

The fox Who got away

Written by Septia.

The winding gurgles of digestion bolstered in volume as the mire of chyme withdrew around the boy's head, surfacing to a breath of the peptide air torching his lungs... -Ghhrbrlslplght- -Chhrgbburbg-. Churns stirred the cauldron of sewage around the alpaca, walls contracting to immerse him in the stew of skeletal refuse, and caustic ooze. -Chrrlptuh- ribbons of tattered fabric – laced with kid-compost and molten scales plastered over his wool within the hugs of the gut.

“Phoa, oough, pha,” he coughed, hawking up globs of gunk between fraught wails. “gg haa, they are j-just ma-mush...” The alpaca clung to the walls, coughing from the steam rising in puffs from bursting boils in the batter. In pace with the undulations of the gut muscles came volleys of phalanges boring through the boiling bog to jab into his coat – the fingers of classmates and friends grasping after him, tormenting him with the guilt of not rescuing them from their fate.

The boy bawled his heart out, his breath peaking in pace. One after another, he had seen them crowded with him, a stockpile of squirming frames, one after another engulfed, fed down the drain of the gut... screams and pleas snapped into an abrupt end. More horrifying was... his heart was a hummingbird scrambling for freedom in his chest. It was worse when the pit below belched them back up, in a haggard of bones, rags, and flesh jelly gluing it together, A chaos of thrashing had followed, screams and cries contrasting the moans outside...

Each one had been flushed, silenced, and proof of their demise rejoined the cell of strumming sinew. -Ckrlt-kt- Calcium chunks clattered together; femurs, scapula's, still clinging to tattered cloth; and dunes of molten berries and cheese, coalescing to a jam over the surface; the continued stuffing imprinted the dread of being reduced to not but a snack in the alpaca's chest, as the virulent grime stung all the worse with a hint of sweetness among his molten friends.

“Mmfs, Mmpph, got-. ke... omm...”

-Ghbrwllprth- He couldn't internalise the meaning of the muffled words outside before the stomach compacted; muscles tensed and clamped inwards, sandwiching him in the gastric jam, the drain below drinking down the slop around his ankles.

“Araagah, aahsa, ws-so help, m-mom ple-please semmpgmmg-mmgprrw.” his lungs clogged with bone porridge, the surface warping inwards around his outline, as convulsions dunked him under the bile. His paws thrashed for a grasp, engulfed like a pair of snakes diving through hot butter – left was two rippled circles in the bolus. His frame submerged and compacted with a slew of tattered cloth and bone tangles delving for a second round,– his struggles curbed by the sheer bulk above him.

“Mmfpg, gwrmm, hmmpwwmnf-...”

-Chgrxllstt- With one guttural guzzle, the boy and his cries were devoured, in his place reigned the guttural clockwork of growls and churns.

~ 1 ~

-Ahhruroooooorahhp- the thunderous belch rippling past the foxtuar's lips circled the edges of the cheese wedge she was greedily scoffing down her jaw. -Hooouraah- The mists of gullet gas carried a chubby tang of dairy and a touch of saccharine from the platter of berries. However, just like her insides, the sweetness were as only a thin film clad over the marred decay brought upon by dissolving innocence. The Sheet of sweetness to her belch torched to ash by the underlying odour, polluting Blith's apartment with tarnished hope and glazed alpaca wool.

Blith lapped over the chunk of curdling dairy, slurping up the aroma of her previous meals her burps imprinted into it. A scoff transitioned into a delighted snicker, lavishing in the flavour as the wedge trailed down her throat.

“Mmfs mmw, dear did you ever hit the spot.” Blith trailed the dome billowing down her gullet, slanting flat under her breasts; her hand followed along the lumps journey, calmly caressing down her bulbous stomach, cradling the patches of bulges and protrusions budding up over her abdomen. -BBWrngs- one bulge swelled under her chest; the fox's pudge moulding into contours abound a simplified countenance. The face imprint signalling grave grief and terror by the shape of the inclines of around mouth and eyes, the bulge scrambled – stretchmarks defining its motions – a pair of hands stamped out in sluggish outlines below it, skin morphing around their fingers digging into the walls of their prison. The bulges shared space with a number of defined bumps craning and receding across the tummy, taut outlines of ribs and vertebrae, however, the moving lumps stretched the farthest, whimpering face and hands jutting out a decimetre from the gut.

