

## Extreme Extracurricular Activities

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# Extreme Extracurricular Activities

by [SexTheHex](#)

## Summary

[EXTREME FETISH CONTENT WARNING] Edelgard has some very eccentric interests. She's even roped some older women into her fun. The only question now is can her body take it?

## Notes

WARNING: This story has  EXTREME SCAT KINKS (Coprophagia, Internal Defecation, Hyper Scat)! 

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

I'm gonna double down on this warning because a lot of popular characters are getting tagged here: Please god only read this is if you find extreme scat pornography erotic. You are not in for a good time unless you meet that criteria. There are several popular character I like tagged here. If you've stumbled into here from character tags, please only proceed if you've got these freaky kinks. I truly do not wish to shock or revolt people without warning. This was made to satisfy people who have very particular fetishes. You have been warned.

A future of ruling an empire weighs heavy, and necessitates relief in some fashion. It should only be natural that the unique weight of an empire's crown deforms the mind a little, and makes joy come from such an unusual source.

At least, Edelgard thought her interests were relatively unique. Yet, as her most intimate secret became known among more and more women, Edelgard found herself as the lead of a sort of harem, doing something so utterly rank for a proud leader.

"It's good to see you again, Professor Manuela." Greeted Edelgard as she entered the classroom.

The teacher, half asleep at the setting sun, drowning in work to grade, snapped to attention at Edelgard's commanding stare, and the trot of her heels. She straightened up, blood flushing her face.

The both of them knew what was about to unfold, but dancing around the act was half of the fun.

"Edelgard! It's wonderful to see such a diligent student again. Can I ask what I owe the visit?" Began Manuela.

"I do believe I need some extra curricular assistance. There are just some lessons I need help um..." Edelgard trailed off.

A smile broke out across Manuela's face. "Swallowing?"

Edelgard's face was so choked with embarrassment, it took her a moment to even respond. "Y-yes, that's it."

Manuela nodded her head. "An extracurricular one-on-one? I suppose I can--"

"Not one-on-one, no." Corrected Edelgard. "I invited company to help. Shamir and Catherine should be here shortly."

Manuela's eyes lit up. "Shamir's into this too? Didn't even notice her eating the heavy stuff. God, do you have every woman in the monastery as ammo for your..."

Edelgard kept smiling, corners of her mouth wobbling from embarrassment, answering Manuela's question. It seemed even doing something so obscene, Manuela was in good company when it came to enjoying this depraved exercise.

Manuela began anew. "Yes, I see. Now, what exactly do you need to focus on?"

PRRRBBTTL...

A horrible noise rocked out of Manuela's body. Edelgard's hand shot to her crotch. Nothing got her more wound up than hearing her sows use those impressive guts.

“Biology. The alimentary canal.” Began Edelgard. “I’d like a hands-on inspection, if you can provide me with that.”

The facade grew thinner as Manuela stood from her seat. She knew the answers without showing her work; excuses for why she was raising her dress and pulling aside her panties never materialized. She cleaned her desk aside and simply walked to the front of her desk. She presented her ass, as if she were some beast in heat ready to be bred. Her asshole puckered up and winked. Another deep bellow of fumes were soon to bubble out of her.

Edelgard stepped forward. She gazed face-to-face with Manuela’s freakish asshole, deformed by Edelgard’s doing, and those wicked meals she’d fed her and the others to turn their guts into playthings. Her fingers grasped Manuela’s cheeks and shook that pile of bottom. Manuela rewarded the groping.

PRRRBBTTTTLLL...

“Excuse me!” Manuela giggled.

“You really can fart like a cow, professor. It’s most impressive.” Edelgard remarked, barely concealing her excitement. “Would you mind if I got a better vantage? I think I might learn a lot if I inspected that part of you more closely. With my lips.”

Manuela smiled wide. “Sure. Just use this for educational purposes only, of course.”

