

Cat Brawl Caves “Filth” Path

Written by Septia.

With an existential flicker, the world came back to Kano's vision, seeing the bathroom with one stall door blown off.

“Second round 2, brawl battle!”

The announcing voice called, and on the opposite end stood Elena again, pirouetting with her tails swizzling like a ball gown around her.

“If you can't handle me at my worst, then that is what I will give you.” She chanted and readied a fighting pose.

“W-why does this have to keep happening?”

~ 1 ~

“Mmf, he is even dodging less now, the scardy cat,” Dana appointed, assuming a sprawled-out pose similar to Vi, “just looking at her must be getting him sweating in his coat, mm, think he stands a chance?”

“With me as the big cheese behind the steering wheel? Hardly, he'll keel over in a jiffy...”

Dana glanced at the screen, seeing the two tumble back and forth, then felt a prod at her shoulder, Vi jabbing her with Kano's controller, hastily wiped.

“How'd chou like to be director for a day?”

~ 2 ~
Septia

“Careful dropping your guard around me.”

Kano rolled back from Elena tumbling towards him chest-first, but he was running out of dodge space.

“Adorable attempt,” the kitsune taunted as she advanced.

Kano saw her falling towards him, holding up his paws to battle the impact... -Pwhing- A mechanical ding announced a yellow arrow in the screen, pointed down. By instinct, Kano tossed himself to the floor, curling to a ball.

“Think you can hid-. Aaaoh!” Elena stumbled over Kano, the reiterated dialogue broken up by a cry as she stumbled onto the floor in a belly flop.

“A-I am s-sorry, are you-.” Kano began. -Pknwgh- When another sound called his attention, glancing up to see Elena's yellow bar – for the first time this match – depleted a few notches. Which translated to a growth in the blue bar beneath.

“Ooh... you've gone and miffed me now,” Elena said as she was propped standing, facing away from Kano. -Spplhrhsh- a grind of wading mud erupted as Elena dashed back, rear first, with a swarm of umber dollops flooding out to form a great maw.

“AHooahahaa,” Kano called out and headed the call of another arrow, rolling back from the jaws of manure crashing shut.

“You brown-nosing candy-ass, I'll gnash you into dung.” The beast head's shout echoed before retracting into the rear as a bouquet of slugs.

“I-Ah d-didn't m-mean, oh taffy...”

~ 3 ~

“Miss Director lady,” Vi addressed Dana – whose button mashing complemented the intensity of her other hands honey-diving.

Dana didn't respond at first, locked to the screen by a peculiar expression. “That time, was so quick.” “That’s what Elena's usual is like, flaring up when her tush gets battered.”

”Hmm, but she's been fluffy except for that special?” Dana pointed out.

“Bang on the money, and our lil' morsel hadn't hit her once before.”

“Hah,” Dana scoffed in response.

~ 4 ~

A potent clash of rump to chest sent the black Rakshasta staggering.

“I-it w-wasn't me, I-I'll surrender.”

“You've gone and miffed me now,” Elena exclaimed, her tails flailing around her rump like beams of the sun, presented within arms reach of Kano just as the brown gape propelled from the depths, churning fields of mud clotting his visibility, witnessing the outlines of the maw at the edge of his field of vision.

-Kkrllglsshp-. An avalanche of spoiled silt gummed to his fur; Kano's upper body compressed into distraught bloats on the cheeks of the kitsune beast. -Ghhrrllbp- A chunk of the rear and a guttural gobble sprung the feline further up the loam flume. -Shrhslpgth- Kano experience every rift developing through the skin of the mulch, every globule of molten nougat morphing to this presence, thanks to the wetsuit tight clasp of the possessed fertilizer.

“Mmfhaa, looks like I got you, mm, right where you want to be,” Elena cooed out whilst her bottom jaw jostled Kano into its depth with its tongue. -Sphrrslp- The smatter of rancid butter slathered on cat cutlets vibrated between each throbbing swallow; muck jaws distorting with the struggling shape of black fur enveloped in mounds of gelato, all sandwiched and consumed into in the perilous posterior of plush amber. -Ghhrrslpfts-. The boquete of bile flushing back into the fennid's feminine funnels, sinking into the enveloping clamp of the buttocks, until neither the sight of feline nor fudge remained.

