

Royal Flush

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/ralwatt>

Chapter 1

The smell hit me first.

A wall of noxious odors, so thick that they hung in the air like smoke, a veil coating everything past the club threshold. It was nauseating, worse than an unwashed latrine, but that was kind of the point. No-one wanted to go to a scat-fetish club that was clean and fresh. Especially one as expensive and exclusive as this.

Still, even if the fascination of the place had lured me in, and emptied my wallet of several months' pay, I wasn't one of those weirdos who actually got off on foul stench. As I entered the main hall, I couldn't help but cough on the intense, reeking fumes, rising from not only the various platters and drinks, but the serving staff too.

A gorgeous hedgehog woman showed me to my table, and I tried not to gag as I heard the *squish* of her steps, of her chest, bouncing so bountifully in that brown-stained tube-top, and listened to the wet slap-splat of her thighs with her stride.

I'd heard a lot about this place, but the warnings hadn't done it justice.

Everyone who worked there really was made of living scat.

Their bodies were covered in lines, seams where different shades and textures of shit met, packed together into one mass, creating lumpy bodies of smushed-up logs, so squishy and soft that they jiggled at every step, sagging and bouncing as they moved. Every single club employee was, quite obviously, an amalgamation of many people's turds, all squashed into facsimiles of humanoid figures, yet made exclusively of excrement.

It was impossibly disgusting.

Taking my seat near the front, I had a wonderful view of the stage, and the three celebrity guests appearing that night. They were figures renowned worldwide, powerful and wealthy, yet they'd come to a place like this, to join the staff as permanent employees.

To flush their old lives away.

Princess Peach wore a giddy grin as she addressed the crowd, and her fellow royal, Daisy, seemed positively delighted, already working the audience. By comparison, Rosalina was quiet, looking embarrassed to be there, in front of so many expectant eyes. I could relate, I'd surely feel the same in her place.

But then I would never be in her place.

I couldn't understand what would compel a person to do something so... degrading and revolting. To trap themselves as... literal living excretions for all eternity. To feel, to smell, to *taste* myself, that agonizingly awful flavor of feces, for every moment thereafter. To be reduced from a normal human man to an actual amalgam of animal shit.

My cock was bumping against the underside of the table as I moved.

Suddenly, intensely self-conscious, I reminded myself it was just a fetish. A stupid one. An impossible one. I wasn't into *shit* of all things. It was just the taboo. The surreal, outrageous sensuality of it all. A nonsensical fantasy of being a curvaceous crap-critter, an animal sculpted from furry feces, molded into my ideal, a voluptuous female figure of stinking sewage.

That was why I'd paid so much to get in here.

To get it out of my system.

"Enjoying the show already I see! I know the smell of a future pile of poop anywhere!"

The words emerged like a purr, carried on a puff of rank yellow flatulence from the lips of my hedgehog server. Stiffened by the proximity of that surreal apparition of excrement, I took a breath, and my whole body shuddered at the vile, rancid reek.

"Wh-what?!"

"Nothing to be ashamed of, you'll make a delicious dungheap, doll!"

This was not at all how I'd imagined my visit going.

I gasped, as that long, slimy tongue slithered out over full, fat lips, blowing me a kiss to turn my stomach and set my heart racing. Her knowing smile sent a tingle ran down my spine, even as I struggled to process exactly what she was proposing.

"I'm Sonic," she said, pushing out her rack, to show off the brown-smeared nametag, planted halfway into the soft mass of her bare cleavage.

The name 'Clyde' was just visible, crossed out under the grime, the picture of a plain human man almost totally obscured by her new moniker, daubed in her own deuce. The thought made me quiver, as I watched how she moved, how she pressed her digits into her breasts, how her tail twitched as her inhuman form oozed allure and arousal.

If only my fingers could sink in just as easily... into her... or into my own gooey girlparts.... An inhuman vulva, perfect for other scat-critters to breed and befoul....

“Mmmmm, I love getting furies in,” she said happily, “you’re going to be just perfect as my putrid scat-sister! An awful excrement animal, just like me!”

The sentient scat smiled down at me, openly stroking the dungheap which was her flaccid cock and swollen balls as she admired her latest patron.

