(Warning: Contains F/F facesitting, fart domination, hypnosis, and toilet torture)

(Follow-up to Sorority Sadists 1)

(Commissioned by anonymous. Commission info here)

“Ah~!” Jenny woke up with a sigh and stretch, feeling refreshed after a good night’s sleep. She smiled to herself - not because of her pleasant dreams, crisp morning air, or the picturesque sunrise shining through her window - but because of her bloated, gurgling stomach filled to the brim with morning gas. Gas she was eager to unleash on her unfortunate prisoners, whose evenings were doubtlessly far less pleasant evenings than her own.

Jenny was a naturally gassy woman (as Piper had the misfortune of learning the day prior), and mornings were especially turbulent for her - far more than the average person. Her irritable bowels had made her an easy target for the other daughters of Venus, who relentlessly bullied anyone with imperfections they considered ill-befitting of the beauty goddess.

As much as she loathed her sisters for how they treated her, Jenny was ultimately grateful for their lessons. Without them, she might have never learned that the only way to get ahead was to fight, claw, and scrape her way to the top by any means necessary. After having been at the bottom of the social ladder, Jenny was determined to put as much distance between herself and the dregs as possible - by any means necessary. And, as evidenced by her treatment of Piper and Annabeth, she truly did mean *any*.

Though once mortified by her indigestion, Jenny had since come to embrace her gas as a tool of dominance - a way to “leave her mark” on those beneath her, so to speak, in a humiliating act as flagrant as it was fragrant. After all, who would be lesser on the social food chain? A girl with gas problems? Or the unfortunate soul forced to huff said girl’s gas?

Foul as her wind might be, however, Jenny wanted this morning to be *particularly* brutal for her victims. To that end, she’d thus sought out a daughter of Mefitis to curse her bowels in preparation for the subsequent morning. While initially confused as to why anyone would *want* to be cursed by the goddess of noxious gasses, the child of the toxic divinity eventually just shrugged, accepted payment, and cast her curse. And judging by the perpetual gurgling Jenny felt in her stomach that fine morning, the curse had worked wonders.

Only the best for my Greek guests! Jenny chuckled to herself. Ironically, she didn’t even have anything against the other side of the pantheon, priding herself on being an equal opportunity hater. Didn't matter if someone’s divine mommy or daddy was Greek, Roman, or even Egyptian - she’d gladly rip ass in their faces regardless.

The same could not be said of her sorority sisters, however, who very much lived and breathed SPQR and wanted to see their Greek counterparts degraded - utterly and totally.

Despite her position as sorority president and outward confidence, Jenny was too desperate for her sisters' approval to dare go against the crowd. Having been ostracized by fellow daughters of Venus due to her flatulence, the bond she'd formed with her sorority meant *everything* to her - and she'd do just about anything to ensure they loved her in turn. Sure, sometimes she'd have to make an example out of one of them if they fucked up - but so long as the crowd loved her, she was happy.

At the end of the day, her sisters wanted a show and Jenny wanted their approval, and that was that. Piper and Annabeth were just two suckers dumb enough to walk into their trap, and too weak to escape. They were *losers*, Jenny told herself, and they *deserved* what happened to them.

Jenny didn't lose a wink of sleep questioning if what she did (and would continue to do) to them might be "cruel" or "wrong". Though the fact that one of them was a fellow daughter of the beauty goddess didn't exactly bolster her empathy either, considering Jenny's prior experiences with her other sisters.

Jenny hummed a cheery tune as she slipped on her robe and made her way to the closet. Her other housemates were almost certainly in hungover comas, so she wasn't particularly worried about waking them. Normally her first stop of the morning was the toilet, but she was intent on making sure Piper and Annabeth got the very worst she could give, and there was nothing quite like her pre-poop gas.

