

Horseshit!

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Horseshit!

by [slumbrrr](#)

Summary

Haru Urara's perverted trainer whisks her away to a storage room immediately after a race, finding her Umamusume's smell too erotic to resist...

But when Haru claims to need a bathroom — REALLY BADLY — her trainer tells her to just... go. Let it all out.

Right there, in front of her.

Notes

...for Lala.

Special Week raised her hand in greeting when she noticed King Halo standing by herself, looking deeply pensive near the end of one of Tracen Academy's racetracks.

"Hey! King Halo! Whatcha standing around for~?"

King Halo smiled when she looked up and met Special Week's gaze, giving the bubbly Umamusume a wave. "Ah, Special Week, it's good to see you. To what do I owe the pleasure?"

"I was gonna ask if you wanted to race," said Special Week, "but then I saw you staring into space! Is something wrong?"

"Something wrong?" King Halo's smile faltered. "Ah, well, no, not really. I was just... thinking about something. Something... strange that Haru Urara told me before she left."

"Haru? Your roommate?" Special Week tilted her head, her amethyst eyes twinkling with wonder. "What did Haru say?"

"We had just finished a long skirmish, and she was dripping with sweat! I told her she ought to take a shower as soon as possible, because, well... to be honest, she smelled very... ah... *potent*."

"Oh!" Special Week scratched her chin. It was common for Umamusume to sweat profusely after a skirmish, and it was, of course, just as likely that they would stink. "What's wrong with that?"

"Well," said King Halo, frowning, "she *declined* the shower. She told me that she won't shower anymore, because... her trainer *likes it* when she's all sweaty and smelly!" King Halo scoffed, and she turned up her nose. "I mean, any way you look at it... that's *strange*, isn't it? That doesn't sound like something a trainer ought to say to their Umamusume! I have a feeling that Haru Urara is doing something inappropriate with her trainer, but I just can't put my finger on it!"

Special Week shrugged, smiling. "Aw, come on, I'm sure you misheard her! You know Haru—she can say silly things sometimes! I'm sure she didn't mean what she said. Heck, I bet this whole thing is just a misunderstanding, that's all!"

"Do you truly believe so?" King Halo asked, sighing and worried. "You haven't seen the way Haru's trainer *looks* at her? Don't you feel something... *creepy* in that gaze?"

"I haven't noticed," Special Week admitted, laughing nervously. "But hey, we can always ask Haru to clarify later! Besides... I think you might be overthinking things! Haru would never do anything creepy or gross, she's too innocent for that kind of stuff!"

King Halo quirked a brow. "And you're not?"

"I'm just saying, Haru Urara would never do anything gross with her trainer! I definitely don't see it!"

On the other side of Tracen Academy ...

Haru Urara took a deep breath before letting it pass through her trembling lips. Her stomach gurgled, but still, the scrutiny and praise of her trainer meant more to her than mere intestinal discomfort.

“Did you see me race just now?” Haru asked, smiling and shifting from foot to foot. “You saw my race against King Halo, right, trainer? Is that why we’re here? You wanna reward me again?”

Trainer was already waiting, crammed against the wall of the equipment shed, the haze of disuse and old chalk dust fogging the air between them. Locks of greasy black hair clung to her forehead above the slouch of lab goggles, and her hands—small, stubby, and trembling—worked each other with an anticipation that always set the tips of Haru’s ears tingling. Even the way Trainer’s chest heaved, breathy and shallow, sounded different in the tightness of this room, as though she’d been holding her oxygen hostage all morning just for this moment.

“Of course I saw, Haru,” Trainer said, voice thick as syrup. “You destroyed that final corner. Like a rocket.” She reached up, her thumb grazing the sweat still crawling along Haru’s cheek, and pressed the streak of moisture to her own lips. The sight made Haru’s heart go all fluttery, like she’d swallowed a handful of moths.

“I wanted to make you proud!” Haru beamed, or tried to, but the way Trainer stared at her—like a wolf that’d learned to walk on two legs—always made it hard to stay bubbly. It was as if even her scent was a secret message only Trainer could decipher. The air was so charged Haru could almost taste it, sour-sweet, heavy with a perfume she’d never find in stores.

