

From Superhero to Sewage

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Chapter 3: Sewage Sister Tsuyu

Deku could take care of himself.

Despite how awkward and anxious he'd been in his teen years, as an adult he had become... if not less awkward, certainly more courageous and competent. A symbol of the unbreakable will of modern heroes.

That was what Tsuyu tried to tell herself, as she approached the entrance to his rooms.

Illuminated only by the light of her phone screen, the glow of those unread texts cast a sickly glimmer over oddly *damp* surfaces, traces of dark staining blotching the wood of the door itself.

She was glad to have come in her hero suit, prepared for a fight, should she encounter some villain, come to harm her friend.

Stowing away her phone, she made ready.

Deku had been so strange lately... and she too was feeling distinctly disarrayed in thought and body... ever since that day, when she'd been so desperate for the bathroom... and he even more.

Normally, a professional hero such as Froppy would have noticed the slight creak of a stair behind her as she tried the handle, but her senses were suffering a far more violent stimulation, in the form of a cloying, thick scent, wafting through the gaps around the doorway.

She never dreamed that anyone might be following *her*.

Tsuyu pushed open the door with a heinous *slurp* of something thick and wet being forcibly moved aside.

She *waded* in.

What she moved through she didn't like to admit, but the muddy bog of brown pervaded her nose and mouth instantly, to ensure there could be no mistake.

The room was in near total darkness, silent and still, save for still-settling, slopping piles of shit, drooling down the walls.

“Deku?” she called out.

Her voice emerged too faint, hoarse with the tension in the air – and the burning reek choking her every breath.

The space grew lighter, and she found she could make out the shapes of former furnishings, swamped in scat, amid an undulating landscape of dung, all lit by the orange light at her back.

She realized too slow, what those glowing points were, as hands gripped her wrists.

“You came after all!”

The voice was Ochaco... perhaps returned from holiday early, she thought... only the tone was deeper... *thicker*... lips smacking, tongue audibly slick.

And her face was a rich, sumptuous brown, shining in the light of her eyes.

And also in that from Deku himself.

“What... *happened?!*”

Tsuyu choked the words out, past lips curling with revulsion, yet her eyes were inexorably drawn to admire the surreal duo before her.

Both were brown all over, a succulent, mouthwatering hue rippled through and blotched with lighter and darker tones, too sensual to believe. Those bodies swayed as they moved, two sets of fertile hips flared out wide, butts expansive and jiggling – as they expelled thick plumes of brown gas and plopped out fresh piles of foul sewage.

Those fingers around her wrists gripped tighter, and Tsuyu felt the softness of that new substance, so very far from human flesh.

“I made us both perfect,” Ochaco explained.

Her friends were walking piles of poop.

Ochaco had too the swollen breasts and belly of an impossibly-mature pregnancy, pressing against and soaking Tsuyu’s front with filth, yet her friend’s eye went not to the inexplicable bulge, but the gaping, squirting nipples, stretched wide as she pushed out vast logs of feces right through her own breasts. Shitting through the anuses which were her teats.

Birthing ever more of the same stuff from which she was formed.

Deku too was a being of dung, vile, fermenting midden that tainted the air with each breath of flatulence, staining even atmosphere a deep, disgusting brown.

As did the gaping anus which should have been his dick.

The huge log of excrement emerged from his hips, erect and drooling, but with diarrhea not ejaculate, a horrible slurry of farts and chunks emerging as he shit through his own ruined erection, its gaping opening an asshole that pulsed with foul pleasure.

"It's so wonderfully foul! I can taste Ochaco's feces constantly, smell and sense myself bubble and squish every time I move!" he explained eagerly. "Being living excrement is so awful it's orgasmic! Ochaco turned me into her turds, her scatmate, to impregnate and worship her, for all time!"

"That's right!" the other exclaimed, with feverish glee. "My depraved scatmate is the perfect partner for a dungheap like me! My putrid shitpussy is dear Deku's festering sewage tank, and his gorgeous scatcock's my toilet!"

Even as she spoke, both were shitting, spewing out squishy mounds of filth, piling up where they emerged from vast, wobbling anuses, defiled dick and vile vulva, and of course, gaping, anus-nipples and eager mouths.

