

Digestive Bonding

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Digestive Bonding

by [NymphoLady](#)

Summary

Team RWBY finds an abandoned cabin to rest in to sit out a snowstorm. They eat some leftover food that was definitely expired and past-due. This all gives them a stomach virus that, unfortunately occurs in a place with no bathroom around them.

-----THIS IS A FART/SCAT FETISH FIC, DON'T READ IF YOU'RE NOT INTO IT, READ THE TAGS!!-----

Notes

More RWBY! I like writing for the RWBY cast so it's a joy to be able to write their dynamics. I had a lot of fun writing this cmm, and the idea was really fun. Trapped in a snowstorm. I tried sprinkling in scenes for all the ships and that's why I tagged them all. Either way, I want to be able to write more RWBY in the future.

Enjoy!

Regardless, anyone is allowed to message me on my twitter (@GassyNympho) or my new twitter (@FreakyWriterGirl) to request things, talk, or whatever. And if you want a story of your own, my requests are open. If you're interested in more of my stories, message me on twitter. If you have any of your own ideas, you can also drop a comment as a request!

And as always, you saw the tags. If it's not your thing you don't have to read it, just move along if these kinks aren't your thing. However, if you're morbidly curious and want to read anyway, go ahead even if you're not into it. I'll delete any toxic comments if it isn't constructive.

The wind outside the abandoned cabin howled like a dying Grimm, rattling the frost-covered windows. Inside, the air was stagnant, heavy with the smell of dust, old wood, and the questionable stew bubbling in a pot over the fireplace. It was a meager dinner, scavenged from the depths of the cabin's pantry, likely left behind by miners who hadn't been seen in years. Tin cans with faded labels, vacuum-sealed packets that puffed with air when opened.

Ruby sat on a wooden crate, her knees pulled up to her chest, staring into the fire. Her team was scattered around the small room. Weiss was perched on the edge of the cot, trying to keep her pristine white skirt off the dusty floorboards. Yang was stretched out on a rug near the hearth, arms behind her head, relaxed. Blake was curled in the armchair, a book in hand, though her eyes looked heavy.

They were all eating. Even Ruby, though she'd poked at the grayish meat in her bowl with suspicion. It tasted metallic, salty, and off. But they were hungry, and calories were calories in the field.

Ruby, however, wasn't focused on the taste. Her attention was entirely divided. Half her mind was on the mission report she needed to file for Qrow. The other half, the darker, secret half, was hyper-focused on the biological functions of her teammates.

It was a sickness, really. A weird, twisted itch she'd picked up back at Beacon. It started with accidental walks into the locker room at the wrong time, hearing the private sounds of girls who thought they were alone. It evolved into a fixation.

She didn't just hear the farts; she craved them. She watched the way Weiss's skirt hugged her hips and wondered what sounds came out of that perfect, uptight rear. She looked at Yang's spandex-clad ass and imagined the bassy thunder she must be capable of. She was a pervert, a closet deviant hiding behind a cloak of innocence and silver eyes.

Tonight, the sketchy food was acting like a catalyst. The air in the cabin was already getting thick, but it wasn't just the fire.

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Blake was the first to crack.

The Faunus was usually silent, controlled. But as she shifted in the armchair, crossing her legs tighter, a low, wet rumble echoed through the room.

UuuGuurrrGggle....

Weiss looked up from her bowl, her nose wrinkling. “Blake? Are you...?”

FSRRLPRRRRPPT!

The sound was wet, a sputtering trumpet blast that seemed to go on for five seconds. It wasn't a quick pop; it was a long, rolling release of trapped gas that vibrated against the leather of the chair. The vibration rattled the floorboards under Ruby's crate.

Ruby froze. Her spoon stopped halfway to her mouth. The sound hit her ears like a siren, sending a jolt of electricity straight down her spine to her groin. She knew she shouldn't react. She should be grossed out, or at least indifferent. But her heart hammered against her ribs.

Then came the smell.

It was distinct, earthy, musky, and wild. It smelled of damp fur and rotting vegetation, a thick, humid stench that rolled over the campfire and slapped Ruby in the face. It was heavy, cloying, and the smell definitely belonged to Blake. Nobody else would go for the tuna, after all.

The silence in the cabin was absolute.

Blake put her book down, covering her face with one hand, her cat ears flattening against her skull. "...My apologies," she muttered, her voice muffled. "The... rations."

Yang was the first to break the tension. She threw her head back and laughed, a booming sound that cut through the awkwardness.

"Dang, Bellabooty!" Yang grinned, fanning her nose with one hand. "I knew cats were territorial about their scent, but that's a biological weapon!"