Trainer’s fingers snaked beneath the cuff of Haru’s jacket, pressing into the bandaged skin of her thigh. “That’s why I had to grab you the second you crossed that line,” Trainer crooned. “You’re getting a *big* reward from me, and I think you know what I’m talking about, Haru, sweetie...”

Haru’s cheeks turned the color of sakura petals, and her tail flicked, agitated. “Um, Trainer?” She pawed at her shin, tracing the edge of a bandage, voice shrinking to a squeak. “Shouldn’t I, uh, shower first...? I’m, um, really gross right now. I stink like crazy!” The words tumbled out like she was confessing a crime, mortified and hopeful in the same breath.

Trainer’s mouth curled, sly and hungry. “That’s the point, Haru. That’s the *very best part* of you.” She pinched Haru’s chin, forcing her gaze up. She had to reach up to do so; Haru was taller, because all Umamusume were much taller than their trainers. “You know how much I love the way you smell after a race. That thick, hot, run-you-into-the-ground musk. You could bottle it and I’d snort it all day...”

The bluntness made Haru’s insides lurch, but it wasn’t unpleasant. Her skin tingled beneath the film of sweat, an itch that spread the longer she stood there.

“B-but...” Haru’s nose wrinkled, and she tried to look away, but Trainer’s grip was gentle but immovable. “I think it’s getting worse? Like, my bloomers won’t dry and I, um, kinda...”

haven't used the bathroom since this morning..." She clamped her hands over her mouth, realizing too late what she'd just admitted.

Trainer's eyes widened, then flashed with delighted malice. "*Even better. Don't move.*"

The order pressed Haru flat against the door, jacket rucking up above her hips, chill air prickling her thighs. Trainer's hands burrowed beneath the elastic band, and the smell—stale salt, bitter and sweet, like the inside of a locker room—spilled out and filled the shed.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. Haru had heard stories about trainers. That some of them were strict, and some were soft, and some were just plain weird. But this? This was something else. No one else's trainer had ever yanked them into the supply closet just to lick the sweat off their face.

No other Umamusume in the dorms got texted 'meet me by the shed, don't shower' at ungodly hours...

...that she knew of, at least...!

Haru couldn't decide if it made her special or just gross.

She tried to squirm, but Trainer's hands had the grip of a rock climber, rough knuckles digging into her thighs. The texture of sweat and dried mud on her legs made every touch electric. Haru's breath went thin. The air was so loaded and damp she could almost see her own vapor, like she was fogging up from the inside out. She could tell Trainer was getting high off it—her hands trembled, her face nuzzling right into Haru's armpit, mouth parted, tongue flicking against the salt-slick slope of her underarm.

"God, you have *no idea* how insane you drive me after a race," Trainer murmured, voice muffled by the arm she'd buried her face in. "It's like you're leaking pure fuel..."

It was hard to concentrate. Haru's stomach cramped again—sharp, mean, then fading to a dull, swampy ache. That had started before the race: the pressure, the churn, the sense that something inside wanted very badly to get out. But she couldn't stop. Not when Trainer was like this, pulling her closer, lifting Haru's arm and licking a slow line from elbow to the hot hollow of her shoulder, talking in a low, urgent mutter about "essential minerals" and "recovery sweat" and how Haru was the best damn girl on the team.

The rattle in her gut got worse, a fresh gurgle that threatened to become something else—something catastrophic, if she wasn't careful. Haru bit her lip. "Um, Trainer? I... uh, I really, *really* have to go the bathroom. If I don't... then s-something *else* is gonna leak, and it's not *not* gonna be pure fuel...!"

But Haru's trainer hardly seemed to care. If anything, the perverted woman seemed to *love* where this was going. Her excitement—the bulge in her own shorts—was becoming more and more obvious as the seconds ticked on.

"Is that right?" Trainer asked, licking the sweat and dew from her lips. "Why don't you turn around and show me?"

Haru gasped. “W-what?!”

