

From Superhero to Sewage

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Chapter 1: Digesting Deku

"I need you, my hero!"

Accompanied by a foul waft of reeking, humid air, the words which roused Deku from sleep were not the urgent scream of a frightened civilian.

They were strained with need instead of fear, thick, *dripping* with pleasure.

Congeaing on his face, setting tongue and nostrils in motion. He drew a shocked, lustful breath, and smelled – *tasted* – the rank film of feces condensing on his skin.

A hand on his forehead brushed back his hair, smearing warm wetness over his face, and his eyes met those which filled his every dream. The glowing points which stared out, from the deepest, dirtiest corners of his mind. Black they were, with glowing yellow-brown irises that radiated a dire, effluent energy in the darkness of his bedroom.

His hands intertwined with the gooey logs which were her fingers, as Ochaco pressed that curvaceous, sludgy figure against him.

"Mommy's here, to make you into her deliciously defiled new daughter."

Her well-trained toilet was all too eager, after a long day of eating excrement directly from the toilet... and Tsuyu's anus.

Already, Deku was snorting in the dreadfully delicious stench of Ochaco's scat. Toxic vapors were rolling off her fecal form, puffs of flatulence staining everything, even dying the air brown as she exhaled farts for each breath. All were absurdly, disgustingly delicious.

As were those sensations, of her shit, squishing inside his head.

"I-I knew you were real," he moaned, clutching both her hands, making her digits deform. "You're so... beautiful like this, Ochaco, so... so *divinely* disgusting.... But how-"

"Never mind how, my dear. I'm here to make you *mine*, to make you just as magnificently mushy and revolting as I am."

Her maw spread wide, and the opening orifice slopped with the oozing sludge of raw, rancid sewage, drooling from every surface, coating her tongue and the simulated shapes of teeth, welling up from cheeks and gushing out of a throat behind, which winked and dilated like a second anus, pushing out ever more fecal slurry to soak everything in that muddy mouth.

Nothing could ever have been more entrancing.

More *enticing*.

"You're so beautiful," Deku whispered.

"Mommy made this just for you," she replied, hands trailing dung down his chest as she knelt over her prize, "a magical mouth, which makes anything you put inside it into a perfectly putrid poop!"

Planting a deep, sucking kiss on his sheets, right between Deku's legs, she made a wet squelch, and then pulled back to reveal the six-inch ring of mattress she'd slurped up... totally remade into a mound of steaming midden.

"My goddess...."

He whispered, overawed by the disgusting sight, as strands of fecal slime trailed from Ochaco's lips to the ruined surface below, slopping and drooling.

"Ready to feel mommy's kisses ruin your cock forever, my stinky shitslut?"

"*Please*, my queen! Turn my cock to scat!"

"Of course my darling... I'm going to enjoy defiling you."

Ochaco purred as those thick, weighty lips pressed to his glans, sending vibrations through Deku's aching dick.

Hot, tingling slime encased his head, setting flesh tingling at once as it seeped in through his skin, *permeating* his penis even as he was so desperately pushing himself deeper.

"It's so soft... so disgusting!" he whined.

"Just like you'll be," she promised. "Once I'm done pooping down your prick!"

Shit throbbing in his skull, the young man squirmed, back arching and thighs straining as he drove his dick into that divine anus of a mouth.

With a wet, squelching slurp, she engulfed his erection, and at once it was plastered in excrement. Heat pervaded his prick as Deku pushed his hips up to meet her lips, and that revolting maw hugged his shaft, her throat smooching his urethra as her tongue massaged his length and lips sealed tight around his crotch, encasing even his balls in that warm, wet sheath of shit.

Sewage was oozing down his dick, pumping inside and soaking through the skin to corrupt the flesh within.

"It's so disgusting," he gasped, as the slop pressed through his sex, infiltrating flesh, defiling all it touched, "I-I can feel it moving inside me, c-corrupting my cock!"

"Because I'm pumping your genitals full of my most potent digestive dung," was her playful reply, spoken through full lips still wrapped around his straining shaft, "you're so adorably eager to turn into my shit... such a sweet, devoted lavatory your crotch will be...."