Edelgard nodded “Of course prof-”

PRRRBBBBBTTTTTLLL

A deep, fat one. Edelgard couldn’t help but twiddle herself through her clothes as that deep boom kept roaring.

Manuela was close. The naughty facsimile of a lesson fell apart as the duo’s excitement reached a fever pitch Edelgard bent forward, and made out with what was hers. Her lips dove in and kissed at her dearest love: another woman’s asshole. Her tender touch was met with the plump, rigid girth of Manuela’s remodeled shit cutter, having been so lovingly enhanced. Manuela’s ring kissed back. Its freakish size and strength let it squeeze with a terrible grip, locking down that smooch into a deep makeout session. Edelgard breathed methane like air.

Manuela reached a hand back, and pressed it against Edelgard’s skull. She needed to keep her steady.

It was time to fill up her shitslut.

“U-ungh. Time to learn all about that part of the body!” Manela grunted.

Edelgard’s dreamy gaze perked up, still kissing the gas-filled backside of this gorgeous woman. Excitement raced through her. That fateful moment was here. She opened as wide as she could under that crushing anal restraint, and waited for the deepest, foulest touch of her lover.

An object tapped her tongue. A blunt, heavy, dense object, thick and commanding like the head of a dick, entered Edelgard's face. For a moment it poked out, and hesitantly entered Edelgard's outstretched mouth. It seemed like it was pressing to see if it was welcomed. Of course, it mattered little, an ass doesn't care about a toilet's feelings once it presses down on the seat. The mass kept uncoiling, more and more. It kept moving. It needed to come out.

Edelgard surrendered control of her face. Air leaked out the sides of her kissing lips, in gross crackles and muffled broken farts. The heap neared her uvula, that portion of her dulled to suppression after so many sessions. Her hands squeezed at Manuela's thighs. She held on tight. She wanted to be a good little toilet. Nothing got her this fucking horny.

Edelgard squeezed. She wanted it. Now.

“GRRggglGgCK... Grrrgll....”

Manuela obeyed, and pushed harder. She started shitting right into her student's eager face!

Edelgard's cheeks widened as that horrible mass coiled out of the older woman, demanding space, needing a pipe to descend through. Edelgard summed up her resolve, and overrode the most basic compulsions of her body not to allow huge masses to descend down her throat unchecked. Her body relaxed. Her esophagus gaped. A terribly dense, thick, compact shit log carefully built for Edelgard's consumption unloaded from Manuela's colon, right into the needy shit bitch.

Nothing made Edelgard feel quite as alive as having her throat stuffed to capacity with shit. What a profound, thrilling way to have her body utterly violated! That waste, always so massive with Edelgard's specially regimented diets for her pets like Manuela, always spread her so wide. It was less like ingesting filth and more like a terribly thick dildo sinking inside her.

She'd worked so hard to live out this fantastic fantasy. At one point, her face would seize up and reject the matter and gag and resist. Now though? She had more control over her body. With a little willpower and some repurposed terrible dark magic, she could engage in her sick kinks as much as she pleased.

The face of the empire went lax like a dumb hole. Edelgard was in heaven. She was living her most dizzying fantasies. She was a thing. She was a toilet, built just for pretty girls to go potty.

All the while, Manuela's lips were dropped and moaning too. Those customized diet plans for her and the other girls had absolutely ravaged her digestive system. That whole part of her had been amplified. At first she needed to swallow that cursed stuff. Now however? Eating anything made her shit like a horse, as if her body were drawing matter from nothing. It'd gotten even worse over time. Now, when she ate what was specifically regimented for her though, good god, she cut the most ridiculous shits. Fat fucking columns of filth, dense like a brick, wide as a wrist, bloated out her colon and lead to daily dizzying dumps. It was a good thing her asshole had grown into such a strong muscle, otherwise Maneula doubted she'd be able to pinch off these heavy yardstick-length logs.

