

The club was overflowing with people as Sarah and Jessica pushed through the crowds of hot, sweaty bodies to the bar and ordered drinks. Sarah was taller than Jessica by several inches, slimmer too; where red-headed friend had an ample chest and what could be considered 'childbearing' hips, her frame leaned more towards the slender model's figure. Not to say either were anything short of attractive of course, both were majors at the nearby university and both had their pick of men; or rather, women, given that the pair were out on yet another date, and planning to be wed once their degree's were done and take a job as a scientist somewhere. Much to her taller friend's amusement Jessica planned to 'change the world' with her research on genetics and similar sciences; for her part, Sarah simply wanted a nice warm girl to cuddle up to and enough to be content with life, and Jessica provided that perfectly, the smaller girl managing to dominate her girlfriend in the bedroom to a certain extent, enough that Sarah felt 'snuggled' even though it was usually her wrapped around Jessica.

They frequented this club quite often, the drinks were cheap, the music was loud and good, and there were always plenty of near-topless girls walking around. The back rooms could be hired for a bit of private fun (translation: Sex as long as it wasn't too loud) and even better, the place was always empty enough for the pair to grab a seat beside one another, yet full enough they could enjoy the taste of one another's lips and tongues without too much of a crowd watching. Honestly the only real downside in the girls eyes were the unisex toilets, and that they often got hit on for threesomes, usually by a guy, which just didn't appeal.

"Do we *look* interested in cocks? Scratch that, do we look interested in *anything* on a guy?" Jessica slung an arm around her girlfriend and gave her breast a rough grope, making Sarah jerk in her seat as the shorter girl glared at the embarrassed guy, daring him to try and persist. The club was more full than usual, and it wasn't the first time the pair had been propositioned, both sweating slightly from the heat of so many bodies all around.

Sarah bit her lip in amusement as the guy shook his head and turned away, disappearing into the throngs "That was mean Jessica..." she tipped her head down into the waiting kiss regardless, partially forced by the hand lifting from her breast to the back of her head. The pair made an interesting clash, Jessica was a natural red-head, as the intense freckles splattering her face and arms – her breasts and more too, though only Sarah knew *that* – suggested, and spent most of her time indoors, shunning the light in favour of test tubes, turning her skin as white as ivory, and next to Sarah's dark, African complexion, she seemed to give off an effervescent glow

"Shut it you," Jessica winked, both were quiet tired of men trying to chat them up and she knew it "And some more drinks, I'll be right back" A final kiss to Sarah's bottom lip and she slipped off the bar-stool and vanished into the crowds, heading for the toilets. Sarah spun on the chair; the only benefit of the place being too packed to get a proper seat, and waited to be served.

Jessica steeled herself, and pushed into the toilets, taking a deep whiff of the old, musky, unpleasant scents to get them out of the way quickly; dealing with rancid, decomposed bodies required you to take a deep breath and fight past the gag reflex, and after a few breaths the smell becomes tolerable and then, unnoticeable, and public toilets were no different. These ones, to be fair, were much better than 'mens' toilets (she'd been in on a dare), at least the toilets were never covered in piss

and there was always loo roll to go around, but still... she didn't even like regular female toilets at the best of times.

Mostly empty of people, just an old lady shuffling past her, skin as leathery as bats-wings, with a vodka and coke in one hand, the button on her too-tight jeans still undone as she drunkenly staggered back into the club. Hurrying to one of the stalls, Jessica nudged it open and slipped inside, pushing it shut and flicking the lock down before tugging her mini-skirt and thong down and, after a cursory check for *wetness*, sat on the black plastic toilet seat and relaxed with a soft groan, unleashing the torrents of liquid trapped inside her bladder for the past few hours. A barely noticeable draft from wherever it is indoors drafts come from – Sarah was convinced there was a yet undiscovered species of living dust-bunny responsible, and insisted it be Jessica's life's work to discover them the last time she got drunk – knocked the door and it swung inwards a few inches, prompting a foul curse from the undergrad as she realised she'd managed to pick a stall with a broken lock. Mid-flow and unable...or rather, not bothering, to stop she just hoped no one would come in....right as the door across the room banged shut and footsteps made their way across the room.

