

Brown Archive: A Sister and a Teacher

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Brown Archive: A Sister and a Teacher

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Summary

Mari and Kokona both booked a day to spend with Sensei in hopes of getting closer with her, though neither was aware of the other doing it. When Sensei gets busy and asks Mari to instruct Kokona, the little Sunohara gets upset that her time is being interfered with by some other student. Mari neglects her urges to use the toilet, and Kokona ruthlessly piles the work on. Can Mari make it and be a proper role model to her younger compatriot?

Notes

Commission for BaomMai! Tyyyy so much for being the first repeat commissioner!

“S-shun-nee-chan, I’m not a little kid anymore! I’m an instructor now, so stop asking if I hafta go potty before we leave or if I want candy! A fine lady doesn’t need any of those things, hmph. . .”

The small, pouting voice of a certain Sunohara sibling echoed throughout the break room in the Plum Blossom Garden. It was a frequent sound, one that, luckily, Kokona’s *former* classmates weren’t lucky enough to hear, or else she may never hear the end of it~. A retort from the bigger, but debatably *older* sister was quick to be fired back-

“Oh hush now sweetie~, I’m just being a proper older sister, fufu. . . Besides, those things don’t make you *not* a fine lady, though arguably if that first one results in an accident, it might. . .”

Shun stifled a giggle at Kokona’s pouting scowl deepening, the heat from her adorably angry gaze melting her heart away. Giving a sigh, Shun continued chopping some vegetables on the breakroom’s cutting board, before neatly organizing them into a box. Applying some of her trusty handiwork and tying the bag up, she turned and dropped it on the table in front of her pouting little sister. She had a good view of how her face contorted to one of surprise and then excitement, hands grabbing the fabric and lifting it as her diminutive figure raised from her seat. She opened it to peek inside, only to frown and look up in disgust and confusion.

“R-really, you know I hate carrots...”

The sight of carrots elicited a whine from the more picky of the two girls, though the elder sibling was quick to shut it down-

“A proper lady *isn’t* a picky eater, right? Isn’t that what you also tell your students?”

Kokona let out another whine, though this one was more one of defeat as she closed the bag. Nothing was *making* her eat them when she got there, but still, it was the principle! Carrots were the worst! But there was a chance she could get out of it easily- Sensei would eat her carrots for her, at least she hoped.

“Give sensei my regards! Though if it’s too hard, you can always call me and I’ll take over~. It’s been so long since I’ve seen her.”

BANG

“N-never! A proper lady wouldn’t find being an assistant hard anyway, and besides... y-you aren’t gonna snatch my time with sensei away. . .!”

Kokona stood up after slamming her palms into the table, which greatly amused Shun. Walking over as her little sister haughtily prepared to exit the Sunohara household, Shun stood at the doorway as Kokona sat on the porch to fasten her shoes. Leaning against the framework, Shun glanced down the road, the rising sun peeking between the various buildings that comprised their neighborhood. It was just about time to catch the train to head to Schale. She couldn't hide that twinge of jealousy in her heart that her sister was going to spend a whole day with sensei, but. . . Perhaps she could arrange something like that herself.

“Okay Shun-nee, I'm going now! Make sure my students do their homework, and uhm.. Uh, make sure they don't try to be picky eaters either!”

Kokona dashed off after grabbing her bag, rushing down the street in the subway. She'd eaten a hearty breakfast, and made sure to go through *most* of her morning routine. Sure, she may have been rushing, but she was a proper lady! She didn't need an older sister doting over her to make sure she was doing *every* little thing.

“Hmph.. I'll show her. *And* I'll show sensei just how good of an instructor and assistant I can be!”

The train whistled, mechanical doors shutting behind her as the machine churned to life, quickly picking up speed before whisking off to the horizon, heading for a one way trip straight to Schale~!

. . .

“Sensei, these documents. . . Are these all yours to look over. . .? Why are there so many. . .?”

The soft, kind voice of a familiar Trinity student was the only sound bouncing throughout the office, save for the soft hum of the many electrical devices scattered throughout the office. Upon closer look, one of Trinity's sisters was busy grabbing a few files, and an older woman a few feet away was sheepishly scratching the back of her head.

“Well. . . You know how I am about work. Besides, I was busy helping out my students. And I'm grateful that my favorite idol wants to hel-”

The soft, but firm hand that grasped Sensei's shoulder let her know that she shouldn't push her luck with that. And despite the smile that was on Mari's face, sensei felt a cold shiver run down her spine. Her hands clasped together in a clapping motion, head bowing down with a sheepish smile.

“Ahaha, I mean. . . Thank you, Mari! I appreciate the help!”

That seemed to satisfy the soft-hearted nun, who gave a bit of a sly smirk as she took a seat at one of the many desks found within Schale. She’d split up the work pretty evenly, around 50/50. It wasn’t like Mari particularly *enjoyed* doing paperwork, but. . .Sensei was always there for them, and nothing made Mari happier than helping others. And if she could aid Sensei in any way. . .Well, a bit of discomfort was worth it. *And* they’d be working together~!

Beep beep. Beep beep. Beep beep.

“Ah, hold on, Mari.”

Whipping out their phone, Sensei held it to their ear and listened intently. The ears atop Mari’s head twitched, her instincts to eavesdrop getting the better of her mindful manners in this instance. The call lasted a few moments, only ending when Sensei let out a sigh and agreed to. . . Something.

“Sorry, Mari. . . I have to run out really fast. I’ll be back in a few hours. There’s an issue in Gehenna with the Pandemonium Society and the Disciplinary Committee... It shouldn’t be more than a few hours. I’m really sorry to leave you like this. . .”

Mari looked a bit defeated, though she swallowed that feeling as best she could.

‘Don’t let sensei see you like this...’

Mari smiled her usual smile, suppressing that tightness in her throat. She could handle this for sensei still. And she’d be back! It wasn’t as fun as working *with* Sensei, but the goal today was to help Sensei. She could do that even if she wasn’t present.

“I-its fine, Sensei! Really! I’ll just, uhm, handle the paperwork. This much is nothing!”

Sensei let out a soft smile, her hand rubbing the top of Mari’s head affectionately.

“Still, you won’t be alone. I had wanted to surprise you, but someone should be coming by to help soon. I called a friend in, her name’s Kokona. She’s a bit younger than you, and she wanted to learn how we work so she could better instruct her own students. You can delegate whatever tasks you think she can handle while I’m gone. Don’t work too hard though, okay?”

Sensei waved as she grabbed her coat, rushing out the office as Mari choked down the words she really wanted to say. Still, Sensei was counting on her. She wasn’t upset that she’d be

getting help; if anything, she was a bit happier. Maybe it could help her fight off the loneliness. Grabbing a cup of coffee along with a water bottle, Mari flattened the dress to better fit her figure as she placed her curvy rear on the office chair. Taking a sip and grabbing a pencil with her free hand, Mari began to focus on her work, blue eyes scanning the first wave of paperwork.

