

I squeaked out a desperate fart, feeling my bowel protest as I stood hopping outside the cubicle. Whoever was in there was taking far too long, and I gave them a solemn death stare as they skittered past me. Hoiking up my skirt, I dropped my underwear and sat my plump bottom down. There was barely any pause before a heavy wave of thick coils squeezed from out my rear, breaking and piling up in the basin. My face reddened from the strain and the smell was intense almost immediately. It was exhausting, and for a few minutes after dropping my guts I just sat there with tears in my eyes waiting for the sting to dissipate.

It did not.

But after I rose up, reorganising myself, I realised with intense terror that I couldn't flush it down. There was just too much. Thankfully I'd digested the bones, and I was only hoping the caretaker wouldn't pay attention to the fine hairs sticking in the sludge. I smiled at him bashfully, edging away as he gave me a disgusted look. "You need to sort out your diet, Rey."

"Thanks Gary - promise this is the last time..."