

Royal Flush

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

Chapter 2

The smell was flooding my sinuses.

Sonic's thick, reeking lips parted as she kissed me, letting that revolting tongue pour out from her rancid mouth, as if the hedgehog girl was shitting directly into my face.

Naturally I recoiled, my body viscerally rejecting that invasion of its very anathema. Having a writhing worm of poop wriggling against my tongue was unbearable, the flavors searing my tastebuds with acrid poison as little bits broke away, nuggets of noxious, toxic muck. The mere odor threatened to suffocate me even as I sniffed it up, and as the lumps broke up into slime on my tongue I whined in agony.

Sonic just giggled. Her succulent lips were smearing my mouth with scat as if it were lipstick, her fingers running through my hair, caking it too with chunks.

Every eye in the place was on me, yet the pangs of shame were nothing next to the abyssal taint of that fecal taste, and the surreal images and desires that it seemed to birth in my mind.

Each wave was worse, more disgusting and degrading, yet with those rushes of taste, kissed into my mouth, came growing surges of pleasure.

It was awful, beyond words, to feel that corruption soaking into my senses, pervading them, traveling tingling along my nerves as it ruined my mouth forever. I would never get rid of this taste, never escape this smell, but as I felt it conducted directly into my brain through my corrupting ganglia, I loved every moment of it.

As scat soaked through my whole nervous system, Sonic *made* me love it.

Her fetishes bored through my soul, becoming an inextricable part of my every thought and idea. My every moment.

I was so... desperately hungry for the taste of her.

Lust exploded in my chest and hips, and I imagined how I might slake my great thirst, how I longed to run my hands over a gorgeous anthro girl of flesh and fur, to plunge my manhood into her sex as we kissed.... But even in my imagination her kisses couldn't compare to these, to this violation of pure awfulness which Sonic was inflicting upon my mouth.

Her tongue was rewiring my brain with her effluence, corrupting even my pleasure into masochistic, atrocious disgust. The overwhelming adoration of this abysmal taste of excrement.

Worse still, I realized that it was only turning me on more. That feeling of slimy, soft, muddy shit, smushing against my lips and teasing my tongue... it was more appalling than ever, but now that anguish was *fuelling* my arousal. The mere thought of it, the slightest whiff... the sickening flavor... it was *thrilling*.

The woman in my mind was filthy now, covered in sloppy scat, and I trembled at the giddy, hedonistic thrill of realizing that she was so much hotter that way.

Feeling Sonic's shit fusing with my very sense of self, I kissed her all the harder, deeper, desperate for more of that diabolical, putrescent spice.

My lust was out of control, yet the images kept shifting, degenerating.

Browning.

Just as the princesses had done, my ideal, dream lover was digesting, from flesh into feces.

"Oh gods this tastes awful," I groaned out, between her snogs.

"It's gonna get so so much worse," she promised.

I whimpered aloud in my pure, unadulterated shame, as I realized how glad I was to hear it.

In that moment I could feel- smell- *taste* my very concept of copulation breaking down into coprophilia.

The vision of repulsive refuse before me grew in my awareness, from mere fantasy to fetish, even foundation.

Sonic was turning even my sexuality to shit.

I could think only of how desperately I desired it, longed to hold it, to rub myself in it and slurp it from the succulent assholes of my new friends. The taste, it was a part of who I was now, not just fundamental, but *necessary*, something I couldn't bear to be without.

The mere thought of these gorgeous girls defiling me, defecating into my face, my crotch, my every orifice, shitting me inside out with their sacred scat... it was exquisite.

Coprophagia was the firmament of my pleasure now. Feces was oozing through my nervous system, staining my thoughts, daubing my every idea brown. My cerebrum throbbed in my skull, sewage caressing my delicate folds, festering in the creases of my brain and starting that divine process of decay....

My lobes were alive with erogenous aching, as I felt my brain digesting into dung.

Grateful beyond words, I groaned in my passion.

This was the loathsome taste I loved. The taint which would pervade and despoil every moment of my existence from now on. An unending atrocity of olfactory abuse, without any hope of reprieve or release.

It was such a relief, to know that it was utterly, eternally inescapable.

The kiss deepened, and I found myself returning it, sucking on that sentient poop, fellating the gooey, drooling log that violated my face so wonderfully, as I felt my mind rotting.

The thought sparked off a dozen more surreal, twisted images of self-debasement. Feasting on plate after plate of poop, bathing in it, making love to it. I pictured dildos of shit stretching and ruining my genitals, and my cock squirted in dire new levels of need. I imagined arms, hands of scat reaching up inside me, groping and ruining my most vital parts, reducing everything to a cocktail of crap, and I could practically feel myself ejaculating excrement already.

I needed it more than anything, to feel it moving inside me, becoming part of me, squishing as I moved, pumping through my veins and replacing everything I once was with so much more, an infinite ocean of the most wonderful flavors, a divine agony that fuelled still greater ecstasy.

Along with that existential need, came worse pangs of the taste whose anguish I so adored, my body screaming, pleading for it to stop even as my mind sank ever deeper into utter adoration for it.

Everything was shit, and I was overjoyed by that awfulness.

It was as though Sonic was channeling raw sewage directly into my every orifice.

Perhaps soon she would.

