

Emerald in the Muck

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For a master thief like Rouge, a museum heist was all too simple.

Especially with her new body.

Being permanently transformed into her own excrement hadn't been part of her plan when she burglarized Tails' house, but her form of living feces was infinitely superior to flesh and blood. Being feces was like a superpower – Rouge was nigh invulnerable, regenerated from any harm, and could even shapeshift. And for a thief the form was ideal – she could squeeze herself through the smallest crack, hide anywhere, or just spread herself out into a muddy pool on the floor to escape detection... then ambush guards and knock them out with her delicious, ever-present stench.

Admittedly she was still getting used to her stink and intense taste she experienced as her own poop, but Rouge was thoroughly enjoying the sensual experience of the new her.

The monetary rewards were also excellent.

Her target that night secured, she pushed the glowing Chaos Emerald into her own body, and then it was a simple matter to flush herself to freedom, down one of the lavatories.

Escaping through a sewer would have been unpleasant before, but Rouge felt at home down there now.

This wasn't her first time flushing herself, and for a person of pure poop the rank and revolting sewage was wonderfully sensual and stimulating.

Of course self-pleasure was one thing, but even a living dungheap had greater needs.

As she was slopping though the scat she thought of her paramour, the older rabbit.

Her manner and dress-sense might be sedate, but no-one had more skill or experience in lovemaking than Vanilla.

Without even meaning, she followed the familiar pathways of the sewer tunnels, in the direction of her beloved.

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Vanilla's own night was rather quieter.

For one, she was already abed, and for two, unlike Rouge, she hadn't been transformed into her own feces – her daughter had.

It had been flattering, for her little girl, all grown up, to choose to become her mom's poop, but given that she'd fallen in love with another scat-girl it had been a natural choice.

The house was quiet since she moved in with her fiancée, Tails, but Vanilla was very happy for them both. Even if the stink meant that she tended to avoid making prolonged house visits.

What was more frustrating was the disappointing quiet spell in her romantic life.

Vanilla hadn't had a proper fuck since she defecated out her daughter.

The memory of the event still made her womanhood quiver, netherlips twitching and clenching as she imagined feeling the slimy excrement passing through her once more.

Her fingers had just pressed inside, when she heard the bathroom door opening.

"Oh, Rouge, honey, it's been too long. Back after another night on the town?" she asked.

"On, under, something like that," came the familiar voice in answer.

"Steal anything nice?"

The bat's figure slipped into the room, outlined in the moonlight and gleaming with an unnatural sheen.

The thick scent which wafted in with her made Vanilla's nose twitch, but she kept brushing her womanhood as she lay there in bed.

Moving into the wash of pale illumination from the window revealed curves which had only been enhanced; a voluptuous figure of brown, squishy excrement, sculpted into a perfect vision of beauty.

Rouge stood, posing, hand on her hip, smiling down at the other woman as Vanilla stared up at the figure of pure scat.

"Oh my... you went to visit Tails too, did you? You look just like Cream!"

"Hopefully I look a little better to you than she does," the other purred.

Moving forward, she pulled back the covers and knelt atop the bed with a quiet squish, a brown stain starting to spread out around her leg.

Vanilla shivered as the odors intensified, all the vile, gaseous vapors of a sewer wafting towards her with each breath the scat-bat exhaled, but Rouge just giggled with that charming husky tone of hers, and reached out, stroking soft fingers over the other's cheek.

Her daughter too smelt much like this, *felt* much like this, but she couldn't deny that Rouge made excrement look even more erotic.

She was panting as they kissed, soft lips squishing together, the taste tingling on her tongue even with her mouth closed.

Her lover brushed a hand up her chest, and she shivered as her breasts were smeared with shit, nipples teased so masterfully by those familiar, practiced, yet newly sensual hands.

The other of the two went lower, and Vanilla gasped as she felt that squishing softness against her crotch.

For all her deft, practiced sexual prowess, this was totally new to Vanilla.

She did her best to reciprocate the surreal and intimate contact, massaging her lover's muddy shit body in return as they kissed, those gooey noises of slapping, smushing mouth and tongue turning her on all the more as she recalled how Cream had begged to be her filth.