“Come on,” Trainer insisted, grabbing the tall Uma’s hips and helping turn her around. “I wanna see...”

“S-see what?” Haru stammered.

“That *mess* you’re talking about. I. Want. To. See it~”

Haru’s entire body rebelled at the thought. She wanted to twist and bolt, but Trainer’s hands squeezed her hips, holding her in place against the shed door’s cold, pebbled metal. The hesitation was all Haru’s; Trainer’s touch was weirdly gentle, and her voice dropped to a coaxing hush.

“Come on, Urara. Don’t be shy... You know I only want to help...”

The next noises weren’t words but rustling, thick and frantic. Haru turned her head, catching the flash of pale hands yanking down a zipper, the snap of elastic. Trainer’s pants dropped below her knees in one brutal tug, exposing the thick shaft already swelling and bobbing free—glossy and veined, glistening with sweat.

Haru gulped. She and her Trainer had been intimate before, it’s true, but this was... this was beyond the pale! This was *definitely* pushing the envelope, wasn’t it?!

Trainer’s palm landed on Haru’s ass with a crack that echoed like a starter pistol. **SMACK!**

Haru’s whole body jolted forward with a squeak. It was like she’d been *spurred* to react.

Her hips slammed into the cold shed wall, but that was nothing compared to the other, even louder pop: a high-pitched, involuntary honk from deep inside her, the kind of squeak she’d only ever accidentally unleashed in the middle of a dead sprint or when stumbling in the cafeteria. This time, though, there was no crowd to drown it out with laughter. Just the thick, static silence of the equipment shed, and Trainer’s handprint burning into her bloomers, and the unmistakable squeal of her own body betraying her.

Pppbbhhtttt ...

The smell hit them both at once, fast and hot and dense, like opening a Tupperware that’d been forgotten in a gym bag all summer. Haru’s face burned, mortification blooming in her chest. She pressed herself against the door, desperate to become two-dimensional, to merge with the cold and escape the cloud of stink that had ballooned out of her. But Trainer only groaned, a low, needy sound; she leaned into Haru’s back, nose pressed right between her shoulder blades, inhaling like she could *taste* the smell of Haru Urara’s flatulence.

“That’s my girl,” Trainer purred, her breath tickling the sweat at the base of Haru’s neck. “You let it out. You let it all out, okayyy~?”

Haru wanted to die. No, she wanted to melt and drip through the cracks in the floorboards and never be seen again. Her legs knocked together. She squeaked, “I’m so sorry, T-Trainer, I —!”

Pppbbbhhtttt ...!

Another fart. Another mortified gasp.

It happened again, louder and wetter. The pressure had passed from embarrassment into a kind of numb inevitability; each slap of Trainer's palm sent a convulsion up Haru's spine, but her ass—her huge, trembling Uma ass—seemed to want it, to gulp the attention and spit it back out in vulgar little bursts. The shed filled with the sour, almost meaty steam of her gut-rot. A veritable hot-box.

Haru's legs twitched. Her hands went flat against the door, nails digging little crescents in the paint.

Trainer didn't stop. She massaged slow circles into the meat of Haru's backside, fingers sinking into bruised, sweat-soaked muscle, then leaned close enough that Haru could feel the drag of breath across her lower back. The next words came as a whisper, half muffled by the fabric of Haru's gym shirt:

“That's it, honey. Let it all out for me. You *earned* this...”

Haru choked on a sob, but another shudder was building in her gut—bigger, meaner, swollen with the force of a hundred skipped bathroom breaks. The shed seemed to tilt, the world narrowing to a tunnel of heat and stink and the awful, wringing pleasure of being seen, being known, even in her absolute worst. Her buttocks tensed around Trainer's hand, and she felt the telltale tickle, the warning flare.

“Oh, no,” Haru whimpered, tears pricking at her eyes. “Oh no, oh no, oh no no no...!”