“Mmmfw, oh yeah, you'll come along nicely,” Blith crooned and cupped the bulges of his face, the lump scrambling in terror as Blith smothered it taut to her stomach wall, “just because mmfs, the rest are already jamming up my rump, doesn't mean you'll melt away just as good as they did,” she mumbled, shudders bolting through her arms, fingers grasping deep into the doughy confines of the gut. The cupping massage shifts into a mash of her palms into the bulge, depressing it back in with the abdomen concaving into a crater around her arms.

“MMFm, phhaa, you just need a little help from mommy, and you'll grind up into bake away into a hearty caramel clog, just gotta... mfmfpf, make some room,” -Ghhrbrllsth- once she said this her stomach rattled to life, rippling with dunes of flab down her abdomen, clenching to define the shape of a horrified meal, skin morphing over the dips and tops of a boneyard lodged in her tummy-- taut as vacuum packed hog carcass. -Bhrhlsglsh- -Chhgllrlsg- The mass reeled downwards, lumps smothered into the depths, compacting and hauling it through the biological furnace.

“Hoo, mmpfh, you better make a good impression now,” Blith encouraged, paws roaming over the valleys sculpting her stomach, “because it will be hard to know which part of the truckload of gutter gelato you'll contribute to.” Blith mused as her snack's face protruded from her tummy in the oscillating belly dune; only moments separated the emerging of the terrified silhouette, before getting dunked back under the surface. -Chhrlwlpth- -Ghhrrpth- The stomach chugged the meal down, Blith's fingers toying along her chub.

“Mmf, I'll pack away every bit of you into mommy's pantry, mnfm, join the rest of the farty fudge fodder,” she hummed with her tongue draping down her chin, her abdomen smoothing out from a half-meter bloat to a bumpy slate. “Wphioo. Mmpfh, hha,haa... that was delicious,” Blith savoured the sentence, eyes peering down her abdomen, her bloat distorting crotch over the edge of the couch, all the way down to join the bunker of an underbelly billowing out across the carpet.

The swollen taur stomach spanned a good chunk of the carpet; a baker's dozen hogs wrapped into a sack of rubber. The taur's gut distorted in waves of skeletal imprints sailing across the surface with the churn of digestion rocking the gut in gyrating patterns, the impressions of sternums, pelvis bones, bouquets of ribs and galaxies of vertebrae revolved across the gut; foxfat moulding in dense outlines of craniums and carapaces – staring with empty sockets in the waves of bloats – immersed in the ocean of flab in regular heaves. The droves moulding and morphing across her stuffed middle creating a shadow theatre; with every lamb, calf, and fry she'd devoured contributing to the play.

Blith's lips swirled into a grin, feeling the silhouettes warping her skin to tell the tale of the banquet of innocence that had quenched her hunger. -Chrhlglh- Ghrowowbl- The machination of gurgles and grinding flesh drowning out the pleads of any straggles, but by now, even the spunky alpaca was melting into muddy mortar.

“Phha, I wouldn't wanna spend this Sunday any other way, than with all you you -Hhuraalp- Frying away into fat, pudge -ppffwrth- and filthy fog, mmm, you kids stench and gonna be rotting the walls of my apartment for weeks...” She cooed with a sentimental tone embedded in layers of sadistically fuelled lust.

~ 2 ~

Blith's living room was sparsely decorated, though this was not for lack of trying to furnish. At the left end of her wall – the bathroom side – was a paler outline of a corner cabinet imprinted into the wallpaper, and at the floor below it still lay some stray, shattered planks she had yet to bin. Similar markings could be found here and there, and her one bookshelf was moist and creaking, victim of her flanking tailwinds tornados. She managed to keep a tv at the long-wall of her room, opposite of the centre couch, though wallpaper below it wasn't as lucky, since all that remained was a brick-wall with globules of wallpaper-paste congealed into bubbling heaps of alien-barf by the taur's frequent exhaust exchange.

-Ghrslbtwp- -Pbbrwt- Blith's lower tummy jostled with activity, constricting with a pulsing throb followed by a faint puff of flatulence leaking out of her rear-mountainrange. Each clenched wrapped her stomach tighter around the melange of skeletal matter cluttering her core, bloats of ribcages, femurs, and fibulae crowding to contend for space in the congested crypt. -Clrk- -Chrtl- -Chht- A rattle of calcium clattered under the garbled embrace of her stomach, -Ppwrt- Blith quivered after each release fluttering past her heft hams, fresh smog filtering out and contributing to her living room's humid atmosphere, with each puff she watched her jellied boneyard jiggling like a honey filled waterbed.