...

“And that’s the end of that pile... Around three hours of work, not bad Mari. . . Now, a well deserved break and sensei should be back soon..!”

Mari said softly, a doleful twinge creeping into her voice. Truthfully, her progress had stagnated these past few hours, not that she would ever admit that she was slowing down Sensei’s work. Mari had made a decent headway into the pile, the first hour being extremely productive, blazing through an entire pile. Though around twenty minutes into the second hour, a budding urge to urinate began nagging at the sister. That, and the coffee had begun to move her bowels a bit... She'd been seriously backed up, but she felt like she could let some out now. Especially so thanks to that coffee. Clutching her tummy a bit, Mari nursed her midriff gently, raising her leg a bit. A soft, airy *prbbbrfffrrrt* rippled against the seat of her panties, the burst of gas slightly puffing out her sister's dress.

“P-phew..perfect timing for my bre-”

Swishh!

The sound of a door sliding open caught Mari off guard, halfway into her standing up.

“Senseiiii! I’m here to hel- Ehh..? You’re not sensei...”

The childish voice careened through the room before quieting to a tone of disappointment. Peeking from behind the piles of paperwork, Mari gave a quizzical look before smiling softly at the little one, standing up and bowing a bit.

“You must be Kokona...! Sensei said you were coming to help?”

The child stood in the doorframe of the office, her face visibly contorted still, keeping that pouty, confused look. Mari wasn't daft— She could tell it was the type of look a student would have if they were upset that their time with Sensei was being intruded on. She would have been the same way, if not for her own maturity~.

“Ah, uhm.. .Yes, Sunohara Kokona. I'm the instructor for the Plum Blossom Garden students. I may look like a kid, but I'm not, so don't get any ideas!”

Kokona exclaimed, rather snappily at that. Mari didn't flinch though, and gave a warm, understanding smile to the girl. She would normally have given a more formal introduction, walking over and offering a sister's prayer along with her bow, however, the situation was a bit more. . . tense than Mari would like.

“So, let's go to work. Give me the other half sensei left, and we can finish in no time. Two hours is enough time, right?”

Mari cringed internally. Two *more* hours? She already had worked for three!! Kokona was serious, though.

“W-well, I was getting ready to take a break, actual..”

An insistent slam against the desk made Mari jump a bit. It was hard to tell, but Kokona was trying to assert herself it seemed. Not that it was working, but Mari was kind enough to listen.

“You aren't *seriously* going to slack off when Sensei has trusted us right...? What if she comes back and we aren't finished? If sensei has to work hard after resolving a crisis... isn't that cruel on our end?”

Mari wanted to deny that— no, she *had* to. Clutching her crotch as she squirmed in her chair, she offered a rebuttal.

“I-it'll only be a few minutes, just a momen—”

Another slam, and Kokona refuted her rebuttal;

“If you have enough time to whine, you have enough time to work. Show me the basics of the paperwork and we can handle it!”

A pouty ‘hmph’ from Kokona was given as Mari swallowed the lump in her throat. Kokona was... pushy, for sure. Was she this hard on her students? The way Sensei talked about her, she didn't get this pushy impression...

‘Hmph... Baka Sensei... I thought it was gonna be the two of us, but you invited someone else...? Who does she think she is, ruining my time with you...? And trying to make you work harder..? I’ll make sure she works until it’s all finished, Sensei!’

Kokona didn't notice the nervous shifts of Mari as she came around the desk, eyes scanning the documents and watching Mari's demonstration. She watched a few of the papers be filled out as an example before grabbing her stack, and taking a seat at a desk across from Mari.

...

‘U-ughh.. It’s almost done, but I’m nearing my limit here...’

The two girls were working steadily hard, though Mari was struggling to keep pace, much to Kokona's chagrin. It was a bit out of character, but Kokona had come all the way from Shanhaijing to gain tutelage under Sensei— not some Trinity sister.

‘And she’s lazy... Just what does Sensei see in me that she could offer me help?!’

Kokona scoffed internally. Her beliefs weren't founded in nothing, however. Mari's pencil frequently paused in its writing, and she kept *fidgiting*. Whereas Kokona could clear a pile every ten minutes, Mari was taking nearly double that time. Kokona's pile was almost finished— and it was hard for the eleven-year-old to not gain a bit of an ego that a teenager was struggling to match her, especially in something she just learned to do. Writing with increased fervor, Kokona finished her piles, and let out a haughty sigh as she organized them and set them aside. A smug smile was given as she glanced over at Mari's remaining work.

“Jeez, Sensei should be here soon... Hurry up already.”

Kokona smirked and relaxed as Mari wrote as best she could, hand shaky with nerves as she signed forms and scanned them for anything important. Her left hand clutched her pussy tightly, as faint spurts of urine had begun to leak out of her. Her panties were far from soaked, but dry wasn't an accurate description of them either. She had about ten papers left, and around twenty minutes until Sensei arrived. She could finish the papers and have enough time to excuse herself, provided Kokona stopped finding something to *pester* her with.

‘I’m almost there... You can do it without making a mess of yourself.. Be a proper role model for her!’

At least, that's what Mari wanted to do. It was easier said than done, her thighs quivering and bouncing inwards as a hand gripped her crotch, giving it a tight *squeeeze* to ensure nothing else leaked out. If it was just going pee, Mari wouldn't have been so desperate, but she was fighting two battles at once. Every few minutes or so, her tummy would churn, a painful cramp would hit her bowels, and Mari would need to shift her hand from her groin to her stomach, offering a prayer to whatever God was listening that her growls weren't audible.

Every paper was a struggle for the orange haired Sister, her hand shakily signing documents and eyes shiftily skimming them as she wriggled in her seat. The pressure was immense both front and back, and her focus was less so on the work than holding now. Her toes curled, shaky hands struggling to make a legible signature. Her legs shifted, her tummy giving a low growl as she raised her ass off the seat slightly. She didn't want to— but she *needed* to relieve some pressure.

Ffrrrrttt...rrrrpprbbrrr...sshhrrrrrph

Mari let out a sigh as she flexed her pink hole, only allowing it to briefly flower and let some eager gas out. Despite the relief it offered, her stomach knotted up again, twisting and causing her to raise her hand to clutch it in pain. Her bladder didn't miss the opportunity, spasming as her hand left, causing Mari to let out a sharp yelp, all of her muscles tightening in a panicked response to clench her urethra closed and prevent the dam from bursting. Unfortunately for Mari, it didn't work well, and the clenching of all her muscles caused her to press the pencil against the paper too hard, snapping the graphite tip and sending its dust over the paper. Her poor, white panties welcomed another spurt of fluid, greedily drinking more of the Sister's piss, staining the white yellow with her piss before beginning to seep out

as it reached its threshold for absorption. Fortunately, a Sister dressed in all black~. It wouldn't be noticeable, without looking closely. But her pencil. . . Glancing at the cup of materials, there weren't any replacements within arms reach.