She tried to clench, but it was like trying to dam a river by holding your fingers together. Pppbbbt—an explosion of gas ripped from her, squishy and cruel, and nothing in the world could shut it up. The sound bounced between the metal-walled shelves and echoed like a trumpet at a funeral. She felt her eyes sting, the sharp burn of tears coming up quick, and her face caught fire with the shame.

She heard her trainer gasp, felt the hands gripping her hips tighten and then work their way lower, kneading the flesh of her ass through the clingy fabric. The hot, rough palms only made her squirm harder, her thighs trembling as if running a sprint in place. Haru whimpered. The pressure in her belly was joined by something else, a sickly warmth blooming just above her hips, a kind of ticklish panic that moved in quick little pulses.

She tried to hold it, she really did. She screwed her face up and choked off a fresh round of sobs, trying to remember the breathing drills they did for endurance training—three short ins, one long out. But nothing helped. Sweat trickled down the arch of her back, pooled at the base of her spine, made the waistband of her bloomers itch and stick and then suddenly, with no warning, the damn burst.

It started with a hiss, not loud but sharp, like someone had twisted open a valve inside her.

Pssssshhhhhhhh ...

She felt the heat first—the hot gush soaking straight through the crotch of her shorts, spreading in a round, ugly patch that immediately went clammy and cold in the drafty shed.

There was no controlling it. Her body seized, lost all discipline, and the stream just kept *coming*, splattering down her thighs, over her knees, pooling around her striped socks and then down to her shoes.

“Nooooo... noooooo!” Haru hiccuped, quietly crying with shame. “Trainer... don’t... don’t look...!”

“Fuck, that’s so hot...” Haru’s trainer groaned as she pressed his cock up against the crack of Haru’s loud ass, gliding her thick, slick dick against her Umamusume’s damp, smelly butt.

Haru cursed herself for eating all that ryegrass that’d been donated to her. But at the same time, she couldn’t blame her fans for this, could she? She had no one to blame but herself for not going to the bathroom earlier, and for now making this storage shed stink with the smell of her urine and... and...

...oh no. It was about to get *worse*.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Haru’s trainer snickered as she started to hump her from behind. “You smelly Uma... you’ve got something else for me, don’t you? Not just yellow, but brown? Don’t lie, I can tell you’re about to make a horrible mess, ah, just for me...!”

“D-do you really like this sort of thing, trainer?!” Haru could hardly believe what her trainer was saying. She knew the woman was a pervert, but this was simply outrageous!

But with her trainer’s hand against her back, she could do nothing except obey. The woman’s voice was like a siren song singing for her to soil herself—and soil she did.

Haru bent over, face burning with shame, and she placed both hands flat against the door of the shed they were presently hot-boxing with their rancid perversions.

“Let me get a taste,” Haru’s trainer said, “before you do anything else...”

The woman was much shorter than her Umamusume, but even for something like this, she knelt on the ground right there in Haru’s slowly-growing puddle of urine.

The smell, oh god, the smell—it was as if someone had bottled every bad decision Haru had ever made, fermented it in the summer sun, and then uncorked the whole thing inside her own skull. It was hot and cloying, sour on the inhale and rotten on the exhale, and it clung to her nose hairs like sticky resin. She whimpered, but the sound was drowned out by the squelch of Trainer’s knuckles sinking into her thighs and the obscene, slurping noises coming from behind.

Trainer’s face was in her ass. She was really doing it. Haru felt the damp press of Trainer’s cheek against the back of her leg, then the greedy, disgusting snuffle of Trainer’s nose running straight up the seam of Haru’s bloomers, all the way to the soaked, shivering crotch.

There was a shudder, a wheeze, and a sharp, almost delighted gasp, like Trainer was filling her lungs with the inside of Haru's body.

"God, you stink," Trainer groaned, voice muffled by fabric and flesh. "You absolute monster. You're going to make me pass out!"

Haru squeezed her eyes shut, willing herself to survive the moment. But Trainer wasn't giving her even the mercy of embarrassment—she was digging in, her tongue lashing out to press the wet spot plastered against Haru's crotch. It was so lewd, so direct, that the shame threatened to tip over into something else, something weirdly fizzy in Haru's chest.