“Sorry, uh... I’m *really* not here for anything like... like that! I mean, I have a job already, and a life... I was just... c-curious,” I lied, even as all those wonderful videos of the club replayed themselves in my mind.

Her knowing snort seemed to say clearly how unconvincing I sounded.

“So you don’t rub your little log desperately each night, wishing your hands were paws as you imagine a pair of lips just like mine? A tender slit between your thighs, just screaming to be pumped with sewage, impregnated with appalling, orgasmic filth....”

Leaning closer, her breath washed over me, the rancid fumes of rotting meat and decaying vegetation making me wince... even as precum soaked into my underwear.

“You don’t want to feel my feces penetrating you, corrupting your flesh and defiling your mind forever? Permanently remaking you into my turds....”

Heart pounding, head spinning as my physiology screamed dire warnings, I couldn’t stop breathing in her smog, each breath slicking my tongue with a fresh assault of flatulence.

For a moment I was ready to agree.

Yet it was quite impossible. I couldn’t possibly – I had a girlfriend after all, and a career ahead of me now my degree was done. Friends and family were expecting me home soon. So what if being a human instead of a poop-fur was boring? I couldn’t just flush all that down the drain for the sake of a fantasy.

It would be ridiculous to throw all that away, my life, my body, my own mind even, just to experience the thrill of corruption... the intoxicating torture that an endless submersion in the taste of shit would bring.

Up on the stage, thick clouds of flatulence were engulfing the trio of ‘performers’, perfuming them permanently with the stinking stains of shit, the three moaning in mingling desire and disgust.

My mouth was watering at the sight.

“Well, if you’re not ready for the real fun I can wait,” Sonic hummed, blowing me a wistful kiss with those succulent lips. “Hang around here long enough, breathing this air, admiring these poop-people, and you won’t even be able to refuse.”

“N-no way,” I muttered to myself.

Yet I could feel it growing inside me with every moment. The same desires that kept me awake each night, that plagued my dreams and perverted my waking thoughts. That awful, absurd fantasy, of corruption and ruin, the blissful abandon of existing as a shit-bitch instead of a man.

“That’s right! I can *feel* what you need! You try to repress it, to deny it, but your shameful secret is out, my would-be waste-pile. You *want* this, you *need* it! Need to be my foul furry fuckbuddy, desecrating yourself with my shitdick and gorging yourself on my turds! That’s why you’re going to beg to be feces by the end of the evening, pervert.”

Humping the table was far from a persuasive refutation, but it was all I could do to get out a shake of my head, as my whole body tingled and shook with the seductive allure of her promise.

“But no need to rush,” she added, with an airy laugh. “For now, looks like you’re hungry!”

As if imploring her to stop, my guts gurgled, even as my pulse quickened.

“Ohhh, definitely, you’re gagging for a taste already! Let me get you something squishy to eat... or perhaps I’ll just start by keeping your lap warm, teaching you how to swap ‘saliva’ the right way? Maybe teach you a thing or two about how to pleasure a scat-fur.... For when you are one.”

It was a herculean effort to speak back to her, but I made it.

“It’s like I said, I-I’m really... not here for... anything like that,” I repeated, sounding unconvincing even to my own ear.

Sonic’s face fell.

“Not even a little kiss?”

I’d never wanted to say yes to anything more.

“I’m... fine, thanks,” I said, after a little too long spent just staring at how wonderfully her mouth moved. “I, uh, don’t like the... taste.”

“Ohhh, nobody does, sweetie!” another scat-girl piped up, as she carried a tray of drinks past the table.

A buxom bat whose tag read ‘Rouge’, she beamed down at me, as she caught my eyes, lingering lovingly on her enormous, leaking teats. As I watched she held up another glass, and a thick gush of raw effluence escaped her nipple, splattering into the container and spreading a new, tart tang through the air as her rotten diarrhea splashed the tabletop.

“It would be a lie to call scat an acquired taste,” she went on, as I watched her sphincter-like nipples drool, “it tastes utterly *vile* after all! Infinitely worse than all the most atrocious toxins combined! Nothing’s more disgusting, more sickening, more outrageously rancid and revolting than raw sewage... that’s why they make us animals you know – with senses hundreds of times stronger, it’s utterly overwhelming! You’re going to love it so much! Because you were made to be repugnant, putrid festering feces, tortured by your own appalling taste! It’s written all over your face!”

