

## Crowning Zenith

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# Crowning Zenith

by [SexTheHex](#)

## Summary

[EXTREME FETISH CONTENT WARNING] Victor makes a mistake experimenting with his mom's clothes. That special lubricant of hers has some dire effects on his system...

## Notes

WARNING: This story has ⚠ SCAT KINKS (Soiling, Hyper Scat, Dumpfucked)! ⚠

STOP READING NOW if you're not into that! You've been warned!

Curiosity landed him in mom's bedroom. It guided his hands to panties, heels, and makeup. As he stared into the mirror, he realized where it'd been leading him: to the hardest erection he'd had in his life.

Victor had gotten so much more experimental since going to college. Postwick was a little sheltered; it didn't have boys like the boys over at his university, boys who talked about looking pretty and kissing other boys. Victor had feelings to sort out, and running through mom's stuff while she was out of the house proved terribly effective at stoking more of those racing thoughts. Applying makeup came unsettlingly easy. Just a few strokes of the brush and pink eye shadow and lipstick were on, looking phenomenal. He puckered his lips. His cock surged in turn. He looked great. His heels clicked against the bathroom tiles. His cock twitched again. It was time for the main event, to christen this all.

The object that'd make an obedient girl out of him sat on his mother's bed, right from mom's locked shelf. A dildo, a big dark one made of silicone lay waiting for him, tempting him. Victor didn't want to think about how often his single mom was using this thing. At least, his higher functions didn't want to. Whenever he thought about his mother pounding her cunt away with this thing, a heap of fake cock thick enough to eclipse his wrist, it added to the stiffness in his pants. He needed to take it, just like mom.

Victor fell upon the bed, naked apart from his pink lacy panties and sparkling heels. He lay on his side, one hand gripping his mom's portable boyfriend. The other hand gripped a hold of his sizable butt, naturally large and girly by his nature, further molded large and child-birthing from his old adventures, and simply walking around a college campus. He lifted one side of the pile of his cheeks. The head of the dildo touched his winking hole. He tried to push a bit to let his butt gape out. Nothing.

Yes, lube. Forgot the lube.

Victor glanced over to see if his greedy mommy had left out any of the good stuff for ass play sitting around. There was, in fact, a jar sitting on her nightstand, a nice testament to just how often she turned to that dick slab for pleasure. Two even sat there. One was a clearly labeled all-purpose water lube. The other was... suspicious. It was a container of jelly, labeled "special buttstuff".

Victor sprung for the second, and scooped up a glob of the stuff with cupped fingers. He went to slather the dildo. Surprisingly, the stuff seemed to be mostly gone by the time he reached to apply the gel to his mom's toy. He greased what he could with what he had. His hand started to tingle. He reached for another, bigger cupped handsworth. This time he got more on the toy. His hand tingled more intensely now. It almost looked like the vein on his wrist was flushed from the contact, his blood eager to circulate something, for whatever reason.

Victor didn't think about that for now. He tapped the shaft at his backdoor. His asshole felt that same twitch his now already dry hand had felt. He pressed the head against his hole.

"Ooogh..." He grunted.

Progress started. All he'd ever had up there was a finger. Moving on to such a massive thing was a big jump. Still, the greedy boy pushed his luck.

A firmer press against the suction cup base. His hole limbered up further, and his butt wrapped around the cock head.

Deeper into his bottom the thing thrust. Victor didn't expect it to feel especially good this first time; finding the male g-spot was apparently a difficult task. Yet, by accident, luck, whatever, he could already feel that sweet tickle of pressure on his boypot. His eyes went heavy. His cock surged. He held it there for a while, savoring the touch, the fullness, until he finally let his ass relax, and the dildo came rushing out.

"Hooo... Oh my god..." Victor gasped.

It felt nice. Maybe too nice. The rush of taking his own anal virginity, with his mom's dildo no less, added such flair. It took a lot of effort to keep going with buttstuff, and not simply stop and stroke himself stupid to this fleeting encounter with anal. Victor continued. He grabbed the dildo again and-

"Prrfffftt..."

What?

"Prft... PRRRFffft..."

Victor was... farting?