'D-dang it...'

She glanced at the old-fashioned pencil sharpener, bolted to the wall– it was an archaic remnant of how schools used to be before they'd fully transitioned to digital teachings. Every student usually did their work digitally, so why did Schale even use paper documents?! Mari knew full well it was the most secure way to consolidate information, though, and begrudgingly eyed the sharpener. It was only a few steps away, but her body was *screaming* for relief. The toilet was only around fifteen steps further if she left the room– But she was nearly done. Glancing at the clock with shifty eyes, she gulped as she noticed the time. Sensei would be there soon. And if she had finished with Kokona, surely she'd reward them and praise them. . . What a relief it would be for Sensei to not have to work more.

'Ah, that's n-no good.. I don't need to be thinking of relief right nowwww...'

The dog nun whimpered in her head, her hands shakily leaving her lap and tummy. Grabbing the pencil with sweaty palms, Mari gulped and gripped the desk, pushing off it as her bladder gave a low ache, and something heavy descended on her bowels. She nearly let out a yelp, but she couldn't let Kokona realize she was desperate. Still, allowing gravity to affect her bowels was a mistake, her hole not quite up to the task of holding it in. Immediately, the pink bud flowered, blooming open and allowing the tip of something warm and sticky to touch cotton. Her cheeks flushed, though there was nothing she could do but clench tightly, urging her sphincter to pull the turd back into her bowels. It inched slowly as she tried to gain some stability, though the small trickle of warmth on her vaginal folds made her realize that she had to commit to the task. She could clean up before Sensei arrived, but not if she had an accident. Quickly flattening her dress, Mari began walking with an awkward gait towards the sharpener. Ignoring the hissing spurts of her bladder, Mari clenched her muscles as tight as she could as she reached the sharpener, twisting its handle and quickly accomplishing the task before trying to rush back.

*frrrbrbrbr-sprrbbrbrrttt-**BRBBRRSSRRT***

Mari ignored it, though she knew Kokona had to have heard it. Her anus flowered as the turd slid out of her tired anus, slicking the rim and tenting in her panties as it nestled itself between her lower cheeks. She didn't bother sitting at the desk, scratching the signature on the paper before immediately beelining for the door.

“H-hey, where are you going–”

“B-bathroom!”

Mari ignored Kokona, hands freely clutching herself. Her bladder was aching, a burning pain stinging her stomach and urethra, and the dull, heavy feeling was fully weighing down on her anal muscles. Appearances meant little now– She was urinating on herself with every second, even if she was technically not fully bursting, she couldn’t stop the spurts anymore. She speed walked as piss began hissing out, the spurts growing to a steady trickle, and then a stream. Rivulets of urine soaked her panties and streamed down her thighs, wetting her socks and soaking the dress that she had been pressing against her privates in an effort to hold it. Similarly, she was losing the battle on the back end too. Her anus twitched and grew tired, the hole closing around the turd and pinching it off, though it wasn’t done either. She could feel her bowels trying to push the entire thing out, and so she hastily opened the sliding door to sprint for the bathroom, only a few steps aw–

CRASHHHHHH

Mari found herself stumbling forwards, her face buried into a soft, fleshy canyon as she fell forward onto something warm. Groaning, she let out a gasp, eyes opening as she struggled to get herself off of the figure she was entangled with. More pressing than that, she felt her continence leave her, bladder and bowels taking the shock of falling as an opportunity. Piss hissed out as she struggled to lift herself from the torso of... whoever she was on, bassy, wet farts drowning the sound of urine out as she absolutely soaked the clothes of the person that her pussy was currently mounted on. Through the tears in her eyes, she couldn’t make out that person’s identity, though the voice that came out startled her.

“M-mari..? Are you okay...?”

Her eyes widened.

‘T-this must be a nightmare...’

**PRBRBBFRRRBR-SPRRBRBBRBRBSSSRRT-
BRAAARRBBRBRBRSSSHRRPPBRBRBRT**

Mari couldn't even muster the will to move, chunks of warm shit oozing out of her and into the seat of her panties, the waistband sagging as she uncontrollably deposited the full weight of her bowels into her panties. Even in her distressed state, she couldn't deny the inherent relief of the action— Her anus, while originally doing its best to not pass any stool, was now freshly lubed up by her shit. She could feel her hole stretching and extending, pushing out a thick log. Her panties were bulging heavily from the rocky log, and she could feel the girth of it between her asscheeks, spreading her tight ass. Eventually, her muscles needed a break after involuntarily forcing shit out, and Mari could feel her sphincter weakening. It gave out in one go, her anus twitching tentatively as it met some—but not much—resistance from being pinched off. Mari wanted to cry as she could feel the hefty, thick log sticking between her asscheeks. The sensation of sticky poop and the tough log slowly being smushed with every micro movement she made, the long log riding up her asscrack and slowly down to her pussy as it eventually got smushed enough to lose its rocky texture, looking more like chocolate soft serve.

To make matters worse...

“S-sensei... i-its not what you think.. .I-I...”

Mari started, tears strolling down her cheeks as steamy shit stained her pale moons, the sticky feeling growing as her poopy bulge was surely felt by Sensei as it grew on her chest.

*‘T-this is it.. I c-can't believe I **pooped** my panties on Sensei... Not only did I get her dirty, but I also had an accident in front of my Kouhai... Sensei's gonna send me home...’*

Mari's eyes closed as she sniffled, only to be met with the warm hands of Sensei grabbing her under her armpits. Lifting her as the two slowly stood, her hands moved to pat her head and grab her free hand.

“Are you okay, Mari? Kokona, can you run to the nurse's office and grab some things for us? I'll help her clean up!”

Kokona was wide-eyed— Was that why Mari wanted a break? She felt terrible now. . .Sure, she was mad that her time with Sensei was imposed on, but. . .

“Sensei, I can actually handle this... You go to the nurse's, I have more experience. Sometimes the Plum Blossom students also have accidents, so. . .”

Mari felt herself hiccup as she sniffled. She couldn't blush anymore than she already was, but being compared to kindergartners... Kokona's small hand grabbed her and led her to the women's restroom, locking the door behind them.

A few moments of letting Mari calm down passed, before Kokona cleared her throat.

"I-it's okay, Mari. Lots of.. well, it happens to everyone. Even Shun-nee-chan had one, and she's even older than you! Maybe as old as Sensei!"

Kokona did her best to comfort Mari. It wasn't like her to air her sister's business out, but comforting a student—even if it wasn't her own—was something any instructor should be able to do.