The smell was horrendous, but that only urged him on, as he ground his groin into her kiss, each sloppy squish and slurp of lip and tongue and cheeks all teasing his sex to an oversensitive pinnacle of pleasure. Ensuring he felt every moment in crystal clarity, as his cock was infused and remade, *digested* in her mouth at incredible speed, cells and structures rotting instantly into festering, putrescent sludge. He could feel the feces his phallus was becoming, more sensual and disgusting than he could bear, and as her tongue squeezed tighter he felt how his mushy log of midden was squishing against the gorgeous sewer-mouth around it.

"Don't stop! Sh-*shit* in my cock and turn it into your toilet!"

Howling in bliss, Deku fucked her mouth as Ochaco turned his dick into dung.

"More! Yes! Your sewage is so nasty! I n-need it! I *need* to be your turds and your toilet!"

Hips strained and back creaked, as he pressed muscles to the limit, in a glorious spasm of climactic release, his hands gripping and sinking into hers as he clung to his goddess in that moment of utmost need and desire.

A reverent, *religious* connection, with that which was most abhorrently sacred in his mind.

His cock bulged out, around a thick flow of mud, and Ochaco groaned in matching delight as she tasted the eruption. Thick, creamy feces, run through with lumps of utter vileness, all the festering flavors of her own feces, from rancid meat to putrid egg, churning through that ruined erection as Deku came her own diarrhea.

Finally, when the release subsided, she pulled back, grinning, as thick strands of fecal slime trailed between shaft and lips.

Revealed, as those lines of fetid diarrhea snapped, one by one, was a pillar of pure poop, throbbing and steaming, *stinking* more than Deku could bear, and searing his mind with the agony of such intense erogeneity.

"What a beautiful bowel movement your manhood became," Ochaco murmured, as she licked along that creased brown pillar.

Deku's erection was a fat, juicy pile of feces emerging from his crotch, twitching and jerking with need as he groped at the muddy sides and the massive, swollen, shit-filled balls below.

“M-my cock is really your scat, Ochaco....”

He whispered, as though afraid to dispel the dream, yet this was no delusion – it felt far too real.

As she kissed his jerking rod of rancid, bitter, bubbling dung, Deku felt the incomparable ecstasy, the joy of a part of his body being remade, digested into the droppings of this divine being of pure feces.

“This is so incredible... so sick... my penis is really p-pure poop,” he murmured, at the enchantingly appalling sight and sensation.

Both lovers stared at the new organ, a piece of her, replacing him, his precious manhood, digested in moments into pure waste, compacted sewage that throbbed and stank and drooled with such vile beauty.

Her previous gift still tingling inside his mind, Ochaco needed no words to know his thoughts, and they were in agreement with her own.

This was far too beautiful a creation to lose.

“I was wrong,” she murmured, as she massaged that beautiful log of fat, squishing scat, to make him squirm with want. “You won’t be my daughter, sweet hero, you shall be my *consort!*”

Deku’s eyes shone in the darkness, with a desperate, dear longing at her words.

“This turd is simply too lovely to lose... I think it’s the most delicious pile of dung I’ve ever made! So I want to feel it plowing my pussy and shitting down my throat every single day from now on!”

“Thank you” was the only answer he could muster, as his body ached for her, for more, drained yet already rallying, as he felt the giant shaft of pure shit which was a permanent new part of him. “I love you!”

“I love you, Deku,” she whispered, the words slipping out before she could think to fear them. “All of this... is for you... for my precious hero, my perfect pooppy prince.... I’ll digest you into my feces forever, just like you fantasized... so we can always be together, as woman and manure.”

His drooling urethra kissed her then, and Ochaco made out with her turd in adulation, lips smacking and tongue slipping down inside to caress his excrement erection inside and out.

“Yes! I need it, Ochaco! I need to be your poopartner! A pile of your living waste, brewing up more diarrhea to pump into your pussy every day!”

“Of course, my love.”

“P-please, Ochaco... shit in my mouth?”

Beaming she ran her hands over his chest as she rose.

Planting her lips against his mouth, both felt the rumble of sensual expulsion, gurgling up her throat, and felt the sphincter of her neck release.

With an exquisite flood of foulness it stuck his tongue, splattering and gushing throughout his mouth all at once, a sloshing and churning rush of droppings, piling up in his throat and soaking his tastebuds in that blissfully revolting flavor of her feces.

Deku gagged, eyes watering at the impossibly foul taste of so much filth, inflating his face and throat and oozing down his neck with a visible bulge.