By the time Rouge was ready for more Vanilla was breathless and shivering.

"Oh my, I never thought I'd see you so disarmed by a little dung my dear," teased the catburglar bat.

Her pussy was throbbing, burning with pleasure at the twisted intimacy of woman and excrement, and the intoxicating memories of birthing her own daughter and the erotic encounter they had shared afterwards, fingers of pure shit caressing and exploring her sex as she filled her diaper with her little girl.

If only she could have shit Cream out through her pussy... through that same delightfully defiled channel Rouge was fingering.

"Fuck me already, Rouge," she insisted.

Throwing her arms around her lover, her lips pressed deep into the fetid swamp that was her mouth, and in turn those probing, self-lubricated fingers pressed up inside her.

Vanilla moaned at the sensation of shit penetrating her at long last, but the pleasure of the taboo was nothing to the sheer thrill of volume.

Rouge was sliding her entire arm into the other woman, fucking her with her hand and forearm like a giant turd, a dildo of dung that was worming up through Vanilla's folds, smearing and pressing shit into every crease of her sex as it went.

Both were moaning and clutching one another as they kissed, the rabbit's nethers clutching and mashing the slick pillar of poop penetrating so deep inside, as did the tighter orifice of her cervix, straining then yielding to the insistent digits, to allow her lover to push feces directly into her reproductive chamber.

"Oh goddess, you're... shitting into my womb,"

"It's like it was made for me," the other moaned, her controlled, confident façade slipping amid her excitement.

Neither woman knew it at that moment, but as they squirmed against one another, Rouge's fingertips brushed up against a small bundle of cells, clinging to the delicate, tender lining of her violated lover's vagina.

There was a flash neither saw, and a tingle which ran through them both, but each thought it the other's work.

Vanilla's pelvic motions were driving both girls wild as they each felt the other's body so totally, perfectly fitting to their own. Rogue could feel, sense, *see* every undulation, every valley and crease and frond of the delicate, erogenous tissues which were the seat of Vanilla's pleasure, just she in turn could feel every part of herself being invaded, filled, defiled by reeking, sloppy shit, making her shudder at the taboo bliss of their lovemaking.

As Rouge started to pump back, the bunny screamed out at the surreal excitement... the sensations of her lover's arm, fisting her to the hilt, actually forcing waves of shit up and into her genitals, depositing sewage directly into her womb.

That was too much for the increasingly-obsessed mother and homemaker.

She screamed out, holding her sweetheart tight as she came, the taste of shit on her tongue and the intoxicating heat and slimy softness between her thighs.

Every part of her partner tensing, Rouge found her arm expelled, as Vanilla shit the masses of scat out through her pussy, quivering and gasping in bliss with each ejection, until finally she was twitching in the Bat's reforming arms, the last dribbles of brown sludge oozing from her sex.

"Oh goddess, that was...."

"Shitty?" the bat suggested, smirking.

"Divine," the rabbit denied.

Vanilla stroked her cheek, and pressed their lips together once again.

Rouge stroked the tummy of the panting older woman, the two sharing more spasmodic kisses as they panted and snuggled.

Rouge had lost a hand in there, left behind in her womb, but it was easy to redistribute mass to grow another, and easier still to replenish the lost volume.

Neither was troubled by just what might become of that missing mass, as they curled up together to fall asleep.

Vanilla was, in fact, focused almost entirely on the feeling of her reformed partner – the texture and consistency, the beautiful sheen, even the suffocating stench and bitter, fermented flavors, all were enchanting.

Even if she would have a devil of a time dealing with the cleanup come morning.

The last thing she was worrying about was the warm, satisfied, full sensation from her womb.

The tingling there she just put down to the aftereffects of truly mindblowing sex. There was no way to know that deep inside her, vibrant green fronds of energy were reaching out, gathering up the deposited feces, and forming them into appendages with which to reshape their new host.

She certainly couldn't have known that she was, at that moment, having her colon rerouted, to empty directly into her womb.

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It was two days later before Vanilla noticed that anything was amiss.