"Let's see the damage..."

Grabbing the sister's dress with some help from the messy victim herself, Kokona kneeled down slightly and peeked at the girl's panties. She was face first with Mari's pissy panties and soaked cunny, and she didn't flinch at the stench. After all, she changed tons of kids.

"Turn around for me?"

Kokona watched as Mari took tiny, shimmying steps to rotate, and the child visibly cringed. There was certainly *a* difference from her usual changes. Mari pooped at *least* three times as much as a little girl would. Still! The process was more or less the same.

"I'm taking your panties off now, Mari."

Kokona's hands moved simultaneously with her voice, grabbing the sagging waistband. She had to admit, she was surprised a girl as dainty as Mari could produce such... mess. The form-fitting panties bulged out heavily, and managed to stain her piss-soaked satin whites brown at the seat. The size was nothing to scoff at— it looked like two students took a dump and combined it. The bulge was lumpy all over, uneven, yet mostly taking the rough shape of

a sphere, around a grapefruit in size. Clearly it'd gotten squished too, as Kokona could see some mushy brown smeared between Mari's asscrack from where the waistband was sagging.

Pulling them down was easy enough, though. With how much poop Mari had made, it was as if the panties had a will of their own, drooping down her legs with a subtle tug along Kokona's fingers. Eventually, they reached her ankles, and she guided Mari to step out of them, now noticing a soft 'squish' sound. The poor girl must've soaked into her shoes and filled them with pee. Walking over to the toilet, Kokona held the poopy panties cat's cradle style, dumping the large load into the Japanese toilet. It splattered against the ground, and she quickly flushed several times to rid it of evidence. Turning back to Mari, she undid her shoes and took her socks off while Mari stood silently, only speaking up while Kokona laid her dirty garments in the sink.

“T-thank you, Kokona... I'm sorry I couldn't be a better role model..”

Mari apologized. Running the water, Kokona hummed as she began to soak the poopy panties in the sink, separately from her socks. Rinsing them in water, she applied soap to the stained seat and gently began dabbing the material against the porcelain sink, before turning back to Mari as she let the clothing materials soak while the water ran.

“D-don't apologize...”

'It's my fault somewhat anyway...'

Grabbing some toilet paper, Kokona returned to her squat, balling it up until she had a sizable wad. The damage was... severe, to say the least. Mari's ass was almost completely dirtied, pale skin being a sight for sore eyes from how she smushed the turd against Sensei while it came out. Her front seemed to be fairing better, though spare bits of feces had made their way onto her intimate bits as well. Dabbing the paper against her ass, a little, firm hand cupped Mari's hip to hold her steady as Kokona began wiping. To start with, she was focused on wiping up all of the shit from the cheeks to make it more of a clean area she could touch. Especially since with a glance at the girl's butt, Kokona could tell that some feces had nestled up nicely between her cheeks.

Around four wads of toilet paper later, and Mari's butt(at least, the cheeks) were as clean as if they'd never been pooped on. Wiping some sweat off her brow and admiring her handiwork, a sense of confidence began budding in Kokona. Even if the kids got older, she was just as capable of caring for them. But, that was before she got to the hard part. Now she had to get the build up of gunk and mush out from the center. Grabbing Mari's buttocks gently, Kokona

used her fingers to gently spread her buttcheeks. The stench intensified, but the kind hands of the Plum Blossom instructor never wavered. Grabbing another wad, she began to wipe the sister's crack, digging deep in and touching the base of her tailbone with it. Mari let out a slight yelp and squirmed, though Kokona's hands were firm in holding her. Grabbing her by the cheeks, Kokona's petite fingers deftly spread her buttocks, exposing the mush to the air as wad after wad was forcefully dragged down her underside, from tailbone-to-pussy. But, Sensei was trusting her to see it through! Wiping thoughtfully, Kokona used paper after paper to ensure no scatty residue was left on her butt, between her cheeks, or even between her little folds.

And she finished just in time, as the moment Kokona's body stood up and Mari's skirt fell, Sensei had returned, knocking on the door before using their own key to unlock it.

“Ah, wonderful! I managed to find a spare nun uniform and some panties, and it looks like the socks will fit too. You can change up, and uhm...”

Digging through her purse, Sensei pulled out a forbidden item— something permitted only for emergencies that caused both girls to gasp.

“I need you guys to run me an errand. See, there's this dessert shop I wanted to stop at on my way back. . . Do you guys think you could run there and try some things? And pick me up, hmm... A creme donut, if you could? Try as much as you want so I have a list of things to try next time I can go!”

The two girls looked at each other as Mari graciously accepted the garments, taking Sensei's credit card and nodding. Pulling the new panties up as she took her Sister's garb off, Mari had to conceal a smile. Even in this situation, Sensei was still being kind to her. . .

. . .

“Wow, it's packed. . . This line is crazy. Only the Black Tortoise Promenade gets this busy back at Shanhaijing...”

Kokona commented, her eyes widening at the sheer volume of people visiting this new shop in D.U Shiratori. Still, she wasn't surprised. This District *was* popular, *and* where Schale was.

“Ah, Trinity has a few places like this... Perhaps the After School Sweets Club would know more about that...”

Mari replied, prompting Kokona to give a look of awe. Was Trinity some really fantastic place? Maybe she *should* visit sometime. . .

“Wow, really? Well, it's going to be awhile... the shop has a wait timer, see?”

Kokona pointed to the front of the store, which was unfortunately around fifty meters from them, each meter of space holding around 2 or 3 people in a line. From where Mari was standing, the squint of her blue eyes revealed the timer to say...

“A-an hour and a half?!”

Mari and Kokona both let out a whine. Sensei was paying, so it wasn't the worst. . . But neither girl wanted to waste nearly *two* hours away from Sensei. Kokona was the first to complain—

“M-maybe we should call Sensei and tell her it's too busy...?”

Mari wanted to agree, but. . . To be honest, she didn't really feel like seeing Sensei quite yet. She'd still not gotten over pooping her panties on her. To that end, she was desperate to prove that she was capable of helping Sensei, in any way she could.

“N-no! Sensei is counting on us!”

Mari exclaimed, putting her foot down. Despite suggesting otherwise, Kokona was on board with the idea of staying. That was the logic the two girls used to justify spending two hours of their time standing in line. At least it wasn't all bad, though. The shop was big on hospitality and maintaining customer satisfaction and interest, and as such, a waitress came

through the line.

“Free Choco Mocha Mint Caramel Drizzle with Whipped Cream! Try a free 10 oz sample while you wait!”

Mari and Kokona’s eyes lit up, grabbing their cups. It smelled *delectable*, and the taste was one Mari could appreciate; though the same couldn’t be said for the smaller, oreo-haired girl. One sip, and she was—

“Bleerrrh! Icky, what *is* that?!”

