocked in the frame, weaving moans that laid muffled behind the barrier of the door, though people would take notice.

Porter eventually sat down, slumped back -Chshfst- so the upper half of the ball sack sloughed to crown his head. He huffed, arms instinctively tending to his stuffed gut. “Just need a break.”

“Mmf, yeah me two...”

“Thaa, thanks fa treating me to the buffet.”

Porter, ya know I ate the most outta the two. I can't get tho ya door. Imma fat mess.”

“Porter waved a fist at the sky. “Damn you, Spire's edge buffet.”

-Bbfrhofhrrrft-- as he said so, Toya's tail flushed out of his path as a puff of raw guttural stench plumed out through her rear. -Fpfbrrhhts- the fumes leaving her hind jiggling like a chocolate souffle.

Porter fanned over his face, he could smell the pumpkin from all the way here. All, the way...

“Hheey, I know how I can get in.”

“Whut?”

“You're already in the door, so I can just, head in through your ass and crawl out ya face, should be able ta dig you ou out form in there.”

“Hhuh, yeah, that'd work. Huh? Yours so I wish I was smart when I'm dwurnk.”

“Think ya can fit me?”

“You're on, just gimme what ya goat, I'll take youmfms, fmapoowo.” She huffed out as Porter curled his fingers around her thick, meaty pucker, the rim throbbing outwards so the wrinkles broadened and stretched vines of grease between them.

“Here I ah come,” he announced, wedging his palms past the lip and wincing it open, the pit gaping with a haze of guttural steam before he -Slflpttwhwp- plugged his head into the pit and, the drapes of her meat curtain clamped over him as he wiggled past, the ring swallowing him up to his shoulders -Slptths- and warping up over his chest with sturdy tugs of articulated musculature, feeding the boy through the equine hind, devouring the boy's torso in a rhythmic -Clgsthh- -Chrgllrtush-.

“Mmf, w wofpshaa. asnf, tsmm what I expected, I thought I bayou were bringing em in to your place, fms,” she huffed, and shifted her legs to stay stable, tucking her cheeks in to shovel the boy through the clutches of her ass, vague silhouettes of his frame emerging at her sides as he wormed his way through the suckling pucker. Till his legs flicked and flailed in the rear's rampaging guzzle -Gllpth- -Clgpthghs- -Pflpcgh- moist muscles tensing and gulping up his legs as

Toya moaned, “Mmhga.”

-Chflrlrpthsts the pucker contorted, glazing over the boy's feet, and -Thflfpwth- withdrew so the bulge of her brim deflated back, nestling between her cheeks. “Mfpfhsmphaa... ofh boy you are,” -Brroufhrauaryrspl- “Phfaa, stirring up my gut.” She mumbled, feeling sweat bead all over, as the congested hump of Porter snaked his way through her bowels.

-Shrlpgshts- Tethers of slime broke and toppled ahead of Porter, the rugose tunnel clamping and kneading into him in between his wiggles, giving him breathing room one second and plastering -Shcrrlgsh- in with a putter of glue to seal him in like a wet suit the next. -Chhrhg- He saw the precipice ahead and reached out to grasp it -Chrlrpths- the brim pursed along his arms before engorging to bask him in sweaty air laced with pumpkin and salted beef jerky. -Chlptth- Porter crawling through the pit as it yawned wide, pushing himself free as it closed around his waist and -Chflrpthst- tumbled head-first into the chyme that lay around his head. Soft as wet clay, it clung to his features and gunked up his head, the more he relaxed in the belly, the deeper his indent in the gruel delved, eventually catching his breath and drawing himself out of the mound of pale lemon glue caking into his face.

“Pfha, how's it goin' dude? Think ya can, get through?”

Porter heard her voice through the rumbles and growls of the gut, watching the walls undulate and fold the fields of gut plaster filling out her tummy, chunks of melting gourd, dough, and carrots littering the chamber. He waded forwards, the dunes of mulch sinking and displacing beneath him, cratering around his knees, Porter stumbled and grasped a celery stalk for balance which only -Clfrlpwth- lead him to tumble back into the molten bile. “Pehhewrk, It stinks like a brewery in here. This stuff's sticky.”