"Yang!" Weiss shrieked, her voice pitching up an octave. She had pulled her shirt collar up over her nose, her blue eyes watering. "That is... absolutely revolting. How can something so small produce such a... toxic cloud?"

"It's nature, Princess," Yang winked, shifting her weight on the rug.

As if on cue, Yang's stomach let out a groan of its own. Yang didn't even flinch. She just grinned wider, lifting one leg slightly.

"Here's mine," she announced proudly.

BRRRRFRPPT!

It was a cannon blast. A bassy, cheek-clapping explosion that sounded like a leather jacket being ripped in half. The force of it actually stirred the ashes in the fireplace. Yang sighed dramatically, her shoulders slumping as if she'd just completed a great feat.

"Ahhh," she exhaled, reaching back to pat her own rear. "That one had some kick to it."

"You are disgusting," Weiss hissed, her face pale. She had retreated to the far end of her cot, pressing a handkerchief to her face. "Both of you! We are in a confined space! Have some decency!"

“It's just gas, Weiss,” Yang laughed, waving her hand in front of her butt, sending the rancid smell of old cheese and sulfur swirling toward Weiss. “Don't tell me you don't have a little bubble brewing after that stew.”

Weiss looked ready to explode. “I certainly do not! I am a lady! Ladies do not... eructate in such a... vulgar manner!”

Yang sat up, her golden hair tumbling over her shoulders. She looked over at Ruby, who was still sitting on her crate, stiff as a board, her face flushed red.

“Hey, Ruby,” Yang nudged, her elbow digging into Ruby's side. “You're quiet. Don't hold it in on our account. Let it out! Join the club!”

Ruby's heart skipped a beat. She looked at Yang, then at Weiss. The Ice Queen was glaring daggers at her, her eyes narrowing behind the handkerchief.

“Ruby,” Weiss said, her voice low and dangerous. “Don't you dare. If you have any respect for my olfactory senses, you will keep that... biological horror inside you.”

“I... I don't have to go,” Ruby lied, her voice cracking.

But her stomach was a liar. The combination of Yang's teasing and the visual of Blake squirming in her chair, combined with the thick, mingling scents of Blake's earthy musk and Yang's cheesy rot, was doing things to Ruby's body. The pressure in her own gut was skyrocketing, a hot, sharp knot just below her navel.

She shifted on the crate. She could feel the gas bubbling, angry and hot, desperate to escape. It was different from theirs. Heavier. Wetter.

Her stomach roiled audibly. Weiss flinched.

Ruby clenched her fists. She tried to think about Grimm, about Crescent Rose, about Ozpin. Anything to distract from the hot pressure pushing against her sphincter.

“Just let it out, Rubes,” Yang teased, leaning back and propping her feet up. “It's natural!”

“It is not natural!” Weiss yelled.

The argument was the final straw. Ruby's muscles, exhausted from the day's travel, betrayed her. She felt a cramp seize her lower belly, sharp and demanding.

She didn't mean to do it. She really didn't. She tried to ease a tiny bit out, just to stop the pain.

But her body had other plans.

FRRRRRRPPPBPPBPTTTT!

Ruby's eyes went wide. The sound was wet, a chaotic mix of bubbling mud and hissing steam. It wasn't the dry trumpet of Yang or the wet bark of Blake; it was a thick, sludge-like sound, the audio of a sewer pipe bursting.

It lasted for over six seconds. Pffft... bububub... shhlorrt! The vibration buzzed against the wooden crate, rattling her teeth. And the smell...

Oh, the smell.

It was foul. It was a thick, curdled stench of spoiled milk and stale cookies. It was sweet in the most disgusting way possible, the scent of dairy left out in the sun for a week, mixed with the rich, eggy rot of bad meat. It was a heavy, humid fog that instantly blanketed the small cabin, drowning out the smell of the fire and the dust.

Ruby's face burned. She could feel the heat radiating from her rear, the damp warmth spreading against her cotton panties. She squeezed her legs together, but the damage was done.

The silence that followed was heavy enough to crush a Grimm.

Weiss slowly lowered her handkerchief, her eyes wide and glassy. She stared at Ruby, her mouth opening and closing like a fish out of water.

"Ruby..." Weiss whispered, her voice trembling with the sheer magnitude of her horror. "That... that was..."

Yang was staring too, but she wasn't disgusted. She was grinning, a look of impressed surprise on her face. "Whoa, Sis. I didn't know you had it in you."

Ruby just sat there, her hands gripping her knees, her face buried in her chest. She wanted to die. She wanted to apologize. But deep down, beneath the layers of shame, a dark, twisted part of her brain was replaying the sound of her own fart, over and over again, and she was shivering with pleasure.