Wishing to take her captives by surprise, Jenny slowly approached the closet, lifted the back of her robes, and pressed her bare ass against the shutters. She didn't hear any muffled whining or stirring afterwards, so it seemed safe to assume her attempt at stealth was a success, and that the two of them were too focused on huffing each other's asses to notice her own eclipsing the hallway light.

Better hurry up, before my gurgling gut gives me away! Jenny bit her lip and closed her eyes, scrunching her brow as she reached deep within her bowels and prepared to erupt. And sure enough, a few moments later a thunderous blast cut through the serene morning - echoing into the closet and wavering in pitch for several seconds, before being abruptly cut off to avoid sharting. As doubtlessly entertaining as the subsequent shrieks of disgust would be, in Jenny's experience the clean up afterwards took most of the joy out of it.

“Ah, fuck…” Jenny breathed a sigh of utmost relief before lowering her robe. “Good morning you two~!” She chirped, taking a careful whiff to admire her own handiwork. Just from what little didn't make it into the closet, Jenny could tell it was an all-timer. A heavy, shit-smelling miasma that was sure to linger for hours, while also being sulfuric enough to peel paint.

Jenny made a mental note to get the number of that Mefitis girl later, as that curse had worked *wonders*. She definitely planned on becoming a repeat customer, and was even considering extending an invitation to the sorority.

But naturally, Jenny’s own opinions of her gas were secondary compared to those of the intended recipients. She eagerly awaited the horrified groans and whines of her unwilling audience, but quickly grew disappointed when the only response she received was more silence.

What the…? That was fucking rancid! Even with their faces stuffed in each other's asses, no way they can just ignore it! They shouldn’t be able to sleep or pass out either, unless… Did that Somnus girl fuck up her curse or something? Jenny huffed. *Ugh, lame! Gonna give her a *real* rude awakening for that one. Just as soon as I wake up these two bozos.*

“Alright, that’s enough beauty sleep…” Jenny rolled her eyes as she unlocked the closet door. “Rise and shine you t- UNF!”

The moment the door cracked open, Jenny was greeted by a sucker punch just below her chest. The effect was instantaneous - immediately dropping the child of Venus to her knees and knocking the wind out of her. Mostly from her lungs, though a bit of gas did slip out as well.

As she struggled to catch her breath, both her prisoners (still naked from the night before) jumped out of the rancid closet. Much as she wanted to take a moment to breathe some untainted air, Piper wasted no time getting behind her half-sister and restraining her in a headlock. Jenny initially thought Piper planned to choke her out, but it quickly became clear the two escapees wanted her awake for whatever they'd planned next.

“H-How… How d-did y-” She was cut off by Piper’s hand covering her mouth - ensuring she wouldn't be able to charmspeak Annabeth. “MMPH!” After a few moments of fruitless struggling, she eventually huffed and glared up at Annabeth. The daughter of Athena, with her crossed arms, statuesque body, and stormy grey eyes, was the very living embodiment of “heroic nudity” - though Jenny would never dare give Annabeth the compliment.

“You know, instead of just letting your sisters watch you fart in people’s faces, maybe you should try teaching them how to tie a decent knot sometime. Might come in handy.” Though her tone was teasing, the rage in Annabeth’s eyes was anything but.

“Grn…” Jenny growled and squirmed defiantly, but Piper’s grip on her held firm.

“C’mon, stop gloating and get this over with!” Piper looked around anxiously. “Still gotta find our clothes and get the hell out of here. *Really* don’t want to be around when the hive finds out we messed with the queen bee.”

“...Fine.” Annabeth agreed, albeit begrudgingly. As much as she wanted to prolong her vengeance, she knew Piper was right. “Open her mouth.” The corners of her lips curled into a malevolent smirk. “Gonna leave her something to remember me by. Doubt those perfect teeth of hers are gonna be so pearly-white after this…”

“Hmph?!” For the first time in years, panic filled Jenny’s eyes. *She… She’s not serious, is she?!*

“Wait, what?” Piper blinked in surprise - also taken aback by Annabeth’s intentions. “I thought you were just gonna fart on her! You never said anything about… that!” Her nose wrinkled in disgust. “Gods know she's a bitch if ever there was one, but aren't you worried this might be, I don't know… an escalation?”