“Mfms, if it's too tough phaa, I don't mind you crawling right back out my ass again.”

“You sish fmfs, it reaks.”

“Yeah I,” -Huguraaabrlp-, “know. Why'd they offer cheap refill on mheed?”

“Gotta clear stock before the fas, huh? And who likes mead?” Porter responded, panting in mouthfuls of the caustic laced gut marinade, head growing warm and heavy.

“-Bhhruaaafhslp- Phaa. M-meee.” Toya admitted, holding onto her side. “Mmf. phgha... it showing so much chutzpah bud, fms. Think you'll get through?”

“Emfoshs...” Porter panted, digging in his shoulders through the plaster to shift forwards, feeling along the rattling walls, doing nothing, each time he raised his arm more gunky webs of congealed gruel stretched, chaining him back to the gut stew. Till he slumped his head down in the mess -Slfpths-. “Phaa. Too sthired... mfms, so muchmf work going through your guts.”

“Mfs, you teoll me... ahawwwasa aalreadhy yeawha.” Toya was interrupted by her own yawn, smacking her lips.

“Is it ok if I justest close my eyes foe a bht?”

-Cnhhrrfk- -hsopworbrls- She heard a pattering in snore through her middle. She smiled.

“Phea. Such candour... that's why you're... you... like you...,” Toya mumbled as her vision faded behind heavy eyelids. Slumped stuck in the door. Deep in the caverns of her gastronomic chamber, Porter sunk in, enveloped by the sinuous hills of mud droves of mulched gut batter.

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-Sznzrrk- -Sphthooo- -Snnarrhhk- -Shtisooo- Toya snored, flanked by the wall as dawn crept over the horizon.

-Ghrlpgs- a grumble creaked out of her gut as it deflated, shifting her down to knock her head to the wall.

“Ahhuw, whuhaw? Oough... geeze my head... why did I sleep like. Oh.” she remembered,

looking up to see the door frame. “Ah junk, am I still stuck?” she asked and wiggled -Chrhc- the wood clasping her gut creaked. “Yup..., Okay. Porter, I need some help, get your drunk butt down here.” -Fbrlrpffrrht- a loud burst of dense vapors peeled from her hind, dousing the air dusty brown at her hind.

“Oomph, balls that buffet really went right through me, mfms, that might be for the best, she huffed and shifted up, as her flank rattled, “It'd be best to drop off some ballast, might even wedge out of here,” she mumbled and dropped another -Pfpfbrrth flush of smog -Clfhtwvp- clogged a the end with a moist smack.

Her pucker winked, rippling back to peel over the heel of thick umber in the pucker's broad undulation, -Shrppts- the crinkles of expired glue vibrating through her hind whilst her brim caved, peeling back over the encroaching onslaught of tush terracotta crowing at her cheeks. With the crinkle of ass nectar stretched free from the oncoming mound, her pucker yawned agape to relinquish its harboured load from the clutches of her rear catacombs. “Mfmrphgs aawwha yeah,” she huffed out, venting pent up gasses in a haze -Flprrrfflspths- that clapped her brim along the outline of the curling mound of filth.

Raw, slow-boiled fudge decending in an arch from her ass down in an auburn pillar. Pops and creaks of caged air belched from the sprawling fissures dressing the bale, splattering droplets of colon honey from the glistening reservoirs clogging the veins of the rich, brown ore. -Chrlfpth-fhsdlsphths- her pucker strained for a moment, warping girth's smooth, round countenance broadening around a flattened hump of filth, the circle breading down and brushing a thin film of bowel chocolate off of the bale, unveiling coloured patches of fabric plastered on the surface; the patch unfolding as the length unfurled from Toya's posterior, drooping down as the tattered clothing was dwarfed as it dangled by the from the creamy behemoth.

“Ooh, fsmf,” Toya huffed in through her teeth.