Weiss, meanwhile, tried to be a statue of composure. She was trying her hardest to be one. She sat on the edge of the cot, her back straight, her hands clenched in her lap. Her face had turned a shade of pale that rivaled the snow outside, a thin sheen of sweat breaking out on her forehead.

Inside her, a war was clearly being waged. The stew she had eaten, or perhaps the questionable glass of milk she'd drunk, was churning in her stomach like a vat of angry chemicals. Her intestines were twisting, knotting themselves around pockets of gas that felt pressurized, hot, and desperate to escape. She was a Schnee. A lady. Ladies did not break wind in drafty cabins while sitting next to their teammates.

Ladies certainly did not do what Ruby and Yang had just done.

But biology was a cruel mistress, indifferent to social status. Weiss's stomach let out a low, mournful groan that seemed to vibrate through the wooden floorboards. She flinched, her eyes squeezing shut.

"Weiss?" Blake asked from her chair, her voice strained. She was still recovering from her own emission, the air in the room already thick with the scent of cat and sulfur.

"I am... perfectly fine," Weiss lied through gritted teeth.

She shifted her weight, lifting her right cheek slightly off the cot. The movement was a mistake. The jostling of her hips agitated the massive bubble of gas that was currently pressing against her closed sphincter. The pressure spiked from a dull ache to a sharp, stabbing cramp.

Weiss let out a high-pitched squeak, her hand flying to her stomach. "Oh... oh no."

"Let it out, Ice Queen," Yang snickered from the rug, still fanning her own rear. "Holding it in is just going to make it explode later. Trust me, I know."

"I will do no such thing!" Weiss hissed, her voice cracking. "I have control and I have discipline!"

Her ass, however, did not. It was trembling, exhausted by the effort of holding back the inevitable. The gas inside her was roiling, hot and wet, and it was simply too much volume for her body to contain.

Weiss squeezed her eyes shut, trying to visualize the mountains of Atlas, the cold, clean air. But all she could think about was the pressure, the burning heat in her lower gut.

PFFFT... SHHHHLORRT!

It escaped.

It wasn't a quick pop. It was a slow, sibilant hiss that transitioned into a wet, heavy roar. The sound was Pfffrt... like silk tearing, followed by a deep, resonating SHHHHLORRT that vibrated through the wooden slats of the cot.

Ruby inhaled sharply. Her eyes widened behind her bangs.

The smell was... incredible.

It shouldn't have been. They had all eaten the same toxic sludge. Blake's gas had smelled of wet earth and rot. Yang's smelled of cheese and sulfur. Ruby's own had smelled of spoiled milk.

But Weiss... Weiss smelled expensive.

The cloud that wafted off the Heiress was rich, perfumed, and thick. It was a heavy, cloying scent of musk and expensive wine that had turned to vinegar, mixed with the sharp, acidic tang of digestion. It was the scent of royalty rotting from the inside out. It was foul, undeniably, but it was a high-class foul. It was concentrated, dense, and filled Ruby's nose with a scent that made her head spin and her thighs clench together.

Ruby felt her heart hammering against her ribs. She watched Weiss's face, flushed red with shame, her white skirt rustling as the gas continued to hiss out of her. She had a crush on Weiss already, a massive, sputtering, awkward crush, but this? This was sending her into overdrive. Seeing the perfect, prim Heiress releasing such a potent, rich stench was like a drug.

"Oh...ugh... Weiss moaned, her face in her hands. "That was... that was vile."

Yang howled with laughter, slapping her knee. “I thought it wasn't so natural, Princess? You sounded like a dying trombone!”

“Shut up! Shut up, Yang!” Weiss shrieked, her voice echoing in the cabin. She was mortified, her entire body trembling. “I... I just... my stomach!”

“Don't be embarrassed,” Yang grinned, wiping a tear from her eye. “You're one of us now. Stinky and proud.”

“I am not stinky!” Weiss yelled, though the air around her was rapidly turning into a thick, purple haze of her own making.

Blake slammed her book shut. The sound was like a gunshot.

“I have had enough,” the Faunus said, her voice tight. She stood up, her cat ears flat against her head. “The air quality in here has dropped below survivable levels. I need to... I need to use the facilities.”

She walked toward the door that led to the back of the cabin.

“Good luck,” Ruby muttered, watching her go. “The outhouse looked like it was ready to collapse.”

Blake disappeared into the hallway. A moment later, she returned, looking even more pale than before.

“There is no bathroom,” Blake said, her voice hollow. “There isn't even an outhouse. Just a... a closet full of broken tools.”

“What?” Yang sat up, her smile fading. “You're kidding.”

“I checked the whole structure,” Blake said, leaning against the wall, her arms crossed over her stomach. “Nothing. No plumbing. No holes in the ground. Just... wood.”

