

The camera opens on Vivian Vann, who is seated at a wooden office desk, smiling warmly. Behind her, set into the wall is a large television screen.

"Ladies and gentlemen, people of all genders and sexual orientations, I come to you tonight with a very special announcement from Personnel Plumbing. Earlier today, Personnel Plumbing reached an agreement with one of the newest and most creative companies in the field of drain disposal technology. At this very moment, my assistant Felicia is diligently working away to finalize the terms of our business arrangement. However, since I always try to make the most of my time, I've decided to reveal the fruits of our combined labors now rather than later. Without further ado, it gives me great pleasure to present Personnel Plumbing's newest product line: Terminal Toiletries!"

The camera changes focus to the screen behind Vivian as a cute, chubby brunette sporting a plaid button down shirt and a pair of blue jeans enters the bathroom. She walks over to the toilet, lifts the lid, and reaches into her pocket as Vivian begins to narrate.

"Our first product is a must-have for the flushing fanatic on the go. We call it the Odor Au Revoir air freshener." The brunette pulls a small, plastic bottle out of her pocket, then holds it up with a smile. "Cleverly disguised as an ordinary toilet spray, our Odor Au Revoir air freshener is anything but. Just a couple of spritzes in the bowl," the brunette sprays the bowl accordingly, "and the next guest looking to use the facilities will find themselves being dropped off at the pool instead, allowing you to torment and/or dispose of them at your leisure!"

The brunette leaves the bathroom, and a black-haired woman in a bright pink party dress enters. She hikes up her dress, drops her panties, and takes a seat on the toilet. Almost as soon as her butt hits the seat, she finds that she is shrinking. It doesn't take long for her to be reduced to the size of a small doll, before landing in the bowl with a plop. As she struggles to stay afloat, the brunette returns, carrying a rolled up magazine under her arm, then looks down at the shrunken woman with a vicious grin. The brunette slowly lowers her pants before sitting down on the toilet and beginning to peruse her magazine. Then, the screen splits to both show the brunette on the toilet, and give viewers a clear picture of just what's going on inside the bowl.

To the shrunken woman's surprise, lights begin to brighten the area around her as soon as the brunette is seated, while miniature cameras appear to record the action from all angles. As the shrunken woman gazes around the toilet attempting to take all of this in, she's hit square in the face by the brunette's golden stream of urine, while the brunette sighs with relief above. The shrunken woman surfaces, looking horrified, spitting out piss and gasping for air before swimming out of the splash zone as quickly as she can. She can only wait, hoping desperately for mercy from the brunette above, as the brunette continues to empty her bladder.

After what feels like an eternity, the steady stream is reduced to a trickle, before finally petering out entirely. The shrunken woman breathes a small sigh of relief, but her respite is decidedly short lived as the silence is broken by the sound of the brunette grunting, followed by a

booming fart in the bowl. Vivian resumes her narration, "Furthermore, Odor Au Revoir has been carefully formulated to amplify the potency of any and all odors to which you may subject your victims, while still leaving the bathroom smelling clean and fresh following your final flush. Butt, pun absolutely intended, that's merely the tip of the turd in the treasure trove of toilet treachery that is Personnel Plumbing's Terminal Toiletries line!"

As if on cue, several bowl cams zoom in on the brunette's puckered asshole as the head of a firm, thick, deep brown turd begins to emerge. The shrunken woman's eyes widen with fear as she's forced to watch what, to her, appears to be a skyscraper sized log of shit slowly sliding out of the brunette's behind. Then the smell hits her, causing her to double over coughing and retching as she floats helplessly in the bowl. While she coughs, the brown behemoth picks up speed and quickly wraps around the entirety of the bowl before breaking off, leaving the shrunken woman surrounded by shit. Another fart precedes the arrival of a second turd, headed straight for the shrunken woman in the center of the shit. With few options, she paddles over to the brown barrier and pulls herself, still coughing and gagging in disgust, on top of the log just in time to avoid the second shit splashing down.

Up above, the brunette sighs and smiles, looking very much relieved as she sets her magazine aside. Vivian continues, "These days protecting the environment is more important than ever, something we here at Personnel Plumbing have really taken to heart with this next product. Designed with the environmentally-conscious consumer in mind, I'm proud to present Personnel Plumbing's Crapper Companions toilet paper!"

The brunette reaches for what, at first glance, appears to be a regular roll of toilet paper. However, as the camera zooms in, it quickly becomes apparent that the roll is made up of a variety of struggling, shrunken beings of different types, attached to thin sheets of fabric which are bound together to complete the illusion. The brunette carelessly tears off a single sheet which has a tiny, gagged man on it, before reaching behind herself and proceeding to use the man to wipe her shit-stained asshole. The cameras in the bowl once again zoom in on the action, showing the man being pushed and pulled inside and out of her, becoming steadily more covered with shit. She pulls him back around to inspect him, then casually drops him into the toilet. The shrunken woman can only gawk in disbelief and horror as she witnesses the display before the man joins her in the bowl.