“Escalation?! **SHE MADE ME-**” Annabeth caught herself before she drew the attention of any other sisters. “*She made me eat farts from a horse’s asshole!*”

“Well… Technically she was a half-horse…” Piper corrected.

“Not the point!” Annabeth grimaced. “And if anything, that’s worse! Do you have *any* idea what going through two different stomachs does to someone’s gas?!”

“Considering you were farting out everything you swallowed up my nose most of the night, yeah. *I do.*”

“Then you should know better than anyone how much she deserves this!”

“I’m not saying she doesn't deserve it, I’m just saying this *might* end up making things worse later o- Ugh, forget it!” Piper, deciding it better to appease Annabeth rather than waste more time arguing, forced Jenny’s jaw open and averted her gaze. “Just.. hurry up, okay? And you *better* not get anything on me!”

Annabeth smiled. “Keep her steady for me, and I won't.”

Time seemed to slow for Jenny as Annabeth spread her cheeks and turned around - her exposed asshole slowly approaching the daughter of Venus’ visage. “Agh…! Gah-ah!” She attempted to charmspeak, but her words were unintelligible. She blinked the tears brought on by the sucker punch from her eyes, and was able to see each individual fold of her former prisoner’s anus with distressing clarity.

NO! This is NOT happening! Fighting like a cornered animal, Jenny gathered whatever frantic, adrenaline-fueled strength she could muster and unleashed by way of an elbow jab into Piper’s ribs. It wasn't much, all things considered, but it was enough. Enough to momentarily loosen Piper’s grip on her jaw and allow her to shout out one *very* important word.

“**STOP!**”

While their shared heritage granted Piper a certain degree of immunity from such magic, the effect it had on Annabeth was instantaneous. Though the daughter of Athena was nothing if not willful and Jenny herself was a middling charmspeaker at best, her desperate plea was nevertheless effective. Annabeth stopped in her tracks - her normally racing mind empty for the first time in ages.

Jenny was well-aware, however, that Annabeth’s stupefaction wouldn't last. She needed to keep up the pressure. “Help me tie up your friend!” She commanded, desperately fighting to keep Piper from covering her mouth. “NOW!”

“Seriously Annabeth?!” Piper looked up at her dead-eyed friend with bewilderment. “C’mon, snap out of-” While Piper was distracted trying to overpower Jenny’s charmspeak with her own, Jenny took the opportunity to elbow her again. “Ow…!” She wheezed, allowing Jenny to slip free. “That was the same rib, you b-” She was cut off by Jenny shoving a “fresh” pair of dirty panties in her mouth. “HRMPH!” She tried to spit it out but failed, as Annabeth was already upon her.

“Ah… Hahaha…” Once Piper was bound and gagged once more, Jenny let out a shaky laugh, heart still racing from her close call. “Good try… Almost… got me…” She took a moment to catch her breath before standing up and dusting herself off. “Now then…” She licked her lips, fantasies of twisted revenge beginning to race through her mind. “What should I do with you two troublemakers?”

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“Ugh… What the…?” Annabeth blinked slowly upon being released from her fugue state. Much like being roused from unconsciousness, she initially had no idea of where she was or how she got there. As she began to regain her bearings, she slowly became aware that she was:

A - Squatting in the middle of a large living room

B - Surrounded by snickering young women

And C - Completely naked

Upon realizing this, Annabeth gasped, stood up, and covered herself with her hands as best she could - which only brought more laughter from the spectators surrounding her, plus a few dog whistles. *Is this some sort of weird nightmare I’m having?* She furrowed her brow. While being naked in public wasn't a particularly rare nightmare, this dream was unusually lucid.