The realization hit the group like a bucket of ice water.

Ruby looked around the small cabin. The windows were rattling with the wind. Outside, the snow was knee-deep, the temperature well below freezing. The thought of going out there to... to do that... it was impossible.

“I can't go outside,” Weiss whimpered, hugging her knees to her chest. “I'll freeze. And...in general, it's...”

“And I'm not dropping my pants in a snowbank,” Yang added, though she looked less concerned and more thoughtful. “So, what? We hold it?”

Ruby's stomach gave a violent lurch.

It wasn't just gas anymore. The cramps had changed. The pressure in her bowels had shifted from a gaseous bubble to a heavy, solid weight. The food poisoning wasn't just making them gassy. It was a laxative. A powerful one.

She looked at the others. Weiss was rocking back and forth, her face green. Yang had shifted her stance, pressing her legs together. Blake was sweating, her knuckles white where she gripped her arms.

They all had to go. Badly.

“This can't be happening,” Weiss hyperventilated, her breath coming in short gasps. “I cannot simply... evacuate in a cabin! With everyone watching!”

“It's better than exploding,” Yang said grimly. “Trust me, Princess. When the turtle head pokes, you don't argue with it.”

“Don't use that terminology!” Weiss screamed.

SPLORTCH!

Blake let out a shart. It was wet and loud, a sputtering explosion that sounded like mud hitting a fan. The Faunus gasped, her hands flying to her rear, her knees buckling.

“Blake?” Ruby asked, her voice trembling.

“I... I can't,” Blake whispered, her eyes wide and panicked. “I can't hold it. It's... it's right there.”

The tension in the room snapped. The air was already a toxic soup of four different girls' gas, thick enough to chew. The pressure was unbearable. The lack of a bathroom was a death sentence. Yang looked around, her eyes landing on a small metal bucket in the corner, likely meant for hauling coal or water. It was rusty, but it looked sturdy.

“Blake,” Yang said softly, pointing. “The bucket.”

Blake looked at it. Her eyes darted to the door, to the window, to the bucket. She was trembling.

“I... I can't,” Blake moaned. “Not... not here.”

“You're gonna go on the rug, Bellabooty,” Yang said gently. “Or the cot. Or Weiss. Pick your poison.”

Blake made a choked sound, half sob, half moan. She stumbled toward the bucket.

“Turn around!” Weiss shrieked, covering her eyes with her hands. “Everyone, turn around!”

“No way,” Ruby said instantly, her eyes locked on Blake. “I... I'm staying right here.”

She couldn't look away. She couldn't.

Blake reached the bucket. She was shaking so hard she nearly knocked it over. She looked back at the room, at Ruby staring with wide, hungry eyes, at Weiss hyperventilating on the cot, at Yang watching with a supportive, almost proud grin.

“I hate this...” Blake whispered.

She unbuttoned her pants. Her fingers were clumsy, slipping on the button. Finally, she yanked the zipper down and shoved her black stretch pants and her purple panties down to her knees in one frantic motion.

Ruby gasped.

Blake's ass was magnificent. It was large, soft, and pale, covered in a fine layer of soft dark fur. It jiggled as she moved, the flesh rippling like water. She had the kind of butt that looked like it was made for this kind of thing. soft, yielding, and incredibly spankable.

Blake turned around, squatting over the bucket. Her cheeks spread automatically, her position exposing her hole to the cool air.

She bore down. A massive, wet fart ripped out of her, echoing in the metal bucket like a cannon blast. It was followed instantly by the sound of a heavy log sliding out of her.

PLOP.

It hit the bottom of the bucket with a wet, heavy thud.

“Ahhhn...” Blake groaned, her head falling forward, her cat ears twitching wildly. She pushed again. Her body was taking over, the laxative forcing her muscles to contract whether she wanted them to or not.

SHHHLLLORRT-SPLLORRT! PLOP. PLOP. PLOP.

Three logs, thick and dense, dropped out of her in rapid succession. They made wet, slapping sounds as they hit the pile already forming in the bucket. The smell was immediate and catastrophic, a rich, earthy stench of wild animal waste, mixed with the rot of the bad food. It was heavy and humid, rising up from the bucket and filling the cabin.

Ruby was transfixed. She watched Blake’s asshole twitch and dilate, watched the brown coils stretch her open, watched the fur around her rear get matted with... mess. It was the most beautiful, disgusting thing she had ever seen. Her hand moved between her legs, pressing against her denim shorts, needing friction.

“Blake, you're doing great,” Yang encouraged, giving a thumbs up.