She pawed at the door, then jerked back to bump her butt against her trainer's face. "Y-you pervert! Nasty pervert trainer! Y-you'd better not t-tell anyone about this, ever! I could n-never show my face in Tracen Academy if you do!"

Haru let another fart rip, this one even louder and even wetter than the last one.

PPPPBBBHHHTTTT!!

It was entirely unfair how much her body wanted this, even with her dignity leaking out of her in hot, stinking waves. Haru clenched her teeth, her cheeks all fever, and ground her hips backward—full contact, a deliberate, smearing push of soaked bloomers into her trainer's face.

She wanted to punish her trainer for being such a creep. She wanted to make her suffer. But mostly, she wanted to hide the way her own legs shook when Trainer's tongue dragged the seam of her shorts, lapping up the salt and the fresh, stinging ammonia like a dog at an ice cream cone.

"God, you're disgusting," Haru whispered, but her voice caught—half a moan, half a sob—when Trainer's nose mashed up under her tail and took a deep, greedy inhale. She could feel it, blunt and shameless, pressing into the damp groove just below her tailbone. There was no hiding the stench now; her funk was a living thing, thick as soup, and it seemed to fill up her head until the world was just hot, wet, and scented like a barn at midsummer. "Hah..."

Trainer's hands wrapped around the tops of Haru's thighs, yanking her ass flush to that eager face. The woman's tongue forced its way past the sodden bloomers, poking at the elastic, then at the band-aid stuck to Haru's thigh, then right up along the seam of her cleft. The fabric didn't stand a chance!

It was so obscene, the slurping noises echoing in the tiny shed.

Her legs buckled, spasming in the methane-reeked mist of her own doing. Trainer's mouth was all suction and heat and pressure, tongue drilling through the pilled cotton until it found a patch thin enough to worry at the skin underneath. Somewhere, somehow, Haru's vision doubled and tripled at the edges, flickery with tears. She couldn't tell if she was about to pass out or climax or both at once.

Then Trainer bit, just a nip right above the seam of her bloomers, and Haru's knees quit. She folded at the hips, ass jutting in the air, thighs trembling so hard she thought she'd break out in hives. The heat in her stomach built to a knifelike point. A fresh, wet fart squelched out, rattling Trainer's nose. Haru's body seized.

"Trainer, I— Trainer— I can't—" She pawed the door, nails scraping, eyes wild with watery panic. "I'm gonna— I'm gonna—!"

"*Do it,*" Trainer moaned, mouth vibrating right up against Haru's star. "Let it go. That's my good girl, come on, show me how filthy you are—"

The words broke whatever spell Haru had tried to cast over her bowels.

Her gut spasmed, a wave of cramps so intense she nearly sobbed.

And then it all happened at once: hot, liquid shame **erupted** from her asshole, filling the seat of her bloomers with a wet, volcanic grunt.

PPBBBHHTTSPPLLLLAATTT!!!

The splatter was instant and devastating, a tidal surge of brown and runny filth that flooded her shorts, streaked down her thighs, oozed in greasy rivulets to the floor. It was audible, a series of churning, obscene plurps; it came out in pulses, each more humiliating than the last.

Haru wanted to disappear. Her trainer was down there, nose-deep, huffing it up like a beast at a trough. The stink was apocalyptic—sharp, eggy, animal, cut through by the chemical whiff of sweat and piss and fresh, unspeakable release. Her bloomers clung to her ass, sodden and heavy, already half-transparent with the wetness and sagging with the sheer volume of mess inside.

But Trainer only shuddered, moaning into the steaming seat of Haru's bloomers, hands kneading the mess, squishing it across Haru's cheeks and up the crack so her whole backside was caked with the filth. She kept her mouth pressed there, smearing the ruined underwear with saliva, barking raunchy encouragement. "That's it, that's it, honey... let it all out, don't hold back, give me everything!"

