

## A Shitty Day..

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# **A Shitty Day..**

by [timsbuttraper](#)

## Summary

Don't say you weren't warned.

Just another fuckin day in prison, Timothy wakes up, and gets out of bed

He gets up from the stiff bed, still a little groggy, he rubs his eyes and he notices that his stomach hurts.. His tummy gurgles loudly, and he feels a little sick, but he just assumes he's hungry. He gets to the prison cafeteria for some breakfast, his stomach hurting him so bad and his intestines are practically throbbing as he gets his food

"Damn, what the hell is going on" Timothy thinks to himself as he sits back down, his prison tray in his hand. He sits alone at a circle table, ready to eat whatever slop they cooked the prisoners up today.

Timothy takes his first bite and it tastes a little funny but he keeps eating, he's especially hungry today, within 10 minutes, he's finished his breakfast. Instant regret hits him as his digestive system hates the food and it doesn't settle well, his intestines are in so much pain and are bubbling and everything, his stomach won't stop making loud, embarrassing sounds, he clutches his abdomen in pain, wincing slightly, praying that this will pass and all this pain will just go away in a few minutes, the other prisoners are starting to notice and they start whispering and laughing, Timothy tries to remain calm but it's so embarrassing and painful that his facade cracks slightly.

Tim runs back to his cell, still clutching his gut, his face as red as a tomato, and his digestive organs still causing him all sorts of pain, he feels so fucking bloated too.

"It hurts so bad... God why..." Timothy whispers to himself in his cell, his guts getting louder and paining him more

Timothy whimpers in pain again, his gut getting more aggressive every second, his tall, skinny frame crouching over as he sits on his bed, he feels like his entire body is about to explode

Timothy starts to get gassy.. Very gassy. He knows he has to let it out but he doesn't want to attract anyone to his cell trying to find out what the hell the smell is

He rocks back and forth for around 5 minutes while holding his stomach and holding his gas in, until one finally escapes. It was a quiet one, it smelled pretty bad but Timothy's gut felt a little better as he released it. He knows he has to let it all out even though he knows its gonna fucking stink.

He starts passing more gas more frequently as he sits on his bad, you could probably even smell the eggs they fed him this morning if you were there in that cell to smell the gas that man was producing. Each one was louder, stinkier and wetter than the last, but each made his gut feel less painful which was a fair trade to Tim.

"God I'm gonna shit myself at this rate" Timothy laughs to himself, his smelly gas filling the small cell even more. If any poor soul were to walk in as Tim was borderline shitting himself, it would be like a gas chamber.

Timothy continues soothing his agonizing gut as he releases more of his sexy, bubbly, loud farts. They smell so bad that Timothy's eyes start to water as he tries breathing, he's practically killing himself with his own gas but he can't stop, it feels so good to release all that built up gas that was making him so bloated and uncomfortable.

Timothy gags as he releases bigger ones, and he doesn't realize but he's already absolutely destroyed his white boxers, if you can even call them white anymore. He was farting so hard that he didn't even realize he shat himself, he just thought it was a really wet one.

Timothy lifts his leg, still sitting on his bed, and releases a series of a few airy and puffy ones, they don't smell as bad but they feel just as nice to get out. Just when Timothy thought he was done absolutely destroying his pants, another round of gassiness overtakes him.

"Not again" Timothy thinks to himself, seconds before releasing the longest fart of his life, it lasted around 20 seconds non stop and stunk like hell. It was hot in both senses of the word, but not to him. But at least he could feel at least some of the gas and uncomfortable sensation disappear in those 20 seconds of farting.

The sounds of his agonizing, deadly gas fill the room and so does the rancid smell as he continues attempting to fully empty his gut, he knows he's gonna have to take a full shit soon but he just continues to sit on his bed for now, not wanting to leave despite the disgusting smell he's producing and that's lingering in his cell.

The guards by now are already aware of McVeigh's little "situation", they all avoid his cell, it stinks so fucking bad because of his little tummy troubles today.. He starts whining again from his gas pain and the pure stench doesn't help his discomfort either, as he continues farting and farting. It's enough to make the average person projectile vomit everywhere.

So much time passes that it's now lunchtime, Timothy knows he's gotta get up and get more food or the guards will punish him, but he's afraid he'll get his stomach even more upset. He walks into the cafeteria, holding in a bunch of gas. He's walking a little funny cause of how he's holding his tummy but he manages to get his food, he walks back to his table and again sits alone, especially because the other inmates smell the accidental shit Timothy didn't know he took in his pants. It smells fucking terrible.

Timothy starts eating, once he's done, his food yet again doesn't settle right. It hurts even worse now, that cheese he ate just now is about to do a real number on him. He runs to his cell, farting a little as he bolts there, his farts even stinkier and his belly hurting even more than before.

For about 10 minutes he rips the nastiest, most vomit-inducing, loudest, longest, sexiest, wettest, bubbliest, warmest, most disgusting farts of his life, with minimal gut pain relief this time.

He knows it's time to take a dump as he walks himself to the toilet, farts escaping his poor asshole with every step. He finally makes it to the toilet, what would be just a normal distance for any prisoner was hell on earth for Timothy just now. He drops his pants and sits on the toilet and sees the HUGE brown stain in his boxers and realizes that some of those wet farts this morning were in fact not farts, he sighs and cringes.

At first, he's a little constipated, pushing but nothing comes out, but eventually, he starts feeling the shit coming out, it really fucking hurts but it feels so good at the same time to get that out of his system. He's groaning as he gets the shit out, it burns his asshole a little and his hot steaming shit gets watery, and it turns into diarrhea as he releases his smelly shit, his gut is ruining him and he feels so humiliated and powerless as he continues shitting.

He's whining to himself as he continues pooping, this is by far the worst stench he's ever smelled in all his life, he holds onto the toilet paper roll as his ass starts releasing loud farts that echo into the toilet bowl, that is then followed by an even louder round of liquid shit escaping Tim's anus

He whimpers and winces as the fiery feces comes out of him, he wants to die he's so embarrassed even though he's all alone in this cell, and for good reason with that terrible smell. This is definitely gonna go down as the worst shit of his life, no doubt about it. For another 15 minutes he shits and farts on that toilet, and the smell is so disgusting the entire hall is gagging, when Tim is finally done, he lifts his sweaty, shitty ass and wipes it, he throws the toilet paper in the toilet and what meets his eyes in that toilet bowl is truly a disgusting site he never wants to see or smell again.

He quickly pulls the handle to flush his shit. His asshole is burning even though he's done but at least his gut feels a lot better. When his shit "flushes", it doesn't really flush.. The solid shit flushes but it leaves a bunch of liquid shit in the toilet and when Timothy tries flushing it again, it doesn't work and the smell makes him gag nonstop. He washes his hands and runs to tell the janitor. Needless to say, the janitor hated him even more after that day after having to deal with that absolute nightmare of a toilet Timothy caused.

After the janitor fixes it, he throws up and rethinks all his life's choices. Timothy goes to his cell and before dinner even starts, he passes out on his stinky bed from pure exhaustion.

The end.

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