

Lupin looked at Vicky, grimacing. "Dinner time," he said, gesturing his head over his shoulder towards his backside. "All that rotten fish is about to come right back out!"

The young rattata looked up at him reluctantly. "Please, Mr. Lupin, don't make me!" she pleaded, panting and exhausted from the brutal double-teaming she'd just taken.

The wailord patted his rump and gave her an expectant look. "You know you're not gonna get anything else to eat," he warned. "You'd best get your face back there."

The rattata whimpered but did as she was told. The massive whale Pokémon's anus was already pooching out, barely containing its fetid load. But, having decided Vicky had hesitated too long, Lupin thrust his ass backwards, smothering her rat-like nose and pinning her against the wall of the barn.

"Oof, here it comes!" he said, and before Vicky could react, a stream of partially digested, rotten fish slammed into her face with so much pressure that it forced her mouth open.

The rattata gagged, her body instinctively thrashing against the wailord's ass, but with her head pressed firmly against the wall, she couldn't get away. The awful, stinking mess hit her tongue and instantly triggered her gag reflex, but her tiny body could not vomit with enough force to overcome the unrelenting surge of fishy shit. Vicky threw up in her mouth only to have her vomit shoved back down her throat by a nauseating stream of nearly liquid waste. With a consistency that felt like tapioca pudding being shoved down her gullet, the sludge smelled like a fish market during a prolonged power outage and tasted like concentrated bitterness with hints of kimchi, curry, and of course, rotten fish. Tears streamed down the girl's face before being absorbed by the spreading mass of feces that had missed her mouth. With her nose forcibly shoved up inside the wailord's spluttering hole, she couldn't breathe and was beginning to panic. Her struggling intensified, but Lupin couldn't care less; he had his own troubles to worry about.

The wailord, over twice Vicky's size, was standing with his hands on his knees, his guts churning and his legs wobbling from the sheer intensity of his reeking bowel movement. After the first stream, which shot out of him with the force and fury of a fire hydrant, buffeting his anus and forcing it open wide, he got only a brief respite—just enough for his anus to relax and attempt to seal around Vicky's muzzle—before his bowels churned and shot forth another violent stream of fishy shit.

"Oh!" he cried, "That is *really* coming out of there!"

He grunted and took a few deep breaths, then winced and held his breath again as the third round rattled his intestines. Vicky's eyes bulged, and so did her gut as it swelled with wailord waste. The volley ended, but that wasn't the end of her troubles: if she wanted to breathe, she'd have to actively swallow what was left in her mouth to clear a path. Groaning into the deep chasm of the wailord's rectum, she tried several times to swallow, but like taking a giant pill, she couldn't get the shit in her mouth to go down. Meanwhile, her lungs were burning, and she knew that if she didn't swallow soon, the next round of wailord shit would overwhelm her before she could catch a breath. Crying out in desperation, she swallowed hard and at last got the force-fed meal to go down her throat. Opening her mouth wide, she sucked in a fetid breath of ordure-tainted air. The smell of it—to say nothing of her being full of the stuff that made it smell that way—made her want to puke, but her desperate need to breathe outweighed that urge, and she panted into Lupin's ass like an airplane passenger breathing into a paper bag.

The next wave came mid-breath and without warning. The only thing that saved Vicky from the awful stuff going down her windpipe was its consistency, which had thickened substantially and was now like succotash. As Vicky choked, the slurry of lumpy, fishy, bitter stuff began to shove itself down her throat, making her neck bulge to accommodate its girth.

The rattata felt as though she was on the verge of passing out—and nearly did—but then Lupin sighed.

"Whoo, that feels better," he said over his shoulder as he took a step forward. "Get me good and cleaned up back there!"

Finally freed, Vicky threw her hands forward to lean against the wailord's shit-smearred buttocks, gasping, panting, and desperately trying to catch her breath.

"Let's feel some tongue!" Lupin ordered.

Whimpering and grimacing, Vicky leaned forward and tentatively licked the wailord's messy buttohole. If having effluent forcibly shoved down her throat was bad, actively licking it up was worse! Her body shuddered violently in protest, and her stomach once more tried to purge its contents. Clamping her mouth shut and clapping her hand over her face, she managed to keep it down, but only just barely.

The first lick is the worst, she thought to herself. You made it through that; it's all downhill from here.

Through sheer force of will, she made her tongue peek out again to lap up some of the hot, slimy mess on the periphery of the wailord's puckered hole. Her eyes rolled back in her head in disgust, but she forced herself to swallow, doing her best to ignore how the bolus stuck to the back of her tongue and smeared against her uvula.

She had only licked him a few more times when he suddenly shoved backwards. Her eyes bulged, and she struggled to get free once more, her head pinned against the wall and her muzzle shoved up Lupin's ass.

"Ugh. I think you woke up my bowels again," Lupin groaned. "I guess I wasn't done after all!"

His belly gave a loud groan, and a fetid fart shoved itself deep into Vicky's sinuses, again making her eyes water and her nose run. Then, with every bit as much force as the first stream, the wailord's stomach contents slammed into her face, forced her mouth open, and gushed down her throat, the thicker gobs getting caught in her mouth while liquid slush streamed, unhindered, into her stomach. A despairing wail escaped through Vicky's nostrils. Unable to escape and overwhelmed, she began to sob, her body wracking as still more crap worked its way into her gut and stretched her belly.

At last, Lupin stepped forward.

"Get me cleaned up again," he said, "And clean it all this time!"

Vicky whined softly to herself, but she was stuck here for several more days before Leo would come get her and bring her back to the campus. But more than that, she dreaded Lupin's wrath, and with little hope of escape, she squeezed her eyes closed, shoved her muzzle up against the wailord's anus, and began licking.