The duo shared a kiss, and Tsuyu watched as logs slopped back and forth between the two, each shitting into the other's throat and shuddering visibly at the intoxicatingly awful taste and stench.

Tsuyu's mouth was watering.

"You want some too, don't you, dear?" Ochaco asked.

Her head was spinning, her stomach pleading with her to stop, yet already Tsuyu's tongue was slipping from her mouth, to meet that worming trail of scat which was Ochaco's, extending impossibly far to tease her lips.

"I couldn't stop thinking about Deku... about taking a shit in his face," she murmured, "I... need more... I need this!"

"I know... Mommy Ochaco understands what her girl needs. It's your turn now, to be filled and digested into dung! You're going to be the first of my Daughters of Defilement, the same putrid poop we're made of, tasting, feeling yourself forever – just talking will be like smooching a shitting anus! You'll be a perfect perma-pregnant incubator for our poop, feasting on feces as we spread our divine depravity...."

Breath rasped, ragged through her throat, as revulsion became necessity in her mind.

"Please Mommy... I need it!"

"Good girl!"

Their lips met, and that unearthly vileness flooded her mouth in an instant, as Ochaco kissed her.

Feces stained her face, smearing over formerly pristine skin, yet she just sniffed at the air, shuddering in disgust and still sucking that log of scat snaking into her mouth to entangle her own tongue. To taint it utterly, with such sickening, sweet feces.

It was smearing against lips and teeth, plastering her throat and infusing her aching tongue, as the scatgirl drew back enough to take a breath... and blow that rancid fart-cloud directly into her face.

“Ochaco,” Tsuyu gasped, as she greedily sucked down the gases, “please... pump your putrid poop down my throat! Turn me into your toilet too, and take a shit in my mouth! I-I need to be your festering feces-factory... I want to feel your dung brewing and burbling in my belly, and spewing out of my pussy and mouth and asshole!”

The living bowel movement still holding her was all too eager to oblige, a vast mass of scat welling up, bulging her throat wide as she pushed it out into lips once more locked in that disgusting excremental embrace.

Tsuyu shuddered, tongue plunging into the vile pillar of poop, as it in turn gushed down her throat, inch after inch packing her mouth and pressing on to corrupt and corrode her insides.

Even as Ochaco pulled back, the phallus of feces kept coming, letting Tsuyu openly fellate the slick, slimy surface. Her tongue, stained deep, grimy green, licked and caressed the rancid lumps, even as she shuddered at the appalling flavor each released, gagging and gulping, *writhing* in bliss as she felt herself used as the lavatory she so longed to be, her Mommy’s dung piling up in her gut, hot and thick and horribly wonderful, already starting to spread that digestive magic of this inexplicable quirk throughout her abdomen and loins.

When Ochaco finally released her, she almost collapsed into the ocean of ass-mud underfoot.

“Tell Mommy how it feels,” the shit-queen commanded, “as your body breaks down, digesting into my excrement for all eternity!”

Tsuyu shuddered with disgusted bliss at the mere thought of it, as the feces filling her belly took hold.

“Ohhhh, I can feel your poop in my tummy,” she groaned, holding her own gut as it bulged. “It’s so hot and sticky... I’m so full, just like a real toilet!”

Scat was expanding rapidly inside her, spreading through her organs, perverting everything into which it percolated and making the frog-hero croak with lust.

"It's changing me... *corrupting* me! I can feel my insides changing into a disgusting shit-brewery, churned up into horrible, amazing scat!"

Even as she spoke, the tainted heroine was losing control – willfully surrendering to the feces pervading her body, and starting to defecate profusely. Wet slurps and squelches filled the air, as the pressure pushed a huge load of poop out through her rear, and sent gooey logs burrowing through her front too.

"Oh *fuck* yes! I'm shitting Mommy Ochaco's turds through my pussy! I'm fucking myself with your bowel movements!"

Her suit was bulging out like an absurd, overfilled diaper, yet still Tsuyu kept going, violating her own womanhood with Ochaco's effluence.

"That's it," Ochaco murmured, "let my midden digest you into more poop, my dear daughter!"