“Mm, phoo, you kids make the perfect lard lumps for greasing mmf, up my fart factory,” she mumbled, her stomach drumming over the cartilage clutter, macerating into a dough of drooping colon nectar – and sensing the foam of fermentation filtering through her intestines -Bhrflwlp- -Brbwllpht-. She pinched her pucker shut, slumping back in the couch, steeling herself with rhythmic heaves, her guts distending and inflating with the flood of festering fumes coursing through her bowels; swelling the coils of her colon into a tangled balloon sculpture -Bhwhwn- -Bbrwllg-. The bubbles brewing from the molten corpses of such sweet, delectable nummies had the fox trembling with a hankering for release, holding herself long enough to slump her gut to the side, and lifting up her leg to make way for the oscillating pucker. Her brim laid jiggling like a mountain of jelly, bulbed and drumming at the pressure, until... -Pfftw- a faint puff of green smog whistled out of the trenches in the hatch. -Bbhhrrppllllwrppfffffwth- the first puff was devoured by the tidal cascade booming out in a torrent of mossy hued smog. Fumes thundered through her fluttering buns of plump with a cacophony of moist noisemakers crotala's. The pillar of gas beamed out, it's width of a cantaloupe, which moments after egressing the fox's rectum expanding into a mushroom cloud of haze billowing forth to consume the living room. -Crkkrnk- the edge of the shelf caught in the blast, creaked as its side dislodged and swayed open like a revolving door. -Spltlrhc- A tuft of tangled, umber tainted alpaca-wool slugged out with the waterfall of stench, clammng onto the bookshelf and fluttering like a flag in the galewinds of stench, as the shelf succumbed to the storm and toppled into a heap of haggard rubble.

“Mmfs, late bloomers mmf, make for later boomer, hmpfff,” Blith cooed out to herself, as she unloaded the continuous colon monsoon. In ten seconds the miasma contoured the living room; the further it went from the billowing stream of airborne moisture, the more grace the fog shifted with, creating spiralling patters and tendrils of mists in the air, coiling wraps of green and yellow fumes, or lingering as a tinted haze towards the ceiling. -Bbrrrhppppwwwwf- Crushed dreams, burnt buffalo brawn, and liquid caramel all distilled into a jagged alcohol corrupted the air; the sharp,

concentrated stench digging its clawed tendrils through everything in sight, infesting it with the dropping heat that coagulated the air into a sickly, gelatinous fog. -PPFbrbwppwpth- -Fhrjs- The storm clouds of matured, feminine stink shook the couched and rattled her furniture. In the midst of the burst, the bulbs began to flicker with, as if the light was turning away from the scene. Soon enough each bulb was cocooned by condescend fart smog, dampening the atmosphere of the kid fuelled sauna-bog.

Blith fanned over her muzzle, chuckling as she partook of the raw pungency of her venting colon. “Mfms, haven't had one this rmmf, rank since two schools ago,” she huffed out, straining herself to keep the torrent of smog going. The glass of her tv, mirrors and windows fogged, shrouding the room in an umbral shade of emerald exhaust.

-Bbrrwwm- The base tune of the release peeled like a jet-engine submerged in tar. Across the wall where her rear aimed gathered threads of colon fluids, viscous filaments splattered flat to the wallpaper, diluting the colour underneath with the sweltering pressure of vitriol malodour. Rifts rend throughout the wallpaper as jets of fog streamed inside, spreading their fusty influence underneath and spreading in sprawling roots of gaseous veins.

Blith finding herself lost in the stream of pluming warmth, panting as she clutched her legs over her abdomen, crunching and compacting it to funnel out the roaring fumes.

Thirty seconds of uninterrupted gusts, petered out as a smatter of congealed cream, surged through the colon -Shbrlslth- -Chhrslpht- Blith's hatch winked, reverberating in the sudden halt, swelling wide to disgorge a volley of colon fluids and umber refuse, cured into a phlegm. -Plth -Plwtwdlch- The globs smacked into the wall, moulding into place from the impact, revealing a polished pair of scapulae embedded within one glob, the partially dissolved tail-bones in another, and the last one – lobbed only a meter before it plummeted into the rug – stocked with crumbled scales that left the globule of slime glistening with starlight, a beacon in the faint fog now ruling the whole apartment.