Two intense, intimate days, in which she was growing steadily accustomed to the pungent vaporous perfume of her altered amore.

It was only after Rouge joked that with her around Vanilla seemed determined not to add any more excrement to the situation that she herself took notice of how long it had been since her last defecation.

Then of the steady growing of a weight in her tummy, just starting to bulge.

Sitting on the table in Tails' lab, a good week later, the bump was actually visible to the naked eye.

"So, can you tell why my... bowel movements are so late?" the anxious rabbit asked, as she was examined by the beautiful fecal fox.

The first person to transform herself into poop, Tails didn't even leave smears as she inspected and palpated her fiancée's mother, so skilled was she with her new form. Cream

and Rouge, waiting to the side, were both bubbling slightly with mild anxiety as they watched.

Vanilla felt almost out of place, the only non-excrement anthro in the house.

“Well, I’m not a specialist,” Tails said ponderously, “but I believe you’re late.”

“Yes dear, that’s what I said.”

“Oh, no... late as in-”

Vanilla blushed.

“I can’t be!”

“Well, I’m not sure where the... spark came from... it’s very similar to the energy of the Chaos Emeralds of all things... but there’s a huge buildup of poop in your womb, and it’s definitely alive.”

“Oh good grief,” Rouge exclaimed.

There was something in her hand, a dull, glassy object shaped like a gem.

“I was hiding it until the heat died down, but this is no Chaos Emerald now! It’s just useless glass!”

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The precise explanations for how a bat made of her own feces had fertilized a rabbit with the energies of a Chaos Emerald were a matter Tails would be left to ponder, however the outcome was inarguable.

Over the next few months Vanilla’s belly continued to grow with her every bowel movement, her womb expanding with her excrement as her pregnancy progressed. Humiliating as it was to be inflating herself with her own shit, Vanilla has come to love that feeling, the fullness, the foulness, the sensations of effluence sloshing and squishing inside her, filling her most sacred space with shit.

She could even feel it each time her bowels passed a fresh turd into her womb, feel that wonderful sense of defecating directly into her own pussy, filling herself just a little more.

Vanilla couldn’t resist masturbating each time she did so, and hugging and pressing on her distended belly, packed so wonderfully with shit.

She couldn’t imagine what the offspring of a Chaos Emerald, a bat made of poop, and Vanilla’s own feces would be like, but she was excited to find out.

The pregnancy was also progressing startlingly quickly. After just two months everyone she met was congratulating her on the twins... possibly triplets... and asking delicately as to the identity of the father.

Rouge, to her credit, took full responsibility, even moving in with her lover to help care for her... and their strange new creation.

Admittedly she was also hiding out after the robbery, but Vanilla thought that the maternal instincts of the bat were roused by the experience too.

So it was that one night, three months later, they were laying together in bed – a slimy, muddy experience which Vanilla had come to adore – when they heard a loud, bold fart.

Both women stiffened.

It was the first Vanilla had unleashed in months, an odorous blast that ruffled the sheets... and it had emerged from the rabbit's pussy.

"Rouge, I think I-*ohhhh!*"

The growling ructions of another flatulent burst vibrated through her hips, her delicate womanhood fluttering as she farted through her sex.

Vanilla was shocked by the ignominious eruption, but more powerful was the sense of taboo, kinky pleasure.

And the promise of what she felt coming.

Her muscles contracted, working with the mass inside, and Vanilla felt the wonderful sensation of pushing thick, muddy, tingling-hot shit out through her vagina.

Plastering her innards, the mass bulged out her labia, then parted her folds to emerge, a brown, reeking log, pushing out through her dilating vulva, pressed through as if her womanhood was an anus.

Vanilla shook, clinging to Rouge at the intense, thought-rending attack of erotic stimulation, as she felt harder lumps gripping and trailing through her, clutching her insides like fingertips, and softer, runny areas squelching and burbling through her crotch, gushing out between her loins in a smooth, unbroken fountain, one solid tube of shit that was piling up between her feet.

Her moans and panting breaths were drowned out by the accompanying farts, and the splattering plops and pops, as the log coiled into a beautiful mound.

