

## It's Coming Out

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](https://archiveofourown.org/works/83590956) at <https://archiveofourown.org/works/83590956>.

Rating:	<a href="#">Explicit</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">F/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">The Beatles (Band)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Paul McCartney/You</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Paul McCartney</a> , <a href="#">You</a> , <a href="#">Reader</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Farting</a> , <a href="#">fart kink</a> , <a href="#">Fart Fetish</a> , <a href="#">Eproctophilia</a> , <a href="#">Coprophilia</a> , <a href="#">Scat</a> , <a href="#">Heavy Scat</a> , <a href="#">Scat Fetish</a> , <a href="#">Scat kink</a> , <a href="#">facesitting</a> , <a href="#">Ass to Mouth</a> , <a href="#">ass worship</a> , <a href="#">male farts</a> , <a href="#">gassy - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">gassy Paul McCartney</a> , <a href="#">Messing</a> , <a href="#">Soiling</a> , <a href="#">Desperation</a> , <a href="#">Embarrassment</a> , <a href="#">Humiliation</a> , <a href="#">Playful Reader</a> , <a href="#">shy paul mccartney</a> , <a href="#">RPF</a> , <a href="#">real person fiction - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Don't Like Don't Read</a> , <a href="#">Sex</a> , <a href="#">Ass Sniffing</a> , <a href="#">Diarrhea</a> , <a href="#">Sharts</a> , <a href="#">loud farts</a> , <a href="#">wet farts</a> , <a href="#">bubbly farts</a> , <a href="#">Stomach Ache</a> , <a href="#">stomach gurgles</a> , <a href="#">Comfort</a> , <a href="#">fem reader - Freeform</a> , <a href="#">Teasing</a> , <a href="#">tipsy paul</a> , <a href="#">Face Farts</a> , <a href="#">Wet &amp; Messy</a> , <a href="#">Burping</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of <a href="#">Reader Requests</a>
Stats:	Published: 2026-04-22 Words: 2,522 Chapters: 1/1

# It's Coming Out

by [Mysticula](#)

## Summary


Paul pushes too hard and has an accident. Things get nasty real quick.

Requested by stuffisshitshitstuff. Enjoy!

CONTAINS HEAVY SCAT.

## Notes

"A Paul X reader where he messes (scat) in his boxers in front of the reader while initially just presenting his ass to them before sex, it's an accident and he's horrified before the reader eggs him on to basically blow his pants, or mess until they drop because of the weight of the load. God that's so filthy but I've always imagined it."

This isn't the first request I got, but I figured I'd knock it out early on because I already had plans to make a fic like this at some point and I already kinda had it visualized. Hope you like it! 

“*Oh, loooooove...!*” A silly voice rang out, prancing down the hall of your flat.

You lay in bed, your nose in a book. You put your novel down on the nightstand and looked up. Your boyfriend Paul was standing in the doorway, stripped down to his boxers. You chuckled.

“*Ooh...hello there, sexy...*” You cooed. Paul raised his eyebrows playfully and smiled.

“I’ve got something to show you, dear...” He mumbled seductively.

You played dumb.

“Oh *really?* What’s that?” You asked ditzily. “What did you want to show me?”

He slowly approached you with his hands on his hips, looking down at you with a rather cheeky smirk. You admired his frame up close. Undoubtedly thin, but oddly enough soft and slightly (just ever so *slightly*) pudgy at the same time. You reached forward and touched his belly, brushing your hand against the soft body hair.

Paul’s body hair drove you *nuts*.

His wildly furry arms, the cute little strip of tummy fuzz that gathered around his navel and extended upward toward his chest, even the cute, subtle sprigs that softly nested themselves on and around his nipples, even those turned you on despite how few there were actually present.

Holy *fuck* it was too hot.

“Is that what you wanted to show me, hun? All that cute, little peach fuzz you’ve got?” You teased.

Paul shook his head.

He turned around, exposing his lightly furry back and shoulders to you. He flexed his left bicep, then his right, showing off the abundant, almost feathery armpit hair that grew out underneath. Your heart *swelled*, and you could just barely catch a whiff of his musk and sweat as he did so.