~ 5 ~

-Grbbgslsh- -Ghhrrsgpls- -Shhrrllfsh- Kano awoke standing, greeted by a circle of darkness reaching forwards, surrounded by walls of dim dredge. -Shrhsl- Just standing still, he felt his paws sinking, displacing processed bowel-dough to imprints around his paws, cuddling over his toes.

“Whhaa uufrhg,” Kano squealed and stumbled forwards, -Spptlsh- -Chthsl- each step accompanied by a sculpture of manure, wading through a shallow bog of butterscotch. In his new footings, he could make out an x-cross fork in the patch ahead, split into further tunnels slathered with congealed refuse.

“Ahhauh, a guttural laughter flooded through the chambers, wafting with a visible gale of stench, unearth from socks fermented in a pepper vinegrette.

“Melt by my farts, its the quickest way to get off, bet you already did on the way in.” The voice continued, with Kano clutching over his muzzle.

“Wh-where am... what is happenin-.”

-Gkrkgsh- A tremble shook through the chambers, dislodging mush from the wall, at his rear, Kano spied the beast's head. The girth of the muddled sculpture grin filled up the whole rounded cavern. A cresant of animate bile drooping in the darkness, twinkles from its eyes piercing through the visage as daggers of desire.

“... Ahaaaaa!” Kano’s fled with his scream echoing behind him, taking a right at the fork as he heard the walls congest at this peruser's advance. The Rashasta kicked up droves of filth in his flight, finding more corridors branching out ahead. -Twwnng- Arrows appeared at each junction, and he followed without hesitation. Each turn only revealing more paths of escape, without hope for concealment.

“There's nowhere your ass is safe,” the magnified echoed of the beast kindly informed as it barrelled after the desperate feline.

~ 6 ~

Dana occasionally flicked the stick of the remote, musing over the bird's eye view labyrinth presented on screen, through which she guided Kano... “The maze kinda looks like guts?”

“Chou should get used to seein' the bowels of the beast, lights me up seeing chou attempt to escape of inevitable muck~.” Vi spoke to the screen rather than Dana, sprawled out sunken into the couch, maintaining a twitchy grin as she clamped her thighs around her controller.

~ 7 ~

Sweat drooped down Kano's back, heart eating twitch for every thump. In the roused sensation of fright Kano couldn't distinguish his fear from exhilaration, his mind spinning the previous experiences with Elena in a beautiful light, compared to this venture. The path of manure thinned, and only occasional dollops of dirt coloured gelatin lined the walls, who underneath the caking of bowel frosting laid pink, and throbbing. After another turn, Kano realised all he could hear was his own heartbeat. Looking back, to see nought but his footprints in the scattered piles. He wasn't being followed.

The feline turned back, looking ahead, and saw why. In front of him, the path did not extend into numerous branches, but a clean split of two path, highlighted each by a glowing arrow-mark. Down one gathered droves of muck, congesting the tunnel the deeper it traversed in the auburn sludge, decorated with a skull jutting out of one heap. Down the other path, the walls cleared, drooping of a clear syrup, yet every few heartbeats it contracted -Spglts- with a tumultuous grumble. Despite faced with less options, the pressure of these divergent paths, froze him in place.

”Where should I take him, both look like they-.” Dana said, but was interrupted by Vi plucking the controller from the frog's lap.

“Hold chourself, don't chou wanna see our actor improvise?”

~ 8 ~

“Get your rotted pelt butt out where I can tear into it.”

Kano's back-hair stood out in needle-pricks at the head's voice from just a few turns away. And glanced towards the dung clogged path, struck by a realisation: if not a way out, it was a place

to hide. He threw himself down the path, landing on all fours with a -Spmgmtsh- of gutter gunk engulfing his paws, haste brought him wading and worming deeper, -Shhrsg- -Whrshltlsg- Filth displacing and throwing aside as the cat ploughed his way through chasm, his own trace pooling and moulding flat by the gradual deluge of molten but bronze.

-Shhargl- Muck latched onto his coat, layers of spoiled frosting bogging him down, but the farther he went, the less he heard of the beast. Once he reached the point where the aperture of manure closed into a wall of sludge, he took in a deep breath, plugged his nostrils, and dove down to keep dredging through.

A warped smirk played on Vi's mind, which she lapped clean with a stroke of her tongue. "That's dynamite," Vi snickered.

Dana turned confused. "He choose the wrong path?"

Vi tilted her grin towards her. "Chose the fun path~."