Then there was the sexual gratification of it all, of her body's capacity to perform such sick stunts. The raw density of touch receptors newly packing her south end made dumping ass near orgasmic. The press of firm matter against the back walls of her vagina, the space similarly enhanced by her fiddling, made defecating a wildly flustering affair. It made the sensation of shitting like a cow into something deeply enjoyable. It turned defecation into a way to start or end a masturbation session. Voiding her rectum with these inhuman dumps two to three times a day got her wild as is. Doing all that with a cute girl choking down her shit put her over the moon.

Both women twiddled themselves as their other muscles put on such an insane show. Manuela was sighing and moaning as an arm's worth of filth descended out of her body. Edelgard was blue in the face, eyes cock drunk off shit, savoring the dizzying high of being stuffed and used. Her free hand raised high, and slammed back down on Manuela's ass. A firm smack rang out from the spank. Manuela groaned at the touch. Edelgard nearly heaved as the twitch of muscle sent her teacher's filth throttling down her face faster than she could gulp. It took all her willpower to persist, and Edelgard kept it all down. She kept gulping, throat bloated out, until the last inch sunk into her.

Manuela's shithole finally shut. There was no mass to cut off, no need to show Edelgard any mercy. She'd simply emptied herself completely and totally into the other woman. Edelgard had taken it all, like a good toilet.

Manuela sunk into the desk, gleeful with relief and that sexual kick. She watched her partner.

Edelgard didn't seem to be breathing for a moment. Her body's muscles rolled in desperate peristalsis, trying to shove down the last of that shit. The impressive bulge in Edelgard's neck began to go down. She mimed out the motion for a deep breath. None such thing happened, as her impacted face struggled. A hand went to her throat, and felt that terrible bulge still being fought in her windpipe. Further struggle and Edelgard finally won the war. She gave one last gulp. Her neck bulged like a gluttonous frog. Her outfit creaked. She hoisted up her uniform, and let her terribly full belly breath.

"Goodness... Good... Good lord..." Gaspd Edelgard. "The lot of you are dropping larger shits every day. You're making me look absolutely pregnant with your waste now."

Manuela's dazed and exhausted gaze turned to see what she'd done to the princess's body. Pregnancy made for a spot-on comparison. Edelgard's stomach was taut and round, filled to capacity with shit, looking as if she were a few months pregnant with the heap of filth Manuela had just fed her. Manuela reached out a hand to feel at her body and that overpacked gut. Edelgard's frame rumbled at the attention. Burps funneled out her top end. Farts snuck out her back.

"You're already so full..." Manuela remarked.

Edelgard nodded. "Yes, that's what happens when you drop a colon's worth of shit in a girl."

Manuela started poking that expanse of round gut. "You really do love getting over packed."

Such taunting words. Edelgard was always weak to teasing. She tried to defend herself, but gas out her face and her ass clogged out any noise. It let her need to answer fade as Manuela savored her spasming body. It was a deeply enjoyable sight.

Then, the sounds of gas and farts grew closer, and louder. Hurried footsteps joined the fray. Manuela and Edelgard looked to the door. Two figures burst through.

“Where’s the toilet already!?” Shamir demanded.

“There!” Catherine gasped. “She’s right there!”

Manuela had always been one of Edelgard’s more kind shit cows. Despite all the strange happenings they’d been through, she treated Edelgard with a basic level of human decency. She still saw her as a person first, not a toilet.

Shamir and Catherine were different. They didn’t think of Edelgard as a person first, much to Edelgard’s delight. She was a toilet first and foremost, and a pipe to clog after that.

“It’s good to see you two again.” Edelgard greeted them.

Neither Shamir nor Catherine reciprocated the greeting earnestly.

“They really need to fix this toilet.” Shamir ragged. “It’s doing that thing where it groans every once in a while.”

Catherine nodded, farts still spilling out of her ass. “We can maybe fix it. I’m sure it just needs something big to straighten it up.”

The two still drew nearer. Fuck, Edelgard loved the way these two did it. Their professional coldness, their ruthlessness. This was what got her good. This was being used like an object. Hands sunk back to her crotch as they grew nearer.