"I can feel it soaking into my vulva... invading my vagina," Tsuyu whimpered aloud, "it's so sticky and thick and disgusting – I can *taste* your scat seeping through my pussy – turning my sex into a sewer!"

She strained harder, and shuddered at the wretched slopping pop of a huge log spreading her nethers, hands reaching down to push that wonderful pillar of poop back up inside her, so she could expel it all over again.

"I'm making love to your dung, Mommy!" she exclaimed. "My genitals are a toilet now! So please pack me with poop! Turn my womb into your turd-incubator! A factory for more delicious and depraved feces!"

Even as she called out in her rapture, rancid, humid blasts of green tore up through her throat, making her lips wobble as the plumes of acrid flatulence erupted through her throat in an immense, burping fart.

Another followed soon after, as if in adoring imitation of the foul breaths of digestive off-gassing which were all that escaped the lips of her newfound lovers.

"Yes! Mommy's farting out of my throat!" she gurgled in her glee, as she shit all the harder.

High-tech and durable as it was, her suit was bulging obscenely, already filled beyond repair, with a mass of scat as large as she was, yet more gushed from her with every moment, as she felt her innards remade into a spawning-ground for feces.

Hands, both her own, and those rancid digits of Ochaco's, spread out over her body.

Catching and pulling up blobs of dung inside the suit, the lovers smeared that divine shit all over her, thrusting and packing poop up inside her nethers, kneading it into her hips and legs, and working it into her aching breasts.

“This should get you lovely and poop-pregnant for sure,” Ochaco announced, as she shoved another huge load of shit directly into Tsuyu’s pussy, making the froggirl *ribbit* with the horrendous sense of vast violation, her hips spread wide as she unbirthed so much excrement at once.

“I can feel it pumping through my cervix! You’re shitting into my womb! Your turds are fucking my ovaries and fertilizing me with feces! My pussy’s totally ruined! My crotch can never be anything but a toilet again! My womanhood’s a septic tank for your turds!”

The two kissed in their rapture, at that rank, abject violation, as the heroine felt her body so blissfully, irreversibly ruined rotting into putrescent poop from within.

Deku was helping too, of course, guiding her lapsed hands in kneading ever more excrement into her nipples, caressing, *squishing* scat inside to expand each enormously, adding to the strain on her suit.

“Shit’s soaking into my tits too,” she gasped, as she popped fingertips into each through the fabric. “I’m fingerfucking turds into my breasts, and it’s divine!”

Sitting atop a mound created by her own blissful incontinence, riding all that dung, *grinding* it up into her pussy like a behemoth dildo, she shuddered as the pressure sent it squirting up into the limbs of her suit too, coating her chest and legs, even oozing out at the neck, where her enlarging, shit-covered tongue eagerly lapped it up.

That last appendage was a dark green now, dripping, *oozing* with feces, as it too was digesting, decaying away to a tentacle of turds even as she caressed herself with it.

Pressure from those groping hugs seemed to overwhelm some lingering barrier inside her, and with an immense, incredible squelch, the frog felt her insides collapse into scat, organs totally digested.

“I’m so full of putrid, rotting poop,” Tsuyu cried, “my whole body’s just a big tank of turds, a condom for your dung! I can feel it gurgling and festering in my chest, in my breasts and pussy! I’m a bag of shit!”

She was also shitting harder, faster than ever, in that excremental glee and exponential increase of feces. Shit was flooding from her ass and pussy, even from her nipples, as all her insides were perverted into poop-production plants.

Her suit couldn’t possibly survive such an assault.

Already folds of dung were sagging from the sides, green slime weeping through the wave, and as she desecrated herself with that divine release of an incredible new wave of shit, the material burst.

High-tensile fibers snapped, seams popped and buckles broke, as an eruption of effluence exploded from her form, splattering everything – and everyone – with reeking, bitter diarrhea.

Ochaco and Deku were delighted by the acid taste, shuddering in their base pleasure and licking it from their own equally revolting lips, while Tsuyu herself shuddered in place, atop her own excrement, shaking and caressing her newly-revealed, utterly rank body, blooms of green dying her pale skin everywhere the shit-corrupting had taken root, giving her the lewd blotches of a surreal fecal cow – not to mention the curves, her voluptuous new figure nearly as bloated as that of Ochaco herself, as she inflated with shit.

