

The Marvelous Human Toilet

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The Marvelous Human Toilet

by [TheAceOfNoShame](#)

Summary

A poor guy is forced to act as a toilet and fart cushion for a bunch of Marvel heroes. Includes plenty of farting, scat, and piss.

Patrick had a bit of a strange fantasy, and while he had never shared it with anyone, he had trouble lately keeping it quiet due to just how much he had been thinking about it even while going about his daily life. He wanted to try to pass as a normal guy who was into things everybody else enjoyed, but the more he tried, the more it felt like he was just making it harder to keep it together. Would anyone be able to understand if he told them? Well, sooner or later, the secret would have to come to light...

To put it simply, he had a fart fetish. He had been quite inundated with intriguing images and videos online of women farting, and each one of them made his obsession stronger. It was an intriguing concept for him, a woman so beautiful and pure letting out gas, and he began to envision himself in that position to get to smell it. For whatever reason, he always imagined the smell being quite pleasant, but perhaps that was because he had never smelled a fart directly before. He knew that for many the smell could be unpleasant, but perhaps it would be different for him!

Of course, the big problem was that he had no way of being able to test this without actually asking a woman to engage him in the act, and he would be mortified at the thought of confessing this urge to anyone else. What if they laughed at him and called him a sick pervert, and what if that ruined his chance to form relationships? Would potential bosses turn him away if they knew he was the guy who tried to get a woman to fart on him? Perhaps he was overthinking it, but it all seemed perfectly plausible.

Alas, he began to accept the idea that maybe this kink of his was never to be indulged in any tangible manner. He could get by just doing text-based roleplays online, looking at artwork, and watching fart porn while picturing himself in the receiving role. It was not enough to truly satiate his fart cravings, but it would be all he could really expect given his cowardly nature. Other men probably would not hesitate to jump at the chance to get such a fetish answered by an attractive woman, but he was not any of those men.

One day, he stumbled upon an online advertisement that caught his attention. At first, he thought it was just a joke, but something compelled him to keep reading to see what truth might lie in its text. And there he found something that had the potential to change his life forever.

"Hello, are you interested to meet and interact with real heroes? The Avengers are offering anyone with a fascination for women and a proclivity for promiscuity the opportunity to engage in a scent-based test. Those who are accepted will have the job of personally

sampling flatulence from multiple women all of whom will be enthusiastic to provide it! Food and drink will be provided, and interesting conversation may be had during work. This job will allow you to become a great asset to superheroines!"

There was plenty of fine print at the bottom, but he was so lost in thought that he couldn't bring himself to read any further. Could this really be true? Was there a chance he'd get to not only meet hot superpowered women but fulfill his deepest fantasies? It almost seemed to be good to be real, but he would only know if he went to the address listed and formally entered himself as a candidate. He had no idea how much competition there'd be for a job offer like this, but if he was lucky, he was the first to try.

He followed the address listed on the advertisement, finding it to be a building owned by the Avengers that seemed predominantly for public relations and outreach programs disconnected from the main Avengers HQ building. He entered and found a place to sit down, as he figured he would need to wait a bit before he got to talk to anyone formally. Eventually, someone at the front desk poked their head out and called out to him.

"Oh, hello! Are you here for a volunteering job?"

He poked his head up and responded, "I uh... saw an ad online, and, well-"

"No need to be shy, it isn't like we'd be wanting to make you feel embarrassed for signing up for a job we were hiring for! It was the fart-testing position, yes? I imagine you understand the full responsibility of the position, in that case?"

Jumping to his feet, he nodded enthusiastically and answered, "I understand, miss, and I'm totally willing to do it if it will be of good service to everyone at the Avengers!"

"Mhm, that's great to hear! Just fill out a little bit of paperwork here, it's all just official business stuff," she explained as she handed out a stack of forms.

His mind was spinning trying to read through everything, but he figured most of it must've just been legal jargon that didn't concern him too much, so he mostly started to space out while signing his name on each line. He fantasized about finally fulfilling his number one

dream and getting to meet these incredible women who had been his idols for so long, and it made him a bit aroused just picturing it. He was thankful that the receptionist here was acutely aware of what he was here for or he'd be nervous about being judged for his excitement. Certainly, they would've anticipated a fetishist to sign up first, right?

Smiling, the receptionist admitted, "I am surprised you are signing so fast, you must be really eager to get started!"

"Mhm, yeah, I'm just... really feeling prepared for this, I think this is the sort of job I've been waiting most of my life to do!"

Nodding as she took back the papers once he had signed all of them, she promised, "I'll be right back and then we can get you all set up to start the first session, don't move a muscle!"

He gave a nod of understanding and sat patiently in his seat as he waited for her to return, and all the while, he was pondering on what he could expect to come of this. Was it really going to be as good as the ad made it out to be? He had never even met any of these women in person before, and now he was going to get to sniff their farts! It was as if a golden goose had fallen into his possession and he had to do his best not to kill this gift before he could get the rewards!

The time he was waiting for her to come back, he was thinking about what exactly this deal would actually be like for him. He had not really bothered reading the contract too deeply, as he was just so lost in thought that none of the words on the paper meant anything to his eyes. His fantasies were playing out in his mind, and they were all quite tantalizing indeed, each one making him feel more confident that this would be a dream come true. There was still the slight problem of not really having any experience smelling farts before, but he was sure he would have no problem with it once he actually got started.

The woman arrived back from wherever she had disappeared to before and she walked out to greet him up close with a sweet smile, holding something behind her back. He stood up in curiosity but she raised one hand to signal him to hold still.

"Don't panic or anything, but what we're about to do I can't have you be awake for, so I'm going to need to do something to... well, render you comatose temporarily. Don't worry, you'll be awake in time to enjoy the benefits of your new position!"

Before he had the chance to ask any questions, she placed a rag over his mouth and nose, using her other arm to restrain him so she would be able to smother him as effectively as possible.

It was understandable that, even with how down he was for this rather odd job offer, this was not a very comforting sentiment. He was immediately thrashing and squirming, but that was not doing much to help get out of this situation. Soon enough, he was growing limp and he was having to give into the effects of the chloroform being used on him. As he went under, he hoped that she was correct in the idea that he was going to enjoy whatever it was he woke up to experience.

When his eyes fluttered open, he had no way of knowing how much time had passed, and he didn't even know where he was due to how dark his surroundings were. As he slowly began to adjust to the darkness, though, he started to understand a few things. The main reason for his vision problems was the large box his head was placed inside of, and only a small circular sliver of light was pouring in from above him. The rest of his body seemed to be tucked away in a separate compartment with his arms and legs bound so that he was not allowed even the slightest movements. He felt incredibly claustrophobic, and this was definitely not what he thought he'd be feeling when he began this supposed dream job.

Suddenly, he began to hear footsteps from just outside, something that definitely got him excited if a little nervous. Could he expect any help from whoever it was now arriving?

He was briefly blinded as light poured into the box, and he groaned as he tried to adjust his eyes to the sudden influx of light. When he was able to adjust, he was stunned by the sight in front of him. She was blonde with some incredible white-and-blue attire donning her body, accentuating her curves, and those kissable blue lips made him feel such excitement. Once his brain caught up with his eyes, he was able to recognize her as Emma Frost, and he was delighted to be able to see her in front of him like he always dreamed.

"Good, you're awake, I was worried I would have to put in the effort to wake you myself and I can say for certain I do not have time for that. I assume you've already gotten a thorough explanation of your job here, but just in case it wasn't clear in your contract, you are more or less furniture to us. Don't expect autographs or any photos, as we do not intend to treat you as an actual person with wants or needs. You've signed away any right to dignity by agreeing to this job and you're lucky I'm even talking to you."

“E-eh...?! C-can't I at least get like, one photo...? Though uh, not sure if you'd be able to see my face from down here...”

The more he listened to her, the more afraid he became of what exactly he had agreed to by applying to this. Clearly, it was a mistake for Patrick not reading the contract thoroughly, as he had pretty much just skimmed it over while dreaming about how hot all the superpowered women would be in person. Maybe Emma Frost was exaggerating, as he knew she had a pretty cold exterior, but it was hard to really be too optimistic at this point when he was not in the most flattering of positions. Well, perhaps things could only get better from here.

"Oh, I almost forgot, there's a bit of extra entertainment here- a neat compartment for your cock and balls to come out. Guessing you're getting a bit erect down there but got no way to relieve yourself of your needs, so this could be seen as payment."

“H-huh...?! I-If I knew that was going to happen I would've um, tried to clean up down there or something-”

He felt a rush of cold air on his bare genitalia as she opened up a small door and pulled it out, causing him to yelp in surprise. It was big enough to be able to fit his junk through but small enough to feel pretty snug, making him almost wish it had remained hidden.

With a deep sigh, Emma Frost slowly yanked her dress down and allowed her white panties to drop to her ankles before sitting on the hole just over his face. She enjoyed the sound of him yelping out in agony from dropping her heels straight onto his testicles.

"I had a feeling that whoever signed up for this sort of position might be a bit in over their head, but it sounds like you've never even had your balls touched by someone from how sensitive they are. You're going to be in for pure hell, let me tell you right now. Whatever, don't expect me to feel bad for you or anything. The main reason I'm here is because I really needed to blow off some steam after eating some spicy chili. Keep your mouth open and swallow as much as you can, helps keep your nose from being too occupied."

“A-at least you're being honest I guess... and I totally would've read that contract if I wasn't so um, distracted...”

For a moment he did not know what she meant when it came to swallowing, but the gears in his head began to turn and he started to freak out, panicking of how bad this was going to become. She rolled her eyes at his useless squirming and began to prepare some farts for him.

BRRPLTPPLTTTTT!!

It was his first venture into the world of sniffing a woman's flatulence, and it was definitely nothing like he had originally anticipated. It was quite horrid indeed, having such a strong scent of molded cheese, and he was retching and gagging within the first few seconds. He was so naive and unexposed to the harshness of the world, having experienced his fart fetish purely through indirect means. Nothing had been able to properly warn Patrick of how horrid the experience was going to be, and there was no way for him to get out of this now when he was in such a tight position.