“Mmfps... Ooh yeah, yess... good stink stuffers...” Blith mumbled through clenched lips. -Ppbrbw- -Bwwrppth- -Frrwrrt- Puff of residual haze oozed from her rattling buns. She stayed stewing in an afterglow of relief, and the reeking stench in the miasma of kids brewed into an alcoholic redolence – a chill of pleasure coursed through her at the thought of transforming such innocence into such a taboo fragrance.

“Mmmfggwrn,” Blith gritted her teeth for a moment into a smile. “Wish I'd bottled you, you lil' tarts made mm, for succulent vapours, though I know I'd break the glass, I can't contain you anymore, right? My rambunctious rump refugees.” Blith smirked and quivered, a -Ppbbrw- hornblow of groggy steam filtered out into the humid aura besieging her apartment.

“On that note, I won't be able to contain you much longer, I've got a whole back of butt fudge to unload from the oven,” she snickered and hefted herself up. Blith stood as tall as she could, which still left her stomach pancaked to the ground, crinkling and smacking of bones rattling under the pressure from above, moulding against the floor so the brim of her abdomen took the shape of an obese pancake. -Chhrrtwptlh- “Mmmf?” Blith froze, feeling the crunch of bone and steamy blubber encase the head of her cock. She huffed with delighted surprise, steeling her tummy taut around the lumps and divots in her boneyard. Peaks and inclines formed sternums and chitin; stomach moulding to a clayscape blanket over the protrusions of osteo-matter, Her shaft scraped and brushed up against the jutting, tickling her member as she humped it into the folds. -Ppfrth- Sprrth- a few excited huffs of stained rear ventilation dislodged from the relaxed brim, chucking out globs of mud baked blobs, tarnished belt, and bundles of clothes straps.

“Mmmgf,ph, mpsght.” As Blith walked, she thrust her rear legs forwards, humping into the bumps of tummy clad kid-skeletons. -Chhrtch- -Ckkrht- Some would crumble, but there were more to take their place, shifting, grinding over her member, tantalising her with the promise of slaking the lewd throb. -Ppbrwwoorth- the fumes had turned vile in their escape, whitelisting through the brim and launching in streaks of stench missiles, -Sppfrwwrth- the burbles of gas shaking the furniture she passed in such a leisurely stroll. -Chrrkst- windows of a cabinet creaked

from proximity to the erupting gales. In between bursts, her rim flexed wide, hurling up clogs of molten sludge and gut tumbled clothes; the taur leaving a trail of defiled lives from her yawning dung chute, whilst humping the solid remains of her meals.

-Chhrthch- After a while, a carapace – molten to a crescent – distending the chub to a contorted cradle for Blith's shaft to grind between, aiming her down the baps of sleek spines and cranial domes. The bobbing humps jostled her tummy, surging in her colon. The regular flow of -Pfprth- stink diminished, until it burst forth in a carbonated pang -Bbrtwplffrk- Blith's tush unloaded a slug of lard loaded fumes, concentrated gas with a sprawling tail of smog to follow. -Ckkrrpwwwth- -Twwwhp- The crunch of plaster, bludgeon and splinter of wood shook the apartment, as the concentrated gale thwacked into the wall, and punctured through more than just wallpaper -Ctwpwfh-. Then Blith peeked behind her, she saw her rump line up with a manhole wide crater. Pulverized plaster drizzled from the pit; the smog and dust settled from the impact to reveal wallpaper peeled off in the curls the residual vapour had dispersed around the gouge.

"Mmfm, raunchy pack of snacks I picked up, right?" Blith mused, bobbing her gut into the floor, laughing to herself. Each step rose a cheek of compiled butt pudge, raised high as the thigh compressed it from below, until it slumped over the wide hips with a hearty bounce and a sway of her tail. -PPPrrwprlllrpth- Her greasy cheeks grinding out swelling plumes; smog reeking of an abandoned lemon cellar just starting to accrue mould, spicing up the lingering black meat musk in the room.

~ 3 ~

"Mmgms, hnfngr," Blith huffed, wedging her gut a little at a time through the door to the bathroom. -Chrrlth- bone bulges clattering to the bent archway as she wiggled through. The mid day news jingle flourished from the tv, Blith's ears flicking as she picked out something interesting.

"Parents remained in shock after the mass disappearance of middle schoolers, authorities are hesitant to brand it a kidnapping because of the number of-."

-Pbbrrwwffth- "We'll have you napping soon enough, down the sewers, won't we?"

"... rom. The following kids have been reported missing, Alfonso, C-."