"As you can see, Crapper Companions are not only more durable than regular toilet paper, they're also much more absorbant, cleaning all but the messiest behinds with just a few sheets!" The brunette tears off two more Crapper Companions. One appears to be a miniaturized, anthropomorphic white rabbit, while the other can only be described as a panicked, plushie female doll. The doll's eyes are wide, and its mouth is clearly agape with fear, but no sound can be heard escaping from it. "Crapper Companions also come in a wide variety of biodegradeable materials including shrunken human, microfur, plushie, and many more! Of course we also know how variable our customers' tastes can be, so we would be remiss if we didn't offer the option for production of custom rolls as well, limited only by your creativity. If can think it, we'll

let you stink it!"

Once again the brunette wipes herself, this time with both of the fresh Crapper Companions at once, until she's satisfied that she's clean, then promptly tosses both of them into the toilet as well. They fall face first, and land squarely on top of the log in the middle of the bog, shit covered bodies pressed tightly into the turd. The shrunken woman briefly considers paddling out to pull them free, before thinking better of it and returning to her place on the turd circling the perimeter of the bowl.

The cameras show the brunette's asshole clean and clear of shit, before shifting focus to her vagina and zooming in. A small, white string can clearly be seen protruding from it. Vivian continues her commentary as the brunette reaches down to grab on to the end of the string. "But that's not all. In addition to Crapper Companions, Personnel Plumbing is proud to announce a truly amazing breakthrough in the field of feminine hygiene; Menstrual Mates!" The brunette gives the string a tug and out pops another shrunken man, gasping for air and covered almost head to toe in sticky menstrual blood. He swings back and forth in mid-air briefly, before the brunette releases her grip, sending him plummeting into the bowl.

Down below, the shrunken woman's attention is still fixed upon the Crapper Companions pressed into the central turd in the bowl. However, it's soon drawn upward as she feels a few drops of blood drip on to her face, followed by the sound of the shrunken man screaming. Her eyes widen as she realizes he's heading straight toward her, and she just barely has enough time to shift out of the way before he lands where she was sitting with a loud, disgusting squelch.

"Menstrual Mates are the only feminine hygiene product that can be used as tampons, pads, or panty liners making them both more cost effective and more convenient than competing products!" The brunette reaches into a drawer next to her and pulls out a box covered in a colorful, floral pattern. She places it on the counter as a camera zooms in to reveal a touch screen on the side of the box with options for product type, size, and flow strength. Below the touch screen is a big button with the word "Dispense" printed on it. "Whether you're big or small, short or tall, Menstrual Mates can do it all! Simply select the options that suit you best at the time, then let the machine do the rest."

The brunette makes the appropriate selections, then presses the dispense button. Within seconds an appropriately sized, wrapped pad pops out of the top of the box. The brunette picks the pad up, removes the wrapping and discards it into the toilet, then holds the pad up so the camera can see it. The camera zooms in, revealing what clearly appears an anthropomorphic, female polar bear, who's been flattened out and reshaped into a pad. The bear's eyes shift around in a panic as the brunette places her into her panties. Once she's satisfied that the bear is fitted appropriately, she stands up, pulls up her pants and panties, then smiles at the camera. An x-ray filter applied to the camera reveals what's going on inside the brunette's pants as she turns around to face the toilet.

"Now for those lovely ladies, like yours truly, who find themselves with some particularly

plentiful, potent poots during that time of the month, Menstrual Mates pads and panty liners also come fully equipped with our patented Flatulence Friends technology! Guaranteed to block 99.9% of all sounds and smells produced by your posterior, Flatulence Friends allow you to fart freely whenever the need arises." The brunette bends over in front of the toilet as the x-ray filter shifts to infra-red, clearly showing a long fart blasting straight into the face of the polar bear in the brunette's pants. However, there is no sound at all, and the cloud remains contained entirely in the brunette's pants before dissipating entirely, leaving the polar bear coughing and retching. The camera returns to its regular filter shortly afterward, and it shifts to an overhead view of the toilet. Meanwhile, the bowl cams all focus their attention upward to reveal the brunette staring into the toilet with a very satisfied grin.

"And unlike other feminine hygiene products, all Menstrual Mates and Menstrual Mate packaging are 100% septic safe. No muss, no fuss, just flush away!" The brunette makes a show of fanning the air, before pinching her nose while she reaches over to flush. The shrunken woman, hoping against hope that the light shining into the bowl doesn't mean what she thinks it does, looks up just in time to see the smiling brunette push the handle down. The brunette then steps aside, allowing the overhead camera to zoom in on the action.