“Shut up!” Blake sobbed, tears leaking down her face. She pushed harder, her stomach cramping violently. She farted again, a wet, sputtering blast that seemed to push the last of the solids out. A long, soft snake of shit coiled out of her, landing with a wet shlorp on top of the pile.

“Is... is it over?” Weiss asked, her voice muffled by her hands.

“Almost... almost...” Blake gasped. She grunted, a low, animalistic sound, and squeezed her eyes shut. “Nnngh! Hahh!”

A final, wet spray of sludge sprayed out of her, coating the insides of her thighs and the rim of the bucket. The sound was wet and messy, a squelching noise that made Ruby's mouth water.

Blake slumped forward, her elbows on her knees, panting heavily. The cabin was silent, save for the heavy breathing of four girls and the faint sound of liquid settling in the bucket below Blake.

The smell was a physical weight now. It was thick enough to slice. It was the scent of Blake Belladonna's insides, steaming and potent.

Ruby was trembling. She could feel the wetness in her own panties, knew that if she stood up, there would be a dark patch on her crotch. Seeing Blake empty herself like that, hearing the sounds, smelling the result... it had broken something in her. She needed to go. Now.

And from the look on Weiss's pale, sweaty face, and the way Yang was shifting her weight uncomfortably, she wasn't the only one.

The silence that descended over the cabin was heavy, a suffocating blanket of humid, stinking air. It wasn't just quiet; it was pressurized. The smell coming from the bucket where Blake was still squatting was dense, a rich, earthy miasma of wild Faunus waste that mixed with the previous sour milk stench of Ruby and the cheesy rot of Yang's earlier expulsions. It was a toxic soup that coated the back of the throat and made the eyes water.

Blake hovered over the metal bucket, her pants still tangled around her knees, her ass exposed to the cold cabin air. She looked back at the other three girls, her cat ears twitching nervously, her face flushed a deep, burning crimson. The relief of emptying her bowels was fading, replaced by a new, practical horror.

"Um," Blake squeaked, her voice small and thin in the thick atmosphere. "Is... is there anything to wipe with?"

Yang opened her mouth to answer, a reassuring grin forming on her lips, but the words died in her throat.

GGGWWOOOORRRGllle...

It wasn't just one stomach. It was a chorus.

The sound echoed through the small room, a low, wet symphony of digestion gone wrong. From Ruby, to Weiss, to Yang, their bellies roiled in perfect, terrifying unison. The laxative in the expired food had hit critical mass. It wasn't just gas anymore. The cramping was violent, a sharp, twisting knife in the lower gut that signaled the arrival of solid matter.

They were out of time. Their bodies were done waiting.

Yang was the first to move. She was the pragmatist, the brawler who acted when the chips were down. She stood up from the rug, her hands flying to the button of her shorts.

“Screw it,” Yang hissed through clenched teeth, sweat beading on her forehead. “I'm not making it to the door. I'm not freezing my ass off.”

She scanned the room, her golden eyes darting over the furniture. They were in an old mining cabin. There had to be something.

Her eyes landed on a heavy wooden dresser against the far wall. The bottom drawer was slightly ajar.

“Target acquired,” Yang grunted.

She stumbled over, practically ripping her shorts down in one motion. She wasn't wearing underwear, Yang rarely did when she was expecting a fight or heavy training, which left her

tanned, muscular ass bare to the air. She yanked the drawer open completely. It was full of old, dry rags and rusted tools.

“Good enough.”

Yang turned around, backing her ass up to the drawer. She squatted, her powerful thighs flexing, her knees popping. She grabbed the edges of the dresser for leverage.

“Here it comes...” she groaned, her head falling back.

A wet, heavy fart blasted out of her, echoing in the wooden box like a cannon shot. It was followed instantly by the sensation of release.

PLOP! PLOP! SPLLAT!

Thick, heavy logs began to slide out of her. They weren't hard; they were soft, almost clay-like, the result of the bad food turning her insides into mush. They dropped with wet, heavy thuds into the bottom of the drawer, landing on the rags with sickening squelches.

HISSSSSS...

Her bladder let go at the same time, a hot, golden stream of piss that hissed out of her, spraying against the back of the drawer and turning the dry rags into a sodden yellow mess. The smell hit instantly, a spicy, sour stench of hot urine and soft shit that added a new, pungent layer to the cabin's atmosphere.

Yang groaned, a mix of effort and relief. “Oh..that feels good.”

She bore down again, her abs crunching.

Another massive load, softer and wetter than the first, poured out of her. It filled the drawer rapidly, the soft coils molding to the shape of the wooden box. The smell was horrific, a humid, suffocating cloud of Yang's internal biology, but she just kept going, grunting and panting, her eyes rolling back.

