

Royal Flush

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Chapter 3

The smell was a part of me now.

Vaguely, in the back of what remained of my thinking mind, I was aware of the cheers, the jeers, of my new audience, of the hundreds of people gathered there to watch me reduced to something so much less than them, yet also so much more.

They were all but forgotten now, as Sonic and Amy made love to me, and as I listened to the slosh and squish of their feces inside my head.

Each wet, drooling kiss of those shit-filled lips made me gurgle and gulp, drinking down Sonic's thickly flowing diarrhea and feeling it fusing with my flesh.

I swapped repeatedly between that slovenly mouth and the still more disgusting brown pucker of the other hedgehog, each taking turns enveloping my features.

Amy was kissing me with her bare asshole, huge, jiggling folds of feces pumping the breath of life directly into my lungs as she farted through my face. Her every sucking squish and Sonic's playful licks and teasing slurps seemed to reshape me more each moment, my mouth and nose stretching out, my face deforming as it was bathed in kisses, smooches and scat.

My mouth was becoming bestial, halfway between humanoid jaw and vulpine snout.

The feminine face of an anthropomorphic fox.

They were kissing my humanity away, even as they filled me with animal pleasure, and every single warping smooch gifted me with another vast explosion in sensitivity. My nose, my tongue, every part of me was infinitely more attuned to the nightmare of nightsoil filling me.

"We promised it would get so very much worse," Amy reminded me. "And as you ferment you'll never stop tasting stronger, isn't it wonderful?!"

I could only whimper in anguished adoration, as all other senses seemed to dull next to the exquisite overload of ordure.

Hands were roving down across my body, and sliding up, into my own stretching rear, as Amy massaged my flesh into obedient deformation. I pushed down on her fingers eagerly, as I sought out and held Sonic's with my own.

Soon enough, Amy let go, the gorgeous being of living poop moving around behind me to inspect her work directly. That left me clinging to Sonic, our makeout redoubling in vigor, even as I felt lips pressing to my asshole too.

Lips that were far too large to be any mouth, even Amy's.

Groaning, I ground my buttcheeks into hers, as Amy kissed my anus with hers, smearing her softest shit into my virginal folds... preparing me for what was to come.

"Ready for this, shitslut?"

My guttural, groaning shudder said it all, but still I managed to squeak out a few words, through Sonic's lips.

"Please, goddess, please use me like the toilet I am! Please shit into my asshole until it comes out my mouth! I need to be made into your scat forever!"

"And you will, my adorable, irreversibly inhuman lavatory! There's no going back now, even if you wanted to!"

A wonderful, earthy rumble passed through me, as I felt my colon inflating, stretched by a vast volume of gas.

Preparation for the solids just behind it.

As hot, muddy shit pushed inside my rear, I whined with need, incoherent in my desperation for defilement, my mind and body crying out for more even as I pressed myself onto that wondrous fountain of feces. Felt it pouring, pumping through me. Stretching my rear and inflating every crevice of my gut. Piling into my stomach and plowing up, through my throat, until the taste was on my tongue.

Her poop poured into my mouth, as if she was making out with me from the inside out.

Amy was impregnating me with her shit.

Kneeling there, cock desperately trying to shoot without a payload remaining, Rouge was all too happy to help me out too.

"Sonic and Amy may have taken the best bits, but that little dick looks perfect for me to relieve myself, wouldn't you say, darling?"

I couldn't even begin to process an answer, before I felt that enchantingly soft, silky opening of hot scat kissing to my cockhead. It spread, sliding down like lips, as I found myself thrusting inside Rouge's asshole, churning up the thrilling mess of mud within.

Each buck of my hips forced a tingling trace of her shit just a little deeper down my urethra, and evoked another sensual sigh of pleasure from the scatbat... but that wasn't enough for her.

My cock was there for her relief, in *all* senses of the word.

Feeling her hips tense, I shuddered, groaning into my unending, awful makeouts as I felt the push stretching my penis, a powerful fart bubbling down my shaft and making my balls expand with the pressure.

Moments later came a fat, mucky log, mashing itself directly down my dick, fucking my cock from the inside even as it fucked Rouge in turn.

My exultant anguish was audible, as I impaled my own penis on her poop, feeling it push down, pumping into my crotch with a gurgling, sloshing smush, the pace accelerating as she started to shit openly, ravaging my genitals with her waste even as I felt the reversed orgasm of my cock being *filled*.

