

(Warning - Contains F/F facesitting and fart torture. And also a centaress.)

(Commissioned by anonymous. [Commission info here.](#))

"I don't get it!" Annabeth Chase threw out her hands in exasperation. "I've been at this college for over three godsdamn years now, and people still barely make eye contact with me! I figured there'd be *some* awkwardness attending New Rome University, but they don't have to act like being Greek is some infectious disease! I'm not expecting them to bow down and kiss my feet or anything, but you'd think helping save the world would warrant a *bit* of appreciation!"

"Mm-hm..." Piper McLean, Annabeth's best friend/de-facto therapist/NRU Junior, gave a tired smile. She'd just spent the past hour in Annabeth's dorm listening to her vent, while trying to delicately let her know she can come off a bit... intense to strangers. Or that most people *don't*, in fact, appreciate unsolicited homework corrections. "I don't know, the people I've met have seemed pretty nice! What about Percy, have they been giving him any trouble?"

"Percy? Please..." Annabeth rolled her eyes. "I call him seaweed brain for a reason - he's completely oblivious! Plus he's barely even around. I know it's not *his* fault the gods keep roping him into their damn quests, but still..." Annabeth shook her head and refocused. One problem at a time. "As for you... No offense, but it's different for Aphrodite's kids. You've got this built-in aura that makes people like you."

"True..." Piper conceded. "Also helps that I'm not the daughter of a virgin goddess. Your whole existence is kinda blasphemous to them."

"That too." Annabeth sighed deeply.

"You know... If you want to make a few friends, then maybe you should try joining a sorority! I've got an invitation to an initiation tonight, maybe you could tag along!"

"A sorority?" Annabeth grimaced. When she thinks of sororities, her mind is filled with images of vapid divas, underage drinking, and hazing. "Why on Earth would I do that? I might as well join a cult."

"I mean... Sororities *are* Greek, right? Odds are they'll be more accepting than the average Roman. Plus it'll show people you're not just a robot that does schoolwork and recites architecture facts. And who knows..." Piper playfully elbowed Annabeth's ribs. "Maybe you'll even have *fun*?"

"Yeah, yeah..." Annabeth smirked as she rolled her eyes. "Fine, I'll check it out. But if they try to haze me, I'm blaming you."

--One Hour Later--

"I'm blaming you." Annabeth gave Piper the stink eye. Within seconds of walking into the sorority house and mentioning they were Greek, the Romans immediately ganged up on them. Now they were both tied up in the living room with their backs to the wall, while a couple dozen sorority sisters snickered and gossiped about them.

"Hrmph..." Piper groaned dejectedly.

Annabeth would've been angrier at her friend if Piper hadn't gotten the worst of it. After trying to charmspeak the sisters into letting them go, they decided to stuff her mouth with panties to gag her. Dirty panties, judging by the... "unique" flavor. After multiple attempts at spitting them out, the sisters decided it'd just be easier to tape her mouth shut.

As the two captives wondered what exactly these girls had planned for them, someone began strutting down the stairs. A distractingly beautiful young woman with flawless tan skin and an hourglass figure, wearing a pair of yoga pants stretched to their limit along with a crop top - both of the hot pink variety. She had long, blonde hair like Annabeth, though hers was golden and silky compared to Annabeth's honey-colored curls.

"Well, well, well... What do we have here? A couple of Greek geeks on the wrong side of the Tiber?" She tutted, speaking with a stereotypical Valley Girl accent - heavy to the point of parody. Based on her confidence and the way the other sisters looked at her with wide, approval-seeking eyes, it was obvious she was the queen bee of the house. "Looks like it's up to me to give you the warm Roman welcome you deserve!"

"So you know about us." Annabeth glared at her captor with intense, stormy gray eyes. "Who in Hades are you?"

"I'm Jenny." The young woman winked and posed. "Daughter of Venus, in case you couldn't tell~!"