“*Oh?*” You said with a snicker. “*You wanted to show me your armpits?*”

Once again, Paul shook his head.

“You know baby...there aren’t many other places left for me to look...” You chuckled darkly. “Help a girl out, will ya?”

“What I *wanted* to show you was...”

Paul grinned and bent over slightly, sticking his butt out at you.

“...My *bum!*” He giggled, wiggling his hips. Your eyes glued to the way his plump cheeks jostled around under his boxers.

“*Oh! Your bum! And what a lovely bum it is...*” You cooed, reaching out and squishing it through the soft fabric. You felt your eyes roll up into your head in satisfaction as you sighed a breathy gasp. Paul looked back and smirked at you, then slowly pulled down his undies. His soft, jiggly cheeks practically bounced out at you, and he bent over so you could completely appreciate the full size of his perfectly round bottom.

**\*SLAP\***

You couldn’t help it. You just *had* to.

Paul stood up and gasped, putting a finger to his lip.

“*Darling!*”

“*Hehehehe...*” You chuckled.

He turned back around, yanked up his boxers, and grabbed the mattress.

“*Hup!*” He exclaimed, as he hoisted himself up there with you.

He saddled his torso on your middle, his thighs and calves wrapping your hips and his back arched, his butt poking out and hovering just *inches* from your face. He belched softly, obviously a tad bit tipsy from the glass or two of beer he had poured himself at dinner.

**\*urrrrp\***

“*Ahhh...like what you see, dear?*” He asked, giving his ass another juicy wiggle.

“*Mmm-hmm...*” You chuckled, planting a soft kiss on each cheek.

**\*gurrrrgle\***

“*Oop! Did you hear that, love?*”

“*Mmmm...yes I did...*”

“You know what that means! *Come closer...*” He cooed, reaching back and motioning for you to sit up.

You propped yourself up on your pillow and moved in, placing your nose straight into his asscrack, right on his cute, tight little hole, and hungrily anticipated the inevitable.

**\*urrRRRRGGGLE\***

Sure enough, you felt his body tense up as he pushed.

**\*brrRRRAT\***

A loud, airy fart rumbled out of the man, warming your nose and souring the air with its pungent odor.

“*Ooh hoo hoo...that was a good one...must’ve been those scotch eggs you made us for breakfast...*” He laughed, and he reached back, gently pushing your head up further into his ass and holding you there. “*Go on, you nasty girl. Sniff it up...*”

You did as you were told, generously huffing up the fumes. Paul fanned at his butt and chuckled.

“You’re not doing a good enough job, love...it’s still lingering...*really get your nose up in there...*”

You wrapped your arms around Paul’s thighs, and gently pulled him back, nestling your nose deeper into his crack and sniffing along the naughty spot with enthusiasm.

You moaned.

“*That’s it, darling...get a nice breath...*”

***\*prrt\****

You both giggled as a smaller, unexpected toot snuck out, going right up your nostrils.

“*Oops...*” He chuckled, totally lacking any sincerity. His body tensed again.

***\*grrrrRRRgIE\****

***\*brrrRRIIIIIT\****

A much louder, *creamier* release grazed your nose this time, almost as if his body couldn’t make up its mind as to whether or not his farts should be dry or *wet*.

“*Ahhhh, that’s it!*” He sighed triumphantly with a belly laugh. “That’s the one I was waiting on...*phew!* That was a real *gasser* wasn’t it, love~?”

You chuckled underneath him, sniffing it passionately. The air was starting to grow thicker and thicker as his farting became more and more potent. There was no way all of *that* was the byproduct of some hard-boiled eggs, sausage, and bread crumbs. That beer had to have been working its way through him, bubbling him up and filling him with raunchy gas. You held onto him tightly as he continued to blast away, each fart stronger than the last, each one starting to sound more and more *moist*.

Suddenly, he paused for a moment and groaned, clutching his stomach.

“*Oof...dear me...*” He whimpered. “I don’t know what’s giving me such awful gas...I honestly didn’t expect to have this much...” He laughed nervously.

You were about to ask him if he wanted to stop when your train of thought was interrupted by a loud, almost violent-sounding gurgle.