At that same time, Sonic's lips locked tight around my mouth, and I felt that familiar, fantastical flush of gases, pumping into my face too.

Farts ripped through my nose and out my ears, the taste refreshing, even revitalizing next to the bitter, acrid weight of those densely disgusting fecal flavors, and I purred in pleasure, not just at the joy of breathing fresh farts, but at the anticipation of what was to follow.

Sonic's throat gurgled, her neck bulging out, and a flood of sewage gushed into my mouth.

The rapturous howls escaping my throat were doused, drowned by the wonderful flow of raw liquid shit, pouring into my lungs and flowing my stomach.

I was drowning in bliss as Sonic fed me her sloppiest scat, and Amy pumped my abdomen ever fuller.

Then came the thicker mush, the flowing, bubbling material, dense and deliciously dire, that was the real pinnacle of perverse, masochistic pleasure. It burned my tongue like acid as I sank my tastebuds into the toxic slurry, chewing the thickest lumps to wrack my body with that rank taste. Emptied as my prostate had been, I felt my overstimulated sex squirting with the sheer nirvana of each thick, hard nugget of putrescent, concentrated shit that I bit into.

Jets of brown, vile diarrhea were my ejaculate now, temporarily reversing the flow of Rouge's defecation, Amy's scat pumping directly into my sex, filling my balls and inflating my ducts, my prostate overflowing with her excrement as I came her shit into the bat's anus.

Orgasm beyond words gripped me over and over, as she shit through my dick from the inside, ever larger, thick lumps working out, stretching my urethra as they made love to me

from within, my body remade to ejaculate her turds into that loving, slurping suction of Rouge's rectum.

I could only cling to consciousness as I clutched their hands, Rouge in my left, Sonic in my right. Every part of me was quivering in grotesque gratitude as they granted me the existence I had been made for. The feeling, the taste, the torment I couldn't live without.

Yet Amy still had two hands free.

Neither was idle long.

She was massaging my growing, engorging anus, her fingers once more pressing inside, starting to reach up through her own scat, to knead and caress my innards into their new shape.

Sonic's free arm went still further. As she broke away from our kiss a turd still larger than even her tongue invaded my muzzle. Her entire arm, shitting itself directly down my neck. It should have been entirely impossible – human flesh could only stretch for far – but I wasn't human anymore. I never would be again. Instead my body gave willingly, accommodating the defiling digits gratefully, as I felt myself impaled at each end, their hands actually meeting for a moment in my midriff.

They wasted no time on handshaking, however.

Each was hard at work with their manipulations, infusing fecal matter directly into every part of my organs. Scat was squishing into my lungs, as Sonic squashed and stretched them, accelerating the digestion she'd started. They yielded like clay to the domination of the crap I adored.

Next were my kidneys, my liver, even my pancreas – never had I imagined I could feel so obscure an object of my anatomy lit up in such perfect clarity – but there it was. Sonic was packing poop directly into my most vital parts, bringing each to a state of blissful sensation, erogenous enervation and tantalizing, tortuous taste spreading along with her excrement. Her arm was directly shitting into each organ in turn as she truly remade my torso into her toilet.

I could taste her defecation inside my chest, and it was horrendously delicious.

Amy had both arms stretching me to an outrageous gape as she did the same. All the lining of my intestines was coming alive with sensory feedback, an orgasmic fecal overload of flavor as my colon changed from a conduit for her scat to the stuff of shit itself. Every 'cell' of my new anatomy was a source, excreting that densely disgusting dung, lit up with the dire taste as it welled up throughout me.

I was shitting uncontrollably through every opening left unplugged, scat splattering and farts bellowing out of my ears and nose, even my eyes, diarrhea squirting from my nipples and logs pushing up into my urethra from Rogue, to keep me overfilled and euphoric. The ripe

runoff of an entire sewage plant emerged in thick streams from my gaping asshole any time there was space between Amy's arms.

And all the while, my flesh was turning ever darker, browning beautifully as I swelled, inflated, as if pregnant with the poop I was blissfully birthing, every part of me growing thick and soft and curvy as they pumped me up, and digested me away.

Each fresh flush of Rouge's foul feces eroded away my erection further, until a climactic eruption of farting and filth ripped down my former dick, and I felt it totally give way, a colossal log of her delicious dung forced down into place, fusing with the ruined mush of my manhood to become my new genitals.