Wiping her tongue on a napkin in her pocket, Mari giggled at the childish reaction from the younger assistant, patting her head as she sipped hers down. It was an acquired taste, one that Mari herself indulged in on long, dragging days at the cathedral.

“It’s *espresso*, Kokona-san... You probably thought mocha was some sort of chocolate?”

Her younger compatriot nodded, eliciting a soft smile from Mari as she rubbed her head, continuing to explain.

“Mocha is a type of coffee flavoring, Kokona-san. So if we order a *mocha* latte, it’s a latte with chocolate flavoring. This drink is a chocolate *mocha* drink with caramel drizzled onto whipped cream, see?”

Kokona wiped off her tongue, her expression sifting into one of disgust. Kokona pushed the cup towards Mari, the older girl taking it curiously, though she had an inkling of an idea of why she was receiving it—

“You drink it... I-its bitter...”

She whined. Giggling a bit, Mari took it, allowing the beverage to grace her lips as whipped cream residue was left on her lips. Licking it off with her tongue, Mari downed both the beverages, continuing to share small talk in line with Kokona.

It was only two hours or so, right? What could possibly happen?

. . .

One hour later . . .

“Ugh, why’s it taking them so long...? I know it said an hour and a half, but the timer hasn’t even changed...”

Kokona stood in an awkward fashion, though she tried to make her annoyance at the wait more prevalent in the way she condoned herself. Mari was similarly getting impatient, though she wasn’t as annoyed. She gave a knowing, agreeing smile, eyes closed as she listened to the more impatient of the two continue to complain. To be honest, the wait wasn’t that bad, though she obviously would prefer *not* to wait. The main issue was the two choco mocha mint caramel drizzles she drank were running through her, and *fast*. The day was decently warm— not enough to be sweating buckets and risking dehydration, but enough that she felt the urge to use the toilet budding up, and fast. Not that she needed to go *desperately*, but. . . It was coffee. She was sure it was only half done making its rounds ravaging her lower half. But still... There was no way she’d have two accidents. Not twice in a day. She absolutely *refused*. A hand reached for her nether region, gently squeezing her holy bits as she shimmied forwards in line. She resisted the urge to squirm and fidget openly; not that she needed to yet. That wouldn’t last long if things kept moving so slowly, though.

‘Y-you musn’t defecate on yourself again, Mari... Remember, you’re supposed to be showing Kokona-san how to be a proper role model...’

Those thoughts echoed through her mind, her palm squeezing her cunny tightly whenever her furtive eyes would scan to ensure privacy. The more minutes that passed by, and the more Mari wasn’t certain she was going to be able to wait until they got back to Schale. She was a mature girl, though. The only shame she could feel would be if she soiled herself *again*, there was no shame in using the toilet in public. She clutched and squirmed away from the prying eyes of the general public, gripping her pussy whenever she could find time, a hand absentmindedly rubbing her midriff to nurse her gurgling belly. A soft *frbbrfrrpprbrbrst* decorated the seat of her panties, along with some tiny, unnoticeable droplets staining the front of her panties. She needed to at least hold it a bit longer though— their place in line was finally here!

“Look, Mari! W-we can order now!”

She forced a smile at Kokona, too desperate to notice that Kokona’s voice was faltering. Straightening her posture as she walked up to the register, Mari *impatiently* squirmed as the two students read the menu. To be honest, *none* of it was appealing. All Mari could focus on

was planting her bum on a toilet seat and letting out a saintly sigh of relief, and the sweets and cafe drinks would only serve to further scar her borrowed panties.

Frbrbrffrrtbbt

Mari stiffened visibly as she passed gas, a sickeningly warm and damp feeling *squeezing* through her sweaty, clenched cheeks. Her face flushed as she could instantly smell the noxious gas even amongst the bakery-like smell that was otherwise filling the room. Her face pinkened, and she hastily ordered with Kokona before making way for the next customer to order. They were instructed to stand to the side and wait for their order, but. . .

‘N-no.. no more stalling... I need to go now!’

Mari could feel it knocking, the presence of a large, muddy mass pressing against her twitching rosebud and tentatively peeking the head of a knobby log out.

“N-ne, Ko-”

“M-mari... I need to use the toilet...”

The tug on her sleeve and soft, worried voice of the littler student caused Mari's expression to contort to one of confusion, and then relief. A mistake that was, as she could feel her mound getting wet and warm as piss hissed out from her holes. Clenching her muscles as her thighs twitched inwards, Mari forced yet another smile, putting a hand on Kokona's back.

“I-I... also need to, there's one over there..”

Mari pointed, and the two girls did their best to maintain appearances. Neither were particularly good at it, though Mari was doing better than Kokona at least. The poor child was visibly clutching her crotch and a hand over her rear, and anyone close could hear tiny little sharts coming from her bum. Fortunately, it was packed, so not many people did– or maybe they didn't bother to comment on a little girl being desperate.

The pair eventually after a painstakingly long, seven step walk, made it to the doorway. Twisting the knob to open it caused both girls' bladders to spasm and let out a leak, Kokona's

leaking and causing the crotch of her choengsam to visibly grow wet.

“O-only one..?!”

Mari's belly *churned* as she felt some feces utterly slam into her sphincter. It took all of her continence to keep it in, though she somehow managed. She really, truly didn't want to shit herself. Not again, anyway. But, to take a toilet away from a younger student..?

“Y-you can go first... You're younger than me, and I-I can wait. It's not that bad.”

Kokona's eyes widened with hope as she was now releasing a steady trickle, her legs crossed in a potty dance and soaking the top of her inner thighs in response.

“B-but, are you sure...? Earlier...”

Mari interjected,

“W-was a one time thing. I'll be fine, Kokona-san. You can go fir...st..”

Mari kept her composure *mostly* intact, only drawing out the last word of her sentence as she felt herself urinating. Kokona wanted to object, but the sudden, sharp *PRBRBBBRSST* that came from the elementary girl caused her to quickly bolt in, locking the door behind her.

With some semblance of privacy obtained, Mari openly clutched herself, her thighs utterly shaking as urine hissed into her panties. Waddling over, she spotted a nearby mop bucket, spreading her legs and allowing her girlish fluids to fully spread through her undies, dripping down and cascading into the bucket below. She let out a soft whimper, pissing herself for the second time, though her relief in containing her bowels were short lived. She had no say in the matter, no matter how much her brain wanted her to hold it, her body wasn't taking no for an answer. Bending her legs instinctively, the sister's body began the process of involuntarily voiding her bowels.