“Oh Balls, yes, this feels sso hot.” She huffed at the tensing relief bloating through her insides, quivering and moaning as her pucker -Clfphhts- warped and contorted over scapulae, and crossed ribs entombed in the fresh bowel nougat, drooping with dew in the surrounding marshland of plush fissure, the tower of muck soon becoming grounded. -Chfllphts- the heel of the log compressed and scrunched up against the ground, drooling out hazel tainted oils as the bale of sludge brushed and bent over the stone (parkett)pavement by the door, the steaming bale gently warping to a swirl as it smeared the soft serve surface to the ground.

“Mmgs, omsm that's, I mcns ust feel it melt of fof ome.” She huffed out as the obsidian pucker contracted, digging into the mound like butter -Fhfcrrlpfhts- and biting through. The weight dragging, segmenting the fractures and drawing the bale under, the metes worth of fudge tumbling down into the haphazard foundation. -Chplgth- -Cpghts- The muck clapped and melded together, by weight, force and their fondant density, clapping and forging into a mangled wheel of fudge, ass baked cake dough. The cracks dressing the mounds, melting and smoothing together to form a pattern of cobblestone with lecithin fissures segmenting the mound, with chunks of bone breaking up the patterns from the stamina stack of bowel butter.

“Puffs, phaa, ooh yahs, ooh, come down Porter, fmmf wfshs, aa, got it under control.” She wheezed out with her cheeks rosy. Her hind nursing the thick mound, gleaming congestion, with a femur sticking out from the middle, gunked up in dollops of grime from where it had attached to the pile below. Before the centaur heaved up, bore down on her belly and unleashed a gale of -Bbfrprprflflwths- rousing oven exhaust, prying her pucker apart for the bale of batter to billow free, elongating in its slimy character to curl upon the base below, ladling over it in greasy trunks of booty forged cake putty. -Sflrpths- The femur digging into the mound and holing it stable before it cracked and sloughed free in a tangled curl.

Kilos of unfettered mortar spooled free from the centaur's hind, slopping and sprawling over the auburn murk below, crinkling with the smears of mud whenever tatters of cloth were unveiled or a chunk of processed skeletal matter broke through the surface dunes. -Chflpth-chts- vertebrae

despatching at the apex of the bale's bend and -Fllfh- sprinkling the dung below, smothered under the oncoming batch of chunky, nougat vacating Toya's caverns.

“Phafm fsm and, there, fms wee,” she huffed, clutching a hold of the door frame as her tail rattled and fluttered over the arch of filth, “gmms go.” -Sflphtb- The mounds detached from the pucker with a pop of a gummed up wine cork, -Sflphts- the door frame bending as her stomach deflated to spring through the gate, leaving her stumbling and flailing on shaky legs, with no gut to support her weight.

“Phfhs,” she inhaled, elation spreading through her spine at the release of passing the congestion, and her constipation.

“Phew, so that's what it feels like to be constipated, huh? I guess I can cross that off my bucket liiaahawrysoguh-.” She stammered and squealed, flailing her arms over her head as she turned to see the mountain of fudge mortar cementing the entrance, dunes of muck drooping down the sides like candle wax, one drove -Sfhlrlphts- gradually submerging the pale cranium, Toya watching the skull sinking back in the manure as the veil of gunk devoured it.

“Ooufhha... riiight, you didn't get out the other end, huh? Oouf...” she mumbled, scratching the back of her arm and biting her lip at the sight of her friend. Thinking aback to how satisfied she got from creaming him out of her back-end. “Ahea, well, least we got real intimate last night, huh? That's ah, sorta what we were working towards. A-and hey, you got a turn to clog the front door too.” She said with a gesture. Then stared at the haystack of fat chocolate batter, congealing in the door frame. How would she get out?”

-Cpfrvrvtshs- -Ddthptsht- A puff of pluming jerky fumes bolstered free of her hind, the gust carrying a shoe that -Dlphts- smacked into the floor behind her. “Maybe I'll just skedaddle out the backdoor. See ya when I see ya, Porter,” she said with a smile and an awkward wave as she trotted off through the house, abandoning the chunky monolith regaling the events of last night's buffet bender.