The plastered-on feces came off in layers: the freshest, most recent layer had the consistency of butter and stuck to her tongue and palate, making her lick the roof of her mouth to get it to go down. As her tongue scraped at the mess, the layers got drier and drier, until the bottommost layer was like crusted-on paint that she had to scrub with her tongue to get to release. It took at least fifteen minutes for her to make her way in an outward spiral from the wailord's stretched anus out to his buttocks, and finally, his taint.

"Ahh, about time," Lupin said, stepping away abruptly.

Vicky lost her balance and fell face-first into the hay. Too exhausted to care, she at last felt the sweet embrace of unconsciousness take her.

Lupin turned, his massive, spent cock swaying pendulously. Looking down at the rattata with her bulging gut and cum-stained pussy, he chuckled.

"Had enough, eh?" he murmured. "Well, you rest up. I'm gonna do the same because tomorrow, I have a new contraption to try on you."

The behemoth lumbered out of the barn and made his way to the farmhouse, not bothering to collect his clothes from where he'd left them on the ground. Not wasting much time, he crawled into bed and closed his eyes.

"You look gaunt, runt," Lupin remarked a week later.

Sitting naked in a chair on the front porch with the rattata girl at his feet, the wailord gave her a critical look. Vicky looked up sullenly from licking his grime-encrusted feet, then returned to her ministrations.

"That foot-grime just isn't letting you keep the weight on, is it?" the wailord pressed, shaking his head. "I walked through as much mud as I could find and stepped in every mud puddle, but there still just isn't

enough for you to keep the weight on.” He pursed his lips thoughtfully. “If you’re hungry, I could probably muster up a healthy shit. Might take a bit of straining, but I think I could do it.”

The rattata shuddered at the thought. Her tongue pressed to the wailord’s foot—which was nearly as big as she was—she sighed in frustration.

“No, thank you,” she mumbled. “Leo’s coming to get me today anyway.”

The wailord shrugged. “Suit yourself. Better eat all the dirt off my feet you can, then.”

Lupin hadn’t been joking when he said he had walked through all the dirt and mud he could find. His immense foot was caked with crusted-on muck on his soles, so much so that his feet looked even bigger than they usually did. When he’d called her out to the porch, Vicky had done a double-take on seeing them, then groaned to herself mentally, knowing what was coming next. Sure enough, Lupin had ordered her out to lick his feet, and here they still were, two hours later, with Vicky’s ministrations having hardly made a dent on the wailord’s massive, crusted-over soles.

“You’ve got teeth, you know,” Lupin remarked, watching her struggle. “Feel free to use ‘em; you’re not gonna hurt me.”

I’d like to bite your foot off, Vicky thought, but she knew there’d be hell to pay if she even tried.

Still, she’d been licking for hours and hadn’t made any progress, and she was eager to be done with this disgusting, boring task. While she didn’t relish the idea of swallowing whatever crud the wailord had stepped in, if it was inevitable and she couldn’t leave until it was done either way, better to get it done as quickly as possible.

She shifted the angle of her head relative to the sole in front of her, bringing her long upper front teeth to bear on the thick crust. Then, using her teeth like a mining pick, she began chipping away at the dirt, slowly but surely making a shallow groove in the surface. Elated, she increased the angle of attack, now beginning to gnaw at the dirt and sinking her teeth in much deeper. If she was a mining pick before, she was an excavator now!

“Don’t lose any of that dirt,” Lupin warned. “I went out specifically so you’d have something to eat. Any dirt that falls on the deck you’re gonna lick up.”

Vicky rolled her eyes. Somehow she *knew* that was going to be the case. Truth be told, she’d prefer licking the deck to licking the wailord’s stinky feet. At least the deck, under all that grime, tasted like wood. Lupin’s feet tasted like fish and unwashed socks. She dug in even deeper, making deep cuts into the filth on Lupin’s feet, going over the same spot over and over until she finally struck flesh.

“Ack!” Lupin yelped, flinching and inadvertently sending Vicky sprawling. “That tickles!”

Vicky let out a quiet groan. She’d been flung over backwards, and the force of the kick right to her muzzle had hurt so badly that it made her eyes water. She got back up and gingerly felt of her nose, wincing in pain but relieved to find that it wasn’t broken.

“No teeth on my feet,” the wailord warned. “You can gnaw at the dirt and lick the last of it away, but no teeth!”

The rattata unhappily moved back up to the wailord and resumed her ministrations. Starting at the trench she’d made in the dirt, she began chipping away at it a little at a time, grinding down an area, moving on to another, and then returning to earlier spots to grind them down further. It was exhausting work, and though her jaw had had a lot of practice over the last month and a half, it was beginning to ache.

Not to mention, the dirt close to the wailord’s soles tasted as bad as his feet did, somehow worse than “just dirt”.

It had been several hours, and Vicky was feeling bloated with dirt and crusted-over mud, yet she’d only finished about half of one of Lupin’s feet. The sound of a vehicle behind her made her stop and turn to look. Her heart skipped for joy on seeing Leo’s car in the driveway. She leapt up and started to run out towards it, but a sharp pinch on her ear halted her in her place.

“Nice try, young lady,” Lupin said, “But you’re not going anywhere until you finish up here.”

Vicky's heart sank. Sighing, she turned around and once again sat at the wailord's feet. Picking up where she left off, she resumed chipping away at what seemed like a never-ending plain of grime as she heard Leo stop the car and walk up towards the house.

"Well, how was she?" he asked as he walked up the steps.

"We've both been having a *real* good time," Lupin replied wickedly. "Isn't that right, runt?"