This walking mound of dung was the most beautiful being imaginable now, and her flavors, those rich, layered, festering veins of rotten beef, spoiled eggs and fermenting flora which made of the heady stew of truly atrocious shit, they were an exploration of an infinite world of divinely disgusting delights.

My cortex was decaying into sludge inside my skull with every squishy kiss and suck and slurp, and as my thoughts broke down into jumbled fantasies of joyously fucking feces I redoubled my efforts.

I was falling hopelessly in love with Sonic's sloppy scat snogs as her fetishes infested my mind.

I drooled after juicy, reeking mounds of scat, pushing out of gleaming shit-nipples.

I ached for cocks and cunts, desecrating my mind and soul as they defecated into me.

I wanted, *needed* to feel my very soul defiled, submerged and disgraced, *digested* eternally into pure, rancid poop.

My forlorn groan, as our mouths finally parted with a pop, was proof of that.

A trail of sludge connected our tongues a moment longer, but that too broke all too easily, leaving only the festering taint of my canoodler's crap, still sinking into my skin and fumigating my sinuses.

"Good girl, your brains'll be poop in no time!" Sonic said, giving my hands an encouraging squeeze. "But if you wanna be our bowel movements then you gotta be prepared to put on a proper show!"

"That's right," Amy added, grinning as she murmured into my ear like a devil on my shoulder. "If you want us to shit into your skull until your mind turns to mush then you gotta get up on stage and tell the world how badly you need it. Put on a proper performance for your future patrons."

"Yes, p-please gods yes!"

Panting, face flushed bright red as the serving girls pulled me along towards the stage, I looked about at the humans gathered around us.

Somehow, they already seemed like another species.

People, with lives and futures outside of the club.

None of them were destined to spend eternity as a hedgehog's excrement.

They were just here to watch, as I gave up my very humanity, to become a gooey fur-girl of feces.

"Now what is it that you want us to do, dear?" Amy asked, once we were in place.

Kneeling in the spotlights, I looked up at the twin figures, looming over me. So thick and juicy, heavy with waste that would soon be warping my very flesh. I couldn't help but grab my cock, masturbating to the sickening thrill of what was going to happen to me. It was what I came here for. It was my reason for being.

"P-please, I'm b-begging you... turn my mind and body into scat forever! I-I need your poop inside my skull! I need to be your shit, to taste it, to smell it, to eat it and be it! T-to feel my soul digest into your dung for all time! Oh goddess please make me shit!"

Amy practically purred in her pleasure.

“Your wish is my command!”

Gleaming in the brilliant light, Amy’s figure turned, and that shining, glorious orifice emerged from between her cheeks. It was joined by a second, on my other side, almost an equal in sheer size, if not in seductive sheen. Rouge, the cheery drink dispenser, was backing up towards my right, as Amy neared on the left.

I couldn’t believe I was really doing this.

Surrendering to my most depraved desire, giving up my mind and body to fulfill my obscene dream... it was dizzying just to smell the shit all around me, but I was pleading for them to pump it into every part of me. To remake me forever into another being like them.

“Say bye-bye, brain!” Sonic said, tousling my hair.

Her captivating lips were almost as seductive as the spreading anuses enclosing my head, and I whimpered in bliss as they found my own.

As they started to shit into my head.

The taste was nauseating, liquid fire burning through my tongue and assaulting my olfactory nerves, blighting every mote of my consciousness as it pervaded my mind. It was infinitely worse than I ever dared dream, and my dick was splattering the stage with pre from the exquisite sensory abuse.

That was when Amy’s anus pressed to my ear.

Rouge met my skin a moment later, and even as I was making out with one scatwoman, the other two sealed their plush, squishy rings to my aural canals... and started to defecate.

Pressure came first, then heat, a chorus of slops and pops and squishes reverberating through my head as tingling turds pumped inside to the tune of flatulent eruptions.

“We know you adore this, darling,” Amy announced to the crowd, “we can see your little cocklet twitch with every toot of our assholes as we convert you into our crapper! You just can’t wait to be totally ruined by our shit!”

As three dicks of shit penetrated my mind it was all I could do to howl in my eager assent.

My brain never had a hope against the tsunami of shit that flooded me from all sides. The heat and force was overwhelming, each squish and splurt of liquid sewage and solid scat like the kisses of a lover, burrowing into the core of my being, granting me the ultimate bliss of becoming one with it.

Lobes yielded like tissue, overripe and rotten, and I came uncontrollably as I felt my mind rupture, mashed into a pâté of putrid, rotten meat, digesting away into yet more rancid fecal matter as they fucked my brains out.

Every thought save one was obliterated, as I felt my mind turned to crap in my bulging cranium. All that remained was euphoria, ecstasy, the sheer, atrocious bliss of feeling myself made into my newfound family's feces.

Poop splurged from the corners of my eyes and shot out of my nose, my own head shitting the scat of my warped lovers as they pumped into me, ravaging my head so romantically, sending me still deeper into the writhing convulsions of an orgasm beyond anything I could have imagined.

The release was total, climax gripping every corrupting nerve and straining muscle, radiating out from my bubbling, squishing sewer-skull.

I came all over all four of us, cock emptying, pumping out ream after ream of cum as I felt ever more excrement packing into the toiletbowl that was once my head.

My brain was a pile of poop, my mind a cess-pit for my beloved anthro manure.

Permanently.

And we were far from finished.