Blith gyrated her bottom in a jostling bounce, unleashing a boiling stream of smog through her tush. -PPPfbbrrwrrlppt...- The Flatulence bathing the air in a sprawling pattern tangle of burnt lard and salted tar. The different densities of smog in air carving patterns in the damp haze. -f... rrrfbrbrwwrrth...- The fumes hold steady, pooling through with a rang of tones to the fluttering flatulence, all as more names are listed by the newscaster. -...Frwwrrlpppssth-.

"Lonon, Ron, Tina, and Unnam. Call the number below if-."

"Hoo, ooh goodness, mmf, that one made me feel like tapped glue bottle," Blith said as she trudge her hips throughout the doorway, wood creaking and bending as she slid in, "felt like most of them, mmm, students at heart then, can't resist to answer when your name is called~." Blith snickered and wedged into the bathroom, her sack bobbing as she scuttled into the toilet, dangling with a bloated girth to frame the winking pucker above.

"I'd like to see them, try to identify them, when I'm done with this steaming truckload of ass-taffy."

~ 4 ~

"Mmff, ooh yeah I am so backed up to the brim..." Blith mused, grinding her rear against the tilted toilet seat, pucker fidgeting with the congesting gruel lurching through the colons.

-“Mmf, ppo, still steamy,” Blith mumbled as she kneaded into her top gut. -Gbrblglg- A rush of pressure washed through her frame and detonated with a force that sent her cheeks drumming into the porcelain -PPFbbrwwllrlrttbbhth- Her cheeks moulded into flumes around the gusts of fog storming through her rear, the relatively secluded bathroom air tainted in the ragu of rot and fried onions, putrefied redolence gathering in clouds of orange trust hued vapour clusters.

-Ppbrbwllrpth- “Phooh, yesss momma is still cooking,” she cooed out crooning tone. The smog billowing through the cracks in the door, thrashing the hinges as the fog filtered out into the living room, hissing of a boiling teapot. -Slglddlpth- Along the pungent winds travels a slobbering mush of packed felt. -Cgrrsltpth- Blith's rear warping wider around the food, a shirt flutters out, waving like a flag, until the next clench brings a bundle of clothes to the brim, toppling from the throbbing lips. -Spllth- Blith's pucker regurgitates a drenches, somewhat molten slurry of pants, dresses, shirts and socks, soaked in colon juices and draining over the floor, dyes from each bled together into a muddled purple,

“Mmg, that tickles in all the right places, shed the exterior, and all, all wee got left is one, sludgy loaf of raw butt pudge left.”

-Gkkrrslth- Blith's chocolate nozzle trembled from the aftershocks of pungent pollution. Her tail waving across her rear to whisk the stench in the air as pressure bulldozed down her colon tract.

-Chhrslpth- The brim gaped to the width of a child's head, pried apart further by a chunk of chocolate slime. -Lcllltwph- the first hunk joined by a second, then a third bulging in to get space; Blith's pucker stretched and clasping across the three chocolate snowballs – a kid suckling on three jawbreakers at once. The Globules shaded a consistency with melting wax, moulding at the throbbing pucker and into one another. Their exterior separated by sedimentary layers of auburn hues, with the dotting of bone scraps on top adding to their confectionery guise.

“Baking with kids, mfmf, is that a -Pfrrt- haa, greater pleasure in life?” Blith asked with a swing of her hips, pucker gaping to discard the lethargic lumps, slumping into the tilted taur-toiletbowl.

-Chrlglsth- -Chrrllsgh- A crinkle of buffered bronze sinking in mud wring out from Blith's nozzle.

“Mmfs, oh yes, pushing and shoving, all you mmf, are good for, sso lets put all their hassle to good use massaging my ass,” Blith hummed out as her sludge pit yawned open. The veil of shadows folding off the mound as it came into contact with the brim, budging Blith's pillow sized buns apart around the head of dung. Its watermelon width slotting snug into the hatch, -Chrslslc- after only a finger-length had jutted out, the grime peeled back Blith's rim width as the mound's girth buffed.

“Mmfs, eah, premium kid clay, momma's getting eager.” She hummed and halted the grime's advance with rhythmic clenches.