“This is the best,” she gurgled, as a tongue of pure poop slithered up through her throat, carried on a breath of flatulence, “my tongue tastes like sloppy shit, and now my skin is turning into your scat too.... Like a rotting fruit, decaying from the inside!”

“That’s just what you’re doing,” Deku reminded her, “Ochaco’s dung’s digesting you from the inside out, just like she did me! Turning you into a perfectly putrid poop-pocket for me to fuck full of my dickshit!”

“Gods yes!” she gasped, farting out the words, “I need to be pumped full of your nasty nutsewage! Knocked up like the toilet I am, festering with feces, spewing from every opening like an overflowing sewer!”

Deku pressed against her at those revoltingly romantic words, and the two kissed, swapping farts and stealing eager licks of the scat of one another’s dancing tongues.

Tsuyu’s hands sank eagerly into her new skin, feeling how that remade substance of living shit overtook flesh.

“You’re becoming so beautiful,” Deku murmured, “so deliciously depraved.”

His dick squished eagerly against her immense thigh in his arousal, while on the other side, Ochaco pressed breasts to her belly, hugging her in delight.

“I already sense new shit being brewed in your body... filling you with an endless supply of my poop.... Let it all out, my daughter, share your defilement with us like the rancid sewage-plant you are!”

Every part of Tsuyu’s body was swelling, *bloating* with manure, an overripe fruit turning to mush in the hands of her lovers, as she felt feces pumping through her insides, remaking, replacing everything which had made her human with a festering nest of horrendous scat-structures, new organs of pure excrement pulsating with the pleasure of their putrefaction.

Shit was corrupting her lungs, turning every already-tainted breath to a violent green gust of farts, and she giggled in flatulent glee as she tasted those slimy clouds, billowing out to coat her face too.

"I'm really turning into nothing but turds and farts," she gasped, as her fingers squished into her sagging front, fondling new folds of fecal flesh, "it feels so good... please, Deku, fuck your shit into my body as I'm digesting into your dungheap! Knock me up with your scat too!"

"I will," he groaned, as he took her wrists in hand, "I'm gonna *ruin* your pussy with poop!"

"Yes!" was her wailing answer. "Impregnate me more! Infuse my ovaries with muddy filth and make me your sewage-momma!"

Deku needed no further impetus – already his cock was shitting, pushing out huge, slimy logs all over them both, until its gaping lips kissed against her own. Brown and green mingled there, swirling together as their sexes shit against one another, until the sheer force of his flow overwhelmed hers, and Tsuyu cried out in bliss, feeling her newfound lover shitting up into her crotch.

A wondrous plume of brown curled and churned up through her nethers, raking tongues of fecal filth over her folds, violating every crease and crevasse of her shithole of a pussy, plumbing the depths of the sewage sack Tsuyu had become and ramming those muddy logs directly into her womb.

"Yes! Harder! Fuck your festering shit into my rancid cunt!" she cried, as she gyrated atop him, grinding her slopping lips down around his head. "Turn my pussy into rotting excrement!"

"I am!"

He panted, their breaths turning the air an even darker, greenish-brown, just as his sewage was staining her belly with his ruddy ochre. Deku thrust that twisted anus of an erection deep inside, grinding hips together with an immense slap, dung-legs sticking, peeling apart then splattering together again as she rode that divinely depraved, orgasmically atrocious phallus of feces.

The pressure of so much shit sent the steadily spreading corruption surging on, funneling through her veins and pervading her degrading body rapidly, as he fucked shit into her very core, packing it into pussy and womb, and forcing it to spill from her mouth in a long, runny tongue, as her prized appendage was run through with dire dung, deliciously slick and tangy diarrhea coating and gushing from its surface.

"I can feel my face turning to shit," she gasped, "my hair... my eyes... everything's becoming poop! Please, pump your shit into my brain too!"

He did just that.

With an immense strain, Deku's defiled dick, that anus Ochaco had remade it into, shit harder than ever, and Tsuyu's chest and throat bulged, bowing outwards around a vast log,

pushing up through her body, the other end still fucking Deku's dick as he made repugnant love to her toilet-sex.