That shouldn't be. Victor had done everything right to prepare for his first day with anal; he'd eaten just about nothing for the last day, and cleaned himself with an enema nearly an hour ago. There should be nothing in his tract. Surely it was just air that had slipped out?

A thunderous stomach gurgle wracked Victor. He winced as his gut spasmed so violently. Fullness wracked him. Terrible, demanding fullness.

His ass thundered again "Prffft-PRRRFFTLL-PRBBRTRRFLLLLLTT~!"

Oh fuck. Oh fuck, why did that feel so good? The way gas hammered against his newly discovered p-spot hit better than even that dildo! It dazed Victor for a moment, as he savored the sensations. He went numb to how strange this all was for a moment, as his gas-filled ass repeatedly flexed, and widened, and thick, satisfying columns of air rippled against his needy p-spot.

He'd set this all up to fuck his ass. Now, his body seemed to be fucking itself. It was so easy to slip into a dazed state and enjoy it. He sat there atop the bed, letting gas claim him, making blissful faces as his ass rang so full of farts.

Victor only noticed what else was wrong with him as the symphony of gas subsided suddenly, with a sudden, abrupt stop.

"Prrrb-LLT!"

Silence. A clog had damned the back of his ass. When Victor's tight shut eyes opened to see the cause, he gasped at his own body.

His stomach... My god his stomach! It was so bloated, so packed! He looked maybe 4 months pregnant, with so much of something packing his insides! It didn't occur to him what was in there now, what possible could be filling his gastrointestinal system after all these funny tickles from that weird oil. He tapped his tummy in curiosity. It felt so overpacked. His butt responded with another flex.

The soft, pleasant smash of air against victor's prostate was gone. Something new had replaced it, something hard and dense and enough to make him gasp. Something that was poking out of his bottom, and crowning.

Victor was feeling all that release he'd wanted from his mom's dildo, now from his own body, readying to take an enormous shit.

Things didn't make sense. Why this feeling of fullness on an empty gut? Why was his skin fully dry from all contact with that oil? Why did he feel so hot and so ready and so desperate to get fucked? Victor tried to make sense of it. He tossed his mother's dildo aside, and pulled her panties back up around his bottom. He tried to stand back up, and make it to a toilet before this insane fullness called nature on his mother's bedspread. He snapped the waistband back over his hips, and rolled back onto his feet.

The mass inside him didn't like that.

The sudden movement caused a ferocious bubble of gut from Victor's insides. It paralyzed him. It demanded his obedience. He fell across the bedspread again, groaning, shivering, unable to digest this symphony of sensations as his ass did at it wished.

The mass made progress. It inched forward, and inched back, and gave his needy boypot all the attention it could ask for, and more. Farts started escaping his backside again. Deep ones. Clogged ones. They leaked out of what precious little space was available, as his imminent shit birth rocked in and out of his body, crowning bigger every time, tenting the back of mom's panties with a wide pillar of dung.

The moment was almost here, Victor knew that much. It would take all of his effort to move his body and get to the toilet in time. He summed up all his strength into his legs. They stayed stationary, parked on the bed on all fours. All his effort resulted in the slightest twitch, to rear his ass up and his face down, to feel the sliding shit mass inside of him roll against his p-spot even better.

Victor's fate was sealed.

Yet, in that moment, presenting across the bed, all his frustration at the inevitable, that he was going to poop his mother's panties on her bed, started to fade. His naughty little sexual exploration had landed him in a position he'd dreamed of, dressed in girl's clothes, posed obediently on a bed, feeling a man pleasure his wide bottom nice and good. He fully expected to get sodomized by an inanimate boyfriend today, just one that was a sex toy. As time rolled

on, and the heap of powerful, unstoppable dung in his bottom pressed against his love button, he increasingly had no trouble with that boyfriend instead being his own shit.

Victor's nervous stance shifted. His resistant body relaxed, and reshaped the act unfolding to something new. Victor was not about to poop himself, no; Victor had no agency here. A mass of shit inside him was about to take him, and please him, and show him just how good it felt to be a girly little plaything built to get his ass spread. His stance adjusted to one like getting bred, his winking asshole spreading wider at that hill of filth inside him. His bottom muscles flexed and closed so eagerly, effortlessly simulating the act of getting fucked. No, simulating wasn't right. Surpassing. That was the word Victor felt, as he groaned aloud, and was pleased by that huge mass.