The duo gripped their item’s arms with the strength of a mercenary grabbing an enemy. They drew her in. Both of them pressed their frames together, and sandwiched the girl between fertile heaps of women. Cleavage lined Edelgard’s vision. Her stomach started to clench, sending another terribly packed belch out her face. Shamir and Catherine found the display cute. They bore down, and let roaring thunders of ass squeeze out of their own backsides. Edelgard shuddered in their grasp.

“You like that?” Catherine taunted her.

The princess blushed and whispered. “Y-yes ma’am...”

She was so cute. The other women couldn’t help but gently pat kisses on her forehead, as she lost her mind gearing up to take their wrath.

As Shamir and Catherine’s roaring bottoms went quiet, as their own round masses neared their exits, they let Edelgard out of their grasps, ready to use the woman sitting on that desk for her intended purpose.

“Ugh, I’m about to shit myself…” Shamir remarked, pulling down her pants, underwear distended from the crowning mass.

“Yeah, same.” Catherine added. “Good thing we got to a toilet right in time.”

Forceful touch came back and gripped at Edelgard. Catherine grabbed at her backside, and grabbed handfuls of her sizable ass as she reoriented her bottom. Meanwhile, Shamir took handfuls of Edelgard’s hair into her hands, and yanked her head forward towards her bottom at the precipice of defecating. Shamir and Catherine’s crowning shits proved useful, like fingers gently prying to open up a hesitant hole. That tug on her hair sent Edelgard’s skull forward, and forced her lips against the blunt log exiting her desperate ass. Edelgard did as a good toilet should, and disposed of waste. She let her pretty face open and kissed the mass that was hers like a lover. She let it take control, as fractions of inches started to leave Shamir, and force a solid rod of filth inside of her. A kiss turned inhuman. Edelgard wasn’t a human showing love now. She was a pipe, built for shit.

Catherine claimed Edelgard’s opposite end the way she’d done in countless prior sessions. Her ass with a wedge of shit perked out poked at Edelgard’s backside, like a cock prodding for a hole, and found her tightly squeezed exit. It tapped at the vulnerable expanse of bottom. Biology made Edelgard’s backside resist at first; it didn’t want to let anything in, only let things out. Yet, Catherine’s methods of shitting were ruthless. The smallest flexes of Edelgard’s ass and the mass pressed deeper against her. It was just enough pressure to open her bottom, without smashing her waste into a useless heap. It made progress steadily, until Edelgard’s twitching pucker rumbled to let out another fart. Catherine claimed that space as her own. Her shit slammed into that open maw, and canned her slut toilet’s fart back inside her. Catherine’s fat, dense shit had opened her up perfectly.

“Hnnngh!” Catherine pushed!

“Take it!” Shamir moaned!

Edelgard was in heaven, totally drunk shitcrazy. The steady, slow march of filth into her body went deliciously faster as Catherine and Shamir gave those shoves. It shot into her. It rammed her. It smashed against the back of her girl parts and made her heart flutter. It felt like taking her dearest professor’s fat cock whenever she slipped it inside her fouler hole. It felt good. Too good. The thrust of shit made her muscles spasm and her legs shiver. Her hand darted to her pink. She had to feel around her body for it; her face was blind with ass, throat full of shit, being bloated to capacity by these two other women spoiling her rotten. Her fingers finally found her love as the thickest bit of Shamir’s waste clogged Edelgard’s face. She scarcely had the strength to rub herself as the commanding heft of two women’s bowel movements claimed all her attention. She lightly tapped the thing, her shivering hand less spinning it and more tapping it occasionally with her shakes. Thin jets shot from her dripping pussy. Nothing quite got her there like being this utterly violated.

And still they continued. Still, Shamir and Catherine kept pushing, unloading their freakish waste, not at all concerned about breaking their toilet. They knew Edelgard could take it; the girl had taken every expense for these events. With how often she did this, and how thoroughly she’d leaned on old dark torture magic to increase her endurance, she was all but built to take shit.