"Yes! Fuck your shit into my head! Turn me into pure poop permanently!" she screamed.

Even as she pled for that depravity, it came on regardless – it was far too late to stop, after all. Shit was pumping, flowing and slurping and gurgling through her skull, packing into every space inside her head and piercing into her very mind.

In his ecstasy, Deku was howling too, grinding hips into her as he shit through her whole body, forcing ever more feces into her head.

"I'm fertilizing your brain with my filth! Your head's pregnant with my putrid poop!"

Raw sewage was squeezing through her brain in logs like cocks, squishing and grinding, mashing her mind-matter up as her lover violated her skull with scat. The pressure was irresistible, and so too was the pleasure, as she felt every part of her mind sink into shit, her memories soaked, dyed brown and dissolving into new and impossible landscapes and creature of pure scat, her thoughts turning to swirling feces, wrapped around the logs churning her brain into slop, her personality, her very self, all mere sewage festering and fermenting in her skull, as her brain digested into dung.

"My brains are your shit! My skull's a tank of stinking, gorgeous scat!" she shrieked, shaking from head to toes. "My head's pregnant with poop!"

Those digits were enlarging as they took on the froglike shapes of her former costume, her hands similarly reshaping, as 'Froppy' became a true frog-girl, bulbous-tipped tongue lolling from her mouth, over the endless expanse of her fecal green skin.

"Being frogshit is the fucking best," she groaned, as she squirted the excess feces out through her ears, evacuating the contents of her cranium, her own former mind, as mere splatters of scat.

She had a wonderful slurry of rotting mind-midden and Deku's own turds eternally brewing inside her, to insure an infinite supply.

Finally, the black rot crept in from the corners of her eyeballs, staining her sclera forever, a deep, depraved black-green, the power of that taboo quirk tainting her irises with a ghastly, spectral glow of acid excrement, radiating out to show all the world how totally she was remade.

From superhero to sewage.

"You're the perfect poop-frog," Deku declared, as he and Ochaco caressed that utterly remade body.

Tsuyu had a radiantly rancid figure now, reek rolling off her in waves of green stink and farts, her belly distended with her putrid pregnancy, her head throbbing with the blissful brewing of more muck within, even her breasts shitting through gooey, gaping nipples that matched the anus-openings of Ochaco.

“My gorgeous dunggirl,” her Mommy murmured, as she massaged Tsuyu’s throbbing, jiggling butt, and sank her fingers into the oozing orifice of that gigantic anus nestled between, spreading her cheeks wide as it shit all over Deku’s dick. “You’re a perfect putrefied feces-amphibian! So deliciously curvaceous, a voluptuous mound of pure dung just desperate to be fucked and churned with cocks and turds!”

“All thanks to you, Mommy!”

“And to dear Deku,” Ochaco reminded her.

The two massaged one another’s breasts as they spoke, and involuntarily, responding to pure pleasure and that abysmal, agonizing taste on her new tongue, Tsuyu felt the diarrhea gushing from her breasts, slopping out in a huge flood from each bosom... and then from her asshole and pussy too.

“Oh gods yes,” she groaned, “I’m shitting your poop through my scatcunt and toilettits! I’m really nothing but a sewer pumping out poop!”

“Now and always,” Ochaco promised.

Ochaco was shitting too, both women shuddering in their bliss, as feces flooded out of their orifices.

The perverse display soon had Deku masturbating that amazing shaft of shit in his loins, hands groping at the sides of his front-anus, as it squirted and oozed scat through his ruined urethra, and caught splatters from Tsuyu and Ochaco’s ejections on its length, for him to massage into his toiletcock like so much lube.

“Please, Mommy, I’m so hungry,” Tsuyu groaned, “please shit in my mouth again!”

“I thought you’d never ask, my tantalizing little toiletfrog!”

Neither scat-creature seemed to hear the mild gasp, all but inaudible against the cacophony of slops and squishes and sqelching, as Ochaco took a seat on her precious daughter’s face, derriere sealing to her lips, the former hero smooching, licking and sucking, *worshipping* that heavenly hole of puffed up, sloppy poop and plunging her tongue up into the squishing layers of foulness which were Ochaco’s innards.