Cumming scat uncontrollably through my poopenis, I made love to the pile of turds who had turned my dick into her dook, fucking her with her own shit and tasting it as it squished between my hips.

Flesh was decaying all over my form now, beautiful blooms of brown spreading over my face and chest, along my limbs and all over my cock, as my meat was breaking down into muck.

My body was becoming a factory for their feces, every orifice connected to my core of scat, and as Sonic's shit pushed directly into my heart, I howled at the sensation of her corrupting that final root of my humanity. Digits of dung pushed apart flesh, muscle yielding to poop as she captured my heart, just as she had done my head. Amid a sea of shit, it softened into squishing scat in seconds, and from there I felt her defecating directly into my arteries, pumping poop through my veins to every cell of my body simultaneously.

All of me was being remade at once, gifted with not only touch, but olfactory prowess beyond any tongue. I could feel, smell and taste every fiber of my being at once, in an infinitely escalating rush of rancid revulsion, without any ability to block out the feedback, no matter how overwhelming it was.

As I turned to shit, every inch of my body seared with the total sensory overload of my self.

Truly tasting all of me in infinite intensity as I was made into feces was the worst, most wonderful moment of my whole existence.

My former skin simply burst open and fell away, that final vestige of my humanity, of my personhood, peeling off to make way for new anatomy. My snouted face was matched by pointed ears atop my head, and the beginnings of a tail over my throbbing asshole, as I felt myself becoming an excrement animal. All over there was the fluffy texture of thick folds of feces, soft as fur, but slick and creased instead of fuzzy, my new anthro body, formed of compressed poop from the girls still emptying their assholes into me.

It was heaven and hell, melted together into a transcendent new plane of pleasure.

Besieged by the overbearing, intolerable weight of olfactory whiteout as I was, my awareness fluctuated in and out, my surroundings fading at times, as my own taste grew to

displace all other information. Even a brain of pure poop could only bear so much, and my sensory acuity had grown to match my intensifying flavors, until that sacred anguish of scat taste was becoming one with my very soul.

The girls were moving around as I shook and moaned in my rapture. One moment Rogue was shitting down my cock as I made out with Sonic, the next the bat was caressing my growing curves as Amy fed me directly into my mouth and Sonic sucked playfully on the erect log that now grew from my hips.

“This is wonderful, but it’s just not right,” she said, between kisses, “a toilet like you needs a much wider bowl down here... and we all know how much you want that. To be our femme-fecale, buxom and beautiful, birthing shit through your scat-packed cervix as if it was another asshole!”

“Oh goddess, yes! Fill me with your poop, please!” I cried, as she pushed inside my throbbing slit.

Through the haze of farts and glare of lights I focused in on those gorgeous lips, pressing my erection into the mouth of my first new friend, feeling her tongue driving deep into my perverse urethral wastepipe.

With only feces forming my phallus, it gave way at once, smushing down with that divine kiss, depressed into my hips as Sonic pushed my penis inside out. From my enormous erection to a shaft of shit, penetrating deep into my crotch, hypersensitive scat being smooched into shape by Sonic’s skilled lips.

My balls went with it, caught up in her tongue and sucked right in. With a pop they *inverted* too, slipping inside, followed by the mass of my erstwhile manhood, licked and pushed into place by her tongue, forming my new pair of ovaries. Around them the cavity which was once my cockhead bloomed, inflating into the delicate chamber of my new womb, already tingling as it filled up with more turds, brewing them to birth through the lewd tube Sonic was sculpting my sex into.

I could feel every new fold she forged, each ripple and undulation of festering excrement a new source of pleasure, piling up into the wet, fermenting nightmare of an organic sewer-shaft, a pussy of pure, packed poop.

Between my legs, was a throbbing new womanhood, my vagina, pregnant with filthy scat, already starting to shit into Sonic’s mouth.

The rest of my body was altered too, my former sex forgotten as my inflating figure took on ever more distinct, female curves.

They had really done it – I was becoming a foxgirl of feces.

“How adorable our new lavatory looks!”

Rouge caressed my muzzle as she spoke, pulling me into a deeply depraved kiss, pressing our chests together. I felt my nipples slip right into the gorgeous sphincters of her beautiful breast-anuses, and shivered as they sealed tight around my budding boobs.

