

it's the first of the month

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it's the first of the month

by [sovereignBRAPONET](#)

Summary

The Happy Huntresses have a no good very bad time with their hormones.

Notes

Thank you EnderTinman and 7mangos for dialog help!! I Will get better at writing people communicating

[Pllithhh-

rguwrwuruwgurrugurugburgrubugutgugushguhrtsurtusrtsughrggurggrursturstrt-]

May held her stomach tightly, diarrhea launching from her ass. Her anus ached as muck flooded the water she sat over. She hardly needed to push to get it to move, but she wanted it out ASAP. Her fluid stool bubbled as it crashed into the bowl. Her heart sank with fear, thinking about how much water her stomach was evacuating. The scents of mulch and sulfur in her shit pulled forth her gag reflex like it was on a leash.

[**-thuhhhuruqguwurgurugwurwufurfragrfggrgagrgfabrubburb**

urbtrubbruobobtblorullbot brolrulutolubrbrpopvvouffofurrpluopvhoughtuortgouhttrt-]

Squeezing her gold eyes shut, the Huntress pushed out all of her liquid mess. She felt a sharp movement down her spine, sucking up the venomous gas through her teeth. Upon pushing, pain shot up her rectum. It was impossible to do her business around this time without random, alarming snipes of agony.

She took a few deep, grossed-out breaths before giving the turtlehead just a nudge. The long, thin loads snaked out and hit the cloudy drain below.

[Kthihhrrrrppp! Pgglooiptk! Fffllllrrtttt- **PLOOINK!!**

Throtoorhhroploprlptolptropppptt-]

[

Tgithghigitgittggihggiftggitidgfigisitgisfigistsftsighistsggiggsgtisggshifsggistfigthsfigsgtisigf ggishiigshgsirgishgsirsighisrghizghzghizghizghzghzhhllll!! Dink! Donk]

May's cold dick peaked out of her tightened skin and pissed. She panted and panted, her pulsating colon squishing her bloated, sensitive bladder. She coughed up a moan as her shit thickened throughout the ride down the chute. Her soft shaft drained at the front of the bowl, just above the filth and water. Her length's head dripped with the last of her urine. Leaning forward, what was left in her gut fell out quickly in irregular shapes.

[*Tgrugbubburbutbbutb- wrurtulputlprguhtgulutpltpghugtltuplguhuhlrlltultpltpurppp!*

Pppipplillllllzlluzllzurrrzurrrzuruzturzutuzrtzrruzrrtururtttt!!]

May farted wetly, her winds cascading out with loose trails of mucus. She harshly gathered her TP and gently pinched her cock's head with it. She aggressively wiped her balls and ass, the slipperiness of her crack making immediate cleanliness difficult. After the flush, which May didn't dare to look back at, she pulled herself up to the small vanity the Huntresses all shared. *Were the lights always this purple and green?* she thought, sloppy washing her hands. She scrubbed until the soap's smells muffled that of her stool.

May wobbled out of the bathroom. She spent so long shitting her guts out she forgot what rooms outside the bathroom looked like. Her vision looked like an oil spill, the water throughout her body spread thin. Her slender arms swung from side to side as if she couldn't pick them up. She headed to the couches where Joanna and Fiona were already resting for

their cramps. Joanna was curled up, turned away from the room, presumably asleep. Fiona laid her head on Joanna's thigh, looking through her Scroll, holding her belly.

Fiona perked up her head. "How're you feeling, May?"

"Fiona, just... not right now." May put a hand on the couch to balance herself and then fell forward. She tucked in her legs and then pulled a blanket over herself. She bundled up within the blanket a bit more to keep warm, even if all her pumping blood kept her sweaty. Her breath sounded stressed, like something was still sitting in her gut.

Fiona turned around and gave May's ankle a few consoling pats. She looked back at her Scroll.

[Mmmmuuurrr *bbboooouuuuuuuuuurrrrrpppp!*]

Fiona covered her mouth and pushed out a large burp. Having four stomachs, the bloat she developed tended to rise and escape her mouth. Fiona couldn't "menstruate," Faunus like her experienced estrus, but if her human-ish hormones knew one thing, it was that her gut and ovaries had to go through it together. Hanging out with the other Huntresses for so long meant that today would be a bad tummy day for everyone involved.

Robyn, who had been standing by the couch since May first had to go, pulled the door open for her shift.