Each time Trainer spoke or gasped, it vibrated up Haru's spine, and another hot pulse of diarrhea squished into her shorts. She sobbed, the shame making her dizzy, but she couldn't stop. Her body just kept betraying her, every muscle in her lower half firing and then buckling, until the shed reeked so bad it was hard to even breathe. The mess coated her legs all the way to the knees, splattered against even the trainer behind her—but some of the lumps that came out were thick, hard, and brickly enough to really bulge those bloomers of hers brown.

Haru couldn't breathe for the stink, or maybe just for the abject humiliation. She felt like her bones were vibrating. She was dimly aware of Trainer rising up behind her, hands sliding from her ruined thighs to the waistband of her bloomers—slick with filth, so sodden it barely offered resistance. The cold air hit Haru's ass and pussy at once, and somewhere behind her she heard Trainer's low, shaking exhale.

“Gonna split you open, Urara. Can’t wait anymore,” Trainer hissed, and in one motion, hooked the bunched-up mess of her bloomers to the side, peeling the wretched cotton away from her cleft. The release of heat and stench was overwhelming, blooming outward in a wave so thick it made Haru’s head ring. “You wanna get plugged up, don’t you? You wanna stop making that mess? I’ve got something to plug you up—right here...!”

A hard, urgent pressure landed right at the pucker of Haru’s ruined asshole—Trainer’s cock, the tip greasy with pre and arched up and ready. Haru’s hips jolted, then steadied, her knees bracing for what she knew was coming. She tried to look back, but the wall pressed flat against her cheek, cold and damp and streaked with sweat. Trainer gripped her by the waist, steadying her, and with a ragged grunt, **rammed in**.

SQUELCH~!

The first thrust was brutal, splitting her open through the clinging, sticky film of shit and sweat and tears. Haru’s body arched without thinking, wild with the shock. It hurt, but the pain was dulled by everything else—by the heat, by the stink, by the feeling of Trainer’s cock forging its way inside her. She felt every ridge and vein, felt the hard slap of Trainer’s thighs against her own, the collision so furious it squished the mess between them, forcing it to ooze up and out around the shaft.

“GAH~! T-TRAINERRRR!”

Trainer pulled back, then shoved in deeper, groaning through her teeth. “Christ, you’re tight! Like you’re trying to suck the life out of me!” The words were hoarse, almost reverent. “That’s it, Haru, milk me! Don’t you dare let go with that nasty asshole of yours!”

Haru bit down on her forearm, the taste of sweat and bitter old bandage filling her mouth. The pain faded into a raw, straining fullness. Her asshole clenched around Trainer’s cock, body trying to force it out but only gripping tighter, a desperate, pounding rhythm. The mess smeared across her ass, each pump spreading it further, slicking everything. The air thickened with the slop, the *stink*.

Her tail lashed wildly. At every thrust, her insides spasmed, and a new, bubbling fart slipped out, trapped between Trainer’s cock and the ruined seat of her bloomers. It popped and gurgled around the shaft, and the humiliation made her eyes water. But the pervert behind her only groaned, sliding in to the hilt and holding there, grinding, grinding, *grinding*. Haru’s belly churned again, and she felt another boiling pulse of diarrhea threatening to break free. The only thing keeping it in was the thick plug of Trainer’s dick, sealing her tight, forcing the pressure higher.

She felt like she would burst. The pressure in her gut climbed, her body shuddering with every slam. Trainer’s hands clawed at her hips, and she heard the woman’s voice, wild and high: “You gonna break, Haru? You gonna make another mess for me, all over my cock? Nasty fucking Uma~?”

“Uuuu... Trainer... you’re s-so meannn...” Haru hiccuped again, her tear-stained cheeks burning with embarrassment.

She tried to nod, or maybe shake her head, but the world had gone white at the edges, and all she could do was whimper. Her legs trembled, ready to give out, but Trainer wouldn't let her fall. She slammed into Haru, again and again, each time making her feel smaller, rawer, more like an animal than a girl.

PLAP! PLAP! PLAP!

The pain blurred into pleasure, then something hotter, meaner, a kind of unstoppable want. It wasn't long before Trainer started grunting and groaning like a beast, rocking their bodies together again and again, fucking Haru Urara's smelling, slurried asshole without pause or falter. She picked up the pace because she was *close*, and while sex with her trainer had always been anything but normal, Haru had a feeling that something had changed between them. That intimate relations had been *soiled further*, and nothing would be the same ever again.