Vicky didn't say anything. Even if she could get away from here and never come back, she'd *still* have to endure nightmares about it. There was *nothing* good about this place.

"She's a tough kid," he remarked, nodding. "Ever since my wife died, I've had a...bit of a mean streak, I confess, but she's met every challenge."

"So, you think this will work out, then?" Leo asked.

"Oh, yeah. She's not even gone, yet, and I miss her already!" Lupin chuckled.

"It looks like it might be a while before she's ready to go if I'm understanding what's going on here correctly," Leo said, observing Vicky's progress.

"She was making good time at first, but she's slowed down a fair bit," Lupin agreed.

"Maybe her throat's dry," Leo suggested.

Lupin raised his eyebrows. "Oh, yeah!" He gestured inside the house. "I've got some stale piss sitting in jugs on the windowsill in there. Would you mind grabbing one?"

Leo nodded and disappeared, returning momentarily with a half-gallon-sized jug of dark yellow liquid. He knelt down and gave it to Vicky.

"Looking kinda scrawny there, kiddo," he said. "Need to get some meat on those bones!"

"I offered to feed her, but she declined," Lupin said, shrugging. "She'll definitely take a good drink, though!" he added, glaring at her.

Vicky grimaced, looking at the bottle.

"Hurry up, Vicky. Down the hatch. We need to get moving, and you've got a lot of ground to cover, yet. The new school year starts in just a couple of days!"

The rattata girl sagged, picked up the jug, opened the top, and turned her head away. The reek of week-old, sun-ripened piss hit her in the face anyway, making her eyes and sinuses burn.

"Give it a good swig," Lupin prodded, grinning. "It'll clear your mouth out right nicely."

Resisting every fiber of her being that urged her not to do it, the rattata brought the jug to her mouth, tilted her head back, and poured the vile liquid into her mouth. The second the fluid hit her tongue, she coughed and spluttered. It tasted worse than it smelled, if that was possible. But with the two wailords watching her expectantly, she grimaced, held her breath, and took a few swallows of the stuff before putting the jug down and going back to work on Lupin's feet with renewed vigor.

"Huh, I shoulda thought of that!" Lupin said, nodding. "Mighta been done by now if I had."

"Hard to eat when your throat is dry," Leo agreed.

This has nothing to do with a dry throat, Vicky thought. I just want out of here!

Several hours and a gallon of stale piss later, she and Leo were finally on the road, headed back to campus. She slipped into her room without the fraternity brothers noticing her, and collapsed in her bed, exhausted.

Force of habit awoke her early the next morning. While a large part of her wanted to neglect her morning "chores", she knew that it was only a matter of time before the frat brothers discovered that she'd returned, and there'd be hell to pay if they caught her shirking her duties. So, instead of going down to the cafeteria for breakfast, she tiptoed off to find Jack, leader of the frat brothers and star college basketball player. The

infernape was, as Vicky expected, still asleep, sprawled naked on his belly, his feet sticking off the end of the bed.

Yet another aspect of being poor in a rich kids' school, Vicky had come to St. Lololo's on scholarship, but while that paid her tuition, it didn't provide for room or board. Jack, who had started his own fraternity several years before, had managed to secure a frat house. Ever-enterprising, he'd seen the 8-year-old Vicky as a perfect source of cheap labor and reliever of sexual tensions. And, he just so happened to have a spare room. He'd immediately offered her a place to stay in exchange for certain *services*, the first of which was ensuring that his feet and the frat house's bathroom were clean every morning. In exchange for a roof over her head and a meagre allowance for things like food and supplies, she provided sexual services to the fraternity and, most importantly, acted as a custodian, keeping the school clean late at night.

Jack's favorite thing to make her clean was the bathrooms.

But Jack was asleep right now, and judging by the thick layer of grime on his feet, Vicky imagined that he hadn't washed them since she'd left for summer vacation. She grimaced reflexively, but in all fairness, they weren't a tenth as bad as Lupin's had been. Not only were the infernape's feet much smaller, the dirt was thin enough to lick through. Eager to get to the cafeteria for a *real* meal, Vicky hurriedly pressed her tongue to the sleeping jock's foot and began licking. But, although Jack's feet weren't as covered as Lupin's had been, they were *much* grittier. The texture felt unpleasant going down Vicky's throat, and even after she finished, she'd occasionally bite down and hear the telltale grind of grit between her teeth. It was distasteful work, to say the least. But, she persevered, lapping from bottom to top and then slipping her tongue between the primate's toes to make his blue soles as clean as a whistle.

Finished at last with the first of her morning chores, she tiptoed out of the room and strode quickly to the frat's bathroom. She had learned that if she got there early, she could get done before the frat boys woke up, and it was *definitely* in her best interests to do so.

The frat house had no cleaning supplies, and when Vicky had pointed this out to Jack on her first day, he'd been rather cavalier about the situation. "That's all right," he'd said. "Just use your tongue!" She'd protested, but he'd only grown more adamant, and so her tongue it was, both then and now.

It wasn't *usually* too bad. It had been the grossest the first time since it seemed it had *never* been cleaned before. After that, with daily cleaning, at least the mess was never more than a day old, and Vicky had begun to take for granted that although there might be the occasional piss between the seat and the tank, or maybe a little bit of scat had splattered back up onto the bottom of the seat during someone's bender-induced diarrhea, it was never more than a day old. But as she walked into the bathroom now, her eyes went wide on seeing the toilet.

She'd been gone two and a half months, and there were that many days' worth of nasty fouling on the seat as a result. A quarter-inch thick layer of congealed piss greeted her between the seat and the tank. Puddles of stale piss perched on the toilet seat itself; apparently someone hadn't bothered to put the seat up before pissing and had missed the bowl.