Emma Frost had appeared in Patrick's fantasies many times, and he knew that she could be quite feisty, but he had never imagined her being this uncaring toward him. He had always pictured her warming up to him and providing him some degree of affection, but perhaps this had been a bit optimistic for him to hope for. After all, how could he really expect that she would feel anything but disdain for him as her living toilet and fart sniffer? It was lucky he even got to be underneath her ass at all, as likely millions of people around the world dreamed of being in this position.

BRRPPRRRPRPRPRTTTTTT!!

The farts were only growing stronger, and with the way that her ass was vibrating above him as she pumped out these toxic fish-scented odors, he was fearful of just how close he was to ending up getting a taste of something far worse. If he was truly a toilet and seen as nothing more than that, what reason would there be to hold back on him? He had to make the split-second decision whether or not to keep his mouth shut or open it and swallow whatever came out, as it was uncertain to him if it would be preferable to have it smeared across his face or to have it going down his throat.

Ssssssssssssssssssssssssssssplrprprrrprrrttttt...!!

A long turd began to be pushed out from Emma's ass, and while the thought of her just blasting out a goopy spray of shit all at once on him was not pleasant, it was somehow more terrifying to him to see it approach so slowly. It gave him so much time to dread the potential taste and to gasp and cough at the smell that made his eyes water, only able to hastily blink away the tears.

Grinding her heels on her balls, she ordered, "Open that mouth and start slurping it down, we got plenty of people here who know how to revive you if you end up drowning in our shit but you don't wanna know what punishment we could give you for doing that so early..."

"Ghhhhhhkk...! I-I hope you guys don't treat your real toilets like this-!"

Being punished for suffocating was quite cruel, but if he wasn't expecting to be treated cruelly, he was clearly not really catching up on what life was going to be like here. He opened his mouth wide and whined as the turd began to make its way into his mouth, the taste being so visceral to him that it was burning at his tastebuds the moment it made contact with his tongue.

"Oh, once you're done with that, keep your mouth open. Figure you could use a drink, and I did have a bit of soda earlier. This will help you from getting too used to the taste, as I'm sure the others will want you to be able to enjoy those unique flavors, heh."

"C-can you guys not just give me a bottle of water or something?! O-okay, fine-!"

pssssssssssssssssssssstttt...!

He had not very long to recover from swallowing that turd down before she began to let out a long stream of piss, and plenty of it ended up getting on his face or in his eyes before he was able to start swallowing. It helped to mostly clean his mouth out of the shit but it didn't do much to balance out the taste, as this was just another brand of awfulness for him. It blew his mind to think that he had gone from eating shit to drinking urine in such a short period of time. He had thought he had to be a masochist with how he fantasized about women dominating him in the past, but he only now discovered how wrong he was when it was too late. Perhaps if he had considered the possibility of this being gross before he might've been able to save himself from this fate, but it was too late now.

He almost felt grateful that Emma Frost was getting up and leaving him, but it was apparent to him quickly that she was not the only one who planned to use him today. As soon as she was out of his sight, he saw someone else approach who definitely stunned him with her beauty. That long purple hair, black leotard and matching leggings were instantly recognizable as Psylocke, though her lack of badass swords was easy to observe. Perhaps she was not the type to really bring weapons into the bathroom, and that was what he was at the moment.

"Oooh, I am so glad that someone took these out already, I needed a bit of stress relief," she sighed, not even bothering to let him speak before she stomped on his balls, causing him to scream out in agony without being able to properly introduce himself to one of his idols.

She sat down quickly afterward and got herself quite comfortable, and though he wanted to try to appreciate the beauty of her fat ass, he didn't really have much time to process what he was seeing before she started to unleash upon him. At least she started with just gas, but it wasn't like her flatulence was anything easy to tolerate.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPLTLPLTTPTLPTPTLPTTT!!

It was barely any time at all for him to try to get any fresh air before he was being pelted with such hot putrid scents, his lungs filled up with such toxicity that he feared whether or not he'd be able to last too long without fainting. If he dared to pass out in front of these vixens he had no idea what they'd do to him, though perhaps it was bold of him to assume that they'd even allow him to get to that point.

"I can tell that Emma already roughed you up beforehand, I could hear you still panting when I came in and your balls look like they've been battered a bit... but don't think that means I feel any sympathy for you, because for all I care, you're just a piece of equipment. You signed the contract, so that means legally you are the property of the Avengers and will only be kept alive to please our desires. If you read the fine print, you'll know that it extends to owning your life itself, so you won't be allowed to die unless we decide."

"W-what?! Y-you can't just decide that! I mean, I guess technically you can, but... seems kind of messed up!"

Given that he didn't bother to read a single full sentence of the contract, he had no way to know if she was bluffing or not, but it was not totally out of the realm of possibility that she was telling the truth given what he had already experienced. If he was being treated so cruelly already, wasn't it possible that he was contractually obligated to be used like this? Surely, a group of superheroes would make sure they were legally protected, though it was unclear who would be able to sue them if the contract didn't hold up. For all he knew, he was the only one taking this job and nobody knew he was here, as he had not told anyone about this. Goodness, he hoped nobody found out about this, as taking this to court would just make him more humiliated.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPLTPRTPLRTLPRTRTT

Psylocke's gas was getting more potent by the second and it was truly sickening him the more he experienced it. He groaned and gagged as he was forced to sniff it up and he truly wished that he could smell anything else, even thinking a skunk's asshole would be cleaner than this. However, that was not nearly the worst of it, as her asshole was puckering in preparation...

"Open your mouth or else I'm going to flatten those balls of yours. Not that I'm entirely against doing that anyway, because we can always just get them back to normal afterward."

"O-okay, okay, I'm doing it, please please my balls alone-!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and then, she began to push out a series of pellet-like shits that would fall one at a time into his mouth.

SSSPRPRPTPSTRTRTRTRTTTT!!

Tears dripped down his face as he felt them slide down his throat, though a couple lingered on his tongue.

Psylocke cared about as little for his well-being and happiness as Emma Frost did, and why would he expect anything different when he was just a toilet? It wasn't like they were going to be dropping candies and peppermints into his mouth or singing sweet songs to him, as that was not something he deserved at all. He really should've read that contract front to bottom

and prepared himself for this, and the fact that he didn't meant that he had all of this coming. His suffering was all of his own making and he wouldn't be escaping from it.

"Mmphh... do you think you could lick my hole clean now that I'm done? Come on, I can make it worth it for you if you do, I can be really nice if I feel like it," she hinted as she gave little pokes and prods to his cock, getting him a bit interested.

“B-bleh... I don't think I want anything less than that, but uh, I guess I have to, so...”

Obviously, Patrick did not want to have to stick his tongue in her anus, but there was a strong temptation for him to do it in order to enjoy the benefits being offered. Perhaps this hard work would actually pay off for him and get him the pleasure he always dreamed about!

His tongue slowly reached up and began to lick at her crack and butthole, and the taste was definitely not any better than he expected it to be, and it wasn't like he didn't have fair warning given what he just experienced. Even with the dim lighting in his little box, he was still able to see just how filthy and unclean it was above him, and it left him utterly sickened. He was lucky that she wasn't still pushing out turds onto his tongue while he was doing this, and the fact that she wasn't doing that proved she had some level of mercy.

"Oooh, you're really cleaning me now, aren't you? What a good boy you are, clearly you're a lot more loyal than I expected. Well, you're hoping for your reward now, right? Wanting to get a bit of pleasure for your pain? Well..."

“A-ah, yes, yes, please-!”

She paused for a moment before suddenly punching him in the balls, making him scream out in pain, and she did this while at the same time letting out a hot and nasty fart in his face.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPLRTPTRTRTTT!!

"You're a fucking idiot if you think I'm going to let you cum anywhere near me in this lifetime. You are a toilet, you do not deserve any gratification. In fact, you should be able to get off just from the act of sniffing my ass and tasting my shit. Isn't that why you took this job, you little freak? Don't tell me you didn't know what you were getting into, you can't be that much of a dumbass."

"G-geez, ah, you could've just said no, why is it always the balls with you girls...?!"

He whimpered and groaned, watching as she stood up and looked down at him before proceeding to spit straight down on his face. She even closed the lid to seal him up in darkness and he was left to just hope the pain in his balls would go away.

He sat in darkness for what felt like an eternity, starting to hope for someone to come along and open the lid even if he knew whoever did that was going to end up putting him through more misery. When the lid finally began to open he was almost delighted, though he quickly reminded himself what would come soon afterward and tried to temper expectations. It was unlikely that whoever faced him was going to be gentle at all, and he would be lucky if they even bothered to give him a greeting before they sat down and blasted away.

His eyes must've been playing tricks on him, because it looked like the woman standing in front of him was the famed K-Pop idol Luna Snow... except that was indeed who it was! Even if he was aware at his point of what the routine was going to be, he couldn't help but still be starstruck. She was so beautiful and elegant even when she was presumably about to use the bathroom and he wished he could spend an eternity gazing into her eyes. Unfortunately, he was going to have to gaze into something else of hers in a few moments.

"Oh hey, nice to meet the new resident here. This is just as weird for me as I'm sure it is for you, though I'm sure at this point you're probably aware of what it is your job is since I saw two other girls walk out of here already. Let's just make things perfectly clear: this isn't personal or anything, and I'm not doing this to you because I think you deserve it. In fact, I think you should arguably have to do a lot more than just sign a few papers to earn the right to smell my farts and eat my shit... but hey, I need to use the bathroom somewhere, and I guess they decided our plumbing bills were getting too high. Anyway, hope you can try to have fun down there, because otherwise this is going to be really rough for you."

"U-um, nice to meet you too, I think...? I mean, I am a huge fan obviously, though not really in this context... and I guess that's the most considerate I can expect at this point."

She sat herself down and got herself as comfortable as possible, sighing deeply as she wiggled her tush left and right. He at least appreciated that she tried to be somewhat empathetic even if he knew it would not mean much in the end. It wasn't like she was going to rescue him from this fate.

He let out a loud yelp of pain as he felt her grinding her heels against his balls, clearly still taking some degree of enjoyment from his suffering even if she wasn't as overt about it in her introduction. It had been foolish to expect her to go too easy on him, especially since she was still viewing him as an object to be used rather than an equal person. He was hopeful maybe this would go by faster than the previous sessions, but his hopes were not so easy to make into reality. After all, she wasn't exactly going out of her way to make this brief.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPLRPTLT TTTTTT!!