Edelgard's jaw was wide as it could go. Her neck had bloated out that terribly wide diameter again to be able to fit those impossible turds, cut straight from these hot older women. She couldn't speak or grunt. She couldn't really breathe; spells compensated there. She couldn't so much as grunt or choke. She was a docile motionless pipe with teary eyes, the only noise out of her the sloppy sounds of heaving lips and the crackle of shit.

Her ass was positively packed with Catherine's filth now. Edelgard felt the most undying need to shit in her life. She needed to pass the insane mass Catherine had slammed inside her, then after that all Manuela had stuffed her with. Shamir's mess couldn't find its way out of her stomach; Manuela's earlier work had clogged that bit of her that descended from the organ into the intestines, and gaped it too full of shit to push anything down for a while. So, Shamir's insane shit kept piling inside her, growing her stomach, pushing Edelgard to an even more insane peak. She grew fat off shit from her expanding gut. Hell, as Catherine continued to push, even Edelgard's lower tract had grown completely packed with the women's waste matter. Everything from one end to her other had been crammed full of shit. Any function that her stomach or bowels or even her fucking face had were gone doing this spectacular event. She was a toilet. The toilet was backed up.

Edelgard tried to cough. The slightest shake in her body materialized. She ought to be dead, truly, but that repurposed magic kept her cognizant and safe throughout this whole stunt. Instead, she could savor the sensations of this act at an unbound high. Her body could not process this sensation of fullness, and her brain just kept adding to what it knew, adding more satisfaction to a satisfied sensation, to compensate. The delight of being filled, of being penetrated and fucked by a lover, that sweet satisfaction she felt when her ass was used, had just kept growing and growing the more she'd been used. It was inebriating, growing drunk off filth.

The women's asses began to depart. Catherine pulled out. Her final turd was already multiple feet inside Edelgard, yet not quite finished leaving Catherine's butt as it left. Catherine kept pooping as her ass left, letting the last foot or so of shit hang from the emperor's outstretched ass. Similarly, Shamir ran out of space upstairs. She tried to slowly pull away from Edelgard's mouth like Catherine, but a good 3 feet of shit towered out between her ass and Edelgard's distended mouth. The towering log of shit broke, and fell across Edelgard's breasts.

"Sorry..." an embarrassed Shamir quickly spat out.

There the princess lay on her back. Her head was not comfortably laying down, but bent backwards to give her throat the most space from the thick heap of dung clogging her face. Her legs lay clenched and spread, with her ass out, asshole coned like a volcano around Catherine's corking shit. Her eyes lay half closed, teary, makeup smeared, yet totally satisfied. Her gut... Her huge, bloated, distended gut and over swollen abdomen lay their taut full, mostly smooth, except for the changes in topography where sat her wide heavy bumps of her innards filled with scat.

And somehow, she still managed to stand.

Edelgard looked like she could barely move, let alone once more put herself upright. Yet, her mastery as a shitslut let her puppet her body even this disgustingly bloated with filth. She

swung out a leg, and pushed herself forward enough to reach the table's edge where Catherine's parting shot log hung. Her legs tensed and squeezed. Edelgard defecated just the slightest amount, at least in terms of a toilet, and pushed a foot or two of that incredible monster turd out until it reached a thin enough section for her asshole to clench and pinch the beast. The toilet's feet stepped towards the ground. The right landed on the ground. The left sunk into her own freshly laid cowpat of Catherine's waste. The weight from her packed gut was terrible. Her left foot lunged a bit forward to steady her weight, and tracked more shit against the ground. Throughout all this, her gaze was still tented straight up, her own body easier to adjust than breaking or fully swallowing Shamir's enormous shit log.