She was close. *Dangerously* close. She chanced a look back at her trainer's face and saw the woman was panting, moaning, her eyes half-closed and heavy with lust.

"C-cumming!" She announced suddenly, her balls churning with seed as Haru's asshole, too, churned with a fresh river of heady-smelling defecation. "C-CUMMING—!"

The air in the shed turned syrupy with heat, a weather system of funk and overstimulation, and Haru's body seized with a pain-pleasure that nearly buckled her knees. Her hips stuttered backward, forcing Trainer's cock deeper, smearing filth and cum and sticky sweat together in a primordial paste. It was so fucking wet, so thick, like nothing she'd ever imagined, every nerve in her ring clenched around the shaft and screaming with sensation. Her core twisted—her own orgasm coming on like a seizure, unstoppable, humiliating, perfect.

"Ah, AH!! TRAINER! TRAINER, YESSSS!"

Trainer howled, a ragged, animal sound. She slammed Haru's hips down and held them, driving herself balls-deep and holding there, quivering. Haru felt the cock inside her pulse, then throb, then shoot, the first hot jet of cum blasting into her bowels. The sensation was so much—thick and burning and so, so wet. She felt it, every squirt, filling the space where her body had already lost control, spooning sperm into the churn of diarrhea and making her feel like a balloon, stretched to bursting.

SPLURT! SPLURT! SQUELCH!

Haru's pussy seized in sympathy, slick and needy, and she came with a keening, wheezing gasp. The orgasm hit from every angle—her clit burned, her insides knotted, her asshole spasmed around Trainer's cock, milking out every drop. She squirted, wild and involuntary, a hot gush of urine and slick that painted the ruined bloomers anew and pooled around both their shoes. The smell hit new levels, something like garbage and salt and animal, the kind of stink you could taste on the air. It made her dizzy, made her want to laugh or cry or both at once.

But she didn't even have time to recover—Trainer gripped her tighter, fucked her through the aftershocks, each thrust stirring the heady mix inside her asshole. Every time Trainer's cock

bottomed out, it forced the mess up and out, spurting around the base and making the whole shed echo with the grotesque, bubbly squelch of a bubble butt being bred and used. Haru's guts gurgled, her body emptied itself with every pulse of pleasure, each new wave of diarrhea frothing out and painting Trainer's balls a sickly brown. The two of them were locked together, panting, grinding, thrashing, a single messy organism with no shame left.

Trainer finally collapsed against her back, cock still twitching, still milking out the last pathetic spurts of seed. Haru's legs gave way, and they sank as one, Trainer clinging to her like a drowning woman, face buried in the reek of Haru's hair and sweat. The two of them shuddered and giggled, high on their own filth, locked together until the tremors faded.

Haru was the first to speak, or at least to make a sound that wasn't pure, exhausted wheezing. "Y-you... you really do like it when I stink, don't you...?" Her voice was *hoarse*, lips sticky and wet from the tears and sweat that never quite stopped. She expected a quip or a pervy joke, but instead, her trainer kissed her there, right between her shoulder blades, and she sighed with nothing short of utmost relief.

"I like you no matter what," Trainer praised. "Clean, or dirty... or VERY dirty... hah... you're always my favorite, Haru. Don't ever forget that, my smelly Uma!"

Haru groaned, rolled her eyes, and smiled. She sniffled only once, then smiled as she sank against the soiled door, feeling lighter than air now that she let herself go.

"Sheesh, trainer... you're such a perv... heh... but you're my perv, and I'm glad I... hah... did this... I think..."

Pbbbhhttt—!

"Ah...~ guess there was a little bit left, after all..."

The two shared a laugh, unaware that on the other side of the door, Rice Shower was pressed up against the door—and she was holding her nose, eyes watering, completely and utterly petrified from the stench and from the knowledge of what her trainer and dear friend were up to...

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