"Uh-huh." Annabeth replied flatly. After all the horrid monsters she'd faced over the years, it'd take a lot more than some perky prima-donna to unsettle her. "Now mind telling us what the hell you're doing? Is this some weird hazing thing?"

"Hazing?" Jenny giggled, and the rest of the room quickly mimicked her. Like some kind of airheaded hivemind. "Oh no. See, "hazing" implies we'd let you join us afterwards. *Pft*, as if!" She rolled her eyes. "No, instead we're gonna have some extra special fun with you! Give you girls a night you'll *never* forget!"

"Fun... Right." Annabeth narrowed her eyes. "And what kind of "fun" are we talking about?" She glanced empathically at Piper, who seemed to be trying her best not to be sick. "...Besides stuffing your nasty underwear in my friend's mouth?"

"Oh, I am so happy you asked!" Jennifer turned around and pointed her butt at Piper's face. "Watch. And. Learn."

"Mmph?!" Piper tried to pull away from the imposing mounds before her, but just ended up bumping the back of her head against the wall. She appreciated a fine backside as much as anyone else (and this one was especially fine), but something about Jenny's smirk put her on edge.

That, plus the fact that Jenny was, in some capacity, her half-sister furthered her discomfort. She wasn't sure what to call a daughter of her mother's Roman counterpart, but she knew it *definitely* made things that much weirder.

For a moment, there was awkward silence. Piper was trying to avoid looking at the shapely ass a few inches away from her face, while Annabeth glowered at Jenny's sycophants who'd pulled out phones and begun filming. They were clearly waiting for something... but what? It wasn't until she noticed Jenny's strained expression and flexing stomach that Annabeth realized her foul intentions.

Though initially speechless from her realization, Annabeth quickly regained her composure and desperately tried to warn her friend. "**PIPER, SHE'S GONNA-**"

Tragically, Annabeth's warning came too late. A high-pitched squeak shot out of Jenny's rump right as Piper began to inhale. The degraded daughter of Aphrodite immediately broke into a coughing fit as the sour, acrid stench of digested girl-dinner filled her lungs. Piper began struggling with renewed zeal, but her restraints held strong. All the while Jenny fanned her fart into Piper's face while the rest of the sorority laughed hysterically.

"**WHAT THE FUCK?!**" Annabeth recoiled in disgust, her previous calm now compromised. "Why did you...?! I thought you were a daughter of Venus?! What does *that* have to do with beauty?!"

"Obviously anything I make is beautiful by extension! Duh!" Jenny chuckled at Annabeth's disgusted expression. "Nah, JK! Even *I* know my farts are nasty! That's what makes forcing you to smell them so great! See, Venus is *also* the goddess of victory." Her face contorted as she ripped another eye-watering fart in Piper's face. "...And there's no sweeter victory than totally dominating losers like you!"

"Sure, after I'm finished here you might go on to slay legendary monsters, complete epic quests, and do whatever else brave heroes do..." She continued, thrusting her hips back until Piper's face had disappeared into her crack. The only part of her head still visible was her choppy brown hair spilling out from Jenny's cheeks. "But no matter what you accomplish, *nothing* will change the fact that I planted my asshole on your faces and made you my fart-smelling bitches for life! That's your new reality, and you'll just have to live with it~!"

To illustrate her point, she lifted a leg and let one rip point-blank - this one deeper and bubblier than the last. Judging by Piper's thrashing and muffled screams, it somehow smelled worse than it sounded. Jenny then proceeded to, quite literally, rub it in - gyrating her smelly ass in Piper's face until the stench had been buried into her pores.

"You... You're sick!" Annabeth looked at Jenny with unbridled contempt. She thought she was just dealing with a vapid Valley Girl, but Jenny was a bonafide sociopath. "Eugh, and I'm not just talking about your indigestion!" She wrinkled her nose as some of the gas dissipated towards her. While she obviously didn't have it as bad as Piper, the stench was still distressingly pungent.