As if some god were listening in and laughing at Jessica, her silent begs were utterly and totally ignored "Uh, I'm in...occupied!" she stumbled out, like everyone incapable of really knowing what to say in that situation, she nevertheless watched in horror as the door opened and a guy, about the same height as her, maybe a little taller, slipped in and pushed the door shut behind him. "HEY! Get out!" she screamed, clapping a hand between her legs and squeezing her thighs together, glaring up at him furiously, almost immediately regretting the hand as the last dribbles of piss washed over her fingers.

The guy looked down at her and smiled eagerly, and a pit sank in Jessica's stomach as she realised she was going to have to fight off a drunken yob, she wasn't 'worried', this kind of thing happened, more disgusted than anything else, she scowled as he quickly unbuttoned his jeans and tugged them down "Ugh...fuck no mate, I'm gay! Get OUT before I scream!"

"Don't worry, so am I" he responded, somewhat cryptically, though a second later she understood. He was dressed in skintight jeans and a black lacey net top affair, and a pair of pink, tight underwear. The short hair on his head was all that he bore, no beard and he'd gone out of his way to shave every inch of his sweat-glistened, slightly muscled body, right down to his crotch, and his ass she saw, as he turned around, pants down by his ankles. Despite all of this, it wasn't till she saw his totally flaccid cock that it hit home he was gay as well; the surprise knocked her off for a moment and by the time she scowled up again, prepared to stand up and reveal herself in order to deliver a good beating to the fucker, he had turned around completely and bent over slightly, arching his back (in an admittedly camp way she noticed) at the same time so that his firm buttocks parted, giving her a perfect view of his larger-than-average anus, the darker ring of muscle stained a grimy brown with streaks of shit around the inside of his crack.

In any other circumstance she would have admitted he was actually kinda hot...for a guy, instead she let out half a scream of confused anger before he sat back on her face, one hand reaching back to cup the back of her head as he stepped back and lifted up onto the tips of his toes to get his backside lined up with her head. Immediately her hands came up and punched at his thighs as she felt his small testicles pressing against her chin, her fists drew bruises as she retched, *feeling* more than

smelling the dirty shit and filth smearing her face, the greasy skin of his ass encompassing her entire face. As she reached back for a second punch, intending to make this guy seriously regret whatever fucked up thing he had in mind, he sat backwards further, pulling with his hand and pushing, inner flesh flexing and stretching. Jessica felt his pucker stretch, 'kissing' her nose and eyes and stretch even wider; before she could really even register what had happened, his body released a thick, sticky fart around her face, and he sat back heavily with a solid thud of flesh on flesh, his buttocks hitting her shoulders, and a muffled, thick squelch, as her head vanished entirely up into the base of his pelvis, crammed into his rectum.

Her scream of confused terror vibrated right against his prostate, and his cock gave an involuntary tingle as his pucker flexed around her throat, before he grabbed his ass with both hands and pulled his cheeks apart, wriggling his hips and shifting his weight onto her shoulders, using the sweat and grime and his weight to stretch himself slowly over one shoulder, and then the other, drawing a heavy groan from the man as he spread himself wide and sank *slowly* down, forcing Jessica's head deeper and deeper up through the shit-caked rectum as her shoulders vanished from sight. It wasn't until her breasts were being folded against her chest and slipped up into the greasy depths she remembered to fight back, terror and disgust overcoming the sheer shock as she started to punch and struggle with all her might, even fight past her gagging to scream through the thick crap caking her head, though very little managed to escape the man's miraculously flat stomach, despite having the head and chest of a woman pretty much the same size as him jammed deep up his backdoor, his belly didn't show any sign of it, not even a ripple to hint at her desperate thrashing.

It clearly wasn't desire, despite the intense stretching, vibrations and pleasure of her insertion his cock still hung limp against his sac, barely even swelling under such intense sensations; but whatever the reason, he shrugged off the painful bruising his legs and thighs were receiving, and pressed on, trainers pressing flat against the tiled floor again as he forced her elbows inside, trapping her arms by her sides as he sank lower and lower, some of the less thick shit, churned up by her struggled, oozed out over her belly and into the small of her back, escaping through every available crease and hinting at just how packed his bowels already were before he bumped into her. In truth he'd entered to take a shit, bumping into Jessica was just a happy chance encounter he planned to take the most of.