As Annabeth’s mind raced to figure out what was happening, one of the spectators, a particularly smug blonde who appeared to be a figure of authority amongst the crowd, stepped forward and raised her voice.

“Seriously? *That’s* what you're embarrassed about!” She snickered at Annabeth’s attempt to shield her immodesty. “I’d personally be more embarrassed about eating farts from a centaur’s asshole than people seeing my tits, but hey, that’s just me!”

Jenny’s face and voice immediately snapped Annabeth out of her stupor. *Oh… Right.* She lowered her hands and straightened her back defiantly, scowling as her memories of the sorority came flooding back to her. *Piper and I were about to teach her a lesson, she started talking, then…* She struggled to remember anything past that point, but her memories stopped there. *Damn it, she must've charmspoke me! Which means- Oh no!*

Annabeth’s eyes widened upon realizing what her impaired state must’ve meant for her friend. Skilled as she was, one-against-two weren't exactly favorable conditions.

“Where’s Piper?” Annabeth frantically, yet methodically, scanned the crowd, expecting to find her friend being tormented by one of Jenny’s sycophants. But for better or worse, she was unable to locate her. *Doubt Jenny would would look so smug if Piper escaped… But then where is she?* “What did you do to her?” She instinctively moved her hand to draw her dagger, before recalling its absence.

“Piper?” Jenny and the crowd laughed like there was a joke Annabeth wasn't in on. “Don't worry - *I* didn't do anything to her! Not directly, anyways. You on the other hand? That’s a

whole other story." The daughter of Venus licked her lips. "How are you feeling, by the way? A little… lighter, perhaps?"

Annabeth paused thoughtfully. Now that Jenny mentioned it, she did feel different compared to before, but how? Her brow furrowed as she struggled to pin-point the exact change, before she realized…

She no longer had to use the bathroom.

She'd been so overwhelmed by returning to consciousness that she hadn't noticed before, but now that it'd been pointed out to her the feeling was unmistakable. Recently too, judging how dirty her asshole still felt. *Gross…* She grimaced. *But… What does that have to do with Piper? Unless…*

Jenny chuckled at the dawning bewilderment in Annabeth's eyes. "Ooh, I think little miss brainiac is starting to put the pieces together! And because I'm feeling generous, here's a little hint to help you solve the puzzle - look down, dummy!"

Annabeth glanced below her, and gasped. Staring up at her from between her legs was none other than Piper herself. She was completely restrained from head-to-toe, though in her current state it was doubtful she could do so much as crawl were she free. Judging by the friction burns on her limbs, it seemed she'd put up a hell of a fight before losing the energy (or perhaps will) to fight.

At first Annabeth thought Piper was unconscious - as her eyes were glassy and jaw slack. That was before she heard a weak voice coming from beneath her. "P-Please…" Piper wheezed, barely audible. "N-No more…"

As Piper spoke (or tried her best too), Annabeth made a stomach-churning observation. Her friend's teeth, which were normally pearly white, had been stained a brownish-yellow and sprinkled with several darker specks. And unless the sorority had forced her to drink excessive amounts of coffee with grind inexplicably still in it, the source of the staining seemed obvious.

"Oh gods…!" Annabeth covered her mouth in horror. At first she attributed the horrid odor she smelled as just being a side-effect of huffing Piper's asshole for the better part of the night, but now she feared the source was far more recent and *much* more foul. "When I was squatting on the floor just now… Was I-?!"

Annabeth retched. She wanted more than anything to deny the evidence before her, but the picture painted was as clear-cut as it was grisly

“Taking a dump in your friend’s mouth in front of all my sisters?” Jenny smirked. “Oh yeah. Big time.”

“You…!” Annabeth clenched her fists and jaw - barely resisting the urge to charge Jenny. The only thing restraining her was the small legion of sorority sisters at her command. “How could you…!”