Just her first blast of gas was quite hard for him to tolerate and he was coughing and gagging from the potent smell, definitely having quite the odor of sweaty socks that made him feel pretty sick. It was hard for him to imagine how he'd be able to survive this, but he attempted to stay positive and look to the light at the end of the tunnel. Eventually, someone had to save him from this, right? There had to be at least one heroine here who knew that this was wrong!

"Oh man, I can hear everyone banging on the doors outside so excited to use you, you wouldn't believe just how popular you are to all these girls! And when I say everyone, I really do mean it, because I haven't been able to find a single woman who doesn't wanna use you as a toilet and make those balls sting. Doesn't that make you feel so special? Oh, speaking of special, I hope you're ready to taste something really bad, because I'm preparing something really spicy..."

"GMprhhhh, I-I don't need to know how excited they are to use me-!"

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPSLSPLRLPRTLSTRPLTT TTTTTT!!

He barely had time to process her heartbreaking words before she began to push out some juicy and wet turds that he hurriedly moved to try to swallow down, though he still ended up getting a few of them plopped onto his face. The thought of all these girls being this

enthusiastic about making him suffer was heartbreaking, and part of him wanted to believe that she was just exaggerating to make him feel more dejected. Then again, what reason did Luna Snow have to lie to him? Sure, toying with his feelings could be amusing, but she could easily tell him the full truth and he wouldn't be able to do anything to change it.

"Oooh man... hey, go ahead and lick my crack clean while you're down there, I have a hot date and I can't go to it with my ass smelling like this. I want you to really get those tastebuds working, I won't settle for a half-assed job..."

"I-I don't think just licking it clean will do anything to clean, but... well I'm down here anyway so I guess I can, mhhphh..."

It was painful for him having to reach his tongue into her crack and asshole just to please her, but he began to work as she desired in order to get the cleaning that she wanted. It was truly quite sickening for him to try to endure but he tried to work through the humiliation. Patrick really clung onto that small bit of hope that escape was right around the corner and that someone would pull him from this horrible reality, but every second made him feel more useless. Was he really nothing more than an ass-licking slave?

The smell of those farts had begun to get so nauseating, as well as the taste of her fecal matter, that he ended up drifting to unconsciousness. He could faintly hear her warning him about how passing was not going to save him and that he was going to keep on suffering no matter what, but that warning was not exactly enough to keep him awake. If only he had been able to keep himself conscious for a bit longer, though, as he might've saved himself from what he ended up discovering when he came back to the world of the living.

It appeared that his bondage had changed quite a bit, as he was no longer as much in the dark as he was before. Where he had once had his head inside a box with a hole about six inches above it, meaning the turds would have to drop onto his face from a significant height, his entire body seemed to be in a shallow coffin with his face sticking right out of a hole at the top. He was bound so firmly he couldn't pull himself out, and just as he feared, his cock and balls were still totally exposed.

"Oh my gosh please let me in there I wanna bury his face in my sweaty ass and force him to swallow a hundred million farts- oh hello little buddy, so happy I get to meet you and make your acquaintance, I'm sure you've heard of me before~?"

“W-woah, ah, is that really you...?! If I could ignore the first thing you said for a second, wow you are so hot-!”

He was able to hear her gleeful plea from outside the door but he was only able to see her once she was standing right above him. It was true that he had heard of her, as she was the Unbeatable Squirrel Girl who was so attractive it made him sprout an erection immediately.

Giggling as she gave his cock a few pokes, she confessed with a giggle, "I knew that I was attractive to a lot of folks but I've never been able to see such concrete proof right in front of me, I guess I've really been keeping myself in good shape!"

"Uh, why am I in this new box...? Not that I really liked the last one, but this one feels a bit more, um... exposed..."

Giving a nod, she explained to him while her tail brushed his face in a teasing manner, "We figured that this would be a bit more direct and allow us to really enjoy the feeling of your face being really ground beneath our fat sweaty asses!"

"Uh, t-that's great... do you think I'd be able to take a second look at that contract and-MRPRHH-!!!"

She slammed her butt down on his face before he could finish speaking, clearly not caring to give him even the slightest chance of ever escaping. She was going to have a blast farting down his throat for probably the next couple hours, and she would likely even use him as a helpless toilet just for the fun of it!

"Oh boy, it is just so fun to be smothering your ass with my big fat ass, especially since I just went on a run before this so I'm really sweating down there! Although, given that I am a Squirrel Girl, it is only natural that I have an affinity for your nuts too!"

“Rmprhhhh, my face, please stop sitting on my face- ah, wait, hey don't-!”

She reached down and gave a nice grip of his testicles, squeezing them in her fingers and enjoying the sounds of distress from beneath her that came from the pain she caused him. It was clear she felt no remorse or sympathy for him, seeing him just as a toy.

"My gut is really gurgling with gas right now so I hope you're prepared... by the way, a couple of the girls I heard are gonna wanna have a second round with you now that they get to sit directly on your face, so be prepared to see some returners in a bit!"

"I-it's bad enough being put through this but I gotta worry about repeat customers...?!"

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPLTLPRTRRLPTRPLTRTPLTTTTT!!

He didn't get much of a chance to ponder on how terrifying that idea was before he got a flurry of gas straight into his nostrils that really burned, screams of disgust being heard beneath her. The smell of rotten eggs really was quite a horrible one for him.

"Geez, is it that bad to you? I'm surprised you're not getting used to this at all since you've been going through this with a couple of girls already, although I can't say I'm really complaining since it means you're never going to fully adapt to the situation!"

"Don't act like you think this should be easy to get used to or something, you haven't been on the other side-!"

After saying that, she made sure to really grind her ass on him and get as comfortable as possible while giving his balls a few more squeezes, not wanting to allow him to get used to anything and to always be in a state of perpetual discomfort.

Squirrel Girl gleefully wiggled her butt on top of his face, finding the moans of discomfort he made to be quite erotic. She had never had such fun before, and now she had a perfect outlet for whenever she felt like making someone suffer from her outrageously stinky gas! Plus, she could take a mean dump, and an ordinary toilet didn't cry out for mercy or have a pair of balls to squeeze!

the money going to any charity as long as I get to have you to myself for a while! But I guess that's something I gotta tell to the guys at the top, and for now I gotta be okay with just having this bit of time with you! Hopefully this time I've had making you suffer has helped to burn the memory of the Unbeatable Squirrel Girl into your mind, you little shit-eating slut~"

"I-I'd almost be tempted to say I'd prefer being someone's personal slave than being the public slave for every girl in the world... though it'd have to be a really good charity in that case... and don't worry, this is definitely seared into my brain... gahhk-!"

She giggled in delight as she reached into his mouth, grabbing his tongue and using it to wipe her ass clean, moaning as she enjoyed the way his tastebuds were being forced to endure every particle of shit between her cheeks. His sobs were quite the lovely melody for her, and it was a sound she wished she could save and listen to on repeat for the next few hours, but she had to just try to memorize it and hope he got another round with him soon. She would never do this with anybody else, but he was just a uniquely special victim that she couldn't help but wanna see put through the worst experience possible.

"Eheh, well, see ya later, fart-sucker! And one more ballbust for the road, not that you'll ever see a road again! WA-BAM!"

She pounded her fist on his balls, making him scream out in agony. The door closed, only to open again soon enough.

"MY BALLS CAN'T BE THAT FUN TO TORTURE-!"

To have Squirrel Girl treat him in such a vile manner and then leave as if she did nothing wrong really did make Patrick feel quite hopeless, but he didn't really have a lot of time to reflect on the situation, as a new guest would arrive shortly to give him a new dose of sadism. What confused him, though, was that the door opened but nobody seemed to come in! He could've sworn he heard footsteps, so why wasn't there anybody in front of him? It was possible he was starting to lose his mind from inhaling so much gas, but he didn't think that would happen this soon. Suddenly, something happened that gave him a hint of what was going on.

BRRRRRRRRRRRPLTTPRLTRPTTTTT!!

He got a blast of hot gas right in the face and was able to see what seemed to be an anus puckering in front of him, becoming visible for just a brief moment. In the midst of his gagging and groaning in disgust, the gears in his head began to turn and he started to realize that he was not alone at all. In front of him was clearly the infamous Invisible Woman, also known as Sue Storm, a heroine who he had always found very attractive. He felt like Reed Richards was very lucky to find himself a woman like that, though poor Patrick did not feel all too lucky at the moment to be in her presence given what she was currently doing to him.

Slowly, she began to return to her visible state, looking quite beautiful even as she was squatting over him with her bare ass right in his face so as to pull off that mean-spirited joke. He did enjoy seeing her even if it was in the context of such a sadistic game.

"I am really glad that they're letting us use someone like you to help get out our... Well, simpler urges, as it can be distracting when I'm constantly thinking of wanting to fart on someone's face during a mission. You wouldn't believe how many citizens I save who I fantasize about trapping in a forcefield and filling it with my farts. You're the lucky one who gets to act as my outlet for all these desires, and since you signed that little contract, there's nothing you can do about it. Now, you better be ready, little bitch."

"I-I never took you to be someone to use vulgar language like that... guess motherhood can do that to someone, eep-!"

He yelped as she reached down and pulled on his nose, spreading those nostrils wide as she pressed her ass right against it. She lifted a foot and brought it down onto his balls to hear him scream out in pain, sighing in delight from those agonized screams before proceeding to rip out some toxic farts.

BRRRPLRTPRLRTLPRTPLRTRTTTT
T!!

She was really showing no mercy to him whatsoever, his lungs feeling like they were burning just from that sniff of the sweat-scented odors, and he didn't know how much he was going to be able to take from her specific brand of cruelty. After all, he had already been put through the wringer by Squirrel Girl not long ago, and Sue Storm seemed to want to go even harder.

"I wasn't joking about that forcefield, by the way..."

"Y-yeah I didn't really take it as a joke, ah-!"

Suddenly, a forcefield appeared around his head that seemed to be connected to her ass, meaning that he was trapped with her butt. Not like he had any escape otherwise, but this was especially inescapable.