Thicker, harder logs followed it out, breaking up a little as they went and practically licking their way down through her every fold, like so many squishy tongues.

“Are you doing okay, Vanilla?” Rouge asked, gripping her hands tight.

“This is... the best!” she whimpered, through the rush of erotic excretion.

More volume was emerging with every moment, the cacophonous release of birth wracking her body with jolts and shocks of pleasure as she pushed poop out through her pussy.

The joy of the best shit of her life was mingling with the rapture of her emerging offspring, and the passion of sheer, soaring pleasure, to wholly enchant her with her lewd, crude, pungent act of vaginal defilement.

By the time she was, at last, emptying out, the mass was huge – easily enough excrement to form a whole other person – and Vanilla was feeling spent, her tummy finally flattening again as she squirted out the final lumps and burps of gas.

The two women, flesh and feces, stared at the pile in wonder as Rouge held her.

Slowly a figure was rising up out of the mass, forming from the accruing mush and blobs.

The stinking pile was compressing into a head and shoulders, a bulging chest and a shapely torso, then a bubble butt and thighs, as if a complete, adult woman was rising up out of the dung.

Hands ran over her surface, smoothing and shaping, *sculpting* herself, as a potter might clay, the same textural, auditory reactions expressed in how she redistributed mass and rounded out corners.

A mouth opened, strands of diarrhea trailing between new, bulging lips, then snapping, and she gave a sigh.

The sound was somewhere between Rouge and Vanilla, but younger. That of a woman in her twenties, befitting the vital, curvaceous figure she was embellishing.

Here she shaped a tail, the puff of a bunny, there powerful chiropteran wings.

The shape created, from that medium of fragrant brown fecal matter, was a beauty, the synthesis of her two mothers, and their species.

She ran her fingers through her ‘hair’ with a sigh, then opened green-glowing eyes.

At once, each of her parents could feel the energy of the gemstone which had created her.

“Oh, my word does it feel good to be out of that insipid stone,” exclaimed the new being, “I really can’t thank you enough for giving me a new vessel – a way to get out of the emerald.”

The duo stared at the woman of pure poop, speaking so eloquently mere minutes after her rebirth.

She knelt before them on the bed, smiling over at the older women.

"It's wonderful to meet you, moms. Can I call you that?"

Vanilla's nod was immediate.

Whatever else this new person might be, or have been in the past, she had grown inside her for months now, from her and Rogue, from their union.

She was their daughter.

"I know it's a lot to take in, and I wasn't exactly planning to turn myself into your feces in the process, but after spending so long inside you, and... feeling how you're part of me still...."

She ran her hands down the slick surface of her bust, squishing the beautiful brown mounds of her breasts together.

"I can't think of any couple whose bowel movements I'd rather be!"

Pulled into the arms of the new scatgirl, Vanilla gasped as their lips met... then moaned long and deep, as she started to make out with her own daughter.

Their hands met, then started to explore, caressing one another as they kissed, exploring the bodies which had made or been made by them, as they deepened and expanded the bond between mother and daughter in a whole new way.

"I hope you don't mind that I redirected your bowels through your pussy, mom," she said, as they ravished one another, "I... needed mass... but it also just seemed so sexy... for your every poop to come through your sex, for your shit to make love to you on the way out every time...."

"Oh goddess," Vanilla whimpered, her ears shaking with her rampant, exuberant lust.

She practically threw herself at her daughter in another embrace.

It was several minutes before they came up for air.

When they did, Rogue took the new woman by the hand.

"You're so beautiful... I really have a daughter of my own," Rouge murmured, stroking the beautiful cheek of the girl. "My precious Esmeralda...."

That was all the impetus needed for her to turn on the bat, and to pin her to the headboard in a passionate, growling kiss and a ravishing, lusty embrace.

As she tongued her other mother's mouth, Vanilla reflected that their new daughter was as skillful as her parents combined.

The three, together, explored one another for hours that night, reveling in their wonderful new relationship, and the magnificent bodies Vanilla, Rogue and Esmeralda had obtained.