Vicky sighed and shook her head, vowing to never be as messy as the frat brothers were once she grew up. She dutifully went over to the toilet, got on her knees, and did her best not to smell the seat as she reached her tongue out to lap at it and its piss-puddles. At least the taste was mild—whoever pissed on the toilet was probably drunk off his ass and had diluted it into near-water pungency. Slurping up the stale piss, Vicky quickly got the bulk of it off, then licked the rest of the seat clean. As long as she didn't think too hard about what she was doing, it wasn't too bad, like licking a plate or any other hard surface.

Next, she turned her attention to the space at the back of the toilet, grimacing. The space was cramped, for one thing, but the thick layer of stale urine meant she was going to have to lick a lot—or, worse, use her teeth. She tried her tongue first, nearly gagging on the pungent, acrid taste, but despite licking as hard as she could, it quickly became apparent that her tongue just wasn't going to cut it. The rattata made a face, closed her eyes, and brought her top incisors to bear. They slid through the congealed mess like butter and soon were scraping the porcelain. She dragged her head backwards, using her teeth like an ice scraper to make the gelatinous filth roll into a coil in her mouth. Feeling nauseous, she swallowed hard to force the nasty stuff down. She'd tried spitting it out one time, but Jack and the other jocks had caught her and made her suck it up out of the toilet afterwards. She hadn't tried *that* again.

It took several repetitions, but at last she got the bulk of the stuff off and polished the porcelain clean with her tongue.

Last but not least, she lifted the seat—and gasped. It had been over two months since she'd last cleaned it, and she couldn't even see the seat for all the filth. Splotches of dark and light brown intermingled with specks and larger blobs of dried fecal water to form an earth-tone mosaic. Vicky shuddered. Worse than that, though, were the leftovers of several bowel movements that hit the porcelain and slid down it rather than hitting the water directly. No amount of flushing would ever break them free, and Vicky sighed, knowing that she was going to have to crawl into the bowl to get it out.

Shaking her head, she turned her attention first to the underside of the toilet seat. It took her several false starts to actually press her tongue to the filthy plastic, but at least once she finally did, the foul residue came off relatively easily, white streaks following her tongue as she passed it over the material. As disgusting as it was, she was able to tell just by taste what each person had eaten. Beneath the bitter, repulsive taste of shit, there were little hints: chili powder told her they'd made tacos one night. Curry said they'd done Indian another night. She shuddered at recognizing the tastes and for the millionth time reminded herself that it was all for a brighter future.

She had almost finished cleaning the underside of the seat when she felt a massive hand on her shoulder.

"Out of the way; I gotta take a crap!"

Vicky looked up to see a hulking slaking standing behind her with a look of urgency on his face. She sighed. *So much for getting here before the house wakes up*, she thought.

"Morning, Marley," she said timidly, moving out of the way. She turned to leave. "I'll come back when you finish."

"Stay here. You can lick my feet while I crap," the slaking replied.

Vicky winced to herself but did as told. Marley, meanwhile, dropped his underwear in a flash and hurriedly rotated to plop himself down on the toilet. He hadn't been faking his urgency; his ass had not even hit the seat when the sound of a fart reverberated in the bowl, followed immediately by a long squishing sound and a *plop*.

"Gah!" the slaking groaned, leaning forward and breathing heavily.

It took a few seconds for the smell to waft up between his legs, but Vicky's eyes started watering the second she smelled it. Shriveling up her nose, she took a step back, hoping to make it out of the bathroom without Marley noticing.

"Get busy licking," the big ape Pokémon grunted as he squeezed out another long, reeking log. Having passed it, he breathed a sigh of relief and looked at Vicky expectantly.

The rattata girl sighed in resignation, then got on her hands and knees at Marley's feet. On seeing his soles, she did a double-take and rolled her eyes.

"Been keeping 'em nice and dirty for ya," the slaking said as his guts growled and the toilet let out a noisy splattering sound.

"Do you ever shower?" Vicky protested.

"Nah," Marley replied. "That's what I've got you for."

Vicky whimpered softly and forced herself to press her face to the ape's greasy soles. Far from the mere dirt that had covered Jack's feet, the stuff covering Marley's seemed to be a combination of mud, sticks, and who *knew* what else? Vicky grimaced as the foul-tasting stuff stuck to her tongue, lips, and the roof of her mouth and crunched between her teeth. But worse than that was the fact that while bits of the stuff came off on her tongue with each lick, she seemed mostly to just be smearing it around. After licking for over a minute, there really wasn't any noticeable difference in the grime on the slaking's foot. Whether she liked it or not, she'd have to resort to scraping it off, yet again using her teeth like a putty knife to cut through the layer of malleable grime.

It was every bit as bad as she'd imagined, too. Though she made some progress in removing a layer of the caked on grease, it stuck to the back of her teeth, and like an errant booger, it stuck to anything that tried to dislodge it, sticking to her tongue, the roof of her mouth, her other teeth, and finally lodging itself in her craw and only finally moving down to her stomach after a fair amount of throat-clearing, coughing, and grunting.

To Vicky's relief, Marley didn't wait around for her to finish. Having finally satisfied himself that his bowels were empty, he got to his feet with little warning to the rattata. But Vicky's relief soon turned to dismay as he turned, spread his legs, and thrust his filthy ass into her face.

"Get it good and clean," he said simply. "I don't wanna leave any skid marks on my underwear."

Vicky shuddered. The brown lumps stuck to the slaking's ass looked much like the stuff on his feet, a little lighter-colored perhaps, but the same mixture of greasy, pasty, and lumpy.

"Let's go!" Marley barked, shoving his filthy backside up against her muzzle. "I haven't got all day!"