"Oh, are you scared of the possibility of suffocating to death due to having all air cut off apart from what's contained within this little bubble which is gonna soon be filled to the brim with my hot farts and shit? Well, I have three words for you: suck it up. And that's not just me being cruel, I mean your job is literally to suck up everything my butt pumps out at you and you're not allowed to complain! What, did you forget to read that part of the contract? Did you read any part of the contract, or were you not able to understand it because you were too busy jerking yourself off over getting to see a couple of girl's butts? What a pathetic man you are."

"I-I wasn't... uh, jerking off at the time! And name-calling isn't necessary..."

The cruel sentiments from Sue Storm really did break his heart, as he had always pictured a meeting with her going a lot differently. This was certainly a lesson in not meeting your heroes, as he was not getting anything he wanted from this encounter with all of his feminine idols. He didn't think he could've really been expected to anticipate any of this degree of torture or all the disparaging remarks, but he supposed if he had actually read the contract even a bit beyond the title page he might've gotten a clue. It was a bit too late to regret things now, though, as Sue Storm was seeming ready to really destroy his senses as much as humanly possible.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPLTRPTRPTLRPTLRPTLTTT

With a grunt, Sue Storm began to let out her first burst of gas that filled up that bubble around his head, sure to give him quite an unpleasant experience as he was made to breathe in that stinky scent reminiscent of dead sweaty fish and old cabbage. He didn't know how he was going to be able to remain conscious and what she might do to punish him if he ended up fainting, though the sheer shock and confusion of this was definitely enough to keep him

fairly awake and alert. And he knew it was only going to get worse, as she was making sounds that indicated she had a lot more prepared for him soon enough.

SSSSSSSSSSPLSPSLPSPLSPSPSLSPPLPLPLPTRPLRTTTT!!!

Starting out with some normal wet farts, Invisible Woman began to push out a series of turds, stinking up the well-sealed forcefield around him and making it so he was struggling to breathe even worse. Plenty of them were getting in his mouth but she was making sure that a lot of it splattered on his face as well. She also proceeded to smear her shitty asshole against his nose to get plenty of that awful substance in his nostrils, giggling in delight as she took great pleasure in seeing him suffer. Every second of this was absolutely thrilling to her and she was pumped to fill him up with her farts and excrement.

"Stick your tongue out and lick my asshole clean, I don't care if you're about to suffocate and pass out, you have to do what I say or else you are going to be very sorry..."

"I-I'm already very sorry, but yeah, I'll go ahead and start licking...!"

She ground and bounced her ass on top of him while letting out more gas.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTPLRTPRTPLRTLPRRTTTT!!

As she felt him actually start to lick her crack and asshole clean, she moaned and declared with pure glee, "You are such a loser, you deserve this and I hope all the other women waiting line are just as cruel to you for being such vile filth~"

"Trust me, I feel vile right now... and I'm definitely losing a few things... and gaining others..."

Soon enough, Sue Storm had lifted herself off, the bubble disappearing as she stepped out of the room. She turned invisible before she reached the door, though, so he was convinced she left when the door opened only to be surprised by a transparent fist hitting him in the balls for one last dose of cruelty. He definitely was not going to miss her, though that did not mean he

was thrilled she was gone since he knew that just meant being introduced to someone brand new. It seemed everybody wanted to top the previous person in how much they could make him feel worthless.

Soon enough, a woman with vibrant orange hair and a green spandex outfit entered, and he found himself yet again distracted by her beauty long enough to forget that she was about to torture him into oblivion. This was the legendary Jean Grey, otherwise known as the Phoenix, and he had plenty of reason to be worried of what she was going to do to him given what she was capable of using her powers. As soon as the reality of the situation set in, he felt as if he was about to be totally miserable.

"You know, all these other girls wanna make you feel like you're unimportant or trivial to them, just another piece of furniture, but that's not entirely true, is it? You do play a really important role, as it isn't like we could get ourselves off sitting on a chair or wiping our butt with regular toilet paper. No, you are quite one-of-a-kind, and if you weren't around, I think we'd all quickly notice and have to find a replacement... doesn't that make you feel so special, little fella? We all just love you so much for being such a good slave~"

She was really buttering him up, her finger tracing around his exposed cock and making him almost feel hopeful that he was about to be given a bit of mercy. And then, she grabbed his balls and squeezed, making him yelp out from the sudden pain that he really should've seen coming.

"Hah, I had a feeling that if I pumped you up with flattery that it would make the betrayal that much worse. We can't have you knowing what to expect, right? Anyway, have fun sucking my farts, dumb piece of shit. Learn how to read a contract next time if you don't want this to happen, assuming you didn't read the part about how your only diet will be whatever we pump into you~"

"W-what?! How am I supposed to live off that, especially with the sort of stuff you girls have been letting out-?"

Wait, was that really in the contract? Goodness, he really should've read that thing, it would've been quite a captivating read for him if he had paid attention!

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPLTPRTPLARTPLTRPLRTPRLTTT

His cheeks puffed out as the first blast of gas went into his mouth, making him gag from the taste already. As she farted into his mouth and forced him to taste that filthy flavor, she noticed the shit still stuck in his nostrils and snickered.

"I gotta wipe that out of there so that I have room to make my own mark on you, not as fun if someone else already has claimed you, you know. Yeah, every hole of yours is pretty much fair game, don't expect us to go easy on you."

"E-every hole? I uh, definitely don't like the sound of that-"

She would use a napkin around her finger to pick the shit from his nose. She was excited to be able to pump his nose full of all sorts of awful things and see him squirm beneath her in agony, not able to do anything but whimper and hope for it to end.

Jean Grey gleefully bounced on top of his face having some truly devious and disgusting things planned for Patrick and all he could do was groan underneath her and contemplate how his life could take such a drastically awful turn. After all, not long ago, he lived a fairly normal life, masking his odd kink behind a shield of supposedly being some ordinary guy. He could've gone the rest of his days without being the living toilet to a bunch of hot superheroines and he probably would've benefitted greatly from it. That ad was definitely made exactly for guys like him who were weak-willed enough to be tempted by such horny bait.

SPSLSPSPLSPLSPLSPLSLPSPLRPRLTPTLT TTTT!

A blast of shit exploded into his mouth, snapping him out of his thoughts and leaving him groaning in disgust as it felt like it was really pushing its way down his throat fast. He did not know how he could stomach something like this and remain conscious, and truth be told, he almost considered the idea of trying to faint so he could escape from this sooner. The thought occurred to him pretty much right afterward, though, that these women would not be kind to him if he dared to try to deprive them of his suffering. Obviously, they weren't kind to him regardless, but any tiny bit of mercy they had for him would go out the window after that.

It felt like a thunderstorm rolled into the room when the door opened next and at first Patrick thought that was still him being caught up in a daydream and having trouble snapping out, and he was tempted to pinch himself if he didn't remember being totally tied down and immobilized. Upon analyzing his surroundings a bit better, he realized that he was not having any delusions and this was in fact a sign of his next torturer. Who else could be capable of bringing such dreary weather indoors totally isolated to one spot than the mighty Storm, a goddess among weather whose beauty was as radiant as the sun?

"I see that Jean did not clean you before she left, I suppose I should not have expected anything else... for that is your role, to be used and discarded. However, I feel as if I must clean you off if I am to have a fair shot at leaving my mark on you and making an impact. I call upon the power of the rain to drench you and cleanse you of the filth that has been left behind by my predecessor so that I will be able to stain you in new ways!" she called out in a dramatic fashion, and Patrick watched clouds forming directly over his head pouring down intense showers that would help to wash the shit that had stained his face moments ago.

"T-thanks, Storm... even if it isn't for my sake, that's still appreciated."

Patrick had to try to be grateful that anyone cared to wash him at all, but there was some severe whiplash from being drenched in a substance such as this after only having the likes of shit and farts make contact with him for what felt like forever. Plus, the rain was extremely cold, so it was not exactly the most pleasant feeling in the world. Still, there was a real relief when the rain finished and he realized that he had actually gotten the foul substances washed from him, though he knew that in a matter of moments Storm was going to reverse that progress. He looked up at her as she approached him, trying to silently beg for mercy.

"Hm, your face is quite comfortable even though I did just get it quite soaked with water... Now, I will have a challenge for you and I hope you are able to meet the task. I want to hear you compliment my ass and everything it brings you every time I lift it from your face no matter what you may have in the way... and if you refuse, well, I can simply coat your entire face in my shit and ask to leave you like that for half an hour~"

"C-complimenting your ass...? Uh, guess that's not the hardest thing... though I don't like the other part of that~"

It was hard for him to imagine the rest of the girls would be okay with having him be out of order for that long just due to some cruel challenge, but given how sadistic they were, it was

Before he could ask how she expected him to sound sincere while also tasting her wet farts, she slammed her ass down on his mouth again and began to push out something a bit more solid, turds now making contact with his tongue and filling his cheeks quite profoundly.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPSLPRTPLRRTLPLSTLPTRPTLRTPLSPLTRTTTT!!

She stood up and looked down at him pretending like she expected him to actually get out any words, snickering in amusement as he was clearly choking and not even able to utter a single syllable.

"Whatever it was you're trying to say I can tell it isn't genuine, so... time for some punishment~"

He yelped as her ass hovered over him and she blasted out a massive amount of shit all over his face, and he managed to close his eyes just in time... though he knew that he wouldn't be able to open his eyes for a while since it was spread across his face completely. The smell was awful, but he still had plenty of putrid taste to worry about.

Ass shaking as she went to the door, she promised him, "I'm sure whoever visits you next will be able to get you to express your true love for being brutally tortured~"

"Honestly give it a bit and I'm sure I'll be able to recite a hundred digits of pi by request... just out of fear."

Really, he would probably prefer it if he started to enjoy being tortured, as it certainly seemed as if it was the one thing that would make all of this tolerable. Looking at this from an objective standpoint, most of this was absolutely wonderful, as he loved the concept by itself of a bunch of hot superhero babes bullying him while he was helpless to do anything but listen. All those fat asses were certainly quite fun to admire them for the split second that they weren't doing something horrible to him. But on that note, that was really what ruined the whole experience for him.