"Am I?" Jenny responded with mock offense. "Don't blame me, I'm just honoring my dear, divine mother! After all, she's the one who "blessed" me with this fucked up gut. If she *truly* disapproves of my actions, she's free to give me a sign! Or better yet, she can come down here and tell me herself!"

Jenny cupped her hand to her ear and waited. Despite Piper's muffled pleas, there was no divine intervention. "Welp, no response! Too bad, so sad! Guess that means I have her blessing to do *this*..." Another unladylike grunt, and another warm blast rumbling against Piper's face. "...As much as I want!" Piper let out a weak moan, having grown lightheaded from the stench.

"Really, she should be grateful~!" Jenny teased as she grinded her ass into Piper's face - the seat of her pants still warm with gas. Her leggings and panties were thin enough that Piper could feel her asshole puckering from the other side, which only served to exacerbate her disgust. "Even with the smell, most people would *kill* to touch an ass as divine as mine! But

don't be jealous..." She locked eyes with Annabeth as she blasted Piper again. "I'll be getting to you in just a moment~!"

"Fuck. Off." Annabeth snarled. "I didn't survive Tartarus just to come back and kiss some psychotic wannabe's ass! Stick that bony thing in my face, or try to gag me with your laundry, and I swear on the River Styx - I will bite you as hard as I can. Don't go crying to mommy if you lose a finger."

"You're awfully cocky for someone on her knees! But very well..." Jenny smiled, unphased by Annabeth's threats. "If my ass isn't to your liking, then perhaps you'd prefer one of my sisters'? How about... *Becka's*?" The name's utterance resulted in a chorus of 'Oooh's from the audience. Evidently Becka had a reputation amongst her sisters, though Annabeth had no clue as to why.

"...Who's Becka?" Annabeth scanned the room apprehensively. "What, does she have IBS or something?" To this, Jenny simply whistled. Annabeth waited a few seconds, then that's when she heard it.

The sound of *hooves*.

"Oh you've got to be kidding me..." Annabeth groaned as a chestnut centauress trotted into the room. Her top half was that of a young woman with a frayed, brunette ponytail and wild blue eyes. She was wearing a loose-fitting t-shirt with the sororities purple and gold-accented color scheme, but her lower half was "all-natural". She would've fit in well with the rest of her sisters if she wasn't, y'know, half horse.

The centaurs and centaurides were infamous for their debauchery, so Annabeth supposed it wasn't that surprising one would join a sorority. Though she'd never imagined ever being tied up and forced to kiss one's backside.

"WOOO!!!" Becka downed an entire bottle of whiskey (probably the equivalent of a beer for someone her size), shattered it against the floor, belched, then cheered. "Who wants to see me stick my ass in this blonde bitch's face!" A deafening cheer filled the room.

"Nope." Annabeth replied flatly as she shook her head. "Nuh-uh. Not happening." She turned towards Jenny. "You've made your point - I'll kiss your ass. But there is no way in *hell* I'm kissing hers."

"Wow..." Becka scoffed with seemingly genuine offense. "So what, you'll kiss a human's ass, but not mine?" She crossed her arms and huffed. "Mind explaining yourself, *bigot*?"

"...What?!" Annabeth blinked rapidly as she tried to process what was happening. "I'm not a bigot for not wanting your massive ass in my face! I mean, our butts are pretty gross too, but at least our arms are long enough to wipe ourselves!" Though Annabeth was *technically* correct, her hubris prevented her from seeing silence as the preferable option.

"**UGH!**" Becka gasped. It was obvious Annabeth had touched on a sore spot. "I'll have you know I bathe in the river every day! Mostly! I'm clean as a whistle!"

"Oh really?!" Annabeth looked with bewilderment between Becka and the sisters behind her pinching their noses. "**THERE ARE LITERAL FLIES BUZZING BY YOUR ASS!**"

"How **DARE** you?!" Becka stomped a hoof and snorted. "You know, I was planning on going easy on you! Just put on a fun show for my sisters, maybe make you kiss my butt a few times... But since you decided to be a jerk about it, I'm *really* gonna teach you a lesson!" Becka turned around and looked over her shoulder; tail lifted and primed to fire. "You want to know how a centaur wipes her ass?! Pucker up bitch, 'cause you're about to find out!"