In some way, Mari may have been lucky to shit herself earlier. Despite the utterly disgusting sound that trumped out of her rear;

FRBBBBRBFFFRRRTSSSHRLRLPLABBBRBBBBBBRRRTT,

The shit that followed came out in one steady wave. Her anus relaxed and descended, protruding from her cheeks and kissing her borrowed satins. The kiss was interrupted quickly, though, as a heaping, hefty wave of shit exploded out of her, ballooning the seat of her panties under her dress. She could feel the solid mush spread up her asscrack and slightly forward, though she quickly used a finger to adjust so that didn't occur. With hands pulling at her waistband through fabric, gripping it as the familiar stretch of her anus and shit spitting into her panties occurred. Her legs bent a bit, legs spreading as she bore down and felt the instinctive push of her exhausted bowels. Mari grunted, allowing more of her mawkish accident to occur. She huffed as thick logs of shit coiled out, decorating her asscheeks and filling her panties until they'd successfully grown to the size of a grapefruit. With one more pathetic whimper, Mari let out an unladylike trumpet of a fart, and with it, another turd oozed out. The log coiled up into her mushy load, nestling itself nicely in her overloaded panties and planting itself nicely against her already dirtied asshole. With the accident *finally* finished, tears welled up as Mari stood, half crouched and knees bent; pooping her panties like some sort of toddler. A glance downwards caused her the brief respite that her accident wasn't visible, and for all the bravado and stink of her farts, the mess itself didn't actually stink. Even if she'd have to occasionally tug her panties back up, each tug up smushing shit against her partially developed undercarriage, smearing between her asscheeks and against her pussy, further staining her satin as it dirtied up the seat of her panties as much as it did her skin. Perhaps she could wash up in the privy when Kokona finished, and nobody would be any wiser!

Fwooooooosh!

Click!

The sound of the toilet flushing and door unlocking made Mari's ears perk up, quickly returning to the doorway as she eagerly waited for the child's exit. The door slowly creaked open, and the guilty expression caused a lump to form in Mari's throat.

“W-what's wrong Kokona-san...? Did you...?”

“N-no! I-i mean, no, it's just... it's clogged, so you can't... I-im sorry, Mari-san!”

Kokona bowed her head, eyes clenched shut tightly. She felt guilty, and said feeling gripped her heart to deliver such news when she knew Mari might have an accident— but that wasn't the *only* reason.

...

Moments prior. . .

‘A-almost there! I-I made it! See, Shun-nee! Take that!’

Kokona's thoughts were that of victory as her petite figure hastily struggled to grab the toilet lid, fingers missing a few times as she felt her body expelling piss into her peroro panties, soaking them thoroughly. As soon as the lid was up, Kokona turned around, planting her small rump on the seat and *pushing*. She let out an adorable grunt and sigh of relief, piss *pshhhhing* out of her cute little princess parts. She moaned as she voided, her anus sputtering out several mushy logs of shit that didn't seem to end. Each one was a surprising texture for her— normally she was diligent about her diet, and her poops had the perfect consistency. Not too hard, but not too runny either. Though, if she recalled correctly, she *had* ignored her veggies recently... And with the sweets she'd eaten on the way to Sensei instead of her sister's homecooked, healthy bento. . .

“Urk.. No wonder its so...*mushy*.”

Kokona held her nose as she straightened her posture, her fists balling up on her knees as she bore down on her bowels. Instantly they responded, a loud **bla-BHHABBBBBBT** echoing into the bowl, a heavy, sharty explosion of shit splattering and sending warm, mushy shit all over what lay under Kokona's anus. Even though it was a rather disgusting release, Kokona was smiling, basking in the relief it offered her. She sat on the potty for around 4 minutes, letting clumps of scat push past her hole and...

Why was it warm? And why did she feel so sticky down there? Gasping, she raised her bum slightly, only to realize her mistake. Tears welled in her eyes as she sniffled, trying not to sob.

“N-no... I'm a big girl! It happens to everyone, even Mari-san! Besides... she might have another one!”

Kokona quickly gave herself a pep talk, and began the cleaning process. She diligently dumped the shit in the bowl, wiping up her underdeveloped lady bits efficiently, and the last task was to dispose of her soiled panties. She cringed as the white panties with the cutest mascot had to go, but she'd utterly demolished them with her cute little butt.

“Sorry, peroro...”

She apologized to the creature. Looking for a wastebasket, Kokona was surprised to find the lack of one. She was panicking, holding poopy panties in her palms and wondering what she could do. The sound of Mari's fart had pierced through the wall though, and Kokona realized she had to act fast to save her friend's dignity. Thinking fast, she tossed them in the bowl with the shit and quickly flushed. She proudly placed her hands on her hips, watching them swirling and swirling until.

Grllgrtgrrrkkk...

The sound of gurgling, and the swirling visibly stopped. The water level rose to almost flooding, and Kokona's eyes widened.

“U-uhm...uh oh...”

...

Present. . .

“Y-you're serious...?”

Mari was utterly stunned, a pit dropping in her stomach as she felt like crying right there, the warm, mushy mass sitting in her panties reminding her just how *juvenile* she felt right now. To make matters worse, it seemed like the younger girl hadn't had an accident either... While that could be chalked up to Mari's selflessness, she still felt awkward.

“W-well, let’s just grab our stuff and hurry back. . .I can hold it..”

Mari interjected, grabbing Kokona’s hand and leading her quickly through the restaurant to their food. She was being mindful of how she walked, the soaked satin’s rubbing her pussy in all the right ways. She had to stifle a slight moan as the girls carried their little baggy out, exiting the store to return to being basked in the sun’s heat.

Truthfully, it wasn’t that hot. Kokona seemed fine, especially as she sucked on a popsicle that was part of their group purchase. She was rather pleased, humming cutely as she allowed the cold treat to cool her off.

“Aah.. that hit the spot. It’s such lovely weather today~.”

Kokona had fully trusted Mari’s decision to be able to hold it– she’d be mad if it were the other way around and Mari was constantly checking if she needed to go. As such, she showed respect to the older lady, walking side by side with her.

Mari wasn’t taking the rather mild weather well in comparison. It wasn’t that, actually, but rather she was too embarrassed and nervous to walk around Kivotos with poopy panties. Every step and sway of her ass squished her scat closer to her lady bits, causing her face to turn pink. Sweat rolled down the side of her face, brushing her cheeks and down her chin. Similarly, sweat was rolling down her asscheeks, the sweat mixing in with the rank stench of her shit. The heat intensified the stench, and Mari’s nose twitched as the scent rose. She fanned her rear as she walked through the crowd, boarding the train with Kokona, who fortunately didn’t seem to notice.

“*Do... do you guys smell something...?*”

The voice of a girl not too far from them on the train, who began holding her nose. Mari tried to ignore it, but. . .