Squeezing her eyes closed, holding her breath, and desperately hoping for the million and first time that this would all prove to be worth it, Vicky opened her mouth and pressed her tongue to the slaking's soiled anus. Doing her best to shut out the awful taste and fetid smell, she licked with the frenzied haste of someone using her last ounce of willpower to survive a terrible ordeal. The little blobs of shit deformed in her mouth but refused to liquefy, making their presence known as they slid down her throat. At last, she threw herself backwards, gasping for air and hurriedly licking her muzzle and teeth to try to get rid of the nasty remnants.

Marley stood up, considered the feeling of having a nice, clean ass, and smiled. "That's the cleanest I've been all summer!" he proclaimed, grabbing Vicky by the scruff of the neck and lifting her up. "It makes me horny!"

Vicky barely had time to yell out in protest as he shoved her head-first into the toilet, the floating brown mass rushing towards her face and slamming into it. Vicky's tail stood straight out, frizzing in disgust as she tried to throw herself backwards out of toilet.

But her efforts were in vain. Marley's massive hand pinned her between her shoulders so that the best she could do was lift her head out long enough to catch a breath. Her legs scrabbled against the floor, and in her attempts to get away from the reeking, awful mess that was threatening to suffocate her, she'd forgotten the main reason Marley had pinned her there in the first place.

The slaking wouldn't let her forget for too long, though. The sensation of something pressing against her pussy shot through the fog of panic and disgust, momentarily distracting her long enough to register what was going on. Marley had stepped up behind her, and now that her focus had shifted, she could feel the heat of his groin against her, could feel the poke of his penis against her and the warning roll of his foreskin as his prick slithered out.

No, no, no! Vicky cried in her head, screaming helplessly into the toilet. Yet all that her screaming did was wake up the rest of the frat house, who began to gather at the door of the bathroom.

"Hey, that rattata girl's back!" someone said.

"A shit and a fucking sounds like a great way to wake up!" laughed someone else.

The banter went on, but Vicky couldn't hear any more of it because it was at that moment that Marley thrust his hips forward and buried his pecker inside of her. It wasn't so much that it *hurt*—her time at Lupin's farm had certainly had her accommodating things with greater length and girth—but the sense of violation, of being used so callously and talked about so casually, like more of a *thing* than a *person* that turned her screaming into sobbing. The water in the toilet bowl bubbled beneath the layer of ordure, splattering onto Vicky's face as she blubbered into it. Her pussy, stuffed and repeatedly rammed by Marley's malehood, fared no better as the ape reached his free hand around her waist, used her as leverage, and thrust into her harder and faster. With a grunt and a spurt of slime into Vicky that made her shiver with disgust even as she continued to cry, Marley finished and pulled out, letting his jism leak out between the rattata's legs and drool down her thighs.

Sighing contentedly, Marley straightened himself up. "Who's next?" he asked, looking over his shoulder.

What followed was a brutal gang-rape by the whole frat-house. A mankey stood up next and took the opportunity to relieve his bladder on Vicky's head before he fucked her. He might not have been as big as Marley, but his smaller size came with greater speed and a devil-may-care attitude that had him jabbing his sharp prick into Vicky's perineum more than once before lodging himself inside and claiming sloppy seconds. His cum had barely had a chance to begin to slide out when a grookey leapt up onto the toilet rim, let a long stream of piss run down Vicky's neck and around her ears, and then latched onto her waist like a koala and began humping her madly, emitting little squeaks and grunts that made the others laugh at his enthusiasm. Next came a rillaboom, the older brother of Vicky's latest tormentor, who despite his size fucked her with surprising care and attention, not that she could have appreciated it under the circumstances. As he climaxed, his strong bursts of seed felt to Vicky as though her pussy was a snare drum and the rillaboom was playing a tattoo. An ambipom fucked her while alternating swats to her ass with his tail-hands, a zarude violated her asshole with his wrist-vines while he fucked her, and a chimchar starting his first year of college got his dick wet for the first time inside her well-used pussy. All told, over two dozen frat brothers used her, yet the worst was yet to come.

Jack, who had finally roused himself out of bed with all the commotion, screaming, cheering, and primal grunting, stood in the doorway and chuckled as the chimchar's tiny balls shuddered and pumped out the first of his orgasms that wouldn't dry on the sheets, in a sock, or go down the drain. High-fiving the chimchar on his way out, Jack surveyed the damage.

"Well, well, look who's back," he said, chuckling. "I see you've taken care of my feet. It's good that you're not trying to skimp on your duties," he growled. Stepping up to the toilet, he grimaced. "Speaking of doodie," he muttered to the amusement of the others, "I could do with one myself. But first..."

The chimchar had left Vicky unpinned when he left, but she was too exhausted to try to get up. Now she felt Jack's hand in the small of her back, pinning her once more. The basketball superstar's height made it easy to hold her down as he slipped his dick up under her tail.

"Geez," he muttered, "You're loose as hell, and sloppier than mud-wrestling! Warm and slick, though."

Vicky didn't say anything. She closed her eyes and rode out the slap-slap-slap of the infernape's hips against her buttocks, too mentally, physically, and emotionally exhausted to care about the shit that still floated up against her face. With a sudden, hard slam that shoved the girl's bruised thighs against the toilet bowl, Jack unloaded in her pussy and pulled out, groaning lewdly as his dick trailed a thread of intermingled cum down her leg.

She felt the infernape's hand leave her back and took that as permission to *finally* get up.

"Not so fast," Jack said, shoving her down against the seat. "I *said* I needed to crap."