He could hear the squeak of leather as the door opened and he saw the most incredible sight, and it was a heroine who happened to not even be that far on the spectrum when it came to incredible power. It was Natasha Romanoff, otherwise known as Black Widow, the former K.G.B. agent who ultimately became a hero for the Avengers. He couldn't help but eat up the sight of her in that outfit and it made him wish he could just spend hours looking at her. It briefly made him forget the rest of his face was covered in fecal matter.

"Bleh, can't believe that weather bimbo didn't bother to wash you off, that certainly is selfish of her. I mean, it's pretty hot, but I definitely think she could've stood to do a bit of cleaning for whoever went to use you next," she pondered after having picked enough shit from his ears for her to be able to communicate with him, though it wasn't like she was saying anything to him that was particularly interesting or could resolve the turmoil he was going through with the taste and smell he was being made to endure.

"I mean, I don't really associate selflessness with using someone as a toilet against their wishes... though I guess I had it coming without reading the contract properly..." he thought to himself, too smeared with shit to speak aloud.

She didn't have enough Q-Tips on her to be able to clean the rest of him, though, so she figured she'd improvise. She undid the bottom of her suit and she spread her pussy lips for him while squatting directly over him, giving him a flirty wink before...

psssssssstttt...!!

...beginning to piss all over his face, cleaning the shit off of him one bit at a time. It was definitely going to be a very slow process, and that meant all the more suffering for him. That was probably the point, and it was pretty arousing for her to experience.

"Mmm, I've been holding all of this piss in for a while, and it's definitely nice being able to just release it... especially on someone's face! I do wish I could be sitting on you during this, but I don't wanna have my butt touching someone else's shit... Well, at least not in this sort of way. Don't worry, you'll get to feel my face on top of you pretty soon!" she promised, and he tried to focus on the sort of arousing aspects of that and brush aside for a moment just how much he was going to actually hate what he was going to endure.

"In another life, having you sit on my face would be like a birthday present... ah well."

His face was cleaned so gradually, it felt like it could take forever before suddenly he found he had been totally cleansed of shit. Being freshly bathed in her urine wasn't the biggest improvement from being given a crappy mud bath, but he was glad not to have to endure that for the time being. Obviously, though, he was glad not to have to endure that overbearing smell and taste. There was no way that this relief was going to last all that long when she was actively lowering her butt toward him, but he did get a few seconds to admire that sexy ass before it made his life hell.

As she sat herself down on his face, really enjoying the sensation of it as he was her little pillow, she admitted, "I think I'm going to have a lot of trouble saying goodbye to you when it's my time to leave, so maybe I can try to extend this as long as possible, stretch the farts and turds for an eternity- and you know that my career has given me plenty of experience in making torture last!"

"G-glad I can act as... proper training for you, though I don't know if I really qualify as deserving-"

Patrick was frankly impressed with himself for staying conscious for so long, having only fainted the one time and remaining awake otherwise, though it wasn't like that was entirely by choice. Most of these sadistic superheroes seemed to be keen on keeping him aware of what was going on every second, and that meant not allowing him the chance to drift off. If needed, they probably would've resurrected him if he actually suffocated to death on their shit, though it had not come to that yet. He didn't know if that was because they were restraining themselves from pushing that hard or if he could just take a lot of punishment before croaking.

"You're lucky, you know, most people don't really get a good look at my ass underneath all the spandex, though I know that's half of the appeal is having it covered for some people. Still, you are in a very privileged group, and I'm sure you can take the small price of being my toilet and fart sniffer while enjoying it. I'd ask if you were ready but I'm sure you know I don't really care, so I think we ought to get started. Fair warning, I'm not gonna stop even if you get close to fainting, so the next person might have to wake you up."

"W-wait, I don't wanna faint right now, hang on-!!"

BRRPRLTRTPRLTRPTRLPLTLPLTTTT!!

She blasted out the first of what would be many farts right in his face, the smell definitely being strong for him to try to take, especially after he had just been finished with enduring that stream of piss which was not exactly a field of flowers in its aroma. Despite being far more of a regular human compared to a lot of the previous girls who had tortured him, she still managed to pack a real punch with her gas, leaving him worrying about his potential fate and if he'd end up making it out alive.

"Geez, you seem to be getting nervous down there. Don't worry, if I wanted to kill you with my gas I would've already... though I can't say I'm not guaranteed to get carried away, especially since I do really need to take a dump. Get that mouth open, slave."

“At this point I think me being a slave is just a given but okay, I’m opening-!!”

He opened his mouth as wide as possible for her, though even if he hadn't complied like the submissive toilet he was becoming, she would've been able to force it open herself. She knew just how to get what she wanted, after all.

"Heh, good, you're able to listen it seems... Now prepare for this to get really nasty, because I've been holding this in for a while ever since I learned that we were getting a living toilet. I passed by so many regular toilets just because I wanted to save it for you, so I hope that makes you feel really special inside. Maybe that'll cheer you up while you're struggling to choke down all of this, though I can't exactly say I'm bothered either way. Let's get started~"

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPLPSSPSLPSLPSLPSLPSLPSLPSLPLRLPTLPRTT
RTTT!!

A barrage of shit exploded into his mouth and he was really caught by surprise by the sheer volume of fecal matter that pushed its way down his throat, his tongue being utterly ravaged by the taste while he laid there helpless to do anything but hope it would be finished shortly. This was not the first time that this happened to him today, of course, but somehow he managed to be revolted in fresh new ways. It was uncertain to him if this could get any worse, but he knew these girls would find any way to make it happen.

Using his tongue to wipe her ass, she let out a deep sigh and confessed, "I think I'm going to need to schedule to use you regularly because I cannot get enough of you... in fact, I'm gonna increase the amount of oatmeal and spinach in my diet from now on...~"

"B-bleh, at least that's healthy enough but still, gross-!!"

PBPRPTPRTPTPPRPTRPRPTTT!!

She farted right on his tongue before getting up and heading to the door while zipping her suit back up to cover her ass. The door shut and she even shut the lights off, tempting him to think for a second that this was over.

The pitiful man laid tied up in his pathetic imprisonment hoping that he could stay there in the dark for a bit longer and he didn't have to worry about anyone else coming in and using him, but if he really thought he was going to get that much kindness, he would be quite mistaken. The door swung open, nearly off its hinges, and the lights flicked on at a point where he had started to actually get adjusted to the darkness. This meant the sudden influx of light stunned him a bit, giving the perpetrator time to walk over to him and slap him on the nuts. Dang, he had been recovering from the last smack, so that was harsh.

When he began to adjust a bit to the light, Patrick was able to tell who it was who had struck his balls in such a painful manner. Standing there in her tight blue outfit with the red accessories and her short blonde hair blowing in the wind was the incredibly gorgeous Carol Danvers, otherwise known as Captain Marvel. Despite having just given him quite the painful smack, she looked mostly stoic as she stared him down, and that arguably was more intimidating than if she was being outright cruel to him. It almost made him miss the constant barrage of insults, though perhaps he was just developing a bit of Stockholm syndrome from his time as their slave.

"Aw, Carol, aren't you gonna say hello to the little guy? He's nice, I promise!"

"Um, it's okay if she doesn't wanna say hi, really... I've not heard much good conversation lately..."

Patrick gasped as he recognized that voice, and sure enough, popping up from behind Carol Danvers was none other than Squirrel Girl making her return! He shouldn't have been too surprised to see the return of one of these women, but he thought it would take a bit longer than that.

Carol rolled her eyes and insisted to Squirrel Girl while gesturing to him as if he was an appliance and not a person, "I'm not here to make friends with it, I'm here to use it and be on my way, and you're not gonna be able to convince me differently."

"Hey, what's the sense in pretending he's not a real guy? Are you just trying to protect yourself so you don't feel guilty? Believe me, I'm fully aware that he's a human man... and that just makes it more fun! So why not embrace it~?"

"Embracing in this context does not sound, uh... really that great..." he piped up softly.

Captain Marvel watched as Squirrel Girl plopped her ass with no warning directly onto Patrick's face, sighing as she wiggled it left and right, all while she was looking back at the other heroine with a wide grin that showed off her two bucked teeth in the cutest fashion.

Clearly not the most happy about the way that Doreen was acting, Carol urged, "You're gonna need to get off of HIM and let me take a dump in HIS mouth if you don't want me to use YOUR mouth for that purpose, and then you're gonna be really feeling sorry."

"Hah, there you go finally using the right-"

BRRRRPRPTPRTLPRTPRTPLRTLPRTPRLTTTT!!

"-pronouns, ooh sorry, couldn't hold it! But it isn't like you can't still use him, feel free to take his nose while I'm on his mouth and then we swap! Give him a warm-up with some farts and then work your way up! I can take a mean dump in his mouth and then bring it down to farts after, that way we're both giving him at least one type of ass-food~"

Without consulting Patrick on his opinions, Captain Marvel went ahead and got herself in position, baring her ass to wedge his nose between her cheeks with her back against Squirrel Girl's. And now, it was time for his first taste of some simultaneous torture!

Frankly, he was more afraid now than he had been up until this point, as just one at a time had been enough to push him to the edge. He feared if he experienced too much of this combined cruelty that he was going to fully snap and give into being an object for their amusement. Maybe if he was lucky this was a one-off endeavor, but that seemed very doubtful to him.

The two were combining their efforts in order to make this experience as awful as possible for him, and though at first Carol Danvers seemed skeptical about the idea of treating him as anything more than just a toilet to use and then depart from as soon as she had received her relief, Squirrel Girl felt inclined to open her eyes to just how magical of an experience it could be. Frankly, Patrick wasn't super thrilled about her deciding to make that the thing she wanted to educate her about, but it seemed like he was not going to be able to influence them much either way.

BRPLTPRTLRAPTPRTPLRTLPRTPRLTT!!

"Ah, I can imagine he's not gonna like that smell, but I guess that's sort of the point- really hope you aren't gonna take too long on his mouth, by the way, as I'm going to need to take a furious dump very soon."

As she was grinding her ass against his open mouth, she promised her with a big smile, "I'll be sure to be as fast as possible, but I needed to take a pretty big shit too after everything I ate since I last saw him, so I can't exactly be too fast!"

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPLRPLRTLPTPLRTPPLTRTTTT!!