Oh fuck. Annabeth's eyes shot open. Facing the business end of an irate centauress has an uncanny way of putting everything into perspective. "L-Look, I think we might've gotten off on the wrong foot!" She swallowed nervously as Becka took a step backwards, the stench now becoming noticeable. "What say you-"

Unfortunately Becka had heard enough from her, and promptly slammed backwards. One moment Annabeth was pleading for her dignity, the next her face was buried in 1,000 pounds of centaur butt.

"**MMMMPPHHH!!!**"

"Heh..." Jenny smirked at Annabeth's muffled screams. While she couldn't see her captive's disgusted expressions on account of Becka's enormous backside smothering her face, it didn't exactly take an empath to decipher Annabeth's feelings on the matter.

Jenny was so busy savoring the moment that she nearly forgot about the woman between her own cheeks until she heard a weak groan. Not wanting her seat to pass out prematurely, Jenny decided to give Piper a break while also taking the opportunity to show off Annabeth's degradation.

Jenny stepped forward and freed her Greek sibling's face from her crack, allowing Piper to slump over and gasp for air. While she was still reeling, Jenny took the opportunity to rip off the

tape covering her mouth. Being a fellow daughter of the beauty goddess, she didn't have to worry about Piper's charmspeak, and very much wanted to hear her half-sister's reaction to Annabeth's humiliation.

"*Bleh...!*" After spitting out the now saliva-soaked panties in her mouth, Piper spent a minute dry-heaving before sitting upright. Despite her own sorry state, she was still more concerned with Annabeth's wellbeing than her own. She knew they'd done *something* awful to her friend, but hadn't been able to tell exactly what while dealing with Jenny's rotten ass.

"Annabeth...? Are you-" Piper's eyes shot open as soon as she glanced to her side. She wasn't sure what she'd expected to find, but it certainly wasn't a *centaur*. Seeing Annabeth's hair pouring out of Becka's ass like a second tail made her time with Jenny seem borderline pleasant. "**OH GODS!**" She recoiled in horror. "Can she even breathe back there?!"

"Oh, don't worry..." Jenny smirked. "She wouldn't be struggling that much if she couldn't breathe. If anything, I bet she wishes she *was* suffocating! But since you seem so concerned, why don't you give her some air Becka?" She gave Becka's haunches a couple slaps.

"You got in! *Ngh...!*" Without putting so much as an inch between her asshole and Annabeth's face, Becka's nose wrinkled and tail twitched as she forced out a fart which made Jenny's seem dainty in comparison.

But there was one sordid detail about the sound which really made Piper's stomach churn. Not that it sounded like a foghorn, nor the fact it lasted 12 seconds straight, but that there was an *echo*. Which, combined with the fact that Annabeth's scream was abruptly cut off by her needing to swallow, could only mean one thing...

"Oh gods..." Piper whispered. "Her... Her mouth was..." She retched at the thought.

"Oof, yeah. That's pretty rough!" Though amused, even Jenny couldn't help but cringe. "Guess it's true - she really *doesn't* know when to keep her mouth shut! You'd think one of Minerva's spawn would be smart enough to know better, but I guess wisdom doesn't mean much without experience. But hey, at least she sucked it all up for us! Becka can really clear a room when she rips one!"

"Yep!" Becka smiled proudly as she rubbed her human belly. "Mine are pretty gnarly! Having two stomachs will do that!" She absentmindedly let out a smaller (but no less rancid) fart which caused Annabeth to spasm. "That, and alcohol."

*Oh, so *now* she's proud of her stench?!?! Annabeth shouted muffled obscenities as her mouth was violated. Though the more she kicked and screamed, the more foul air she needed to breathe.*

"So, now that you know how good you have it..." Jenny bit her lip as she pulled down the back of her pants... and panties. "It's time for you to show some gratitude by kissing the ring! *Literally.*" She spread her cheeks and bent over, showing off the pink, wrinkled "ring" she was referring to.