Before Vicky could react, he spun around and sat on the toilet, straddling her neck and pinning her down with his weight. Vicky yelped and thrashed, but without enough space to lift completely clear of the bowl's disgusting contents, she had to close her mouth to keep the feces out of them. Her nostrils just barely clearing the floating layer, she began to pant through her nose in fear as she heard Jack grunting and straining above her.

It came without warning: no burst of flatulence to announce its arrival, no spluttering burbles to escort it. To Vicky, there was nothing, and then there was a warm, slimy, bad-smelling weight applied to the top of her skull that began to slip downward, oozing and creeping its way down the bridge of her nose before sliding off the side of her face and landing in the bowl with a soft *plap*. She started to cry out, but the moment her mouth opened, the foul water and its floating contents slipped inside. Spluttering and thrashing, Vicky could do nothing but endure as another log of feces glided down her face and slipped off the other side of her nose. Streak after streak caked in her fur and painted her whole muzzle brown. Not even her eyes were spared as one particularly large, soft turd hit her nose and began to grow backwards, backing up and embedding itself in her eyelashes.

"It always feels better out than in," Jack observed from above her. "But we sure don't want that nasty toilet to stink up the whole house!"

Vicky's eyes snapped open, barely missing getting shit in them as the sound of water rushing into the bowl caught her attention. The level began to rise, but with her head in the way, there was no place for the toilet's

contents to go. Vicky panicked as the water level rose, lifting the feces above her nostrils and preventing her from breathing. Still the water level increased, blinding her and leaving her to flail with her eyes closed and burning.

Jack got off the toilet, and Vicky all but launched her head out of the bowl, gasping for air and sobbing.

"Toilet's backed up, it looks like," someone said.

"I can see that," Jack replied. "No matter; we've got a plunger."

Vicky hadn't even opened her eyes when she felt something soft but firm press against her head.

"No!" she cried, but too late.

Her head plunged back into the toilet water, the plunger driving her face down, down, down, to embed her muzzle in the thick layer of ordure that had plugged the toilet the moment her head left. Struggling, she plunged her hands into the toilet after her and felt the awful scat squeeze under her palms and between her fingers. But that didn't matter right now. She pushed down on the toilet, using it as leverage to resist the plunger. Yet even with her hands for support, she was no match for the much larger infernape pinning her down. The plunger began to rhythmically suck and press on her head, shoving her muzzle in so deep that feces went up her nose. Floundering helplessly, the rattata began to feel darkness creeping into her consciousness. Her lungs burned, her nostrils were plugged, and her mouth had the awful taste of wet shit indelibly etched into it. But just as she was about to pass out, she felt the plunger lift off of her, and she felt herself dragged out of the toilet by her ankles.

"What a mess!" Jack complained as Vicky struggled to catch her breath and clear her nostrils. "Vicky, this just won't do. The plunger doesn't seem to be working, so *you* need to empty out the toilet."

It took a moment for Vicky to have enough breath or sanity to respond.

"How am I supposed to do that?" she wailed. "You won't let me have a bucket!"

Jack shook his head. "You don't need a bucket for that," he said. "You just need your mouth. Drink up all that shit-water, eat up all that shit, and get that toilet clean enough for us to flush again."

Vicky didn't move. She *knew* that was going to be his response, and she did *not* want to comply.

"You want a place to live, don't you?" Jack prodded after a while. "You need money for food, don't you?"

Vicky shrugged sullenly.

The infernape shrugged, too. "All right," he said. "I guess we don't really need a custodian after all." He stood at the bathroom door and pointed out into the hall. "Out," he ordered. "Go on, now; we don't need you here."

A moment of panic seized the young rattata, and she looked up at him desperately. "Please, no!" she cried. "How will I study? What will I eat? Where will I live?"

Jack shook his head. "Not here," he replied. "If you can't do your chores, then you're no use to us, and we don't need to pay you your allowance. Go on; get out."

Vicky looked wildly at the toilet. A whimper escaped her lips, and she plunged her head into it, gulping at the vile liquid as much as she could before pulling her head out once more.

"I—I'll do it," she panted. "See, Mr. Jack? I—I'll do what you said! Please don't make me go!"

"That's what I thought," the infernape said. "*Don't* let me catch you being insubordinate again," he warned.

Closing the door and locking it from the outside, he and the others went off to do whatever it was they did, leaving Vicky to contend with her latest chore.

Looking down at the rippling brown liquid and the sludge that she'd stirred up, Vicky grimaced and began to wonder whether getting kicked out of the house—and even the academy—might not be so bad after all. But when she remembered how indifferent her family had been to her, what a meager existence they'd had, and how hopelessly doomed to live in poverty the rest of her life she'd felt, she let out a long, beleaguered sigh, took a deep breath, and lowered her face into the liquid again.

Even if it had been the most delicious tea or soda or fruit juice, the sheer volume would have been enough to give anybody pause. That it was actually decomposing shit and urine only made it worse. Even though the whole ordeal had taken only a couple of hours, the toilet bowl's septic contents were already beginning to resemble sewer gases that burned Vicky's lungs every time she surfaced for air. She swallowed gulp after gulp of the awful stuff, nearly throwing up time and time again but each time somehow managing to keep it down. Her stomach swelled from the sheer volume as the stuff she drank grew consistently thicker with each swallow. While the surface was mostly a water and urine broth, skimming that off the top led to a higher concentration of feces, and soon she was having to actually chew her mouthfuls before she could swallow them. It was disgusting and exhausting, and it took her all afternoon before she finally gave the toilet the last few laps, flushed, and breathed a sigh of relief as the crystal clear water went down the drain.

Knocking at the door, she waited for Jack to come let her out.

"Take a shower first," he replied, grimacing on seeing her. "And then lick the shower clean."