It was not a lie in the slightest, as she was letting out such hot and horrible shits into his mouth that he was surprised it was not burning! In fact, he swore he felt one of his teeth melt from the heat of the blast, leaving him worried about how he'd ever be able to recover his dental health again! If he was expecting to have a diet of only fecal matter from now on, though, that probably wasn't going to be nearly as important. After all, what did he really need to be chewing on?

"Okay, I'll take a pause from the toilet time and let you get a turn on his mouth, though I say we swap back in a bit- I can hold back the turds for a while and just fart into his nose, but I will have to take another turn eventually!" Squirrel Girl insisted as she stood up, wiping with his tongue while admiring the absent tooth in his mouth.

Nodding in agreement, Carol stood off his nose and gave it a flick before moving to plop her ass onto his mouth, not allowing him to get out a single word. It wasn't like he was feeling all that talkative, though, as he was mostly stunned from what he just experienced.

"G-glad you two are... bonding, but I feel like I'm not getting along with you two nearly as well-!"

The two women were still on his face just like before, but this time their positions were completely swapped, and that meant a whole new form of torture was in store for him that would be unique from the last but still plenty miserable for him. Having two women doing this to him at the same time was truly disheartening as he couldn't try to delude himself into thinking this was some isolated incident- he was universally accepted as the plaything for these superhero women.

"Man, I am going to drop the biggest dump down this guy's throat. He's going to feel like he's suffocating in seconds, and I don't think he's ready for how much he's about to suffer. I know he may have just taken some from you, but that's gonna feel like a walk in the park compared to what I'm about to do to him. Be sure to get really comfortable on his nose over there, Doreen, because I may need some extra time on his mouth to let out everything I got building up inside of me. I'm not even exaggerating here...~"

It was actively turning Squirrel Girl on to hear how Captain Marvel explained what she was about to do to Patrick, though for him, it was a different story. Perhaps if he was someone watching this from the outside he could get the slightest hint of eroticism, but it was just pure suffering on his end.

SSSSSSSSSSSSPLRTLRLPTLPSRTLPRTRPLTPLTRSPLRLRRSTTt

"Oh yeah, he's definitely the best slave a girl could ask for and I'm going to make sure to visit him every day!"

"This is not the context I thought I'd be able to have women talk about how much they like me... though I guess I have to take what I can get."

She blew him a kiss as the two women walked out, leaving him still tasting shit in his mouth as the door slowly closed.

There wasn't really much time for him to prepare himself before the door was knocked off its hinges and he gasped at the sight of the almighty She-Hulk standing there with her green muscles bulging and her mighty ass and breasts bouncing in that purple-and-white unitard, looking like quite a snack. Unfortunately, he was not going to be able to really enjoy such a snack, as he was about to be given a feast that would leave him sick to his stomach. She began to approach him grinning eagerly, licking her lips as she was clearly thrilled at the prospect of putting him through some real hell.

However, after a second of looking at him, she seemed to grow a bit queasy, covering her hand with one mouth and seemingly already starting to throw up...

Urgently, she demanded him, "Open your mouth now, I need to hurl!"

"Fine, o-okay-!"

He opened his mouth as wide as he could, and then...

HRRRRUURUUUUURRRRRRRRKKK-!!

...she vomited straight into his open mouth!

"Gmrphhhhhh-!!"

Even worse, she proceeded to use her hands to open his mouth even wider than what should've been possible so she could release even more vomit into him than what seemed plausible.

HHUUURAAAAARRURRRRRKK-!!

She finally wiped her mouth, regaining her composure as he was looking quite disgusted, trying to contain his own sickness since he feared it'd create a perpetual loop of vomit.

"I know you must be really scared of me right now, but trust me, you're probably not half as scared as you should be. You think my cousin Bruce is tough being able to lift mountains and all? I'm so strong, I can actually just punch through the fourth wall- I could step outside the story we're in and shake hands with the writer! Normally I'd object to being put in a story that was so blatantly objectifying, but the fact that I get to make some loser suffer just makes it all the more appealing for me. Go ahead and cry if you must, maybe beg if that helps, but it won't save you from what I have planned."

"I-I don't know if uh... I really have it in me to beg... though I really do hope you might be a bit gentle with me at least-!"

He was trembling all over as he looked up at her, wondering if there was anything he could say to her to talk her out of obliterating his senses with her gnarly ass. He wanted to potentially appeal to whatever morals she might still have, but it was pretty clear that she probably had no restrictions in her mind when it came to putting him in particular into a state of raw suffering. If she really did know that this was a story, she probably knew there would be no consequences for what she was about to do, so that gave her further justification to just relentlessly smother him in her smelly green booty.

Patting him on the head, she admitted, "I didn't think you'd be smart enough to hold your tongue, but I guess even you knew that there was no point in crying... although I'm sure you'll suddenly have a lot to say when I actually sit down on you, and I'm gonna really enjoy hearing those muffled screams beneath my cheeks."

She lifted one leg over him and got herself positioned on top of his face, sighing gently as she really let him suffer as she pulled at her unitard to let him feel that bare butt against him. Sweat was dripping off and onto his face and it actively felt like it was burning.

"Is it that bad already that you're starting to whine and squirm down there? Gosh, I didn't think my odors were that bad, I guess I need to try to shower more often. Not that it matters, as what I'm about to do is not something that could be cleaned."

Muffled beneath her, he managed to squeak out, "I-it's about as bad as... a garbage dump covered in sweaty socks...!"

Patrick groaned as he felt her flexing her green cheeks on his face, knowing that any second now she was about to unleash something quite devastating upon him. Given that she was known for her unbelievable strength, it stood to reason that her farts were going to be just as strong and her dumps even stronger than that, so he had good reason to be afraid. It was questionable how he would make it out of this alive, though he could figure she might attempt even slightly to let up on him so that he would have a chance of remaining conscious for whoever took him next.

BRPLTPRTRTPRTPRLTTRRPLTRPLRPTRTTTTT!!

The first of gas erupted straight into his nose and he quickly was feeling validated in fearing for his life, as this odor was so repulsive to him he was surprised to think that he was awake. The shock of experiencing something as foul as this probably was able to jolt him awake even if he desperately wanted to escape into his dreams, the smell punching him repeatedly in his brain. All the while, her ass was bouncing repeatedly on top of him, more or less twerking on his face in a way that would almost be arousing if not for the terrible circumstances that she came to get into such a position.

BPRLAPTRTLPRTPRLRTLPRTLPRTLPRTLRTTTTTTPLRPTT!!

She was only continuing for longer, the smell seeming to get worse the longer it went on. It was humorous to the mighty She-Hulk how he was spasming and twitching beneath her the whole time, looking like he was about to explode from the sheer amount of disgust he was going through. His eyes were dripping tears continuously, and it was hard to tell how much of it was from the fumes and how much was from emotional distress. Either option was pretty

funny to her and she was glad to make him feel even worse by forcing more gas into his lungs for him to breathe and marinate in.

"Oh yeah, this is really getting me nice and horny... but you know that I got a lot more in store for you, don't you? In fact, I don't think you're prepared for how bad I can truly make this for you, puny male. I haven't even gotten a chance to play with your balls yet, and you can imagine that if I wasn't holding back I could knock those things off you and have them halfway to China by the time I was done talking... so I'll be sure to be gentle~"

She reached over with one pinky finger and gave his balls a flick and that still evoked a strong reaction of pain from him, showing just how fragile he was in comparison. That moment of screaming allowed her to get her ass positioned over his mouth, and he realized far too late that he was about to get filled up with the most unholy of dumps. If only he had been able to keep it shut, perhaps he could've delayed this mishap.

"Heh, your mouth is just wide open ready to be used! I may take it easy on you at first and let you taste a few of my farts, but don't think that's gonna save you any. You're going to have to really swallow down some big chunks, maybe even chew a few of them if there's too much to swallow whole. Man, I cannot imagine how your dentist would react... hah, that would imply you're ever getting out of here to see them, or that we'd let them in here. Well, if they joined in on using you, then maybe."

BRPLRTPRTLPRTPRLRTLPRTLPRTPRLTRRTTTTT!!

All those words she said acted as a brief distraction for him, allowing her to take him by surprise as she began to bombard his mouth with some truly hot farts, hitting his tongue and really revolting him with the raw taste that helped to act as a prelude to what was to come. He made some cute little grunts and groans beneath her, his wiggling being quite frantic even if it was not going to do him any good in the slightest. He definitely knew that by now, only putting up the effort out of instinct.

SSSSPRPRTPRTPRTRPLSSTRTRPTRLPTRSSLPRTLPRTLPRTP

Well, the farts were getting increasingly wetter now, helping to clue him in that she was about to just fill up his mouth with some of the gnarliest turds possible, her ass jiggling around on top of him quite intensely the whole time. She clearly saw him as the perfect slave to help

gobble up all of her shit and she was delighting in every moment she got to drag out his suffering. Even when it finally came time for to unleash the beast, it was not going to over fast, as she definitely had a lot she had been holding back.

"Wanna count down with me, little guy? Eh, who cares, let's just do it now~!"

"rMPRHH...!!"

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSBRPLRTSPRLPSLPRLBLPRSLPTSLPTSRTLPRSTLPR
LPRPTLRTLPRTRTTT-!!!

A massive influx of shit burst from her asshole and came straight into his mouth, instantly filling it to the brim and leaving him panicked at the thought of actually choking this time, not seeming like too far off a possibility given that he had experienced many close calls up to this point. Perhaps he was getting a little bit paranoid, but She-Hulk certainly didn't seem keen on giving him an easy time. She was still shitting even as he was freaking out over the way his cheeks were bulging out so far.

"What, you think you're going to die from swallowing too much shit? That's hilarious. But seriously, just mush it with your teeth and your tongue and you'll be fine! I mean, maybe. If not, I guess we could revive you~"

The last thing he wanted was for him to actually die while tasting something so awful. He attempted to do as he was instructed, but his mind was being bombarded with so many toxic stimuli that it was quite hard for him to focus on doing anything but suffering.