**\*urRRRUGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGGG\***

He perked up.

*“Oh ho ho...you’re going to love this one. This one already sounds like it’s going to be foul.”*

Before you could interject, he brought his ass to your face one more time and pushed.

**\*blaAaAaAaAaPPPPFF\***

**\*squelch\***

**\*SPLAT\***

Paul gasped loudly.

*Oh no. That didn’t sound good.*

Your eyes flew open as an awfully rotten smell permeated just inches from you, far different than any scent you had caught before. Paul began to freak out, frantically taking his body off you and putting his hand over the back of his underwear. His face was beet red, and he was quite possibly the most frazzled you had ever seen him.

*“Oh...oh my...”* He whispered.

“Paulie, is everything okay?” You gently asked, reaching out to touch him.

*“NO!”* He practically shouted, leaping off the bed and backing away against the wall. “Don’t touch me! Don’t *look!* Please...” He begged. Tears began forming in his eyes. You got up off the bed and approached him.

“Paulie, honey, please don’t cry. It’s only me. Turn around, let me see. I’m sure it’s not that bad...”

*“No...”*

*“Paulie...”* You said, a bit more stern this time. “It’s just going to be a little peek...turn around, love...”

Paul looked down at his feet, quite easily having the worst day of his life right now. He sighed and turned, revealing what had happened.

You softly gasped.

His navy blue boxers, the plaid ones with the cute little checker patterns, were now messily stained brown, right at the bottom where his hole normally was.

And not just a little spot or two, either. A great, big area had been pretty much soaked through.

Somewhere along the way, that last fart undeniably morphed into molten shit, and rocketed out with enough force to paint his poor shorts.

“Oh, Paulie...” You said quietly.

“I know, *I know*...” He sobbed. “I’m so *sorry*...”

Your reaction was mostly in shock.

But in reality, you weren’t exactly getting turned off by it.

“Paulie, it’s-it’s okay...”

He frantically zoomed past you, barreling his way to the bathroom.

“*I’m going to go shower*...” He cried.

“Paulie, wait!”

The man stopped and looked back, bright red, tears still in his eyes.

He was so embarrassed, the poor dude.

But something inside you couldn’t let go. You laid back down on the bed, and propped yourself up in the same position as before. You beckoned him with your finger, and he came closer, leaning down. You wiped his tears away with your thumb and smiled.

“...*Keep going*...”

“*What?!*” He exclaimed, his voice going up a whole octave. “*Are you crazy?!*”

“Maybe...” You responded, a gleam of naughtiness in your eyes. You leaned in, your lips just barely grazing his ear.

“*Do it.*” You said in a syrupy whisper. “*Keep going*...”

Paul blinked in disbelief.

He knew you had a thing for his ass, his *farts*. But he never pictured your horniness over literal *shit*. Fetishes were quite a strange thing indeed.

“...You want me back on *the bed*? Back on *you*?”

“*Mmm-hmm*...”

Paul hesitated, almost as if he was mentally asking himself ‘*What the fuck am I doing with my life?*’

But...

He climbed back up, saddled his body on your middle and his legs on your hips, and faced away, arching his back so his rear was inches from your face yet again. Just *inches* from the watery, shitty mess that was still fresh and warm. He nervously looked back at you and shivered.

“Are you *positive* you want this?”

“Yes, Paulie. *Let it all out.*”

He gulped as his forehead began to sweat, and he turned away. You felt his body tense up again, and a loud, spluttering fart made itself known almost instantly.

***\*blaAaAaAaT\****

You pressed your nose into Paul’s ass again, your nostrils now cradled by his filthy, wet underwear. His rotten scent hit you, the tip of your nose feeling a wet, popping sensation as it fiercely bubbled out. You huffed and huffed, the stench quickly making you dizzy.

***\*pbblllt\****

***\*squelch\****

***\*blorrrt\****

***\*squelch\****

***\*brrrRRRIIT\****

***\*splat\****

Your cunt throbbed, getting wetter and wetter as Paul’s flatulence became more and more *grotty* sounding, the sour wetness of his farts continuously adding and *adding* to the stain in the back of his boxers. Just the frequent wet, sticky squelches themselves were enough to make you want to cum on the spot. You pictured a thick, chunky log just easing on out of that tight hole of his, his pink, feminine lips parted mid-moan, and it made your pussy quiver with delight.