"Go on..." She shook her hips playfully as she looked over her shoulder. "Open up~! I've been holding in a *real* nasty one I want you to taste!"

"You... You're not even denying it...?!" Piper blinked in disbelief.

"Mh-hm... I want you, of your own free will, to lean in, kiss my asshole, then eat my fart. Like a good little bitch. Duh." Jenny rolled her eyes as if this was the most obvious thing in the world. "Now pucker up, unless you want to take your friend's place."

Piper's lip trembled as Jenny's twitching anus stared back at her. She wanted to fight to escape, if for no other reason than to say she tried. Better to fight valiantly for her dignity and tragically fail than to just give up, right? But as she looked to her right and saw Annabeth choking down another fart from an asshole the size of a donut, she decided there were far worse fates than mere surrendering.

So Piper exhaled shakily, closed her eyes, and leaned forward while trying not to think about all the phones recording her. The lingering gas radiating off Jenny's asshole and into her mouth made Piper sick to her stomach, but she fought off the urge to pull away as she gave Jenny the repulsive kiss she desired.

As her lips formed an airtight seal against Jenny's anus, she heard her sadistic half-sister purr. "Mm... Good girl. Stay just... like... that..." Piper felt the tight ring of muscle flex, signaling the gas' imminent release. But rather than pulling away like she so desperately wanted, she simply whimpered shamefully as Jenny loudly grunted - inflating her cheeks with a wet, sloppy fart.

Unsurprisingly, taking a fart orally was significantly worse than nasally. Piper reflexively tried to pull away as her taste buds were desecrated, but Jenny had anticipated this.

"Uh, uh, uh..." Jenny tutted as she spun around and covered Piper's mouth with her hand. "You don't *get* to spit it out. I want to look into your eyes when you swallow."

Fighting against every instinct she had, Piper obeyed. Her eyes nearly bulged out of her skull as she choked down the fart, and she wouldn't be able to look herself in the mirror anytime soon, but she obeyed.

"Not bad!" Jenny stepped away and placed a hand on her hip. "It's like you were born for this!" She patted Piper's cheek a couple times before turning towards Becka and Annabeth. "Damn, she really has been eating them, huh?" She poked Annabeth's bloated belly, which gurgled in response. "Eugh... Better give her a break Becka before *she* starts to blow."

"Alright, give me a sec! Got one more to give her first!" Becka bit her lip and strained, sending another fart barreling down Annabeth's throat like a gunshot. The force was great enough to send it straight down Annabeth's gullet without her even needing to swallow.

Once it was done, Becka trotted a few steps forward and allowed the degraded demigod's head to slump forward - her jaw slack, eyes glazed, and mouth coated in a sticky substance Piper tried not to think too deeply about. The sheen it gave her lips was not unlike that of lipgloss - if the lipgloss was horrifically greasy and smelled like a dirty stable.

"Annabeth..." Piper whispered. "Are you okay...?" She immediately kicked herself for asking such a stupid question, but thankfully Annabeth was too catatonic to hear it. Her only response came in the form of burping up a small portion of the monstrous farts she'd swallowed followed by a weak groan.

"Aw, looks like our Greek friends are tired!" Jenny smirked as she inspected their haggard, foul-smelling faces. "It'd be irresponsible to let them walk home in this state, so we'll be accommodating them in our "guest room"!" She turned to the rest of the sorority and snapped her fingers. "Girls, bring them upstairs!"

As they were picked up and carried off to gods-know where, Piper and Annabeth didn't even struggle. Not when they were stripped and tied into a 69 position with their faces stuck in each other's asses, not when they were locked in a bathroom closet filled with the sororities dirty laundry, or even when a daughter of Somnus cursed them to be unable to sleep or pass out through the night. While there was no dignity in defeat, they both knew there'd be even less in defiance.