Victor started to push. He grunted, teeth clenched, trying to reach that last high. His shit rewarded the domesticated livestock, and crept against his prostate, and made him feel the finest cock a bitch could feel. His own length was going insane, leaking so much clear into his mom's thin panties. Steadily the widening mass approached the point of no return, where it could no longer be sucked back inside him. Victor was smiling. This felt too good. This felt so hot. He was really going to...

"I-I'm gonna..." He mumbled.

More pillow talk. "I-I'm getting... I'm gonnaAaaAaa..."

Right at the precipice of the main event, a noise ripped through the room, and stunned Victor motionless.

The door opened.

"Sweetie? Victor, sweetie, what are you doing?" His mom asked.

Victor couldn't think of a lie, Victor could hardly make words. There was only one answer, one vile, filthy, orgasmic answer Victor could give his mom.

Farts. Crackles. Spreading ass thundered!

"...UUUOOOOOOGHHHHH~!!!" Victor screamed! "MOM, IT FEELS SO GOOD TO POOOOOOOP~!!!"

He couldn't stop it! He wouldn't stop it, it felt too good! Victor needed to get slamfucked by his own dump, even if his fat girly ass was cutting shits right in front of his mom!

The full body spasm of orgasm finally unjammed his ass, and let the great wide mass that had so suddenly built up at his butt birth itself into the world. It stayed sturdy for so long, as each second another inch crept out of a panting, gasping, straining, dumpgasmic mass of twink. Every punishing slide of the behemoth mass, his prostate and his wimpy hard cock wrapped in girl's underwear responded in kind, dewing his stolen lingerie with a weak, watery stain. Only once a solid foot of brown mass had tented, and horribly distended, his mom's panties did a seam in the mass start to fail, and the heavy turd come crashing down and sag panties. God, such a heavy weight from nowhere hung from Victor's ass, and he was still nowhere

near done! His body arched and threw his big bottom back, and the rest of the unbroken mass of scat from that first turd came piling out. It writhed out with speed, fat as his wrist, disciplining even more failure sperm out of his useless cock into cotton, where it belonged: wasted. Inches, then a foot, then two, and the mass finally broke. Victor gasped, as if he really were giving birth, before squealing out another bitch moan and squeezing out more slut shit. His muscles spasmed violently as he lost most control, letting thick turds roll out of him, letting prostate orgasm ruin his cock, all while sagging that ruined pair of pink panties to an absurd degree. No more shoving now. The mass throttled out of him all its own. It didn't need something so weak to help it out.

Finally Victor summed up words. "Fuck, fuck! I love it! More! More! Harder daddy~!!"

One last satisfying tail of shit. One last spread of his asshole. One last girl orgasm into his panties. Victor had lost spectacularly to his own shit. He sat in that same submissive position, panting, nowhere close to digesting what had just happened.

Then, a spank.

"Naughty boy." Victor's mom spat, hand sunken into her own soiled panties.

"M-mom!?" Victor yelped.

"Stealing my underwear and using my special lube? That's an expensive case of the stuff, Victor. It's not easy to order. Galar's drug board doesn't like seeing ridiculously caloric oils that make the body need to do all... this." His mom continued.

So it was the lubricant that did all this? My god, from just that little amount...

Victor's mom grabbed the vile, a glove, and joined him on the bed. She scooped up a heap of the stuff, and brought it towards her incapacitated son, body exhausted from his inaugural dumpfucking, unable to counter the action. She spread the stuff across his back; it evidently could diffuse into the skin from anywhere. By the time her hand left, the glove and his back were both dry.

"Well then, as punishment, you're going to burn off the whole thing." Pouted Victor's mom.

Victor was powerless to resist as his body whirled to life once more, nor did he care to. Already he could feel that incredibly dense, rich oil diffuse into him again, and reform so rapidly in his body as heaps of waste matter. Farts started falling from his gaped anus again as he watched his mom sneak a dab of the stuff on her own skin.

It was going to be a long, hard, well fucked night.

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