Water rushes into the toilet, quickly turning the mess in the bowl into a maelstrom of filth. Already at the center of the vortex, the second log the brunette excreted, as well as the two Crapper Companions contained in it, disappear into the void almost immediately. Meanwhile, the shrunken woman clings desperately to the thick turd she's been using to stay afloat as it's caught up in the current. While it does remain intact despite the force of the flush, it does her little good as it's still locked into a one-way trip toward toilet termination. The Menstrual Mate next to her flies off of the log to be quickly consumed by the toilet as well. She screams at the sight, knowing that she's soon to suffer the same fate. Finally, following a few more swift trips around the toilet, both the massive turd and the shrunken woman are sucked away like so much sewage. A satisfying gurgle emerges from the toilet, and the bowl cams again show the Brunette, smiling wide as the toilet slowly refills. She drops the lid down, and leaves the bathroom as the cameras cut back to Vivian.

"Yes that's right folks. With Personnel Plumbing's Terminal Toiletries line, you can turn every toilet trip into a true potty party. Now we've still got one more product to show you, but before we do, I'd like everyone out there to give a big round of applause for our most devious demonstrator. Give it up for Karen!"

The brunette who was showing off the products walks into frame next to Vivian and takes a bow.

"Karen here is one of my oldest and dearest friends. A true toilet terror too, as she just finished demonstrating. When I told her that we needed someone to show off our newest product line, she practically jumped at the opportunity, isn't that right Karen?"

"It sure is Viv. There's very little I like more than taking care of some personal business.

Especially when I get to wipe out some pests in the process."

Vivian laughs. "Well we're very glad to have you on board as well. Now then, as I mentioned there is one, final product in the Terminal Toiletries line for us to show off. Folks, I'm proud to present to you Personnel Plumbing's Stink Stopper brand adult diapers!"

Vivian stands up, then hikes up her skirt, revealing a puffy, white diaper with a face on it, very similar to the Menstrual Mate pad that Karen demoed moments ago. The eyes shift back and forth in a panic briefly, before they're overcome with a look of pure revulsion.

"Using the same Flatulence Friends technology as our Menstrual Mates, we've managed to produce an adult diaper that not only traps 99.9% of unpleasant odors within it, but also has an almost limitless capacity!"

Vivian turns around to provide a clear view of her diaper-clad bottom. The diaper itself is very noticeably bulging out behind her, yet shows no other signs of wear and tear.

"That's right folks! While Karen's been showing off the other products, yours truly has conducted this entire announcement with a very sizeable load of logs in her leggings. Despite all that however, I've had no leakage whatsoever, and the room has never smelled better! Isn't that right Karen?"

Karen makes a show of sniffing both Vivian's diaper and the air in the room, then turns to the camera with a wide smile. "It sure is Viv. You've really outdone yourself this time!" Karen gives the camera a double thumbs up.

"And just like every other product in our Terminal Toiletries catalogue," Vivian slowly slides the diaper off of herself, readjusts her leggings and skirt, then holds it up happily to the camera. "Stink Stoppers are 100% septic safe, and environmentally friendly." The camera follows Vivian and Karen as they walk over to a nearby, dark oak door. The eyes on the diaper once again shift with panic, trying to examine what little they can see of the surroundings.

"Felicia should be just about done with the last of the paperwork for our little merger, and then we can see about disposing of this dirty little darling right here." Vivian holds the diaper up in front of her face, grinning playfully as she pokes the diaper's nose. The sound of a toilet flushing can be heard through the door, and Felicia emerges from behind it.

"Ah there you are dear. Everything work out alright?" says Vivian, still grinning.

Felicia nods. "Oh yes Miss Vann, the business with the board's been handled, and we should be good to go."

"Excellent my dear. We've just got one last loose end to tie up then." Vivian looks at Felicia, then at Karen. "Shall we?"

Karen and Felicia both nod before all three women proceed through the door, into a

comfortable looking bathroom. The camera follows behind them as they approach the open toilet. Vivian holds the diaper out over it, smiles again, waves goodbye, then casually drops it into the bowl, where it lands with a soft "Plop!". A second camera provides an overhead view of the toilet as Vivian flushes.

The three women turn to the main camera while water starts rushing into the toilet. Vivian speaks, "From all of us here at Personnel Plumbing, thank you for your time and continued support. We hope that you'll be just as eager to try out our Terminal Toiletries line as we have been to present them to you." All three women smile, then offer a polite bow as the overhead toilet camera's view expands to take up the entire screen.

The diaper swirls around, quickly getting caught up in the currents of the toilet. The words, "Terminal Toiletries" appear above the toilet in golden, cursive lettering. Underneath, smaller words written in silver read, "A Personnel Plumbing Product Line." The diaper dips lower, spinning faster, until it's finally flushed clean away. The toilet slowly begins to refill, and the camera fades to black.