"Goddamn, May," Robyn teased, her eyes starting to nip. "Really left your mark in here." The bathroom light went back on, and the door clicked shut.

[*Pppippipsiss sshhihhwwiwwiwlguglulgugggullugulssissiihhhhh-*]

[Bllwrwubuo
pruowbuobuolrowblwoubuoproubporowubpwupbuowwugowgouwowruogwgg...]

[Mmumurbburllggrroooowwwllullulluguggguggg]

One of Fiona's stomachs made a long blurling noise and Joanna's responded. At least being surrounded by rumbling bellies covered the sound of Robyn pissing. Joanna's faint breath came from her side of the couch, followed by May's: deeper and shakier as the blue-haired Huntress laid curled up for extra warmth.

Robyn's pissing stopped. She took her time in there. Fiona focused deeper on her Scroll in case she had to hear more of her team leader in the bathroom. The apartment was otherwise quiet. The bright sun bleeding through the shutters created a still, patient atmosphere. The rumble of the air conditioning put Fiona in a sleepy trance, hardly able to keep her eyes open.

[Pwwwvurbrruo *buorwbwbbuobbrbbruobrbwuowrbubruobtrrtbrt*]

[Ppppptitittttvvvvuuuuuuuuurrrrrurrrrrtttttt!]

May farted and then so did Joanna. May had some bubbles to her sound and Joanna's was more tonally consistent. Fiona could smell a little bit from both their blankets: May's was

tangier and Joanna's was more muted, like mildew. Fiona was closer to Joanna's ass than May's but she thought it'd be weird to just stretch over and check.

A long flush came from the room before her. The gushing sound of running water came after. Fiona gave Joanna's tummy some supportive rubs.

The bathroom door opened again. Robyn walked out, her shiny hair drooping low and her shoulders slack. A smell emerged with her, the fragrant fruit of her labor. It spread throughout the room, back and then some. It felt like getting lost in a sewer system—too lost. The acidic shittiness of it all made Fiona feel genuinely sick.

“Robyn, that really stinks.”

“Can't help it if I'm basically shedding skin from the inside out.”

“You say that, Ms. Lie Detector, and then eat those cookies I was saving for all of us, and then turn it into a fat log for all of us to smell.”

“You didn't tell me what you were gonna do with them. You didn't even take care of the laundry like I asked,” argued Robyn, arms crossed.

“I was catching up on sleep. Heat is awful for my sleep,” Fiona complained.

“And just disregard the schedule? Isn't that your job!?”

“Well, as team leader, you-”

“Guys, no fighting... please...” Joanna spoke, raising her head before it fell back down.

Robyn took in a breath and let it out, shoulders sagging and face flushed.

"I'm sorry. I just... we've all been feeling so sluggish, and I don't know what to do and I've always known what to do, and by not knowing I feel like I'm at a dead end and I can't turn around."

Fiona's ears folded back and she took a step forward, putting a comforting hand on Robyn's cheek. She took her hand and held it, closing her eyes

"It's okay, Rob. You don't always need the answers. We'll... we'll figure something out! We're not going anywhere, so we have time, alright?"

Robyn sat back down between Joanna and May, slumping down and laying her head back. Joanna put her feet on Robyn's cushy thigh and May tucked her legs in further. Fiona crawled onto Robyn's lap and wrapped her lithe arms around her stocky middle. Fiona's head fell against Robyn's bosom, listening to her heartbeat.

[Guuuuuurrppp! Guuuuuoooouuuuurrrrrpppppttt]

[Uuuuugullugulr **gulrulgulGRULLUGULRgIrglgllgrlgrg**]

Fiona could hear Robyn's upset stomach from her chest. Even the Happy Huntress' founder and leader was still loaded with wind. Fiona and Robyn had some call-and-response between their tummies until Fiona started to shift in her seat.

[Pwwiwwififfiffi vvivvivivvrurrrrrussusssshhhhhiggigig tittititttttt!]

Fiona pushed out a hefty fart, her smell quickly filling up the couch. Robyn's brand still lingered, but now had overtones of the moist stench of a barn. Joanna groaned and May stuck her nose deeper into her blanket. Robyn sat up and coughed into her arm.

“And you say I'm the one leaving you guys with a smell,” said Robyn.

Fiona laughed, then closed her eyes, resting on Robyn's chest for the rest of the day.

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