Vicky awoke the next morning feeling—surprisingly—better. Sure, the previous day's events had ruined her last day off before classes started again, but today was a new day—and the start of a new school year—and aside from cleaning Jack's feet like she always did, she didn't have any chores she had to do for the frat house. She'd finished cleaning him up, made it out of the house without incident, and had even gotten to go to the cafeteria for her first *real* meal in over a month. No shit, no foot-grime, no piss to drink. She'd had cereal, a banana, and some milk, and it had been every bit as wonderful as she'd hoped it would be.

Today was going to be a good day.

Her first class went well—language arts, her best subject—and she'd even gotten a compliment from her math teacher for knowing the answer to a problem that nobody else in her class knew. It was nice to feel appreciated, and it was even nicer to be putting her mind to work rather than just her teeth, tongue, and pussy. Now, with just a few minutes left of her social studies class, she was eagerly awaiting lunch. Today was her favorite meal—lasagna—and she could hardly wait to taste the cheese, pasta, tomato sauce, and meat, a veritable smorgasbord or flavor explosion compared with the repetitive dirt, dirt, dirt, shit, piss, dirt she'd been fed.

The bell rang, and she eagerly left the room, heading towards the cafeteria. She was so focused on sinking her teeth into a nice bit of lasagna that she didn't notice the storage closet door open or Leo stepping out until she nearly ran into him.

"Victoria," he said, grabbing her by the shoulders and bodily moving her into the closet, "I need to speak with you."

He clicked on the light, and Vicky frowned at seeing herself surrounded by cleaning supplies on metal shelves. Looking about herself, perplexed, she eventually looked up at the large wailord.

"Mr. Goodtidings, what's this all about?" she asked. "I was going to the—"

"That fishing trip has really messed with me, Vicky," the gym teacher interrupted, groaning as his stomach gurgled noisily. "I've been constipated for days, but it's finally ready to come out."

"Don't teachers have toilets?" Vicky asked, not liking where this was going and instinctively moving towards the door.

Leo put his massive hand on Vicky's chest and gently but firmly pushed her back into the closet.

"No time," he said, shaking his head and undoing his belt. "You're gonna have to eat it."

"Please, Mr. Goodtidings! I don't *want* to eat any more shit!" Vicky protested.

In response, the gym coach turned around, backed up to her, and pressed his ass to her face.

"It's gonna be a big one," he grunted, sounding almost apologetic. "I'm not sure how well I can hold it back; it's been compacting in there for almost a week now. *Oof!*"

He winced, and Vicky's eyes bulged as she saw his anus spreading and spreading some more to reveal a bullet-nosed turd, almost black in color. The coach's anus had already dilated by two inches, and it was still growing. Even before the log of feces made it out of the whale Pokémon's ass, Vicky could already smell it and shriveled her nose. But, to her horror, Leo's anus was still stretching wider and wider.

The tip of the turd began to poke out of his ass, and Vicky's mind instinctively went to protecting her clothes. The last time someone had soiled her clothes—because she never soiled them herself—she'd had to wear a frumpy dress that looked at least 100 years old. Worse than that, though, the dress had branded her a wetter—someone who had wet herself during class—even though it wasn't true. Her classmates had all made fun of her, and her teachers had done nothing to stop it. There was *no* way she was enduring that again! So, despite the utter revulsion she felt and the urge to gag at the fishy, intestinal smell of the shit-log that was advancing resolutely towards her, she resolved that no matter what, she would *not* get her clothes dirty.

But, that was easier said than done. The wailord's anus had stretched to four inches in diameter, and finally clear of the last thing keeping it inside of him, his bowel movement surged forward with shocking speed. Vicky gasped just as it hit her face, but though every fiber of her being told her to hold back, her fear of getting her clothes dirty dominated. Her mouth opened almost mechanically, and her tongue sank low in her mouth to let the turd-log in. It hit her taste buds like a chemical warfare assault. Penetratingly bitter and tinged with hints of rotten fish, stale flatulence, and the general miasmic stench of decay, it immediately made her feel faint. She slumped forward and grasped the coach's buttocks to steady herself. Instantly regretting having moved towards the source of the awful thing in her mouth, she felt Leo's excrement shove itself to the back of her throat, hitting her gag reflex. Her body spasmed, kicked, and nearly knocked her off her feet, but at just that moment, Leo took a step backward to pin her face to the wall just as his brother had done a few days before.

But this was, in its own way, worse than Lupin's bowel movement. While the elder brother's feces had been nasty, their runny texture had gone down Vicky's throat easily enough. This solid poop-piston was going nowhere without her active involvement. She felt the pressure building as Leo's intestines went into overdrive, expelling the unwanted log from their midst and making Vicky feel as though she was going to have her throat crushed from the inside. In a moment of desperation, she shifted her head, straightening out her throat. The oversized shaft seized the opportunity and surged forward, bolting down her throat. Its massive size made her neck expand and choked off her breath. Unable to get air, she began to panic and struggled against the relentless invader, yet it kept coming. Quickly realizing that it was too long to swallow, the rattata found herself faced with a choice: bite into the foul thing and get it all over her teeth, or suffocate.

Her teeth came down, yet though she had the jaw strength to bite through a 2x4, her teeth only made it partway through. Her eyes bulged in disbelief, and she fearfully began gnawing at the hardened shaft.

"Ungh," Leo grunted. "What's going on back there? Feels like my crap's trying to crawl back inside me!"