Edelgard tried to adjust to it fully now, to down the turd in honest and regain a functioning human head. She swallowed. Meager human muscle barely mattered in the face of Shamir's insane shit, but perhaps gravity could aid her pushing more filth down. Her body spasmed a tad. What was once a gag reflex seemed to spur. It had been of course thoroughly degraded by Edelgard's regular eating habits, and now worked as little more than a more powerful gulp. More steadily sunk in her face. It finally slipped between her lips. Control over her head came back. Edelgard, shit-packed throat like a toad, looked back to the other three women, all three masturbating to her actions.

Edelgard began to brag. "....."

Ah. Still not enough down where she could speak once more. Edelgard's delicate hands reached for her throat, and felt the fat fucking shit bulge still clogging her there. Oh well. Dumb shitting cattle didn't need to speak anyway. She just needed to look pretty and feel good. The way these half naked women looked at her, and the way her cunt craved attention, she seemed to be doing both well.

\*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK\*

The moment shattered. Manuela, Shamir, and Catherine all went silent, hands resting between their legs. Edelgard looked on nervously at the heavy classroom door. The sudden movements made another bit of shit fall out of her broken ass.

"Hello? Hello, is the toilet in there?" A voice asked.

Toilet? There was no actual toilet in this classroom; surely it was someone in on Edelgard's fun then. But who? None of them recognized the voice through those doors...

More knocks at the door. "I can smell the shitstye from out here! Let me in, I need to relieve myself immediately!"

The foul language put the quartet at ease. Whoever else it was, they were certainly deeply entrenched in the activity.

Edelgard tried to speak. "Come i-OAACKKK"

No, no talking. It was still too hard. Shamir's solid shit came prodding out of her esophagus again, back into her mouth, choking her.

Manuela took the honors. “Please, come in.”

The doors swung open.

“Rhea!?”

“Lady Rhea!”

“Lady Rhea!? What are you doing here!?”

None of the women could believe who’d opened the door, and who’d used such crude language. Yet here she was, clacking hurriedly through the classroom in heels, biting her lip, letting farts fall from her ass it swayed back and forth with every step.

Lady Rhea was here. Lady Rhea needed to use the bathroom, right now.

“Nnngh, those diets...” Rhea paused her speech and her fast walking. A sharp rip of ass pierced the room. “Aaah... Those interesting diets you all took to... I can’t believe the volumes I’m producing. I woke up this morning and found I’d soiled my bed with a volume like a beast... And you all feed this to her?”

All of the women were befuddled.

“Lady Rhea... Who taught you about all we were, um, doing?” Manuela asked.

“Oh, well, I have ears around the monastery,” Rhea continued. “I heard a few women talk about their bodies doing absurd things to Edelgard. I heard tales of miraculous stunts. I decided I’d try it myself.”

Rhea stood now before Edelgard, still flaunting that horrendously bloated gut. Edelgard opened her mouth. No words came out. Rhea could see the end of the turd lodged in her throat.

“Please, Edelgard. Just sit back down on the desk. I have matters to attend to.” Rhea began.

Edelgard wasn’t entirely certain what was happening, or what exactly Rhea was implying might soon unfold. Yet, Lady Rhea’s stare, a mixture of menace and perversion, struck Edelgard docile enough to listen. She obeyed, and sat down on the table, laying on her back, ass fully up, crowning shit hanging out.

“Fantastic.” Rhea began. “I was about to turn my panties into a toilet again...”

Heavy, loud booms of ass fell out of Rhea ceaselessly now. She hiked up her dress and underwear fell to the shit pile on the floor. Her winking, distended asshole almost looked like it was breathing, the way it twitched and thundered with farts. She backed up towards the princess on the table.

Edelgard had been stuffed. She honestly didn’t expect any more poop to enter her body for a while, not with it all bloating her out this much. She was prepared to simply be defecated upon and have her lower half buried in a bishop’s dump.

Rhea, however, had a very different idea on where to aim her inaugural act in the public restroom. She couldn't defecate in the bowl when it was this full. Instead, it was time to shit in the sink.