“N-no,” I gasped, under my breath, even as the thrill gripped my mind.

“But yes,” she nodded, “we know exactly why you came here. You’re practically screaming it with those ‘churn me’ eyes, pleading with those puckering toilet lips. Begging to be defiled, to be disgraced and digested, remade forever into feces... it’s your fate, to submit eternally to shit.”

I realized again that I was grinding my dick into the table, but as she set the extra glass down in front of me I couldn’t help it. spurts of precum were lining my pants, spreading the wet patch at my hips, as I desperately tried not to openly masturbate to the captivating crap-creatures so intent on my seduction.

Rouge just giggled, as she took a shit through her own breasts, and watched how it made me squirm.

“There you go, my little shitslut, first one’s on the house! Not that it’ll take long to get you totally addicted to sucking down my shit. One taste of this, and nothing else will ever have flavor for you again... so drink up and I’ll be back with more! Next time you’ll be sucking it from the source directly....”

Sweat trickled down the small of my back as the vapors rose from the awful mess before me, and as if ceding to her surreal imperative, my mouth was actually starting to water, as though my body was being seduced by that rank foulness.

Perhaps I could... just take a sip.

Let that taint in... feel, taste it penetrating my mind and body, despoiling my pure flesh as my form was twisted to match my warped thoughts....

My hand actually twitched, reaching towards the container, but of course, it was impossible.

There were so many people watching.

Listening.

Judging me.

And it smelled so *dreadful*.

Every time I took a breath it set off a fresh cycle of nauseated disgust... and twisted, masochistic stimulation.... Leading to another, and another.

I glanced back up, and saw those three visions of beauty, defiled disgracefully in mere minutes. Peach was openly masturbating as one of the club yoshi's took a shit directly onto her face, while Rosalina was licking the balls of a two-tailed fox whose cock was pumping shit all over her breasts.

My lip quivered as I imagined that gorgeous, feminine figure, filling *me* with his filth too. Ejaculating load after load inside me, to make me his dick's personal toilet.... Knocking me up with his poop.

Tearing my gaze away, I pushed the depraved idea aside. I was here to watch, not... volunteer to partake in the degrading show myself.

But what a show.

The degradation of the first two was nothing next to Daisy. Before my eyes, the princess led the others in their reckless, surreal abandon, actively shoveling huge blobs of gooey, squishy feces into her mouth, her whole body turning a deep, decaying brown as she dyed herself with dung from the inside out.

My hand gripped my glass as I watched the other girls do the same, and the sight of Peach, stuffing a whole turd directly into her sex, corrupting herself forever, *ruining* her own womb, made me whimper aloud with my overwhelming arousal.

Another passing hedgehog turned at the sound, and broke into a deep, diabolical grin as she saw my flushing features.

"Jealous of our stars for the evening?" she asked, setting a plate down next to that bubbling, boggy glass. "I can tell – any scatgirl can see you're one of us. Well, if we were natural born subs, desperate to denigrate ourselves to every anus and shitpile we see! You're so desperate to eat shit that you're practically creaming your pants from the show!"

"Oh no, it's n-not like that at all," I whimpered aloud, even as my head was nodding along with her words.

She just laughed as I pulled my hand back from that horrendous glass of gunk.

"It is though, my future toilet. Once I pump my shit into your skull and flood your squishy new pussy with logs of muddy, festering scat, you'll be pleading to make out with my pucker and slurp down my sewage until you're a ruined mushy mass of inhuman excrement for all eternity!"

Turning, she propped twin cheeks atop the table with a squish, her giant butt resting there to reveal the opening between, directly exposed, mere feet away from my mouth.

“I’m Amy... although really it’s my asshole you’re here to get to know.”

As much as I tried to look her in the eye, my own strayed downwards inexorably... towards the gigantic, puffy ring of her anus, shockingly exposed. Wide enough to swallow my whole head and wet with mouthwateringly nasty juices, that brown orifice glistened, winking in the low light, dribbles of noxious sludge seeping from her folds.

I gripped the table, as I held myself back from leaning forward... from planting a loving, longing kiss directly into that slimy shithole.