Her own were so much larger, her exaggerated figure so alluring, and I sucked on those earthy fingers of hers as she started to push.

To poop, directly into my chest.

Hot, mushy and fluid enough to flow with ease, the tart feculence tasted orgasmically awful as it percolated through my boobs, and I howled in animal rapture as she shit into me. At the same time I was still riding Sonic's snout, shuddering from her slurps and smooches, and I humped her face gratefully as she too started to shit again, defecating directly into my pussy through her throat, her tongue making sweet, sickening love to my sex.

With so much scat pressing inside my erogenous new shape, I could feel myself warping further. My chest bulged out, expanding against Rouge, scat pooling to develop breasts that squished up against her own huge, reeking reservoirs. Her poop kept spreading as she kneaded and caressed my fecal surface, to work it into every part of my body.

Rouge and Sonic were shitting into my hips, into my thighs and butt, molding me with their hands, to create a sculpture of scat more voluptuous than either, ever more exaggerated and lewd as they inflated my curvaceous figure with feces.

Feeling my new shit-tits jiggle and my giant ass and thighs wobble made me moan anew in delight, not just at the sensations of my wonderful femininity, or the thrilling humiliation of being so sensually reshaped, but at the joy of tasting all that sewage, churning inside my poop-person.

I was aghast when the duo defiling me finally pulled away... even if I was consoled somewhat by the sight of my overly-filled, sensitive new self, so curvy and soft, drooling deliciously disgusting shit from my every orifice.

"What a wonderfully repugnant little shitvixen you've become!" Amy announced, speaking to the audience as much as to I. "A beautiful degenerate of busty dung, totally in love with her own stink and the putrid slurry of shit she's made from!"

I could only give a whining, needy nod, as I sucked my own tongue, and shivered in rapturous repulsion.

"And no scatfoxgirl could be complete as a toilet without being properly broken in by the object of her desire!"

Following her gesture, my eyes, twin orbs of excrement, widened as I saw the figure stepping out onto the stage.

His name-badge just said 'Tails', but I knew him at once; he was the very same feminine beauty who had so fantastically ravaged Rosalina earlier, a femboy with a colossal log of scat between his legs, readied now to ravage *me*.

"You make a gorgeous vixen, toilet."

His voice was soft, almost shy, but his cock was proud, pushing forward ahead of him.

As he took my hands, I squeezed his tight, feeling, *tasting* the excrement that made us both, as we squished together, temporarily fusing our dung digits into twin rounded turds.

Kissing him, we each felt the other's lips, as well as our own, every lingering connection sharing another rush of putrid pleasure and intensified flavor.

His cock pushed my netherlips wide, and I cried out, gasping into his mouth as I took, tasted my first dick. As I felt that slick, slimy shaft sliding up inside me, licking over every fold of my sex with that phallic creation of scat.

Our hips hit, and I shook in his embrace, kissing back as he started to move, to pump, the fuck me with a rod of feces. It was pumping out shit, directly into my crotch, and as we made out his lips started to fill me too, both ends of my body being used simultaneously, penetrated and pleased by poop. Every overwhelming thrust brought another nauseating slurp and pop, and a fresh burst of farts from my overflowing vulva, as my vulpine lover fucked his shit into my womb.

Every movement lit up both our bodies in my mind, the frothing slime of lubricating scat on his shaft and lining my slit forming the perfect interface, letting me feel his every sensation along with my own. We lost ourselves together, in the euphoria of being mingling piles of anthropomorphic poop.

I yowled in my lust, gyrating against him as he fucked my new pussy with endless loads of excrement.

Tails was right there with me, yelling out, reveling in the sucking, squishing embraces of my sex, and the relief of shitting directly into me.

"Fuck yes," the fox gasped, "I'm impregnating your womb with my poop! You'll be cumming *my* shit from now on!"

Those words were the final jolt of surreal excitement for me.

Finally, after so much stimulation, my body was ready for the ultimate release, and I clung on as if for my very life, as I came uncontrollably from the experience of my own revolting body, in my first ever full-body shit-gasm.

Pressure built up to the limit, my sphincters had no way to hold it all, and Tails showed me my own intoxicating incontinence as he made me poop myself as I came, squirting and

splattering out all kinds of shit from among that ghastly cocktail that made up my body, farting and spilling out of every opening I had. I was shitting from my ears, my nose, out of the corners of my mouth and eyes, through my gaping anus-nipples and of course, in vast volumes from my original asshole.