“Hey, don't blame me!” Jenny smiled innocently and shrugged. “All I said was “do to her whatever you were going to do to me”. Not my fault you're even sicker in the head than I am!” She narrowed her eyes. “Y’know… considering how easy you were to charmspeak, I bet a part of you *wanted* to do it!”

“You shoulda at least told her not to piss too…” One of the sisters grumbled. “I spent a *ton* of time picking out that rug, and now it's *totally* ruined!”

Annabeth glanced down again, and sure enough there was an unseemly puddle dripping from Piper’s chest and onto an (admittedly pretty nice) rug. *Well… Better the floor than her mouth, I suppose… Unless some, er, ‘fluid’ would’ve helped her rinse out her mouth?* Annabeth gagged. *Eugh, I think I’m gonna be sick…*

“Don't worry… I’m sure Leah will work *extra* hard to clean it good as new.” Jenny’s voice hardened. “*Right,* Leah?”

“Aw, c’mon…” A woman in the crowd (presumably Leah) whined.

“Hey, don't bitch at me!” Jenny snapped. “I’m not the one who fucked up binding our guests! Would you rather I show you how to do it correctly by tying you to *my* ass for the night?”

“No…” Leah sighed.

“That’s what I thought. Now don't let me hear you bitch again, otherwise I’ll make you use your toothbrush.” She paused and smiled. “...Or your tongue.” A chorus of “ew”s filled the room - more befitting a class of snotty middle schoolers during sex-ed than a supposedly mature group of college students.

As the sorority giggled amongst themselves, Annabeth scanned the room for any potential escape routes. She wasn't particularly thrilled at the prospect of dashing through the streets of New Rome buck-naked, but desperate times and all that.

There were around ten sisters by the front door that she could *maybe* charge through if she caught them off-guard, but the odds weren't exactly great. She'd also need to block her ears, to avoid being charmspoken again. It was unlikely she'd be completely hypnotized by Jenny again now that the daughter of Venus was no longer fighting for her dignity, but her honeyed words could still make Annabeth hesitate a moment, to disastrous results.

There was a comparatively unguarded window to her left - though jumping through glass ran the risk of cutting something important. Too risky. Depraved as they were, at least the dangers posed by the sorority were purely to her dignity, rather than to her life.

The way out back through the kitchen was less crowded, but would require her to climb over a fence. Under normal circumstances this wouldn't be a challenge for someone like her, but the horde of sorority psychos hellbent on stopping her complicated the matter, to say the least.

Whatever route she took, however, necessitated leaving Piper behind. Her friend was practically catatonic, and there was no way Annabeth could escape with her in tow. She felt sick even considering it, but the more she thought it over the more convinced she became that this puzzle lacked a solution.

Better one of us gets out than both of us be stuck here… Annabeth reassured herself. *At least then I can come back with a proper plan… Maybe bring Hazel and Reyna as back-up… Most of these girls would be no problem one-on-one - they're only dangerous because of their numbers.*

"Somewhere to be?" Jenny chuckled. Unlike the rest of her sisters, Annabeth had her full attention. "Then let's cut to the chase, *Chase*." She paused to allow her sisters to snicker at her pun. It reminded Annabeth of a bad sitcom's laugh track.

"See, I *was* gonna let you two go free this morning. After farting on you some more, sure, but still. Swear on the sticks, or whatever you Greeks say." She furrowed her brow. "But then you and your friend tried to jump me, so now I gotta teach you a lesson."

"Safe to say she's paid the *piper* already…" Jenny nodded towards Piper and smirked, which was accompanied by more obnoxious laughter. "Which leaves me with *you* - the sicko who wanted to make me your fucking toilet!" Her expression soured as she recalled just how close she'd come to such a horrific fate.