"Good night girls!" Jenny snickered as she locked the closet door. While the door did have shutters to let in a bit of light and fresh air, Jenny fully intended to twist it to her advantage. She smiled as she pulled down her pants, pressed her ass against the shutters, and filled the closet with a fart rivaling one of Becka's - knowing full well it'd take hours to dissipate. Annabeth and Piper groaned and coughed at the horrid stench - but that was all they could do.

"Ah... As fun as this has been, I'm afraid I must bid you adieu while I get my beauty rest! Putting you two in your place really takes it out of me! But don't worry, I'm sure I'll have *plenty* of morning gas for you once I wake up!" Jenny shimmied into her yoga pants and smacked her ass before turning to leave, but not before getting one last jab in. "Oh by the way... I told my sisters to come here whenever they needed to rip one too, so look forward to that! *Byeeee~!*"

As they were left alone to suffer, the two girls couldn't even speak with their mouths muffled by each other's intimates. They just laid in silent discomfort, feeling each other's hot breath against their assholes. If nothing else, having their nostrils pressed against each other's anuses at least helped mask the stench of Jenny's gas and dirty laundry - but if you've reached the point where you're favorably comparing any smell to that of literal, point-blank asshole, is that *really* a win?

Piper had always had a bit of a crush on Annabeth, occasionally catching herself staring at the fit blonde's butt while walking behind her, so in other circumstances this position might've been a dream come true.

And while Annabeth's ass was just as toned and firm as she'd always imagined (compared to her own soft, peach-shaped behind), an ominous gurgle from the daughter of Athena signaled that all the gas she'd swallowed had made it's to the other end; putting a swift end to whatever enjoyment she might've gotten out of this position.

Piper groaned as Annabeth clenched her cheeks, knowing there was absolutely no chance she'd be able to hold it in the entire night. Still... It was nice she was at least trying.

Things weren't exactly great from Annabeth's perspective either - and not just from the indigestion. For one, she was currently nose-deep in her best friend's ass. She'd occasionally wondered if all daughters of the beauty goddess had dimples of Venus, and now had a first-hand sample size of two lending credence to this theory. Daughter of Aphrodite or not however, butts were still gross.

Then there was the fact that Piper was, y'know, another woman. When people told her college was a place to discover herself sexually, she figured she'd *maybe* kiss a girl while drunk or something. Not... *this*. Turns out Piper kept things "au naturel" down there too - meaning Annabeth would be spending the next day picking pubes from her teeth.

But despite everything she didn't *totally* hate it - Piper was supernaturally beautiful after all and Annabeth herself was a bit like spaghetti - straight until wet. But kind of liking it only made

things more uncomfortable for her, not less. She decided to chalk this up to Piper's naked beauty goddess magical aura messing with her mind or something, and left it at that.

That allowed Annabeth to focus on other things - like how her friend was a nervous sweater. Not exactly becoming of a beauty goddess, but neither was relentlessly ripping ass in someone's face. Turns out demigods don't always fit neatly into stereotypes.

Normally Piper didn't sweat *that* much, but this evening's severe stress and humiliation had given her a major case of swamp ass, which was now being rubbed into Annabeth's face every time they shifted around. Annabeth's weak groans of disgust only served to exacerbate her embarrassment - resulting in even more sweat droplets rolling down her crack and onto Annabeth's lips.

"Mmph..." Piper mumbled apologetically, the stimulating vibrations resulting in Annabeth inadvertently moaning - much to their collective embarrassment. Piper was about to apologize again, but caught herself before making things weirder.

Shortly afterwards, the pressure in Annabeth's gut reached a breaking point. Piper whimpered as she felt her friend's cheeks unclench and asshole relax as Annabeth prepared to let nature run its course.

*Ugh, sorry Piper... Doubt going through a third stomach will make them smell any better. But coming here **was** your idea. Hopefully it's just gas we'll be dealing with tonight...*