~ 9 ~

-Splltch- An eruption of muddy filth splattered from rifts tearing open to a broad bulge in the dingy chamber. -Wjjllsh- Chunks of filth trailing off one another slabs of candle-wax, with larger odd chunks of filth crumbling and stumbling off then emerging head of black kitty fur.

"Phhaaa, hooa... ha..." he breathed in, flinched at the foul air, but better than no breath at all. -Prrbbfbrth- A green cloud washed over him, all but his eyes freezing as they trailed upwards, seeing a shadow perched above.

"Steam in my farts, bitch. That's your welcome to my turf, only going down from here."

Kano withdrew into the tunnel, only for a blockage to fill behind him, pressure building and forcing him to the edge of the path until -Thhwwwwp- he launched like a cork from a bottle into the chamber, collapsing in a pillowy pile of colon caramel.

"Didn't even need to drag your ass here, you just came yourself," The beast mused and stamped its three tails into the encompassing mud -Wpspltsh- socketing into the filth like a plug. -Skrkstlh- Immediately the walls contracted at numerous points, growing into convex dimples of boiling fudge. -Spglrtch- -Glssh- Each one bursting forth as a chameleon's tongue, honed in on Kano's form -Spslltch- Smacking into him with a globular bulb of congealed coffee ground gloop ramming into him with the texture of well chewed bubble gum, tethering him to the wall in a growing web of mucktacles.

"Outside, I got only three tails," The beast laughed, as chubby coils of cobbled muck forged from the walls, lapping and curling across Kano's form, staining him in layers of fermented frosting, "but here, I got as many as I like to abuse a waste basket disguised as a feline like yourself." The feral kitsune plucked a pole from the wall. "After digging your own grave I'll shovel in enough of my s**t to crush your ribs." Elena gaffed and a meter long femur with a pelvis still attached to the end, fashioned into a bone shovel.

-Chlltch- A lump of muddy tar flung onto Kano's chest, wet clay bending its caramel exterior to encase him in drooping sludge. The beast already scooping up a head-sized dollop and smacking it over his back, brushing it in to gum air tight to the Feline's coat.

"Bake you into crap, beat you with my s**t until you are nothing but a steaming worm of waste," she cackled out and groped out globs of manure -Crllsch- crinkling and squeaking as she cut into it with the bone spoon, -Jglrrlch- and crackled when tit collided and spread over the bonded feline

"Won't take much," she said and planted her jaw next to Kano's muck slathered shoulder, "you are just need to strip off that coat to reveal the s**thead underneath. She grinned and cupped out mounds of filth smeared across Kano's body, -Spplltchh- plastering them over his face. It held him

submerged under the dung globes; quenching his struggle, grinding against him as he wedged and twitched for air. “Hhahah, excited by how my ass is gonna destroy you? It’ll be a tight fit for as big a sludge heap as you, which is great cause I can enjoy devouring you with my ass for hours...,” Coils of bowel fudge ferried by the tail tendrils onto the muddled heap of Kano and muck, Elena sculpting and slapping on coats of granular grime, crafting him into in a lard rich cocoon of corpulence.

-Grllffsh- -Crslsghs- Cascades of putrid bowel bronze blinded Kano's senses; drove bulldozing over his frame and grinding in the fissured membrane of the manure to his coat, strains of his fur caught in the sprawling patterns of trenches in the mud.

“I’ll chain you to my ass and crap you out for eternity.”

Kano could hear the beast promise, before the sides of dense mud frosting pancaked him under pressure. The onslaught kneading and stretching him onto the surrounding filth, his coat so clogged in gunk he couldn’t tell where his body and the dung separated, if it even did.

~ 10 ~

-Thhnck- Elena drove her front paws into the top of the cocoon.

“Show what you are under all that black fur,” she called out and pried the muck chasing apart. -Chhrsltsh- cracks sprouted along the valleys between dung heaps, until the force cleaved the husk in twain, tossed aside to crumble into shards of fat dough.

The cat at the core tumbled onto its rump, gasping for breath and clasping over his muzzle the moment after -Sppllrth- the clasp of moist filth echoed his palms et his face, Kano turning his gaze down to witness umber texture of soggy cardboard pulp ruling over his skin, riddled with outcroppings and tendrils of stained colon fluids connecting him to the scattered chunks of his muddy husk.

“Aha. Wha, ahha,” he panicked, standing and patting over his form, -Splsth- grimy smacks sounding from each impact above his midriff, below he retained the onyx cat. From head to stomach, Kano stood composed of pure, soot hued umber filth.