Wincing, he took a step forward, providing Vicky with desperately needed space and relief from the pressure of the log. She continued gnawing, and at last managed to sever the never-ending brick. Swallowing hard and using her tongue to try to ram the oversized rod down her throat, she at last managed to get it far enough down to breathe. Gasping and panting, she winced and groaned at feeling how painfully stretched her neck felt, but she had little time to dwell on that. The solid piece of shit that *had* been supported on one end by Leo's ass and on the other by her mouth and throat, now cantilevered out over the floor—and her clothes—and as she watched, it began to droop downward.

Vicky's hands flashed up to support the sagging pole before she realized what she was doing. Feeling the hot, sticky, firm mass between her paws made her shudder, yet now she was stuck. If she let go, she would surely ruin her clothes. If she didn't let go, she was about to get impaled again.

"O—oh!" Leo cried.

A burst of pressure fired the last of the fecal mass out of his ass, and Vicky found herself holding a three-foot long, four-inch wide hoagie.

The wailord's posture sagged, and he breathed heavily, perspiration dripping down his forehead. Reaching backwards blindly, he grabbed Vicky by the ear. Protesting loudly, the rattata felt herself dragged forward

and her head rubbed up against the coach's sloppy anus. Feces rubbed off into her hair, and she stood there afterwards looking shell-shocked.

Leo reached for the shelf and the liter-sized bottle of water he'd left there. His breathing returning to normal, he drank the water and dabbed his brow with the back of his arm.

"Phew," he said at last, turning and looking at Vicky. "That feels a lot better now!" He frowned and looked at the shit-log she still held in her hands. "You'd, uh, better finish that off," he said. Starting suddenly, he said, "I bet you're awfully thirsty after all that, huh? Here, let me give you something to wash it down."

He held the now-empty bottle under his large but flaccid member, let his eyes half-close as he relaxed, and then expertly filled it to the brim with hot, frothy piss. Putting the lid on it, he tossed it to Vicky. But, with her hands full of shit, she couldn't catch it, and it slammed into her and hit the floor instead.

"Finish both of those off before you leave," the wailord said, pulling up his pants and fastening his belt just as the bell rang, signaling the end of lunch.

He turned and left, disappearing into the crowd of students heading back to class, leaving Vicky alone in the storage closet. Staring at the heavy mass she held in her hands, she felt tears come to her eyes. She'd missed out on lunch, and how was she supposed to finish all *this* when she was already stuffed full?

The punchline of a riddle she'd once heard popped into her head: One bite at a time. She deflated.

Looking at the foul-smelling sub sandwich in her hands, she found it exceedingly difficult to bring it any closer to her face. It had been one thing when Leo had shoved his ass into her face and hadn't given her time to react. Her instincts had taken control, and she really hadn't had time to think about just how awful the whole ordeal was. But now, left by herself with nothing but her hands full of shit and a bottle of piss to drink, she couldn't bring herself to do it.

"One bite at a time," she muttered to herself.

Taking a few deep breaths and trying to psych herself up for what she was about to do, she closed her eyes and forced her arms to curl upwards, the ordure tracing an arc towards her face. But then her jaw wouldn't work. She held the log there at her face, willing her mouth to open and holding her breath, but nothing happened.

Come on, she thought. Just a little bite. Just one little bite.

Her lips opened, but her jaw felt locked shut.

I'm not breathing until I take a bite, she resolved.

Still she resisted, her lungs beginning to burn and her mind beginning to swim. A whimper escaped her lips, and then with a desperate cry, she bit into the shit and tore off a piece. Her body jerked with revulsion, and the dry, dense excrement didn't want to go down as she tried to swallow. In fact, it seemed to be stuck in her mouth; she couldn't swallow it, yet she couldn't spit it out, either. Not sure what to do, she looked around desperately for something that would help. Spying the bottle of urine and desperate enough to give it a try, she struggled to get it open with one hand and then poured some of the hot, acrid liquid into her mouth.

The pungency alone was enough to make her nose run, but in her desperation to empty her mouth, she gave a mighty swallow and at last managed to get the bite of crap to go down her throat. Shuddering disgustedly, she took another swig of piss to fully clear out her mouth—and her sinuses.

One down, she thought. So many more to go.

She repeated that process too many times to count. At times, she was so full that no amount of coaxing could get her to take another bite. In the process, she inadvertently touched her uniform shirt and groaned, knowing that despite her best efforts, she'd still end up wearing the frumpy clothes.

Yet that would prove to be the silver lining—if such an ordeal could have one: She would not, in fact, have to wear those clothes she hated so much. It had taken her hours to finish off the last bite of feces, lick her hands clean enough to make it out of the closet, and wash the last of it down with what remained of Leo's pee. By the time she finally left, school had been out for several hours, and there weren't even many

teachers left grading or preparing for the next day. Vicky snuck out of the closet and made her way down the empty halls uneventfully, then turned her steps towards the frat house.

"Well, well! Look who *finally* showed up!" Jack said as the rattata walked in and sagged against the door.

Sitting in a chair with his feet propped up on the table, he roused himself and walked over to her.

"You look a little worse for wear," he said. "Nothing a good fucking can't help before you go do your nightly chores!"

Vicky's head snapped around to look at him, panic in her eyes and also in her voice. "Chores?!" she cried. "But—but I already—"

"That was yesterday, and you have to do chores *every* night; you know that," Jack chided her. "Did you forget, being off at that farm so long? Psh, must have been *really* nice not having to do any real work!"

A mental image of Lupin and his awful torture machines flashed into Vicky's mind, making her lip tremble.

"Since you've been gone so long, the men's bathrooms have all gotten pretty nasty," Jack continued. "Every one of the urinals needs a good cleaning, and when you're done, you can clean the toilets."

If it was possible, Vicky's posture sagged even more.

"But first," Jack said, stepping up to her and bending her over to reveal her bare crotch under her uniform skirt, "The boys and I are feeling awfully pent-up."