“That’s it, sewerslut!” he howled, “you’re going to be my fecal fertility goddess! Forever!”

It was everything I’d ever dreamed of, but so much worse.

Being poop was bliss.

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Too soon the show came to a close, many hours passed in rapture, fermenting under the hot spotlights, and as I finally staggered down from the stage I felt myself bubbling, innards churning and body squishing and bouncing as I was led backstage... still shitting through my every opening as I moved.

Glimpsing myself in a mirror, I was stunned by the fair vision, a fox of tangy and foul turds, gifted by half the performers in the club and compacted together into my perfect, ideal self.

A fox made of feces.

She looked back through dark, rich eyes, totally inhuman, and utterly unlike those I’d seem through all my life. Mahogany sclera gleamed, marbled with lighter wisps which gathered at the centers, forming the captivating golden irises that were so distinctive among the denizens of the club. Within those my pupils glowed with the zealous inner light of a true convert, a devotee of absolute faith, devoted eternally to excrement in all forms.

Admiring my new eyes, I watched how they seemed to pulsate, waxing feverishly with my passions, matching the waves of flavor that flowed through me each moment as I tasted myself.

My eyes had become beacons, announcing to all my true, permanent purpose, as poop.

And such beautiful poop I was.

Swaying hips rocked in time with my pulse, every pump of diarrhea-blood another lick of flavor through my veins, as if I were caressing, kissing and tasting every curve and crease and fiber at once. The feces that *were* me now were endlessly multiplying, my body a cornucopia of excrement.

My chest wobbled to the invigoratingly vile farts bursting from my lungs with each breath.

Touching my breasts, I shivered, as I felt my soft hands squish into still softer boobdung, slick layers of slime worked up where I rubbed the feces of my fingers against the shit of my tits.

Curling tail and waving ears made me giggle, as my body reacted to the wonderful feeling of truly *being* feces, and I twisted to admire my foxy new form from multiple angles.

I had the petite limbs and thick, succulent thighs of my dreams, and between them the searing heat of my gaping, gooey, incontinent vulva, gushing with Tails' turds, piling up around my delicate ankles, supplied endlessly from a belly bulging absurdly with stools.

My wildest fantasy, made irreversibly, wonderfully real.

All of my new animal anatomy was radiant in my awareness, every nerve lit up at all times thanks to my own tart, ripe taste, far too potent for my brain to ever block out.

Shit welled up in my mouth as I farted out lungfulls of gases, but only the occasional pile passed that way – far more made itself apparent emerging from the quaking assholes which crowned my breasts and butt, equally as incontinent as my throbbing shitsex, all conspiring to add to the mound beneath me and splatter my legs with every fresh spike in my arousal.

Once more it overcame me, and I stood there, shuddering in disgust at my rancid body as I shit myself through pussy and assholes, sucking my own fingers with my deliciously dirty tongue as the flavors of my new family swirled on my tastebuds.

Tails slipped a hand around my exaggerated hips and planted a kiss on my cheek, leaving a ruddy shitstain from his gorgeous feminine lips.

"Ready to do it all again tomorrow?"

"I can't wait."

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In the weeks afterwards, the Royal Flush gained a 'fresh' surge in popularity, as word spread of their most depraved performer yet. A vixen so voluptuous, so putridly packed pregnant with poop, that she simply couldn't contain it all.

Seven nights a week, my audience gathers, to watch the new me in the throes of agony and ecstasy, birthing an endless ocean of shit all over the stage, from every orifice. And to see Tails, Sonic, Amy, Rouge and a dozen more all take turns, shitting into me through those same exits, packing poop into every part of my sewage system of a self, fucking me senseless with their feces to impregnate me all over again.

I wonder at times if any of my friends, or my girlfriend, have come looking for me, but once there's a juicy, filth-filled hedgehog hole to suck, I always forget to so much as look at the crowd.

Things aren't much different during the day, either.

As the club toilet, I spend each in a state of sheer bliss, joyfully feasting on feces and fucking all my new friends. It's hard to focus on anything else, when I'm trapped eternally in this sensory overload of depraved eroticism.

Rouge was right, I'm still not finished fermenting – I never will be – and I taste *so* much worse, with every single day that goes by.

Being poop is ecstasy.