Elena ensnared him with a tail and brought him to her face.

“Fmmff, ahaha, dark chocolate, pungent and gross,” she puffed out a plume of green vapours and hoisted him into the air, “you’re getting dunked right down my s**tter.” She announced and laid her rump splayed between two tails, ramming the semi-solid Kano head first into the pit.

-Kkrsrgtwwp- His head smacked into the throbbing brim of plush compost, his face squeezed sideways in the impact. -Pbbrffthh- with a putter of a silt brew the chute dispensed a deluge of moist vapours into his face.

“Right up my trash compactor you piece of garbage,” she growled as the gas distended her brim, the ring of mud warping over Kano's face and cradling up gunk over his cheeks to smear this muddled form, wiping his layers of dung to slather over his own head as the pit engorged to gobble up neck.

“Mmrg, my ass’ll forge you into a sweet butt plug out of your trash eating mug,” she huffed out and twisted Kano's frame, screwing him down her hatch at her next boiling exhaust bouts -Shqhrslh- -Bbrrbmmrrffth-.

Pumped into the whirlwind of flatulence and throbbing tunnels, Kano's every movement astray from Elena's thrusts were punished with walls compiling over him with droves as soft as molten button-cheese and taut as latex. -Ghrbbsllg- The bile duct bundled over him, pelting him in crunches and smothering him in rhythmic clasps of organic manure.

“MMgs, yeah, eating you up, you reeking fudge-sickle,” Elena scouted and shovelled dung over Kano's feet against the wall, packing him securely before wedging her pucker open with the

femur and -Chhrsllgth- humping her rump over Kano's torso, surmounting his muck half and panting with froth of grime foaming at her maw as she rutted Kano into her ass, pistoning him against the wall with the wails and squelches of filth spreading over his form becoming the rhythmic churn of a nougat factory.

“Mmsgsh, amwpgha, hs-shhts.” Kano blabbered in the bowels, -Fpprgsgrht- often leading to a mouthful of gas so thick his teeth sized through the butt bog mists. -Ghrbbsrsgsl- Grumbles and groans echoed around him as the boiling muck battered and cobbled his shape into submission.

-Spgltsjh- -Twhssp- Chunk of himself dislodged, rolled into flat against he walls and gluing back onto him. Divots and pits of crackled manure formed and filled with the vigorous kneading hand constant thrashing of the decrepit funnel, -Ghrbsbsll- tearing him apart and holding him together in a mish-mash amalgamation of gruel. -Thwhsoosl- His arms sandwiched to his sides and melding into his body, lapped by the rampaging to a uniform flatness – the smoothness of a chocolate ice cream wrangled in a sweltering maw. Air became an all the more sought after commodity, when each breath only faced him with the odorous corruption of his dark chocolate body. The silhouette of his frame diminished, wretched, and forged by the mangling colon.

“Mmg, bake up to a big, girthy, smoked fudge plug,” Elena cried out and slammed her rear to the wall, dunking Kano 's body up the tunnels with a crescendoing -Ghhrsllswht-. Followed by a grumble venturing from her gullet down her tract... -Gbrhstll-. -Fbhrhslslgh- and culminating to a congested, muffled bloating at her rear-end, gas sealed into her bottom, weaving into a blanket of pressurized fog.

-Ghrhs- Crhshtj- Kano felt the tug and crinkles of muck soldering him into shape, The fumes permeating and cloaking his form in a duvet of goo, -Gbhrhs- until the walls retracted, condensing the stored filth around him. Gutter gush seeped through fissures and infested him with filth, to the howling pleasure of the Kitsune beast outside. Kano's world fading to a throb of moans, massages from the walls stimulated to ripples at the pleasure from the delight of his captor, who no longer addressed him. The feline reduced to an improvised sex toy.

~ 11 ~

“Mmgnnr,” -Spptllth- Elena groaned as she planted the limp black legs onto a sticky drove, “dildo's done,” she chimed and nuzzled her rear to the ground before tugging upwards -Grslglk- a crinkle of taffy going through a mincer accompanying the stretching amber pucker peeled off the congealed silt texture of the plug. -PPFbbrtht- -Fbffsh- Gales of smog flushed free from her distended brim, the trapped air bathing the black legs in bowel dew, ballooned midsection deflating from the vitriol pressure.