“*Yeah, it stinks like poo. . .*”

Her face flushed, and she felt her stomach turn. Rubbing it nervously, Mari figured it was just nerves, but the sudden, sharp *frrrrttbbirt!* that came from her had her concerned. Nursing her stomach with rhythmic circles, Mari let out a quiet whimper.

'T-there's no way... so soon. . .?'

Mari groaned quietly as her bowels churned again, feeling them make squelching noises as the coffee made its second rounds through her. She couldn't resist letting out some more gas, the sticky, wet sharts bubbling in her cheeks. Unfortunately for Mari, the shit packed in her cheeks caused the gas and shit to bubble as she ripped ass, making a sickening, quiet *prbbbrbrsst* sound. The train's ambiance covered it mostly, but. . . Kokona was low enough and close enough to hear *and* smell it. Clutching her nose a bit, Kokona quickly pretended she didn't smell anything, tugging on Mari as she tried to draw attention away from her.

"M-mari-san... Can you hold it...?"

Kokona asked quietly, averting her gaze as Mari used both hands to clutch her tummy. The sister's eyes closed as she felt it coming out— a thick log tenting her mushy panties out further. Exhaling, the sister had no choice but to push as she cramped up. Audibly shitting herself in public, but her tummy *needed* to be relieved. The farts picked up in volume as the nun filled her britches with more shit, that first, heavy log being the only solid thing in her. Immediately once it was expelled and nestled against the ocean of mush, pure, liquid diarrhea splattered the semi solid and log, soaking it in her watery, chunky fecal expulsion. Mari sniffled a bit, though she mostly grunted as the crowd made room for her. Her dress grew wet by her pussy as she urinated, piss soaking her clothing visibly as it puddled under her. It was relieving in a way— urine spraying out of her like a hose as her hot fluids steamed her bits, the feeling of loose stool rushing down her thighs and into her socks. The floor of the train grew messy in both ways— a golden puddle being decorated by the soft, chunky turds that forced their way past the leg-guards of her panties. Noisy, splattering farts continued for several minutes straight as Mari publicly voided herself, the nun covering her mouth and sniffing.

DING! DING! Now Boarding—

She couldn't react in time, as the doors opened and immediately caused her to get bumped into by a wave of people. Her feet struggled for balance, though she inevitably slipped in her puddle. She let out a squeal, hands grasping onto the nearest thing— which so happened to be Kokona's dress. Gripping it, it was yanked down and—

rrrRIIIIP!- sQUUURRRILLLLSCCHH

The sound of tearing cloth and mushy shit caused the train to stop. Kokona had been dragged down partially to be pinning Mari down almost, her hands fortunately placed just outside the boundary of her incident to break her fall. Mari laid under Kokona, ass fully planted on the ground and eyes opening in horror at the immediate demolition of whatever semblance of cleanliness she had left. Shit had gone *everywhere*. It was all the way up on her pussy now, some even making ways inside her folds, and she could feel liquid shit halfway up her back. Her dress had a huge shit stain all over as she remained starstruck in her accident, though she couldn't think much. The squeal from the younger girl, whose dress she'd torn right up in her fall—

Kokona's pussy was on full display for everyone to see, especially in the rather provocative pose she'd landed herself in, giving them a view of her tight asshole too. It was mostly pink, though there were thick clumps of brown mush decorating her ass and her vagina. Helping Mari up, Kokona dragged her as best she could off the train as photos were being snapped, free hand trying to tug the remnants of her clothing over her bits. She beelined for the station bathroom, ignoring the loud, obtuse sharts Mari was letting out along with the trail of mess. There *was* a line for the bathroom, but the complainers in the line quickly grew silent when they saw— and *smelled* Mari, offering sympathetic gazes and confused ones to the unwiped, streaking Sunohara. Mari's face was hot with embarrassment, and her loins *ached*. She chalked it up to exhaustion on holding it for so long, and glanced down at the younger girl apologetically. She'd made everything worse by having another accident. . . And forced her to be half-naked, too.

Just on how Earth were they going to get home. . . ?

. . .

“Phew. . . What a long day...”

Wiping some sweat from her brow, Mari offered a silent prayer as she sat within the confessional booth. It was a long day of bearing the sins of the Trinity sisters, but a duty that Mari was proud to be one of the few who could do it. Even still, it was intense. She devoted her all into absolving the Trinity students of their (mostly) minor sins, and the occasional visit

from other schools always spiced things up. Not that Iochi Mari was concerned with worldly things like drama— She was a holy sister of Trinity, and ordained to absolve sins. A glance at her phone as she tapped the screen lit up the inside of the booth, the display popping up to show the time to the girl.

“4:55, huh... Almost time...”

Mari’s tummy gave a violent churn, causing her face to turn pink. The accidents that had occurred during her time with Sensei were a day or two behind her now, but she still felt the same heat of embarrassment when being reminded of them. Shifting in her seat, she clasped herself, huffing silently. She needed to *go*, sure, but there was no way she wouldn’t make it. And as uncomfortable as that feeling of needing the toilet was, she felt comfort in knowing that this time, her using the toilet was inevitable. A glance at her phone again, and the time was just one minute away from being excused. A soft, bubbly *rrbbbrbrbfrrrt* rippled out of her ass, and Mari sighed in relief. Sure, she could feel a wave of hot shit sitting right at her door, but with thirty seconds left, she didn’t mind at all. Standing up and flattening her dress, she took a moment to compose herself, ensuring that she wasn’t going to burst the second she stood. Her hand moved for the handle when she was sure she wouldn’t explode—

Creeeeeeeeakkkk— BAM

The sound of a door opening and closing on the other side caught Mari off guard, jumping slightly on her end of the booth. Urine spritzed out like a leaky faucet, decorating her white flower panties with a nice and tiny patch of sunflowers. Panting came from the other side as the figure caught their breath, and Mari nervously pulled her phone out.

“A-am I too late...? I ran here so fast, but...”

That voice caused Mari to pause— Kokona...? If she came all the way here, the confession must be something important. Gulping, the time clicked to 5 right in front of Mari, and caused her to elicit a whimper. She was *surely* going to regret this, but for a friend. . .

“L-let’s begin the confession...”

Mari forced herself to sound confident. Kokona obviously recognized the voice, though that only made her more excited to do this. If it was a trusted friend, maybe confessing wouldn’t be so bad!

...
“...And then, I was so fed up with her... I mean, it was bad enough that the other kids called me Cacona, but my own sister called me Kokona Shitohana...! I had enough! Shun-nee wasn't going to get away with it on my watch. So, I waited a few days and got the strongest laxative possible from the Eastern Alchemy Society... And maybe I...”