Inside of course, Jessica was less than happy, covered in shit, totally blind in the pitch black depths she could barely move, enough to writhe and scream and wriggle, but her arms were pinned hopelessly to her sides, fingers curling in the air inside the toilet seat, she couldn't hear a thing, only the noises of his body, the digestion of his drinks, the beat of his heart, all just barely audible below the thick, lewd noises of shit oozing around her as she was forced up and into his colon, her large bust almost flattened to her chest by the pressure, rings of muscle kneading and flexing around her, neither tugging nor pushing, her body too large an object for his bowels to have any noticeable shift on, no, the main thing pushing her deeper was his weight as he wriggled and twisted on top of her, stretching over her hips and sitting on the toilet seat around her, relaxing a little more and releasing a few sticky, thick logs of shit around her body. It didn't seem to reduce the sea of the stuff Jessica writhed through though, the poor girl's tears of terror would have smeared her make-up if his shit hadn't already. Halfway inside she struggled for all she was worth, desperately praying and begging for someone else to come in and discover him, begging him for mercy, though there was little chance he could even hear her inside himself. Despite the air-tight seal mid-way around her ass,

letting only drawn out rippling farts *out*, she could still breath, remaining horrifically conscious through the ordeal, choking back tearful gasps of mostly methane, forced to breathe the pockets of gas inside his body.

The man clenched hard, painfully so, around Jessica and stood forwards, pressing himself down after a quick glance down, Jessica's feet instinctively pushed against the floor, and she inadvertently drove herself deeper up his backside, a few clumps of crap dropping into her underwear as her legs stretched a gape in his ass. If someone had lain between her feet, they would have been able to see her exposed, piss-slicked vulva sliding up into her ass a full foot after his anus has passed it, until the thick shit oozed between her legs and obscured her hips completely, until the sight was simply of her thick thighs being slowly forced up and into a squishy, dark brown wall of shit as the man slowly crouched down lower and lower, his manhood still limp and flaccid as he reached her knees and clenched again, carefully lifting up bending over, tugging her high heels off her feet and pressing her bare soles into the toilet seat, using it as a final seat to press down and claim the last of her, slender thighs vanishing between his shit-stained cheeks, accompanied only by a few burbling, slightly echoed from inside, farts until he sat firmly on the seat again. Shifting back a few inches to properly sit on the toilet the man relaxed and finished taking his shit, dropping some more crap into the bowl around Jessica's frantically wiggling feet, covering them and staining the once ghostly white skin a streaky brown as the man pressed his cock down between his legs and emptied his bladder at the same time.

Sighing contentedly, he stood up, using some paper to wipe the broader surfaces of his buttocks clean, leaving his crack and her feet covered in filth, before bending down and tugging up first his pink underwear, working them firmly over her feet and trapping her in place, and then his pants, buttoning them up around his still flat and motionless abdomen. Careful not to get any over his hands, he used her discarded skirt and panties to ball up the shit and tossed it all down the toilet and flushed, clenching hard and flexing his buttocks before stepping out of the stall, working her feet firmly up against his pucker. The man scooped up her heels, tossed them in the bin on his way to the sink, and washed his hands. He wasn't sure if Jessica was still screaming or not inside his bowels, he didn't really care either way, she was still struggling and thrashing around like her life depended on it...and for all she knew, it did. The guy dried his hands checked himself in the mirror, preening for a moment before sashaying out of the toilets and sidling up to his boyfriend, cupping a hand around his waist and whispering into his ear, Jessica wasn't in for a threesome...well, not in the conventional sense at least, he just wanted her body, literally nothing more than a little extra stimulation for the size-queen....and maybe something for the other guy if he had a foot fetish.

Across the room Sarah shivered nervously, feeling unpleasantly alone as she watched the obviously gay pair of guys giggle into each other's ears, the one in the black net vest, the waistband of some pink underwear peeking out above his pants, subtly slipped a hand down the other's jeans for a quick grope as the pair headed away into the back-room, and Sarah was sure she noticed the slight swell of something in the seat of his pants, amusing herself with the thoughts of wearing a butt-plug in public. As soon as they were gone her nerves came back, and she sipped her half-empty drink again, worry starting to take over, Jessica had been gone for *ages*....