It spread, more layers of muddy poop parting, and a thick, cloying plume of flatus shot out with a toot, buffeting my face directly.

“Oh no, no... y-yes!” I cried, even as my eyes watered and my stomach turned over, nausea and euphoria mingling in my mind.

White squirts burst through the fabric of my sopping pants, glazing her donut beautifully with their trails as I came from huffing her flatulence.

“Look, see, it’s love at first fart! You recognize your future wife!” she exclaimed, giggling. “Well she’s got dinner ready for you, my little shiteating scatslut!”

I had to deny it, to preserve what minimal shreds of dignity remained to me... but my cock was still hard as a rock, my head throbbing, pounding as I felt myself slipping away, ever further, my will eroded by the enticing awfulness of these scat beauties.

Only a needy, whining moan emerged from my mouth... moments before the first slop of slurry pushed out of her anus. Somewhere between liquid and log, it piled up into coils and blobs, gooey brown mud heaping onto the plate to the sounds of her farts. The smell was worse than anything yet, many times stronger than her gases, intense enough that I wondered if I’d ever get it out of my clothes... or my skin....

“Don’t worry, my future bowel-movement, you definitely won’t!”

My stare must have asked well enough what she meant, because Amy just laughed and pushed out another layer of poop atop my plate.

“You’re going to love it,” she said, “I know why you came here tonight... why that little manhood of yours is soaking your undies just watching the stage. Because you’re desperate to give in to the bliss, and become your true self, a magnificent animal maiden, a lovely latrine packed full of everyone’s effluence! I can *smell* it – the reek of a future fecal fiend, just desperate to be impregnated with my shit and corrupted forever into a grotesque mass of midden! And you’re in luck! We’re always looking for more girls to join the club. I’m sure you’ll make a tantalizing pile of turds, darling... I’d be glad to pass a pretty little thing like you.”

It was ridiculous, outrageous that she could speak to me like that... yet her words seemed to permeate every part of me as she spoke them, rousing my overriding obsession, kindling that smolder of desire that I'd spent so long trying to snuff out.

The dire need to be like the three women slowly digesting into dung on stage before my eyes.

Each was inflated with excrement, bellies bulging, impregnated with poop that was spilling from their gaping sexes and shitholes, the three crying out in ecstasy as they felt themselves utterly subsumed into the mass, converted forever, irreversibly defiled by their own warped desires. Defecating freely, they groped one another as they pushed out piles of shit through their pussies and asses, the latter flooding their diapers while the former spilled out like surreal ropes of brown cum, many times too thick.

Before the eyes of all gathered present, their tainted, slimy skin was starting to split and bulge out, crevices forming, seams just like those of the servers all around. Within, new forms were moving, forged from the compacted effluence they'd so greedily consumed, each mouthful guzzled down another log or brick in building their new bodies. Their skins were mere sheaths now, bone and muscle displaced, organs remade, everything that made the trio human totally perverted into turds.

Flowing fecal locks burst out as human hair fell away, and like masks peeled back, the trio's old features sloughed off, to reveal the beaming recreations below.

Shit-eating grins, brown eyes rolled backwards in euphoria, as new tongues of scat slithered out to lick their creased, compressed crap lips.

Hands sank into thick, exaggerated curves, hefting fat new breasts already drooling diarrhea. The girls started to shit uncontrollably as they kissed and suckled at one another's rancid teats, fisting the atrocious septic tanks that were their wombs using the very logs of scat they were birthing from them.

"That's what you need too, my would-be woodland waste-pile."

Her hand met my skin near my cheek, and I gasped at the waves of thick, choking vapors that came with the touch, her fermenting, bitter, rotten form so close I could taste the earthy, sour flavors with every breath.

My skin tingled, excrement seeming to seep into my pores and permeate my flesh where she caressed me, and Amy giggled as my dick thunked against the table harder than ever. I had never needed to jerk off more. Maybe that was why *her* hand slid down, into my pants, peeling back the fabric to wrap directly around my shaft, warping into a wet, tight embracing pocket, hot and slick and impossibly stinky.

Each breath of suffocating sewer stink made my hips buck and my cock squirt, the odors a promise of what could be. My wildest, worst fantasy. An eternity smelling, tasting this...

feeling it.... Becoming it. The thought of it made my face burn with shame, with disgust and rejection, my whole body screaming to me 'no' even as I imagined it, *longed* for it.