The sounds of Kokona's confession were being listened to, though how much she'd be able to retain was anyone's guess. Sitting on the stool, Mari bit her bottom lip as she rocked in her seat, trying not to spill more out. She was positively *bursting*, and the feeling was oddly reminiscent of needing to go potty when she was a little fox. Too shy to ask in class, Mari had old memories of having the same blunders in her seat as a little girl. Some things never changed it seemed, as Mari did her best to keep her continence in control— With arguable success. Kokona had been painstakingly dragging the story out for full context; something Mari did *not* need to absolve her of sin! As a result, fifteen minutes flew by, Mari barely being able to keep her body in control, her bladder giving up much quicker than her bowels. Her pee wanted out, and no amount of hands on her kitty was preventing it. The spurts only grew as Kokona explained her own wetting, eventually causing Mari to elicit a soft moan and whimper— Her urethra gave up, and her thighs convulsed involuntarily as piss began to soak her vulva and the rest of her pussy alike. The urine pooled under her and drenched her clothing, the pissy puddle soaking the wood as urine spread under her asscheeks, giving them a nice and damp warming. She wanted to cry, but to be honest, pee wasn't the thing she was scared of. Sure, sitting in her pissy pants like a little girl was bad enough, but there was no way in heaven she would soil herself— and defile her panties with something so, so...

“--filthy! It just came out like, like...”

Mari's face flushed over red, huffing silently as she tried to intently listen to Kokona's story. She needed a distraction, though arguably not this one. Her anus twitched and flowered, rancid, soft poots sputtering dirty air into her panties, though not for long. Bits of fecal matter quickly found their way to her exit, and those farts graduated to sharts in real time. She wanted to gasp, to rush out of the booth, to do something before her shit burst out of her ass like—

“Like squeezing toothpaste out!”

Mari huffed and bit her finger, whispering soft pleas of denial as her ass did *just* that. Shit coiled into her panties, the thick, soft ropes of scat bending and softly settling into their new home. Her panties quickly became the new resident of her scatty unleash, mushy poop filling the seat and tenting them out as Mari raised her rear up to allow it to bulge properly. The smell caught wind in her nostrils *instantly*, the rancid stink reminding her of—

“Of a sewage tank, it was so gross! Shun-nee was so embarrassed that she pooped herself that badly, and no matter how much she tried to hold it in on the playground, it just kept coming out in front of the kids. The smell was so bad though, I can almost smell it n—”

Kokona paused, sniffing the air and leaning closer to the booth. She could hear the faint squishing from the other side, one she recognized as shit smearing against ass, as if someone sat in it. She was quite familiar with *that* sound, considering she’d shit herself the other day, and also got to witness it twice in real time. She felt guilty instantly, looking at the time on her own device as Mari was forced to sit and squish in her mess.

“6-6:00 PM..?! I-I’m so sorry, Mari-san...! Because of me holding you past the time, you. . .”

“K-kokona-san...”

Mari sounded off, though Kokona *obviously* knew that was because of the accident.

“T-this much...is nothing...”

Mari huffed, causing Kokona’s eyes to widen. No wonder she was one of three to be allowed to run confessions- If shitting herself didn’t make her break the seal, then what *would*? Kokona’s heart fluttered, and she realized just why Sensei had chosen her. That was the type of instructor she needed to be. Instead of crying and getting upset, seeking revenge for an accident that was entirely her fault... She should have focused on teaching her class, poopy panties or not!

While Kokona continued the story, Mari had completely lost the plot. Well, not entirely. She was sitting on the edge of the seat, pussy properly pressed against the corner of the booth as she felt shit smear all over her private parts. Her hips began to jerk forward and backwards, the holy sister beginning to hump her panties as she leaned forward, eagerly listening to Kokona’s story. The vivid descriptions of how it must have felt for Shun... The way Kokona saw her shit smear all over her ass and pussy, leaving a brown streak on the slide she went down. Mari’s hands gripped the handlebars as she rocked back and forth, digging her pussy into the edge relentlessly, fluid forming and wetting her shitty panties further. She had to resist the urge to sit up and slam her ass down, wanting more of her mess to spread. Mari was actively giving up now, giving a soft grunt as she *willingly* forced shit into her panties, only taking the pressure off her pussy to move her ass backwards and guide the mess to slick her pussy. With it freshly coated in her dirty expulsions, Mari returned to digging her cunny into the corner, huffing loudly. She was so, so close... A few more thrusts and a bit more pressure, and—

“M-mari-san...? Come on out, I wanna help you clean up...”

The drool leaking from her lips caused Mari to gasp and return to the proper sitting position. Clearing her throat, Mari felt ashamed, but still. . . Her loins ached similarly to her last accident as she waddled to the restrooms with Kokona. Fortunately, it was 6:00 PM. Nobody else would be in the cathedral this late, meaning Mari could walk with no worry of her bulging panties getting caught. The familiar locking of the door happened, and Mari raised her sister’s uniform up to expose herself to the child. Kokona didn’t flinch this time, hands gripping her waistband and pulling them down, exposing Mari’s shit-slicked cunny. Kokona showed no weakness, grabbing some wet wipes and holding Mari’s hips. Immediately she got to work, fingers deftly pressing her pussy with the wipe, causing Mari to stifle a moan. Kokona’s face gazed up in confusion, but...

‘She must be embarrassed, I should make it quick...’

Kokona was proud of herself for that one, her fingers pulling the chubby flesh of Mari tightly, holding her in place. Her right hand went back in on Mari, rubbing the shitty wipe against her lips. Mari bit her upper ones to prevent from moaning again– but she was anything *but* ready to get cleaned. The more rigorous Kokona got, the more Mari felt herself coming closer. This was *way* better than finishing in the booth. Just a bit more...

Tossing her old wipe, Kokona grabbed a new one, letting go of Mari’s love-handle thigh. Her fingers now found a spot to peel apart Mari’s lower lips, her innocent eyes scanning until she landed on an area infected with fecal matter. As if she were power washing, Kokona went in with the wipe, using her nail to *gently* dig into the shit along her lady bits, scrapping it off and rubbing her in *just* the right way to–

“A-aa..aaa...”

Mari did her best to hide the clenching of her pelvic muscles, her thighs twitching slightly as she did her best to retain muscle control. Luckily, Kokona had a fast reaction time, leaping backwards when she noticed a stream of pale liquid spurting out of Mari’s pussy.

“Jeez, you could have said you weren’t finished..! When you’re done, turn around and I can do your butt. You can be such a handful sometimes, Mari-san...”

A playful banter, not one Mari was mentally capable of appreciating. Her eyes were glazed with pleasure as her pissy release trickled to a stop, the dull ache in her loins vanishing as the convulsions slowly stopped. She flinched as Kokona went back down on her with the wipes, though to be honest. . .

Mari was wondering just how long it'd take her to need the toilet again. It was. . .Gross, sure, but she could tell something about that had only made it more pleasurable. The confessional, standing in the train in poopy panties...

She needed to do this again, and soon.

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