The foxhole filled in full of filthy fudge; Blith's rear lips warped over crags and peaks distorting the exterior of bowel wax. -Chhtft- Blith's lower brim snagged in a valley between embedded sternums. -Chrlslpth- the top of the fudge creaking through at a steady pace, curving the mound in a downwards arc. By the time the dung peeked out of Blith's rear, the atmosphere of the bathroom didn't differ from that within her colon; damp of distilled pepper and meaty musk.- Chrlstfhhft Blith felt the texture of smooth marble curve through. Over the top of the advancing sludge, a carapace plastered into the sweltering colon dough, her pucker grazing across the butt burnished veneer, polishing the carapace to a gloss of potent bowel lard with the squeal of a liquid metal -Chnnnvng-. as the mound crept outwards, its muddled surface contrasted with the carapace: glistening against matte, spotless contrasting a bed of pencil-line fissures sprouting into segregating fissures... -Crrlslk- Its girth had surpassed the width of the carapace. Yet, the pressure from the bending mulch dug the bottom trench deeper, only ensuring the muck remained stuck in the arched loop.

"Msmgf, psha, didn't know, I was passing a bundle of chubby acrobats," Blith panted out, her rim flaring and folding, plugged by the looped fudge coil.

From the toilet's view, the mounted carapace was a faceplate on the body of an obese boa, staring down the abyss of the enlarged plumbing... -Chrlp- and with one snap-back of Blith's rear behind, the serpent sprung forth in a bounding leap. -TTddrrllwwdh- the fusillade of fudge blubber pounded into the drain and driving itself deep throughout the toilet.

"Aaahmmfn ooh hoo yeah, that is one fat, stinking bowel movement for momma." Blith tensed through her whole frame as the kids plunged her cheeks wide.

packed manure the width of a manhole, the damp loaf of raw umber billowed out from the distorted, trembling, mud-chute, devoured by the drain in a guttural slobber -Chrulglmpgh-. Drove of filth shed from the pillar as it dove into the drain; the pit submerged in rolling dunes of solid brown taffy,. Blith's colons laid congested and bloating in the grease infused rump rubber, solid as stone as it bouldered through her, yet the concentrated pressure and rapid torrent of motion turned the loaf to putty. -Crrkkch- The porcelain splintered into cracks around the zone of impact, plugged as soon as they sprung up by the congealing gelato, mending the cracks as it spread out into a tessellated pattern of polished marble and coffee stain webs. Creaking porcelain joined the sundering of bones, embedded chunks or jutting ribs snapping and crumbling as the filth socked down the drain, A melange of hip bones, jaws, scales, and carpal bones getting off the mud train to lounge about in the surrounding bowl -gathering in piles or gluing to the waves of manure spreading across the bowl.

-Chrlsthhpd- A quake from the floor trembled through Blith's legs, glancing back at her pucker nursing a chunk of the muck column back and forth with the squelch of a dew soaked sponge -Cherrllgiigh-. "Hoo... haa, must have jammed the pipes," Blith snickered, her tail swatting at her fidgeting cheeks, "I know how it feels. Thought my bowels would have chewed out the gumption of them, mmfphoo," Blith paused, swinging her cheeks like a pendulum, her hippo-bottom barely managing to jiggle into the gruel slog that pried them apart..."This batch is, mm haa, of a different caliber."

As Blith mused her rim trembled like a violin string on the verge of collapse, the grime peaking forth out buffeted back by the rigid pillar connecting it to the toilet bowl; her rear thus gradually carving a groove into the mound of chocolate, and archway her pucker sloped back and forth across. Her rectum digging unearthed clustered of skeletal matter, remains and indigestible; metal buttons, shoe-leather, hallowed out claws, all swathed in the guides of chunky manure clogs, moulded into a tile pattern so pliable fudge pliable to the interlocking shades. Deep down the drain, the carapace had snagged into a crack in the piping, the metal tubing could only handle so many deliveries from Blith, and at some point had to give in. The carapace and a crossing of femurs and tibia's formed a cork. -Chrswlglp- this didn't stop the waste from budging through, separating with creaking crinkles around the patchwork of kid skeletons.

At this moment of pause, Blith's backdoor oozing from the dung-loaves was given a chance to spread, saturating the air in a rotund character of molten brass, and succulent sinew melded into terracotta, steam oozed in clouds from the curls roared curved pillar and muddled batter, blending with the stench in the air to enrich it with gruelling humidity and a tint of farm-loam. The texture had grown rugged since the start of the bowel boa, from a uniform orange skin to bark in the pattern of a turtle-shell. Trenches a segregated dunes of manure in the cobbled sludge-bar; ravines with patches of walnut tinged bone spanned by tethers of gummy muck, drooping in vines down along the rives between hills.

