

Turds With Friends

<https://www.patreon.com/ralwatt>

‘LOAD’

Nostrils flaring, Ernest held back a laugh as he entered his response on his phone.

‘DISTINGUISHED’ put him well ahead, and his long blond tail flicked happily as he imagined the dismay of his mysterious opponent.

The handsome young equine had wondered at the unexpected challenge from a total stranger, but the tedium of riding the subway gave ample time to play, as well as a chance to demonstrate his prowess. It might only be a word game this time, but the toned roan horse loved to show off, be it in his acting career, through his stylish designer outfit, or with his potent intellect.

‘EXCREMENT’

Ernest rolled his eyes at the rejoinder, even as the rocking subway car and the crass submission stirred a rumble in his midriff.

‘EXCORIATE’ was just what he would do to his presumptuous challenger.

‘PRESSURE’

The only pressure he was under came from his unsettled tummy.

‘IRRESISTABLE’

‘DIARRHEA’

Perhaps it wouldn’t be quite that easy.

Ernest grimaced as a gurgle moved down, through his gut, as if in unwilling acknowledgement of his opponent, as well as his growing sense of need. If only they’d stop reminding him of it.

His eyes flicked up to the screen overhead. Still a few minutes until the next stop.

‘DIGNITY’ he insisted, even as his abdomen gurgled.

‘FART’ was the reply.

The equine’s features scrunched together as he clenched his buttocks, pressing his hooves down against the floor.

'RESISTING' was the best he could do.

'RELEASE' the other suggested.

'NEVER'

'PUBLICLY'

Perspiration was gathering on his brow, and in the small of his back, his tail subconsciously lifting as he felt the steady throbbing in his bowels. He could feel the eyes of other passengers too, glancing over, curious about the gorgeous young actor sat there, squirming and sweating.

His sudden, embarrassing need for a lavatory was growing dire.

'PRIVATE'

'PERVERT'

Knees pressed together, as the glowing letters seemed to speak to him. To see through him.

'ERECTION'

Ernest bit his lip, snorting in his disquiet.

A thick, heavy mass was gathering inside his rear, urgently pushing on his insides, stretching him and sending strange, tingling warmth radiating throughout his lower body.

The odd feelings were stirring his crotch too, blood flowing readily to his manhood as well as his rectum.

Twisting, rubbing himself into the seat, he tried to contain the sensations.

The pretty young snake opposite him looked up from her own phone, watching the bulge growing in his jeans as the horse gyrated on his seat.

'CHASTENED' he ignored such a strange, shameful reaction from his body.

The public restrooms at the station felt ever more distant.

'POOP'

Arriving like a seductive plea from a dear lover, the word sent a shiver down his spine.

'NO' was all the answer he could think to give.

Two lines up from 'YOURSELF', 'SHIT' completed the instruction.

For a terrible, sickening moment, he felt his anus loosen, a squishy, thick pile of dung pushing into his lower bowel, more piling up just below his stomach.

His head spun as he felt his front, and realized that his belly was bowing out, distending from the sheer volume of... excrement within.

'STOP'

He had to, even if it meant accepting defeat.

But his fingers kept moving, even while he was fighting that growing urge. Even as he was feeling himself filling with feces.

'FETISH'

His cock was aching along with his rear, a wet patch spreading through his jeans as it throbbed with twisted, shameful pleasure.

'DISGUST'

Earnestly tapping at the screen, he made a valiant stand, in defense of his pride.

'DEFECATE'

Just reading the word seemed to build the pressure ever higher, his front pushing out more and his horsecock sticking up openly from his groin. Trembling, he closed his eyes, as if to shut the word out. To hold back the growing bulges in his pants and under his shirt.

It was disgraceful, yet as he arched his back, as he felt that lumpy poop smushing inside his torso, it made him moan aloud from the sheer, awful pleasure of being so overfilled with scat.

But he had to find a rejoinder.

'COPROPHILE'

The word slipped out before he could think twice.

As if heeding his own intrusive thought, his sphincter relaxed.

A horrifying raspberry resounded through the car, and Ernest whimpered as he felt precum squirting through the front of his pants.

Droplets splashed the shoes of the snake opposite, and yet more passengers turned to stare. To whisper and point at the future star, as they watched him writhe and heard his desperate, pathetic moans.

‘DISGRACE’

He burned with it, even as he clenched against further emanations.

Yet his fingers kept typing.

‘HELP’ he begged.

Each spasm of his rectal muscles felt incredible, as thrilling as it was humiliating. The horse shook with shame, feeling as if he was somehow masturbating himself with his own shit, right there in public.

‘INCONTINENT’

Whinnying in anguish, his lurched to his hooves as his bowels heeded the edict.

They were no longer under his control.

Belt and buckle burst, and he felt his shaft spring free, even as a shaft of another sort escaped his rear.

Deafening farts filled the air, carried in waves of thick noxious stink as Ernest shit himself.

Howling and convulsing, he felt the huge logs spreading his swollen anus wide, pushing through him. Ravaging his tender rear as they fucked him senseless. Pounding over his prostate and caressing his delicate ponut.

Bliss took him as he came over and over, each fresh push bringing another surging orgasm, feces and cum piling up under him.

Everyone in the car was watching in disbelief, in horror, yet his utter disgrace only made him defecate harder, ropes of pungent pony cum splattering anyone fool enough to linger in range.

Dimly aware through that agonizing overstimulation, he heard the coughing and choking of his victims, and saw the utter collapse of his image through the glinting eyes of dozens of phone cameras.

The ghastly moans and cries of disgust of all around seemed to externalize his own feelings... but still they kept filming.

Everyone was watching him climax from shitting himself.

Only after they were sure to livestream his total degradation did the other passengers start to succumb too.

One after another they burst into deafening farts, then shook and cried as those expulsions of flatus ceded to solids, pants dropping and asses evacuating just as Ernest's own was.

Then in turn each collapsed, choked by the thick brown vapors polluting the air.

Only the quivering centerpiece of the calamity remained on his hooves, the horse still cumming as he felt his ankles squish amid the mound he'd made, and pushed out ever more excrement.

Finally, far too late, the doors opened.

Like a tidal wave, the stench flooded out onto the crowded subway platform.

People fell to their knees, gagging and choking. Many were staring in disbelief at the horse as he kept releasing thick clouds of gas, but others were soon joining him, shitting themselves as they passed out, or waddling away as they filled their pants.

With his own supply seemingly infinite and all bowel control lost, Ernest could do nothing but poop and cum at the center of the biohazard he had unleashed.

~~~

'SCAT'

Across town, riding on a packed tram, Melody chuckled to herself as she saw the shitty opener her new opponent had chosen.