"Luckily for you, watching you unload in your friend's mouth got me in a pretty good mood, so I'm gonna give you a choice. I'm gonna make you my toilet, there's no getting around that. Been holding in my morning dump since I woke up, and it wouldn't be fair to Piper if you got off

easy considering she wasn't even the one who wanted to shit on me in the first place. So here's the deal:"

Jenny eagerly licked her lips before continuing. "*If* you kneel down and take it like a good little bitch, I promise we won't take a trip to the stables afterwards. I don't know if you've ever smelled a hungover centauress rip ass before, but trust me… *it's bad.* And I know Becky would love nothing more than to give you some first-hand experience."

"If you open up for me, you gotta rawdog it though - no charmspeak to dull your senses." Jenny continued. Unfortunately, Annabeth could tell she wasn't joking in the slightest. "Not much fun otherwise, y'know? Gonna have to use your tongue to wipe me afterwards too - unlike Piper I can actually have you rim me without it being weird!"

"Oh, so *that's* what'd make it weird for you?!" Annabeth scowled with bewilderment. "Not, y'know, *everything else?!*"

"Yeah, well, what can I say…" Jenny shrugged. "So we gotta deal or not?"

Annabeth's response came by way of making a mad dash towards the front door. Whether it was hubris or animalistic instinct that made her think she could escape, no one could say. Whatever the case, her attempt ended in abrupt and abject failure as the other sorority sisters immediately dogpiled her.

"Hard way it is then!" Jenny giggled sinisterly. "Hold her down and get the ring gag. Anyone fucks up and lets her bite or scratch me, and you'll be joining them at the stables." Before slipping out of her yoga pants, she made sure to start playing some pop music to drown out whatever unseemly sounds Annabeth was sure to make. As much as Jenny wanted to hear the sounds herself, she didn't want to risk any passersby noticing.

"Nngh…! Get… off…!!!" Annabeth desperately writhed as she was pinned to the ground. She got a few good scratches in, but not even one of the Heroes of Olympus was capable of overpowering an entire sorority. "No! N- Agh!" A ring-gag was shoved in her mouth mid-sentence, replacing her protests with unintelligible screaming. Though this too was quickly drowned out by the deafening sound of 'California Girls' being blasted at max volume.

Annabeth knew the choice in music for her humiliation shouldn't even register with her given everything else, but the absurdity of it stung nonetheless. Like the gods themselves were mocking her.

Once she'd exhausted herself struggling, Annabeth was then turned upright, each limb still held down by multiple sisters, and brought face-to-face with a now pantsless Jenny. Her breathing was rapid, as if she'd just run a marathon. Partly from exhaustion, and partly from anxiety.

For once, Jenny didn't take the opportunity to taunt her victim. She knew her ass was gonna speak for itself soon enough, and nothing she said could compare. All she did was take a few moments to savor the dread in Annabeth's eyes, before turning around and taking a seat on her "throne" - bobbing to the music as she did.

Only after flexing her anus a few times to fake out Annabeth, did Jenny begin in proper. "And…" She bit her lip and began to strain. "*Ah…* there! Try not to choke~!*"*

Annabeth spasmed as a powerful blast hit the back of her throat. No one could hear it over the music, but Annabeth could still feel it reverberate throughout her mouth. While the taste was expectedly vile, Annabeth knew it was merely a preview for what was coming next. And sure enough, rather than closing after the fart sputtered out, Jenny's anus remained open afterwards; slowly lowering a steaming, revolting payload closer and closer to Annabeth's tongue until finally-

While the blaring music prevented anyone from hearing the inhuman choking sounds which followed, no one in the room would soon forget the rancid stench which subsequently filled the room - nor the twitching limbs and bloated cheeks of the victim. Least of all Annabeth herself, whose last coherent thoughts before being overwhelmed by the myriad of horrific sensations were those of regret.

Regret that her counterattack failed because of her weak will.

Regret at what her failure meant for Piper.

Regret at trying to join a sorority in the first place, leading to her senses being defiled in ways she'd never dared to imagine.

And last, but certainly not least…

Regret of said defilement being set to the tune of 'California Girls' of all fucking things.