"Mngns, I've gotta, mmfs have more," Blith huffed with lust fuelled determination, her pucker quivering in the slope of mud, engorging to warp along peaks of gnarled nougat, malforming in its attempt to thrust the creamy behemoth forwards.

"Come, too..." Blith huffed, raising herself up to her toes, "momma." -Bbwwnth- and slamming down her stomach into the ground. -Ghrjrbstlh- the pressure causing a chain reaction through the catacombs of drudge, a dense clog worming its way through undulating, constraining bowels... -Bbrbwwwpppoooph- jets of gas tore open her brim, cascading in a slow-motion

waterfall of raw guttural humidity – the smoke from a rocket during take-off. The muck rammed downwards, throughout the toilet, multiplying the tension through the pipes... -Chhrnng- -Ckkrpt- the shatter of warping metal rung through the walls, as the bloated pipes detonated from within. -Crrsk- Chhrssth- And next came the porcelain, the sudden bludgeoning without any kidpaste to plug the cracks shattered the white marble. Chunks of the toilet-puzzle clattered onto the floor with the droves of discarded clothes dampening its fall. -Sppllth- Chhrsllph- Smattering of waste drummed over the floortiles. -Frsssth- A waterpipe spewed a stream out through the bathroom in the wreckage of Blith's bowel movement.

“Mmpfgh, phhaas,” but the taur only let out a calm, savouring moan, as droves of manure thicker than her thighs percolated from her tush, sinking onto the ground as a chubby ropecoil dropped from the birdsnest – entombing the ruins of the toilet in a gratuitous amount of decaying child pudding.

“Mmwa, mmfms, oh it feels so good to spoil myself,” Blith exclaimed with a succulent grin.

-Pbbbrwwrllth- -Bbrwwrt- -Chhwddlpsth- volleys of pent up colon carbonation flushed free with the tangles of obese manure. The Chocolate fox fondant draping over the toilet in gargantuan droves of filthy wax, mounds of the grime mending into one another, their tangled texture of creaks and trenches forming a labyrinth of stench. -Wbbths- Filth sprawled in chubby dunes over the floor, enveloping the tiles and hugging around the sink's tubing. -Chhrsllph- chrhs- mud creaked out of her tush with the slimy coating of colon lube, squeaking a serenade of a dozen swampfrogs as the loaves dug into the bales of chocolate sludge, warping the gruel in craters around the new fudge tangles and spreading out the grime to all sides. -chhwrlwpth- and avalanche of fermented student slop collapsed at the right, slobbering over into the bathtub, and more waste was soon to follow it.

“Mma, mamamg, mfmphg,” Blith crooned out as she felt her pucker ripple tight and sprawled wide around the incoming mounts of gruel, the texture roguery – a solid rubber from the melted cartilage and smaller bones – tinted in a fairer hue of yellow brass to contrast the abyss of umber below. Its shape formed from engorged clogs of manure cobbled into each other, repeating peaks and valleys like the exterior of a pumping outwards distorting Blith's rim in a stimulating pattens of romps and thrusts, glistening of slobber from the leaking chute. The coils of pastel hue tangled into a slopes of condensed gruel, swaits tense texture warping it along the wall from the taur and collecting in the tub. -Chhrnrghs- -Chnngth- Squeaks of new porcelain polished by the sleek texture of muddy refuse echoed through the bathroom-.

“Phmaman mmaoga, aah this is tmmf, best batch of butt stuffers I've had mfm... how did a collection of scrawnmfmmty, missing kids end up making this much plump fudge?” Blith asked herself with a broad grin, grinding her shaft against her distended stomach and delighting in these malfomed serpent of colon caviar to snake its way through her rear in a bounding samba. -Chhrltsh- Chwltph- Bales bent and caved in under their own weight, Blith's pucker getting moments of rest before an expanse of guttural phlegm blossomed forth once more, reverberating with the girth of the butt baked nougat, the room foggy in a gradient of yellow and green fumes. -Shbrrlstph- the grime became blurry, diffuse in the rectal mists, Blith making out her bowel movement by the sensations of her distending and battered ruin, along with the sludge smacks the trunks made once they clapped into one another., grinding rubbery and muddy textures into a symphony of despair, Blith hearing the wails of her weekend dinner through every squelch and slobber of congealed child pate -Chhrrnsgllssiing- -Chrsllsngh- -Ghbllsdh-.