Ruby couldn't look away. She watched Yang's ass clench and unclench, watched the brown sludge pile up in the drawer. Her own stomach was a twisting knot of agony, the pressure in her bowels screaming at her to let go. But she was also throbbing, wet and needy between her legs. Seeing Yang, strong, confident Yang, degrading herself like this, shitting in a piece of furniture... it was fuel on a fire.

There was nowhere left for her.

The bucket was taken. The drawer was filling up fast. The floor was... well, it was hardwood.

"I... I can't wait," Ruby whimpered, her voice cracking. She looked down at the floorboards. They looked dirty anyway. Who would know?

She dropped to her knees, her black combat boots skidding on the wood. She was shaking, her hands flying to her skirt. She hiked the red fabric up, exposing her pale, round cheeks and the simple white cotton panties she wore underneath.

"Ruby, what are you doing?" Weiss gasped, her voice shrill with panic.

"I have to!" Ruby cried out. She hooked her thumbs into her panties and yanked them down to her knees, just like Blake had done.

The cold air hit her overheated skin. She assumed the position, knees wide, ass hovering just inches off the floorboards. She looked back, seeing the space between her cheeks and the wood.

She pushed. She didn't have a choice. A long fart hissed out of her, vibrating against her thighs. It was followed immediately by a violent explosion.

SPLAT-SPLAT-SPLAT!

It wasn't logs. It was diarrhea. A thick, sludge-like brown spray that blasted out of her and splattered onto the floorboards. The sound was wet and messy, like mud being thrown against a wall. The heat of it was intense, scalding her thighs.

“Ah! Ah! It's... it's hot!” Ruby moaned, her head falling forward. Her body convulsed, forcing more of the mess out. Thick, soft coils mixed with liquid slurry piled up on the floor beneath her. It was a growing mound of filth, steaming in the cold cabin air.

HISSSSSS...

She pissed too, a hot torrent that joined the slurry, turning the wood floor into a brown swamp. The smell was sweet and sour, the scent of spoiled milk and rotting cookies, intensified a thousand times by the heat of fresh waste. Ruby breathed it in, her eyes rolling back. It was disgusting. It was vile. And she was so incredibly turned on she thought she might pass out.

But Weiss wasn't moving.

The Heiress was still standing by the cot, her hands white-knuckled on the wood frame. Her face was pale as a sheet, her blue eyes wide and glassy. She looked at Yang filling the drawer. She looked at Ruby splattering the floor. She looked at Blake, who was still squatting over the bucket, watching the chaos unfold.

“I... I can't,” Weiss whispered, her voice trembling. “I refuse. I am a Schnee. I do not... I won't defecate on the floor!”

GGGWWWOORRR...

Her stomach let out a mournful, wet gurgle that sounded like a dying animal.

“You have to, Princess,” Yang grunted from the drawer, wiping sweat from her brow. “Holding it in is just gonna make it messy later.”

“No!” Weiss shrieked. “There has to be another way! I’ll hold it! I’ll hold it until we get back!”

She squeezed her legs together, her thighs shaking. She was wearing her white combat skirt, the pristine fabric spotless. Underneath, she knew her white silk panties were in danger.

The pain hit her. A sharp, twisting cramp that doubled her over.

“Nnngh!” Weiss gasped, her hands flying to her stomach. “Oh... oh no.”

She tried to clench, to summon the legendary willpower of the Schnee family. But her sphincter was exhausted from holding in the gas, weakened by the laxative.

It happened in slow motion.

Weiss’s knees buckled. She bent forward at the waist, her hands braced on her thighs. Her ass naturally pushed out, the skirt tightening over her rear.

SPLOORTTCHH!

A solid, heavy log forced its way into her panties.

Weiss's eyes snapped open. "No... stop!"

FRRSPLRROOTCH.

More followed. The logs were thick and dense, packing into the seat of her white silk panties instantly. The fabric groaned, straining to contain the sudden, massive volume. A bulge appeared, a rounded, lumpy mound that pushed the skirt out.

She was filling her pants.

The horror on her face was absolute. She could feel the heat, the weight. The soft, sticky texture of the mess molding against her buttocks. It was horrifying. A wet, soft shirt slid out, coating the logs in sludge. The mess was too big. The panties couldn't hold it all.

The fabric sagged downward, the weight of the shit pulling the waistband down. The brown stain began to creep up the back, a widening circle of filth.

HISSSSSS...

And then, the ultimate indignity.

Her bladder, traumatized by the cramping and the pressure, released.

A hot flood of piss soaked into the already loaded panties. The white silk turned transparent in patches, the yellow liquid mixing with the brown sludge. The mess became a heavy, wet sag, a swinging weight between her legs that dragged her skirt down.