Tasting it, drinking it, *inhaling* that sickening mud and gulping down the lumps and tangles of fibrous digestive atrocities, Deku couldn't speak, couldn't breathe, couldn't think about anything but becoming this putrescent filth, the runoff of her rancid body which was invading him so wonderfully.

Every part of him was aching, throbbing and shivering, with the desperate, primal *need* to be digested, corrupted and remade eternally, into unadulterated effluence.

“Time to turn you into more fermenting fecal sludge.”

He kissed her all the harder at those enchanting words, and thrust his crotch up against hers, a glorious series of slopping squelches filling the air as he used her own turd to make love to her.

The Sewer Siren had never enchanted him like this, never won his heart and mind so utterly, but Ochaco was special, more than just a font of filth and depravity.

He choked down her shit, despite the dire deprivation that created for his lusting tongue, just so he could voice his longing.

“O-Ochaco, I need it so badly... I *have* to become your poop!”

Her face lit up, eyes glowing with a rippling pleasure at the perverse plea.

“And so you will, my dear... digested and processed into my fetid, fermenting feces... forever!”

A slimy tongue slid along his cheek, and she giggled in glee.

“I'm turning you into my turds, Deku darling.”

Their lips met then, as her edict was enacted.

Deku adored her more than ever as they made love, holding bodies together, the mostly-human form under her shuddering and writhing as her orifices smooched his lips and glans, and started to shit directly down his throat and dick.

Each thrust of hips, splattering together, came with another surge of scat, pumping down his penis, bulging it wide, stretching the pliable feces around dense logs of dung that were making love to the inside of his erection, just as her revolting, slimy folds of velvet feces made love to the surface, sucking and licking and kissing all over.

More mouths were him kissing elsewhere too, as her nipples parted around his, those hanging breasts wrapping new mouths around his chest and plunging tongues of coiling dung into his body.

Better yet were the hands pressing so tenderly into each ear, to stir up his brains, mixing yet more feces into the churning, decomposing mass of manure which filled his head, as she remodeled his mind into her muck.

His cock was bulging with ever more sewage, churning in his balls as they inflated not only to store but to extrude it, remodeled into Ochaco's scat-factories.

His chest was the same – organs and bones, muscles, tendons and nerves, all were consumed, *dissolved* into the tide of sour, meaty feces which surged through him.

Hips widened, ass inflating and thighs bulging out, as Deku took on a voluptuous pear-shape figure, plumes of brown dyeing those new curves, then slowly breaking down even his skin into creased and ridged compressed excrement, as Ochaco truly did digest him from within.

Shuddering in bliss, Deku could only drink down her dung, as it remade him utterly, into her waste.

Turning him from her man to her toilet.

His eyes were the last thing to change, sclera staining brown, then darkening to black, as the corruption took full hold, irises radiant with a yellow-brown light as they stared up at his matching vision of vileness, the living shit-creature which had made him into a part of her for all time.

Deku was pure scat, shaking and tensing as every moment brought a still greater rush of foul flavor and sickening smell, the texture and sounds, the weight and bubbling, sensual fermentation filling him, everything was utterly overwhelming.

Of all those horrendous sensations, his taste was the worst, inescapable, unrelenting, *agony*, tearing through his mind to blot out all thoughts with the taste of pure and putrescent excrement. The visceral cocktail of Ochaco's digestion, and the only flavors he would ever experience again.

It was heaven.

“Thank you,” he gasped, as their lips parted.

“My perfect prince of poop,” she purred back, “you’re so delightful as my dung, my dear, disgusting portapotty.”

They kissed, gently this time, and he groaned as her rancid tongue helped stir up the scat of his own, in a slimy embrace of coiling sewageworms.

Even without physical stimulation, that taste was enough.

His body twisted, toes curling and hands clutching at his lover as she made him climax from sheer gustatory violation.

His cock started to shit anew at that so deeply dire taste, too terrible to bear, imbued into every fiber of his being.

Ochaco giggled in delight as her lover came all over bed and bodies, a flood which spread out all over the floor too, as he ejaculated shit and spewed feces from every opening available, drenching the whole room and burying the floor in filth. His huge new anus was gushing, farts and logs mingled together, to create a storm of slop that plastered walls and even ceiling.

With his near-infinite output, there was far more still to cum.