The tub laid submerged, everything between it and the toilet was a highway of crackled dung pavement, cement gluing to the walls and warping the bath-drapes into a sticky film of plaster oozing droves of radiating redolence. Folds of manure formed by the displacement of weight above them, drooping as a sea of stale jam from the dungscape her rectum painted. -Chwlsrlth- -Chth-. She clenched her buttocks, scraping her brim into the droves of auburn gunk, pausing to let restraining the flow to let her hind-pit sink through the mire, cutting in through layers of molten

nougat -Crrrhllgp- and dropping the droops in neat stacks of pill shaped compost. -Chhkkrl-. She felt something resist, the grime sloughing off a skeleton submered in her rear, she felt her pucker grind and massage of the intact ripcage, drumming over the vertebrate, and hugging out creamy dollops of muck from the manure plastered bones.

“Mmfs, oh, where do you think,... you are going?” she chuckled with her tail wrapping around the jutting figure, coiling them firmly in her between her buns and squeezing it inwards...

“Get back in there, you are supposmms, to fill in these mmf, fudge sausages,.” Blith huffed with a rustling series of moans, thrusting the remains of one of her lucky meals back into the pit of reeking fermentation, Blith's rim warping and lurching around the bonebag driven in through in pumping motions, which also blocked up her colon, the congested catacombs of gruel shifting as the skeleton was gradually engulfed back into the folds of filth, cocooned by the loads of gooey chocolate and sealed away by the closing pucker -Chhrllpth-.

“Mmf, that's right, back you go, just stuff out this next load and you'll be mmfs, an A+ in my book,” Blith shivered, arching her back down in a crescent, her diminished stomach sweeping over the floor, as she felt their rectal bulb bloat, blossoming to peel back its flesh-leaves over the chunky constipation, a few more cents added to its girth by the embedded skeleton, vague bulges and inclines hinting of where the remains laid entombed within. -Fpprrrbth- -Sllptught- Afterwards sloughed a fussilage of curling, moulding slop, pungent paste that bundled up at Blith's rim and disgorged in curled bundles of caramel.

“Mmfs, phhaa, mfppsha,” Blith panted, grinding her shaft into her romping her shaft into her stomach, feeling the sinking, settling dome of filth and pudge cradle the top of her member as she immersed the bathroom in their savoury sludge. The more her bathroom stopping halfway at the sloping wall of sludge divining it in territories. The wall always shifting, grinding, melting and bubbling with steam, the children's last stand, spirits trapped in the fissures and globs of piping-hot putt. Their last act stimulating their captor to a tremendous release of pleasure and lust, a. here one side of the bathroom laid were occupied by the mountains of compiled grime, the other half laid claimed by a deluge of glistening fox-cream.

~ 5 ~
SepTia

-Crkskt-Cj- -Chtwpwpdht- The hinges creaked asunder. Blith's bathroom door plummeting to the ground, revealing the chamber dense with smog that spilled out and mingled within the organic, festering sauna. Silhouetted in smog stood Blith, teetering at her steps from tin the afterglow of the lust-filled tremors, yet capable of holding herself steady as she stepped out to gaze at her craft- -Shslptsh- the bathroom was unsalvageable. All that kept the pipes from leaking and flooding ere the untold layers of dung-dew mortar gluing it in place, plugging every crack under the sea of chocolate cement. A cave in of fudgebowel fudge and toddler taffy, bloating and sprawling in dunes of greasy mudslugs even now, melding with the helping of stream on the floor into a healthy mocha.

“Mmfsa, aaha...,” Blith cooed, kissing her thumb and middle finger. “All those little cupcakes might have tested mymmf... tested my limits, what a hearty bunch of fat dough you turned out to be,” Blith licked her lips, rubbing her portly gut into the floor, a streak of cum trailing under it from the bathroom. “mommy needs mmf, a moment in her bedroom, then, perhaps make moving plans, you've brought on some change~. Mm, perhaps it'd be best, were I to hold myself back a bit, the sheer... mpf... volume ismm, quite taxing,” she said with a beaming grin, and not a hint of sincerity to her tone. Blith set her blubber plumped butt into a rocking jiggle as she stepped into the fog clouding her apartment, so dense she soon couldn't be made out. -Ppbrbrrwpth- her rear yawned opened with a lazy belch, hurling a clod of hazel dyed wool to slough out her rear without as much of a coo from the fox -Sppfltbht- splatting onto the mud any floor, soaked with the trail of iridescent spunk, and quivering in the ventilation of moist steam, as Blith vanished into the caustic haze.