Weiss began to cry. Silent, mortified tears that streamed down her face. She stood there, a once-proud Heiress, now standing in a puddle of her own making, her panties filled to bursting with a load of shit.

“I... I ruined them,” she sobbed, her voice breaking. “I just... I just bought these...”

The cabin was a ruin.

Yang was emptying the last of her bowels into the drawer, the wood groaning under the weight. Ruby was kneeling in a pile of her own filth, panting and aroused. Blake was watching from the bucket, her face pale, staring at Weiss in shock.

And Weiss was just crying, her panties overflowing, the room filling with the rich, perfumed stench of a Schnee's total loss of control.

Ruby looked at Weiss, at the sagging bulge, the piss running down her legs. She took a deep breath of the foulest air she had ever inhaled and knew, with a twisted certainty, that this was the best mission of her life.

Time became an abstract concept inside that cabin. There was only the rhythmic clenching of muscles, the wet splash of release, and the thickening atmosphere that made the air feel like soup. It wasn't a quick event; it was an endurance test. The bad food had turned their insides into high-pressure hoses, and for what felt like hours, the only sounds in the room were the wet, chaotic noises of relief and the heavy, panting breaths of four girls pushed to their absolute limit.

But eventually, the storm broke. The cramps subsided into dull aches, and the flow slowed to a trickle, then stopped. The cabin was no longer just a shelter; it was a biohazard zone.

The wind had died down outside, leaving the world in a grey, silent twilight. Inside, the air was heavy, a humid, toxic blanket that coated the tongue and stung the eyes. The smell had matured from the sharp violence of fresh expulsion to a deep, earthy rot, the scent of a bog that had been disturbed after a century.

Ruby sat on her crate, her knees pulled up to her chin. She felt hollowed out, light, and weirdly energized. She looked around the room, her silver eyes scanning the devastation with a reverence that bordered on the holy.

It was a masterpiece.

The floorboards in front of her were a disaster zone. A dark, glistening swamp of diarrhea and soft logs coiled on the wood, steam rising faintly from the wettest piles. Her own pile was massive, a testament to the volume of the bad food.

To her left, Yang was standing by the dresser, pulling up her spandex shorts. The bottom drawer was closed now, but the wood around the handle was stained, and the faint outline of a bulge was visible against the frame. Yang looked unbothered, if anything, refreshed. She stretched her arms over her head, her shirt lifting to show a flash of toned stomach.

“Well,” Yang sighed, slapping her thighs. “I feel ten pounds lighter. Literally.”

In the corner, Blake was crouched by the bucket. She had managed to wipe with some old newspaper she found, but the action had been purely cosmetic. The bucket was full to the brim, a mound of dark coils rising above the rim like a terrible ice cream sundae. Blake looked tired, her cat ears drooping, but there was a flush to her cheeks that wasn't just from the heat.

And then there was Weiss.

And then there was Weiss.

The Heiress was standing near the cot, looking down at a pile of fabric on the floor. She had used her Semblance, Glyphs, to clean herself up, scrubbing her skin until it was pale and pristine again. But the clothes were another story.

Scattered on the floor were the casualties of the afternoon. Pairs of panties. White cotton, black lace, purple briefs. Some were just stained, massive brown skidmarks ruining the fabric. Others were wadded up, used as makeshift toilet paper in the desperate, final moments of the purge. They lay like fallen soldiers on the battlefield of the cabin floor.

Weiss picked up a pair of her own white silk panties. They were ruined, the seat completely blown out, stained a deep, muddy brown, the fabric stiff with drying filth. She stared at them with a complex expression, horror warring with a strange, glazed look in her blue eyes.

“This is... unacceptable,” Weiss whispered, though her voice lacked its usual bite. She dropped the panties back onto the pile. “I will never get the smell out.”

“Use a fire shot, Princess.” Yang suggested, leaning back against the dresser. “Burn the evidence. It's the only way.”

Ruby swallowed hard. Her heart was hammering against her ribs, a frantic rhythm that had nothing to do with the physical exertion. She looked at the pile of panties, then at her friends. The memory of the last few hours, the sounds, the smells, the sight of them letting go, was playing on a loop in her head.

She couldn't hold it in anymore. The secret felt like it was burning a hole in her chest.

“Hey guys?” Ruby's voice was small, timid.

Three pairs of eyes turned to her.

“Is... is it just me?” Ruby asked, her face burning hotter than the fever she'd had earlier. “Or did anyone else... you know... feel kind of... awoken by that?”

The silence stretched. It wasn't the awkward silence from before; it was heavy, charged.

Yang let out a short, sharp laugh. “Awoken? Sis, I was wide awake.”