Rhea's new diet reforged asshole, strong, fat, and puffy, poked at Edelgard's pussy.

"Nnngh, glad I discovered all the fun you're all enjoying defecating like livestock!" Rhea celebrated. "I'm having too much fun, and I think... Nnngh, I think it's time to reward our little toilet by knocking her up with my shit!"

Edelgard choked a little, the scat in her throat finally falling down enough she could once more make noise with her face. Vaginal scat!? Normally the girls all stayed to piling it in her ass and face. She'd barely experimented with a woman pressing her ass against her pink and...

"A-aaah... AAAH~!" Yelled Edelgard in delight!

Penetration! Edelgard was being penetrated by Rhea's enormous shit!

Somehow that grand fullness escalated even higher. A new sensation of being utterly stuffed invaded a new frontier on Edelgard's body, now mixed in with the pleasure of getting fucked! The head of a dry, dense log of archbishop scat, pointed at its tip, effortlessly parted Edelgard's pussy and dove into her folds. Her body tensed up and her breath ran fast as she tried to endure it all. Heavy puffs of air mixed with grit teeth, her gut throwing a fit from all this excitement and occasionally tossing up burps through Edelgard's face. It all kept coming, inch by inch Rhea's shit kept claiming her insides! Her tight pink pussy stretched and strained. This was not a seasoned cunt like Manuelas; Edelgard had only tasted precious few lovers before. Her teacher's cock, Hilda's rod, Bernie's lips... None of that had prepared her for the devastation her other ends regularly faced! Rhea's shit was bulky, bumpy, wide, thick! Edelgard's walls were being stretched to their limits!

"I-I..." Edelgard began. "It's... So much..."

"Oh, having trouble, Nnngh, taking it?" Rhea asked. "Are you a virgin?"

Edelgard was redder in the face taking shit up her cunt than when she couldn't breath.

"I-I'm not!" She proclaimed. "I-I'm a gold-star lesbian!"

Rhea laughed. "I'm afraid that's down the drain for now, toilet. You're about to cum not from a girl, but being spread by my fat fucking shit!"

Rhea pushed even harder!

Edelgard wailed! "OOOOOONNNGHHH! OOOOUUGGGUUUUURRRP!"

Again the shit she'd just barely packed down came welling back into her throat. Edelgard spasmed like a fish on land gasping for air as Rhea kept up her absurd deed. Her fat ass and her freak anus effortlessly pushed heavy coils deep into Edelgard's most tender walls. It took no time at all until her scat was tapping at the entrance to her deepest confines. It took just a

bit more pushing, and packing Edelgard to absolute capacity with shit, that those walls too parted, and shit began to fill Edelgard's very womb!

Edelgard couldn't control herself! "OOOONNNNGH... OOOOGGGGGGNNNNH! Sha-shi... Sh-SHE'S KNOCKING ME UP WITH HER SHIIIIIT!"

Rhea, brow sweating, face straining, tried to keep steady. "I... I suppose it makes sense. I'm fertilizing you, just like the space is built for. I'm just... Nnngh... Just fertilizing it as if it were farmland..."

All Edelgard could do was shiver and spasm. The magic that had turned being impossibly full and even choking into erotic highs saved her sanity once more. What should have been an immensely painful sensation instead turned to another pleasant glow, a new one that somehow intensified everything else even better.

God, it felt so amazing to be overpacked.

Edelgard choked down her shit one last time. She had to speak now. She had to tell the quartet of women how amazing this all felt.

"I..." Talking was hard. Her body was at its very limit. "I can feel all... All of your waste inside me."

The women paid attention. Rhea kept shitting.

Edelgard continued. "Shamir's is in my stomach. Manuela's is in there too. Catherine's is at my far end. They're all so big. I feel dozens of pounds heavier. You've turned my intestines huge with your fat shits..."

The resistance as Rhea pushed was growing immense. Edelgard was truly full. She could feel it push back against her, like defecating into tight fabric, as she strained and felt a fraction of what Edelgard was enduring.