"Heh, part of me is almost worried I pushed you a bit hard... not because I care about you specifically or anything but I just know the rest of the girls would be pissed if I ended up breaking you. If at all possible it'd be good to avoid having to use any magic to fix you, though I'm sure that wouldn't be too hard. If it helps, I can piss in your mouth to really soften it up, I know I ended up getting some pretty solid logs in there that might be a lot harder to get down. Come on, it isn't that bad, is it?"

pssssssssssssssssssssssstttttt

She sighed and began to let loose quite a potent stream of urine into his mouth, finding it quite relaxing to empty her bladder into what she found to be the most entertaining toilet she had ever used, even better than the ones with the fancy bidets built into them. She could hear the strange gurgling noises he was making and chuckled a bit, sure he must've been going through some pure agony. At the very least, this was an experience he'd never forget, and she felt proud to be so ingrained in his memory.

It did indeed seem like the tactic of peeing into his mouth was helping to get the shit down a bit easier, though that did not mean this was becoming any more tolerable for Patrick. As his airways began to clear out, he still had the unfortunate task of swallowing down all of that shit, and that was quite disgusting for him. And she didn't even seem too keen on completely sparing him, as she likely had not fully emptied her tank and had it in her best interest to finish the job before she got herself standing again.

Gasping for air, he whimpered, "I shouldn't be able to feel relieved to have someone piss down my throat... but wow, I'm so glad I'm not still choking-"

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSPLLPRLPTRPLTRPTLRLPRTPRTRTTTT!!

"A-ah, sorry, I know you must already have a big load but I couldn't resist... funny for me to be apologizing to you but I guess it's hard to resist sometimes. I mean, you're pretty cute for what's pretty much just an object, not too much different than a toaster. Heck, even got some built-in stress balls. If I was really stressed you would not want to have your balls anywhere near me, so luckily I'm feeling pretty chipper today..."

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPRRTPLRTPRLRPLRTTTT!!

"Farting and peeing in someone's mouth at the same time is truly a highlight for me, and I definitely plan to do this with you again very soon... maybe every single day I can visit you just so you can get used to seeing me around here!"

As she was blasting out those wet farts into his mouth while still peeing, she reached over and gave a nice yank on his nuts, making him grunt in pain. For what was supposed to be her holding back, it definitely did not feel too much better than any average woman's best attempt

at torturing him. That went to show just how strong she was and what she could do if she tried.

She-Hulk grinned as she gleefully bounced her ass on top of Patrick's face and promised him as she was smothering him in that big sweaty booty of hers, "I am going to make sure to tell every girl who comes in after me to treat you as harshly and cruelly as possible because I don't think a cutie-pie like you deserves even a second of mercy, and I'm sure deep down even if you say otherwise a thousand times that you're a little masochist who wants nothing more than to be treated like a punching bag for all these hot ladies~"

"I don't know if they'd plan on being gentle with me even if you didn't say that-"

She lifted her butt off of him and waited for him to open his mouth to try to speak, and just when he did so, she timed it to fart straight into his mouth just so she could see him gagging and coughing since she felt like it would be quite funny.

BRPLRTPRTLRTLPRTLPRTPTTTTT!!

"G-gah-!"

And indeed, she did find it hilarious when it actually happened, snickering to herself as she looked down at the sight, soaking it up like a sponge. Boy, he was going to provide her hours of entertainment, and she would probably never get tired of it.

"I don't see how I'm supposed to take you seriously as anything more than a toy, but I guess you are a really good toy, so you got that going for you. Are you even able to speak anymore, by the way, or has your mouth become useless for anything but swallowing shit?"

He gagged and coughed and insisted, "I-I can still speak, but... at this point it feels like no matter what I say it isn't gonna change anyone's mind, so it's almost better if I stay quiet and wait for it to be over... well, over for a minute, at least..."

"Aw, don't be like that, honey. We all wanna hear your cute voice even if it is between shitting into your mouth, so be sure to speak as much as you can! Believe me, there's nothing more we love than to hear a bit of begging and pleading~"

She patted him on the head and gave him a kiss on the cheek in a move that confused the hell out of him before walking out swaying her big jiggly green booty. Was she flirting with him or just trying to confuse him? Whatever, he better prepare for the next dose of torture...

A woman soon stepped through the door with luxurious blonde hair, armor that really emphasized her breasts, a pair of shorts that really hugged at her ass in quite the revealing fashion, and a long majestic cape that would end up covering him if she were to sit down on his face. He recognized her as the great Asgardian warrior Valkyrie who had fought alongside Thor on many occasions, and he felt fearful to even speak in her presence. However, She-Hulk's previous words gave him the slightest bit of hope to be able to say something to her even if it would be brief.

"A-ah, um, hello...? I know it may not be my place to say anything to you, miss, but... no matter what you're about to do, I am still really happy to get to meet you, as you are quite a big hero of mine and someone I've fantasized about on many occasions!"

She looked down at him and gave a smile, patting him on the head and assuring him, "Earth citizen, I will be sure to take your words to heart and think about them as I am smothering you in my fat Asgardian ass with no shred of mercy...~"

Patrick gulped realizing it was probably a bit silly to think that flattering her was going to have any chance of making what happened to him next any less brutal and humiliating. At least he could say he tried, and that was really all that mattered in the end.

Her ass hovered over him and he watched as those shorts were removed and those big fat cheeks bounced out, surprising him since it seemed like the shorts really hid a lot of the fat. She began to lower herself inch by inch, really building up suspense before finally sitting on him.

"Ah, how comfortable... Even back on Asgard, sitting on the most well-crafted seats possible, I've never encountered anything as pleasant to sit on as your face. Take that as a great compliment, lad... oh, and what a generous package you are sporting. I presume that we are

She reached down and grabbed at his tongue without much warning, using it to rub against her crack and asshole while declaring with lust, "I am going to really delight in using this little taste sponge of yours to soak up the flavor of my farts and clean every bit of my ass!"

"I don't love thinking of my tongue as a sponge but it's alright if you say so I guess-!"

His ability to speak had been reduced even more and he was left to just twitch and groan underneath her hoping that any moment now she was going to stop and give him a break. It seemed increasingly less likely that was going to happen, though.

SPSLPSPSPLPPLTLPTPLRTRLPTRPTLRTLPRTTTTTT!!

A bunch of awful sharts blasted against his tongue that left him groaning and whimpering, tears forming in his eyes as the stains on his tastebuds were really irritating him greatly, and it wasn't like the smell was easy to avoid since he was unable to plug his nose or move his face away.

"You will have to learn to tolerate this eventually or it is quite hard to imagine you're going to survive what the girls plan for you, though perhaps you are hoping that you won't survive and you can succumb to your weakness as a form of escape. Heh, as if they would really allow you to die and deprive them of the perfect slave. That is a very laughable prospect~"

Ignoring the fact that he was very likely going to be made immortal just to entertain these girls as long as possible, Patrick feared what she meant when he indicated them having big plans for him. Were things about to get even worse?

"Maybe we could take a few minutes just to relax and-"

Suddenly, her gut gurgled and she slammed her ass back down.

"Really gotta shit now, so time to stop talking..."

sSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPRPPRPTRPRTLPRTLPRTLPLTTTT!!

Shit began to blast into his mouth, going down his throat in a split second.

Patrick was already in enough agony being underneath the ass of an Asgardian warrior, groaning as he felt himself suffering greatly from the smell of her gas and the taste of her defecation filling his mouth, but the sound of the door opening yet again reminded him that things could always get worse. His eyes trailed over to witness none other than Luna Snow entering ready for another round with him, and he could tell she was not about to perform any charming melodies to raise his spirits. All she wanted to do was see to it that he was made to feel the largest amount of humiliation possible.

"Ah, Luna Snow I am quite glad you were able to make it- I knew that this was a bit unusual for you, sharing a slave with someone at the same time, ,but I figured such an occasion would be worth giving a try at least once for the both of us! Plus, he is so obedient that I figure he'll be perfect for us to use at the same time!" Valkyrie declared in an enthusiastic fashion, emphasizing her words by repeatedly slapping him on the balls, each hit making him yelp out in pain that was muffled beneath the weight of her mighty cheeks.

Grinning in delight as she listened to Valkyrie's words, Luna Snow assured her with a chuckle as she looked down at the pathetic man beneath her, clearly eager to get a chance to use him to her heart's content in the company of another fine woman, "I definitely have to agree with you, for I don't think there is anything that could make his suffering any better than having it done with the help of someone as attractive and talented as yourself, and I can already tell you must've been doing splendidly so far in putting him through sheer misery~"

"Mhm, I'm glad to hear you seem to be just as excited as I am! Now, Luna, do you have a big preference of where you wanna sit? I mean, I could shit down his throat all day, but I can imagine you may be in the mood to start using him as a toilet!"

Giving a nod, she licked her lips and demanded with a sense of urgency, "Let me fill his mouth with all sorts of unsavory tastes or I fear I may not be able to contain myself and will be tempted to do it to you instead, and trust me, you don't want to experience that~"

It was a tempting offer to do battle to see whose ass was the most powerful, but Valkyrie figured teamwork was the best choice for the two of them, and she didn't want to have to use too many of her muscles right now when her cheek muscles were the only ones she needed. She began to scoot over to sit her big fat booty down on top of his nose, letting it slide right into her hole and moaning as she felt her cheeks squeezing it on either side. He was sure to be getting quite a paintjob up there with it having yet to be cleaned of all that fresh shit, and boy, that smell was awful.

"Oh boy, sitting on his nose really does feel quite exciting to me, for I've been on his mouth so long that I forgot that this side could be just as lovely," Valkyrie confessed as she and Luna Snow were sat face-to-face, easily able to start making out with one another if they saw fit.

BRPRTLPRTPPLRTRTRTRTPPLTLPTTT!!

While the two smooching while sitting on his face was a mildly arousing idea, that brief fantasy was interrupted by having a blast of gas erupt straight into his nostrils, the fresh stains of shit doing wonders to spice up that already quite horrible scent.

"Mmmmm, you're telling me about comfort? Sitting on his mouth really is quite nice, it feels like his lips are conforming perfectly to my butthole so I could just let out anything I wanted and it'd go straight inside! It almost feel like he wants it, though I know from experience he really doesn't~"

SSSPLRPLPSRLPTLPRTRLPTSLPRLPTSLPTTLPRLPSRTLPTTT!!