She pushed off the dresser and walked over to Ruby, draping an arm around her sister's shoulders. “I'm not gonna lie. Watching you three lose control like that? Hearing the noises? Smelling...” Yang took a deep, exaggerated breath of the foul air, grinning. “It was hot. Like, really hot.”

Ruby's eyes widened. “You really think so?”

“Oh, absolutely,” Yang winked. “I didn't know you had it in you, Rubes. That little explosion on the floor? Nasty. In a good way.”

Ruby felt a thrill go through her, electric and sharp. She looked at Blake.

The Faunus was looking away, twitching nervously. But her ears were pink. She didn't deny it. She just shifted her weight, her thighs pressing together in a way that Ruby recognized instantly. She was feeling the aftershocks too.

And Weiss.

Weiss was still staring at the ruined panties. She took a shaky breath, her hand unconsciously drifting down to rest on her stomach.

“It was... visceral,” Weiss admitted, her voice barely a whisper. “Disgusting. Vile. Undignified.” She paused, her tongue darting out to wet her lips. “And... I have never felt such a... release. Not just physical. It was... freeing.”

She looked up, her blue eyes locking with Ruby's. There was a heat in them that Ruby had never seen before. A shared secret. A shared depravity.

“I felt it too,” Weiss added, her cheeks turning a deep crimson.
“So... no. You are not the only one.”

Ruby let out a breath she didn't know she was holding. She felt giddy, dizzy. It wasn't just a fetish anymore. It was a team building exercise.

Weiss seemed to realize the implications of her admission. Her posture snapped back to rigid perfection, the Schnee defenses slamming into place.

“That being said,” Weiss said, her voice sharpening. “If a single word of this leaves this cabin—if you tell Jaune, if you tell Qrow, if you tell a soul, I will freeze your assets. I will bury you in the snow. Do I make myself clear?”

“Loud and clear, Ice Queen,” Yang laughed, holding up her hands. “Our little secret. Team RWBY's shitty little bonding moment.”

“Don't call it that!” Weiss shrieked, her face twisting in mortified fury. “And stop looking at me like that! I know I... I soiled myself! It was an emergency! I am not a baby!”

“Coulda fooled me,” Yang teased, pointing at Weiss's rear. “You sure filled your pants like one. I heard the squish, Princess. Don't pretend you didn't.”

“Shut up! Shut up, shut up, shut up!” Weiss yelled, covering her ears. “I hate you all!”

Ruby just giggled, a wet, breathy sound. She was living the dream. She was sitting in a room that smelled like a sewer, surrounded by piles of shit and ruined underwear, and her team, her amazing, beautiful team, had just admitted that they enjoyed it. It was better than any fantasy she'd ever concocted in her head.

Blake cleared her throat, stepping away from the bucket. She walked over to Ruby, her golden eyes narrowed in thought. She looked... curious. Analytical.

“Ruby,” Blake said quietly.

“Yeah, Blake?” Ruby asked, trying to look innocent, even though she knew she looked like a kid caught with her hand in the cookie jar.

“This... reaction of yours,” Blake gestured vaguely to the room, to the mess, to Ruby’s flushed face. “You’ve had this... fixation. For a while, haven’t you?”

Ruby’s heart stopped. “W-what? No! I mean... maybe? I don’t know!”

“It’s okay,” Blake said, a small, almost imperceptible smile touching her lips. “I’m not judging. I noticed how you were watching us. The way you... inhaled.”

Ruby’s face felt like it was going to melt off. “I... I couldn’t help it,” she squeaked. “You guys are just... you know. Pretty. And... the sounds were... really nice.”

Blake nodded slowly. “I see.”

She stepped closer, leaning in so only Ruby could hear.

“For the record,” Blake whispered, her voice dropping to a husky murmur that made Ruby’s toes curl. “That’s not a ‘no’.”

Ruby blinked. “Huh?”

“I’m noting it for next time,” Blake continued, her eyes glowing slightly in the dim light. “If we’re ever stuck in a cabin again... or even if we aren’t. Maybe we can... experiment. With your... interests.”

She pulled back, winking, and turned to help Weiss gather up the ruined clothes.

Ruby sat there, paralyzed. Her brain was short-circuiting. Next time? Experiment? Interests?

She looked at Yang, who was giving her a thumbs up. She looked at Weiss, who was glaring at a pair of stained panties but wasn't throwing them away.

Ruby Rose smiled, a wide, genuine smile that stretched from ear to ear.

The air still smelled like a toilet. The floor was covered in sludge. Her clothes were dirty. But as she looked at her team, her weird, wonderful, perverted team, she knew one thing for certain.

Best. Mission. Ever.

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