Tsuyu groaned at the taste, shaking, frog toes curling and fingers sinking into the derriere of dung enveloping her whole head, as she lapped and caressed her new mother’s excremental organs.

"Gods yes! Tonguefuck my feces, my stinking scatgirl!" Ochaco exclaimed, as she felt that slimy appendage slithering up through her.

Tsuyu was only too eager to obey, reveling in the rancid flavors of condensed sewage, kissing that splattering anus pumping it directly down her throat even as she masturbated the very walls of the sewer which was Ochaco's insides, in her hunt for the source of all that divine filth.

Ochaco was squirming like the tongue inside her, as Tsuyu stirred up her innards, churning muddy blobs and thick lumps together with runny sludge, to blend all of her insides into an abhorrent slime of scat she pumped directly into the amphibian's face.

Finally, with a spray of liquid effluence, that bulbous tongue-tip emerged, bulging out through Ochaco's throat, to lick and tease at her face, as the entire length of her body was masturbated all at once, making both women shudder as they rubbed together, anguished and exultant at the revolting, intoxicating tastes of so much feces, feeling and tasting one another all over, all at once.

"This is so disgusting," gasped the figure, frozen in the doorway. "They've turned into... into excrement...."

Mina's stomach was a knotted tangle at the repulsive sight of the room... a whole new landscape of filth, even the furnishings somehow converted, corrupted into scat, while the occupants themselves were reveling in the disgusting new piles of dung they had made of themselves.

If she lingered there, Mina would surely be seen... caught... corrupted and digested too... *converted* into more of Ochaco's manure....

Yet the soaking knot of her pussy was tied still tighter than the tangle of disgust torturing her tummy.

She watched in awe, as Tsuyu slobbered scat, slurping and gulping it down as Ochaco shit straight into her face, all three forms of living fecal atrocity groping themselves, reveling in the repulsive lovemaking, their wobbling donut-holes merrily pushing out ever larger mounds of muddy shit as they masturbated and kissed and *drank* diarrhea, Deku masturbating with a turd in his urethra while huffing the stench of Tsuyu's squirting farts.

"Oh gods," Mina whispered, "it looks so... *repulsive*...."

Her fingers were sliding into herself as she spoke, and another moan escaped her lip, before she could bite down to stifle it.

Louder this time, heads turned towards the doorway at once to track the sound.

"Well well well, Mina my darling girl!" Ochaco gurgled, through a mouthful of shit.

“My friend, you’ve just in time,” Tsuyu slurred around her lolling tongue, as she groped her bloated belly, her whole body sloshing and sagging with all the shit Ochoaco had deposited into her, “you can be the first of my new sisters!”

“Another perfect, putrid new daughter, utterly obsessed with being rancid and revolting sewage,” Ochoaco affirmed, with a gleeful giggle, as her tongue trailed over her tits, their sphincter-tips puffing out farts.

Mina’s revolted, *intoxicated* gasp as they gripped her arms, said it all.

“I mean really, why else would you be hanging around here, spying on our shit-transformations? Unless you were just dying to be digesting into my dung as well?”

“It’s obvious she’s desperate to be a dungheap!” Tsuyu agreed, grinning a wet, sloppy smile. “Otherwise she’d have gone for help – or at least tried to save herself! Instead she stayed to watch, until it was waaaay too late!”

“Well that’s just fine,” Ochoaco announced, to the stunned Mina, “since there’s no saving you now, my dear, just like you wanted!”

“No-” Mina groaned, as she was forced to inhale the condense, noxious farts flooding out of the room, squirming in their grip. “I don’t- I... I’m not....”

“Don’t worry my darling,” Ochoaco purred, “we’ll churn up your brain until you just adore being sewage!”

Their lips met, and Ochoaco *poured* a tongue of rancid feces, directly into her throat as they smooched.

Mina was left gasping, shuddering, one hand in her panties as she shook from head to toe with the disgust of that slimy taste.

“Th-thank you,” came a tiny whisper, all the shocked new devotee could manage to speak in reply.