The ice-powered pop idol proved that by letting loose some very wet farts that were very good for staining his tongue, making him yelp as he endured such a horrific taste. He certainly wished he could be anywhere else in the world, but these girls wouldn't live with themselves if they let him get away.

"You know, something about the way that you are using his mouth as your fart receptacle, and presumably your toilet soon enough, really does get me quite aroused," Valkyrie insisted as she nuzzled against Luna Snow, showing a bit of affection to the other woman before promptly letting out some hot gas into Patrick's nose again.

BRPLTLRPTRLPTRLPTRTRTPLRTPLRPLTTTTTT!!

Sighing in delight as she enjoyed this bit of tenderness as her bowels prepared for a load of shit to blast into Patrick's mouth, Luna Snow insisted, "I feel about the same way right now about you, if you can understand that idea~"

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPLRPTPLSPLSPSPSPLRPLTTTTTT!!

It was so strange to hear the two women sharing such an intimate moment with each other while grinding on top of his face and treating him like a piece of furniture to use for their pleasure and comfort. If he was watching this from afar he might get enjoyment from it since he had written many fantasies about it, but...

SSSPSPSPSPSPLSPLSPLPSLPLSRTTTTT!!

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPTPTPTTTTT!!

Well, it was clear that being involved in the scenario while directly under them and experiencing such foul tastes and smells was undercutting the pleasure. He did not like having his cheeks filled with such horrible substances while listening to this dialogue.

“W-why do women bond so much over making me swallow shit...?!”

They spent the next several minutes continuing to enjoy his face for their sick purposes, swapping back and forth between his nose and mouth whenever they saw fit. Neither seemed to have an exact limit in how much they could unleash into him, whether it was gas or shit, so it felt like this could go on forever.

BRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPLTRPRLTRLPTTRTRLPTPTTTTTTT!!

SSSSPSPSPSPSPSSPSPSPSPSPSPSPSPRTPTPTPRTTT!!

By the time they finally got up and looked down at him with that shared gaze of delight, he felt like he had died and come back to life, though that was just in his imagination. If he had died, he would've been punished severely for it. As the two smooched each other on the way to the door, he had to try to choke down all of that shit and clear out his nostrils... before the next visitor arrived.

He would've been happy to perhaps get a few extra minutes to just rest and see if he could let the taste of shit in his mouth, as well as the smell still clinging to his nose, fade away eventually. However, the girls did not seem to see it in their best interests to give him that much rest. The door began to open soon enough revealing a girl clad in tight green spandex, having antennae protruding from her forehead and big black eyes. This was the hot alien known as Mantis, and boy, Patrick really was worried of what sort of stuff her ass could produce.

"I am quite happy to get to spend this time with you, and even though I know you might not enjoy it as much, I want to assure you that I will be quite gentle! It's just um, everyone else was talking about how fun it was to use you, and I did not want to miss out~"

Able to work up the courage to speak, he told her in a nervous tone, "I guess I understand not wanting to be excluded, but... I really don't think being gentle is going to help much with making this very tolerable for me."

"Perhaps it might be useful if I were to see how you are feeling deep inside, access the truth in your mind... just hold still, this will tingle for a second," she insisted as she placed a hand on his head that began to glow.

It really felt like she was reaching deep inside of him and he had to try not to get too nervous. What could she really find in there, anyway?

Smiling, she told him with a grin, "It seems like you have great feelings of arousal right now, and you are conflicted... because you enjoy being given so much attention by attractive women but your senses are too sensitive to be able to enjoy it~"

"W-wow, that's... very accurate... uh, now that you know that, are you still going to use me, or-?"

She interrupted him, undoing the bottom half of her outfit and dropping her ass on his face.

Giggling a bit, she told him, "Even though I know you are not really going to like it, I still can't miss out on this, so I figure you can take one for the team as they say~"

Did she really think they were on the same team...?!

BRPTPRTTTLPRTPLTRTPRTPRLRPLTRLPTPLTTT!!

Immediately, she blasted out some hot gas straight into his nose, making him grunt as he endured such a rancid smell, all while she was letting out such sounds of arousal as she let the tip of his nose tickle at her buttock. Then, she moved her asshole right over his mouth, and...

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPSPSSPPSPSRPRTRTTT-!!

...began to blast out some really hot shit, worse than he had ever experienced, as it turned out alien dung was far more unpleasant than what humans produced. She seemed so innocent in how she spoke, but clearly her diet was packed with fiber.

"I think the only thing that would make this experience better would be if I were to invite someone to join me, perhaps I can do just that... I was given one of these cell phones recently, I can text someone and ask them to come and play with me~!"

He groaned beneath her realizing he was in for another combined effort, hearing her typing and dreading who would end up joining her. Not long after, he heard what appeared to be footsteps that indicated someone was arriving to add to his misery.

Standing right behind him and looking down into his eyes soon enough would be Jean Grey making her triumphant return, asking him with a smile, "Are you happy to get to see me again after we've been away so long?"

"Oh, it's you, Jean, I'm so glad you made it! I was worried you might've been busy, but I suppose since you can fly and all you probably don't have to worry very much about being late to anything!" Mantis declared, moving to make some room on Patrick's face.

Jean chose to sit on his nose first while Mantis stayed on his mouth, though she certainly would not stop the Phoenix from swapping around later.

"Mmm, his nose feels just as good in my butthole as I remember it feeling the last time, though perhaps a bit better now that I have your shared company," she told Mantis with a smile, kissing her on the back of the neck since the two were currently sat each facing the same direction.

Shivering a bit from that pleasurable sensation, Mantis confessed, "I do think that this experience is made a whole lot better by having you right beside me the whole time, so I can only imagine how much more exciting things will be once we start to let loose~"

BRPRPTLRTLPRTLPTPRTPLRTLPRTTLLPTTT!!

Poor Patrick let out a grunt of discomfort as he got that blast of flatulence straight into his nostrils, the smell being quite distinct in the way it mixed together moldy cheese, spoiled milk, and dead fish. He dreaded the fact that he had both of these women on his face on the same time and how they were gladly delighting themselves in his suffering. It felt to hard to imagine that the two of them were actually going to hold back enough to let him live by the time they stood up, though they certainly wouldn't want to deprive the rest of the women of the chance to put him through such stinky hell. He didn't really know what he preferred out of these options.

SSSSPSPSPSPSSPSPSPSPSPSSPSSPRPRPTRRPTTPTTTT!!

It wasn't long before Mantis followed up with a nice explosion of fecal matter straight into his mouth, the weight of it pinning his tongue down for a moment as he attempted his best to choke it down, hoping that he wouldn't end up actually suffocating on such a terrible taste. Every single second of this he felt like he could actually get sick but he was holding it in mostly out of fear that he was going to be punished, and there was also the worry that it was only going to get worse once the two swapped around. After all, he couldn't just blow his load this early if they had more planned for him, as that would be pretty premature.

"I think I'm about ready to ride his mouth and turn him into my special little toilet if you think you can stick with farting for the time being, though I suppose you could always stuff his nose with shit," Jean Grey teased as she began to rise off of him.

Nodding as she moved herself to his nose so that her friend here could take his mouth, Mantis assured her, "I am quite capable of switching myself to just farts, but it would be very tempting to use his nose as a toilet since those nostrils look so easy to clog!"

"That's the last thing I wanna hear about my nose... rmmphh...!!"

He had a woman not long ago shit in his nose and that was definitely not very pleasant for him, so he was kind of hoping they were just bluffing... though that was hard to really guess given what he had been put through and what he was expected to tolerate.

BRRPRTRTPLRTPRTLPRTLPRTLPRTLRTPPLRTRTTTT!!

Mantis moaned, grinding her ass against his nose as she let out a series of long and rancid farts, causing him to groan in discomfort into Jean Grey's ass which only seemed to please her and excite her into fully relaxing her sphincter for what she had planned next.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPRPRPRPRPRPRPTTTT-!!

What felt like a mountain of shit forced its way into his mouth when he had barely managed to get down Mantis's unique brand of shit a minute prior, and he swore he was getting dizzy from how nauseated this experience was getting him.

Using her psychic powers to try to stabilize him mentally, Jean insisted, "You better remain sane enough to endure this for us, as I don't think any of us want you to be too broken to process all of these smells and tastes we are generously providing you~"

SSSSSSSSPSLSPLTPLRLPRTPLRTPRTPTTTT!!

"Ah, you better really be doing a good job with that telepathy, Jean, because... yeah, I just filled his nose with some fresh shit," Mantis confessed with a giggle, seemingly having no shame for that action whilst Patrick was beneath her wishing that the Phoenix was not so eager to keep him conscious.

Mantis and Jean Grey happily swapped back and forth, taking turns shitting in his mouth and farting straight into his nose, even doing a bit of shitting into his nostrils which really did some damage to his psyche they attempted to mend in light ways. Once they felt satisfied enough, they got off and did some minor cleaning before patting him on the head and holding the door open for the next visitors. He immediately felt intense fear seeing none other than Emma Frost entering for her next round with him, and right behind her was the Russian mutant Magik.

"D-do you think uh, you two could take it easy on me just a bit...? I mean, I know you must have a lot of fun making me suffer, but... I really don't know how much more I can take, since I've been really pushed to my limits and I'm pretty close to cracking."

Emma Frost slapped him on the balls and insisted, "We are the ones who decide when you've had enough, and I don't think we've made you suffer enough to be satisfied, especially since there are still so many of us left who have yet to use you."

"Mhm, your puny American body is looking fit to be put through the wringer... and if you thought you were suffering before, I'd like to see how you fare underneath a mighty Russian booty, especially with the amount of fine cuisine I've eaten," Magik declared while rubbing her stomach.

Soon, the two of them were getting in position on his face, Emma Frost on his mouth and Magik on his nose, the two positioned back-to-back. They barely were giving him any time

"Um... p-please be gentle...?"

All of them erupted in laughter at the mere thought before they began dive-bombing him with their fat bare asses, letting loose some real gnarly farts...

BRTPRTRPLTRPLTRPLTRPLTRLPTTTTTT

...and starting to cover him in their shit.

SSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSPLRLPRTLPRTPPLTTTT!!

It was clear they were going to keep him as their lovely plaything forever, and he better prepare for it to keep getting worse.

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