The toilet kept speaking. "They're all touching together. They're all touching Rhea's shit. She's blowing up my womb. She's turning my body into an even more sick joke. She's making all of our shits kiss."

Rhea was starting to lose her cool. "H-hnnngh... I-I can feel... All of them inside you..."

Rhea pushed harder. Edelgard lost her mind!

"Knock me up! KNOCK ME UP!" She screamed! "Knock me up NOW! Make all of the shit in my body KISS! KNOCK ME UP WITH YOUR FAT NASTY SHIT, YOU GROSS COW!"

Rhea groaned! "HNNNNGGGGHHHH!!"

The hardest push the archbishop could muster shot through her body. The pace of shitting exploded! Ropes as thick as before shot out of her at unparalleled speed. Solid waste deluged

as fast as liquid and coiled fast with booming farts and crackles into Edelgard's overstretched cunt!

"I-I can't stop!" Rhea wailed! "I-I can't stop my body! I can't stop pooping this fast! I can't stop breaking my toilet! I'm kissing all of your shits!"

Edelgard positively lost her mind. Her jaw went slack and her eyes went wide as that foul magic in her stretched to its very limit under all this matter. Waste matter by the foot filled her body every second. Her frame creaked and gurgled just to accommodate it. She went slack, let her muscles stretch, and let her womb be totally, utterly violated by shit. Her stomach grew even more massive as her expanding womb surged fuller. Her asshole winked to life and started passing earlier shit, just to make room for all that was filling her.

The woman by her could no longer just be spectators. They crowded around her. Shamir started kissing the archbishop. Catherine started sucking on her tits. Manuela flat out started making out with the girl. It was a flurry of an orgy. Edelgard would barely remember it. The part of her brain that committed what her eyes saw to memory was too busy screaming with bliss at her pussy's violation. She just sat there, a thing, a toilet, and was used as all toilets should.

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Life changed for the women at Garreg Mach once Lady Rhea learned all the fun to be had from Edelgard's dip into dark magic. What was once a secret recipe with arcane spells attached was now regularly served in the dining halls. The freakish transformations the older women had endured were now just a simple feature of every woman of age at the monastery.

Naturally, the amount of colossal shits falling out of asses had increased exponentially. The amount of toilets, however, had not.

It had been days since Edelgard last stood up. The flurry of desperate women running into her chambers, gassing the floor with their raging asses, and thrusting their cheeks into her face had been endless lately. Shits that dragged on for over a quarter of an hour were the campus average now. Whenever Bernadetta was done slamming her throat full of shit, Constance would take her place, then another woman, and another. Whoever she couldn't service at her face was parked at her ass, cutting turds into a space that shouldn't have room for all this filth. A third woman too was always parked like Rhea, spreading her cunt to capacity with filth.

This disgusting hobby had now all but consumed Edelgard's life. Her stomach was enormous, bloated, impossible large and fat with filth. She was less a human now and more an impressive barrel. She hadn't actually breathed in ages, nor eaten any real food. Dark magic, as it had earlier, kept her alive, sustained off of lungs full of farts and a stomach clogged with shit.

Most impressively, however, the dark magic running through them all seemed to be growing stronger by the day.

Edelgard was getting a little less massive day by day, even as every girl in the monastery dropped a quarter of her body weight on the regular. The self-inflicted curses were rubber banding to her treatment, and steadily shaping her up to rejoin the population, with a new corpulent shit gut wobbling on her frame, of course. She might be able to stand again, after another week of swallowing dung, and provided the magic coursing through the women around her didn't amplify too...

Edelgard did not care about being completely immobilized, of course. The sweet addictive everfullness she'd first felt being bloated out three ends sung just as sweet as ever. She was so lucky every time a pretty girl was done pooping atop her, another taking her place. Edelgard could sit here forever, truly. Pinned beneath her peers, her teachers, and her dear professor's asses as they shat, she was living through her own personal hellish heaven on earth.

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