To say yes.

To give in to the vile corruption.

Up on the stage, two society elites were howling in their delight, refined Rosalina giggling and grinding a full diaper against Daisy's derriere as she waved to her audience.

Peach had descended the stage, and as she squished forward on compressing legs of pure poop she flashed me a look with those captivating new eyes. Deep black, they glowed at the center, where all the color seemed to concentrate, in two rich orange-brown irises, which seemed to radiate her rapture. As she came nearer I saw that the polished sheen of each eyeball was really compressed scat, packed tight into perfect orbs, regarding me hungrily.

"Hey there, cutie!" she slurred, as she bent over the end of the table, breasts defecating directly onto the wooden surface. "You look like you'd make an adorable turdbucket! Wanna eat some titshit? It feels amazing! Or maybe we should make out?! You ever made out with feces before?"

She wore a big, lewd grin on that brown gape in the mashed up shit that made up her head, and as I heard her playful words I groaned, drooling just as she did, as my eyes roved over her wonderfully crafted body of crap.

Bouncing blobs of 'hair' covered her forehead, dripping everywhere, while her mouth opened up to show off the cavern of filth within, lines of gooey feces linking her lips to the tongue slithering out, an animate turd in every way, and oozing sloppy mush down onto her breasts. All was framed by her titanic diaper, overflowing and squirting at the sides, and her nipples were joining in the fun, as they flooded the table with thick, reeking sewage, emerging in mouthwatering coils that seemed to whisper to me....

"Ohhhh, you're even hornier than I am!" Peach observed with a giggle, as she cupped my cheeks in her rank fingers, strands of squishing shit that made my whole body throb with want.

"Let's just poop in him and make him a her already, like this little toilet wants!" she declared.

"Not so fast, new girl," Amy reminded her, with a tut that splashed effluence out at her. "New employees have to consent first, remember? Just like you did!"

"Oopsie! Sorry, I'm all ditzy, you know I got shit for brains!" the former royal replied, poking out her tongue with a cute wink.

Turning back to me, I recoiled from another wave of her breath, even as I thrust my cock harder into Amy's hands.

"You'll be a dummy too once your mind's replaced with dung!" Peach declared.

I gasped aloud as I imagined that.

As I felt it, that same perversion which had taken root in me. Not just a need for the corruption and the disgust, but a *love* of it. A physiological, fundamental necessity... for gorgeous girls made of scat to defile me forever.

'Everything tastes of shit! It's so awful, I'm gonna cum poop!' Rosalina announced, as the duo rubbing together on stage made out.

"That's how it is, when your tongue's a big, nasty log," Sonic said, as she appeared at my side. "Why don't you get yourself a preview of the scat you're so eager to become?"

People at the surrounding tables were looking my way too now. It was so *humiliating*, a disgrace beyond anything I could have imagined, my bare hips grinding into Amy's tube of filthy fingers, but still her offered kiss was irresistible, my own mouth reacting, opening as I leant towards her.

"No no no," Amy murmured, laughing, "that won't do at all! A nasty ass-eater like this one needs to do things right! Come here, I'll pump your throat full of shit to get you started on the way to becoming a proper septic sewage tank!"

That colossal, wobbling mound of an anus clenched, and another thick, billowing plume of flatulence burst out, directly into my face, coating my skin in slime, aerated fecal matter splattering everywhere, flowing into my mouth and nose.

I gagged as the acrid foulness on my tongue, crying out in bliss from the fumes invading my sinuses and flooding my lungs, but even as all about were staring, I realized that I was taking a long, urgent sniff, my mouth open, tongue hanging out as I leant over towards Amy's asshole.

It was impossible to pretend any longer.

"P-please," I gasped, at last, "I need it... please do it!"

"Awww... do what, stinky?" she murmured, reaching back with a gooey set of fingers to spread herself wider, and loose another plume of that nauseating nectar. "You have to tell me exactly what it is you want. What you need."

"Please, turn me into a disgusting, stinky shitgirl forever! I need it! I have to be pumped full of your poop!"

"Atta toilet!" Sonic said, as she pulled me into a deep, disgusting, deliciously degrading kiss.