Paul gripped his stomach once again.

The consistency was starting to change.

His liquid shit was now thickening into a somewhat solid, soft-serve consistency. You heard more loud squishing and squelching sounds as he continued to push, the mushy, wet cement-like fecal matter stretching his hole, sliding out like butter, and tightly coiling into his boxers. You felt every wet, labored push against your face, the pressure from your nose leaving imprints in Paul’s soft log. He gasped and panted and moaned deliciously as he pushed, his stomach rising and halting with every pained effort. It was a bit difficult to do this from his current position, after all. You noticed tears appearing in the corners of his eyes once again, not from embarrassment, but from straining this time around. The end of the log finally appeared to be coming close, and you watched in awe as the back of his boxers began to seep

downward, the waistband losing contact with his skin and slipping off his hips, as his load became rather heavy.

After what felt like ages, Paul appeared to have finished. He sat up on you, his warm, droopy mess settled temporarily on your chest, as he finished catching his breath. He looked back at you, and at the hefty, flopping bulge that was now present in the back of his boxers, slowly leaking his fetid, watery nastiness from before. It dripped onto your chest, and stained your skin.

“Oh my *God*.....” You sighed in satisfaction.

Paul only chuckled as he panted, giving you a suggestive smirk.

The whole bedroom may have now smelled like death, but the inside of your panties was like Niagara Falls cranked up to one hundred.

“So...now what?” He asked.

“...*Pull them down*...” You commanded breathily.

Paul blushed. He reached back and grabbed the now misshapen waistband of his underwear, and slowly pulled them down.

His ass was absolutely *painted* in dark brown, beautiful shit. From cheek to cheek, his mess was spread deep. Deep in his crack, deep in his asshole, and deep in his pubes.

And those boxers? Well, there was no saving them. Perhaps if you two hadn't ended up going this far, there would've been a slight chance of them being salvageable.

*But not anymore.*

They were absolutely *caked* in his waste.

You swear to God you almost blacked out as you stared at his bottom.

You wished you had a dick right now. You fucking *wished* you had a dick right now.

You wanted nothing more than to messily *plow* yourself up Paul's posh, shitty little ass like the gassy little slut he was, the frothy fluids mingling and acting like lube.

Without thinking, you wrapped your arms around Paul's thighs, planted your hands firmly on his knees, and suddenly pulled him back toward you like you did before, only this time he let out an audible yelp of surprise. His shitty, bare ass messily slammed onto your face and you went absolutely *bonkers* as you eagerly dove in, frantically burying your face into his asshole, the strong texture and odor of his shit absolutely engulfing you. It was filthy fucking rotten, absolutely putrid and disgusting, but utterly *intoxicating* all at once.

You felt the softness make its way up into your nostrils, absolutely destroying any sense of smell you had left, except for the rancid stench of Paul's ghastly, runny shit. You made the mistake of moaning underneath him, getting an absolute *mouthful* in the process. Paul heard

you gurgle as the taste hit your tongue, and he got up, worried. Your face was absolutely *sloshed*. You breathed heavily, and wiped what you could off your face, out of your mouth, and out of your eyes.

“I can’t believe you actually like that...” He chuckled. “You look like you’re having a religious experience.”

You smiled and looked down at Paul’s groin, at the front of his boxers.

“I wouldn’t judge if I were you.” You said, pointing at him. “Take a look at yourself, stinky-boy. Part of you must’ve enjoyed that as well.”

He looked down. He had a massive boner, and a little spot of pre-cum had leaked through the front of his underwear.

He blushed, giving you a nervous grin.

“*Maybe*...maybe I just like having you writhe underneath me like a little *worm*...” He giggled.

You rolled your eyes and snickered.

“Go clean up, baby.” You told him. “Then we’ll cuddle.”

“We’re both going to need *several* showers to get over this, love... ‘cleaning up’ is an understatement.”

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!