-Crlslshhtg- Dollops of molten gelato drooped down Kano's legs, blending the texture of his coat with the column of manure that replaced his body waist and up. -Crhlls- The pucker clenched and ground into the filth, leaving imprints of the rugose texture onto the sausage of fudge. Droplets of bowel juices trickled wont eh oblong shape, down crevices and rim ended rifts on the load of filth coffee sump brown melding with hues of deteriorated iron and tainted copper, all given a gleaming sheen of polish from the pucker buffering the pillar in moisture; an amber marble dressing the smoothed column.

“Enough effort and ass grease, and you can polish any dung,” Elena hummed through dripping mud fangs. Clumps of wax moulded her rear ripping the surface of the dung candle if it wasn't bulldozed by the beast's rectum brawn. her rump raised to the height of Kano's head, where it rested for a moment, pulsating and -Shhrs- squeezing into the mount. -Tthhwwoop- Plucked free

with a pop of a bottle cork, the freed pit erupting into a smoke screen of -Sppghhrhthh- yellow gas washing over the results.

Kano's upper body was a uniform mosaic of cobbled and forged dung dollops, texture riddled wit pocks and imperfections under the coatings of glistening grease – mimicking the skin of an orange – plumped up to remain as thick as his thighs through the whole length up to the tip, where the gut chocolate's outlines morphed into an approximation of a muzzle; expression locked in gritted embarrassment, with the cheeks still bubbling as little pools of tar.

“AHAha, much hotter than that excuse for a scaredy-cat ammnf, I just wanna ram you up my snatch and pump out orgasms to drown a lake.” -Ggrbrhshtslp- A grumble putter through he insides, the kitsune grinning and resign her head to the ground, rump aimed high, “gotta clear out the chimney of all that black coat soot,” she sneered and hooked her tail tips in the pit to pry it gaping.

-PPRbbrpptlflhfhfhrth- Umbral fog revved her brim as it billowed free to pollute the chamber in a dense smokestack; the air infused with the aroma of sautéing onions and bacon drenched in a dark chocolate stew. -Bbrfmmmpreth- A deeper guttural chime shook through her hind and wisped through the air as a rounded exhaust cloud, lingering in the air with smog separating, moulding the cloud into a cross eyes skull with little cat ears fuming from the top.

“I gonna take you to butt down right you you freshly beaten dildo, get back in there,” she commanded and -Splslthc- dunked her ass onto the former feline phallic. Her cheeks clapped and foamed of ass grease, bile tethers webbing them together as Elena rode the whole length of the stout mud pillar in thrusts that reshaped and scoped out dunes of muck from the stinging girth, howling in pleasure from abusing her toy, as the smoggy soot skull gradually dispersed.

~ 12 ~

“PMPhha, hhaa, mmfmf, oh you weren't kidding about the fun path,” Dana panted, controller cord coiled around her neck into a leash as her fingers fished in her slime pot.

“Gotta give credit, he gets his whole body into the role. Don't chou think he plays a better crud loaf than a cat?”

“Mmff, aamm, it is the role he was born to play,” Dana huffed, diving three fingers deep and suddenly slurping up clenched around her crotch, “mmfmf.”

“Mm, this kitty's goin far, mm, many times he can take me all h way to the credits,” Vi huffed and humped her crotch up from the couch, a collection of bumps over her lower abdomen squishing and gnashing downwards, “Mmnf, phhaaa,” until a gust of lust sprinkled out from the mouse hatch, the leaking fluids lubricating her snatch to engorge around the a controller, Vi's pussy clasping and cling onto the hunk of plastic before it -Thshs- tumbled free onto the floor. “Mmngf, tha's the money shot...,” Vi huffed and sank back in the couch.

The screen flickered back to the toilet arena, where the announcer declared “Victorious Winner, Elena.” As the Kitsune bend over, hugged her bloated abdomen until the congealed mass of brown tar arched free from her rear, dispensing the hip wide slab onto the floor; too tall to dispense the length in its entirety, Elena transitioned to rutting the fudgesicle, squatting to cram the mound in and out her rear.

Vi wiped her snatch with a form Kano had brought with him, and handed it to Dana.

“Dump this in my queue, doll, breaktime's over.” Dana clasped the papers, hazy I her afterglow, as Vi departed. The frog girl remaining, panting, eyes shifting from the papers, to the screen, where a countdown had begun.

“6... 5... 4...”