

Hey everyone! This is a pretty extreme story I just got around to finishing. It's got lesbians and futas and scat and gross shit. Hope you enjoy!

Here's a version in [Times New Roman](#).

CW: Futanari, Watersports, Scat, Old Cum, Bondage, Sadomasochism, Mentions of trauma

The car ground to a stop, the hundredth suburban home I'd seen today staring down at me. I stepped out into the hot sun and walked up the length of the driveway. I passed a large red van that was painted all over with graffiti and headed up the steps to the front door. Through these unsuspecting doors was the answer to all my prayers.

After three knocks I waited, and the door creaked open, the AC breathing out and calming my fear of the heat. A woman with the thickest thighs I'd ever seen stood before me, wearing nothing but a tank top.

"Hi! You must be Abby. Welcome to the family," she said. Her olive skin glistened with sweat. "Come on in!"

I stepped into the house, my backpack hoisted on my shoulders. The main room was vast, though sparsely decorated. "I'm Grace, though I go by Gigi. We'll get you a nickname soon enough. I'm sure Gal'll come up with something."

She paused. "I'll show you to your room." She led me down a flight of stairs and into a basement area. It was fairly featureless as well, though there was a huge bay window that looked out onto the golf course in the backyard.

I could hear slapping coming from one of the rooms, and blushed. I knew what the source of the noise was. After all, it's why I'd come.

Gigi pushed open a door and led me in. "Here you are. If you wanna bunk with someone, go ahead. I'm sure anyone'd be happy to have a snack like you sleep with them."

Her eyes scoured my body, and I felt like my modest clothes did nothing to stop them. It made me hot.

"Well, I'll call a meeting when Storm and Hound are done with Snibbor." She shut the door, not offering an explanation. Not that I needed one, recognizing the telltale sounds of violent sex coming from the other room.

I got unpacked and browsed YouTube for a few minutes before Gigi was back, the grunting now silent. She led me back upstairs to where five other women stood. Three of them were incredibly tall, and the other two were only a little taller than me.

"Alright, everyone," Gigi said. "This is Abby, our newest member." She pointed at each of them in turn. "This is Dana, though we call her Snibbor." Snibbor was slightly taller than me but absolutely beautiful. She was wearing thick makeup that ran down her face, making it look like she'd just been crying. She moved her weight from foot to foot, her ass jiggling as she did. "I'll just use nicknames for now."

Gal was an Asian woman with a six-pack and was soaked in sweat. She walked forward and shook my hand.

Mick was one of the three tall women, easily over six feet, and she had bright red hair and piercing green eyes. I could see a large bulge barely hidden by her tights.

Storm was a huge, bald woman covered in tattoos and piercings. She was completely naked and boasted a huge cock between her legs.

Finally, Hound was the largest woman and had huge muscles. She stared down at me, her flopped mohawk dyed white.

Gal walked over and placed her arm around my shoulders. "Welcome to our family." She kissed my cheek. "I'll make dinner, you guys get warmed up."

Snibbor walked up to me and grabbed my tits, her fingers digging into my flesh. "Hey," I said, but her touch caused any further protest to falter. She pulled off her shirt, revealing her tits, glazed with cum.

Her hands moved to the back of my head and she buried my face in her bosom, coating me in the sloppy cum on her chest. A pair of hands grabbed my ass and pulled down my pants, revealing my bare ass to the world. A tongue delved inside me, and my knees buckled, driving my face deeper into Snibbor's cleavage.

My moans whined out from her meat as I felt something press against my pussy. A cock entered me and I fell to the floor, Snibbor landing beneath me. She slid down and gazed into my eyes before kissing me deeply, my pussy slowly being explored by the huge cock. I pulled away, trying to look at who had started fucking me, but the girl beneath me flipped

over and pushed my face into her ass. As my tongue met her asshole, she farted cum into my mouth.

I ate her hungrily as I was plowed, each thrust from the girl in my pussy sending me deeper into Snibbor's embrace. She wrapped her legs around the back of my head, preventing me from escaping.

She fed me slowly, every few seconds releasing another spurt of old cum into my mouth, or on my face. I came as a second cock pressed against my asshole, spreading me open from both ends.

I screeched into Snibbor's ass as she let my head go. Flipping over again, she buried my face in her snatch, the coattails of my orgasm screaming into her pussy and being met with more cum leaking out. "Damn, bitch can sing!"

A few minutes later I heard a bell, and the three of them got up, leaving me a moaning mess on the floor.

After taking a moment to catch my breath, I pushed myself to my knees. Five of the six women were sitting around the dining table while Gal served them dinner. Mick and Storm's cocks glistened with my fluids, dripping onto the floor. I was lucky I'd taken an enema earlier. It could have gotten embarrassing when they'd entered my ass.

I walked over and sat down opposite Gigi and next to Mick. Gal placed a juicy hamburger and a glass of water on my plate. I was starving after the railing I'd just received, so I dug in, not noticing no one else had.

I slowly stopped as I realized I was the only one eating. Gal placed the final burger in front of the Hound. "Sorry, do you guys wait for everyone to be served here?"

Gal walked over behind me and started massaging my shoulders. "Usually, though it's okay that you started." I moaned into her firm hands. "You just need to be punished."

I looked up at her.

Mick stood and quickly drank my entire glass of water. She placed her soft cock in my glass and let a river of yellow liquid flow into it. "All you get to drink for this meal is Mick's piss. If she runs out, you go thirsty, so better drink sparingly!"

She filled my glass all the way with her urine before placing it back on my placemat. Gal sat down and clapped her hands. "Welcome, Abby. Let's get you a nickname, shall we?"

I nodded, still in shock at the strange custom, but not altogether miffed at the prospect of drinking Mick's piss.

"She's a screamer, through and through," Snibbor said. "I nearly came when she let those vocal cords loose into my cunt."

I blushed as they suggested names for me, some humiliating, like cum-sponge, or quick shot, others more subtle, like guitar.

"What is your full name?"

"Uhh, Abby Singh."

A few giggles went up. "Well, we can't let that opportunity go to waste. Singer... how about Chartreuse."

Gigi clapped. "The master has done it again."

"Oh, please. It's just a play on the french word for singer, and the colour of her eyes."

"I like it. Though, I will admit, cum-sponge has a certain ring to it." The Hound snorted her drink. I took a sip of Mick's piss. It was incredibly salty and bitter, but I swallowed gulp after gulp. The table fell silent again, and I put it down, leaving but the dregs.

"Sorry, is there another rule for that? I'm not supposed to drink too much?"

Gal laughed. "No, you just, surprised us. Not every day we get someone like you."

"How so?"

The Hound spoke, her deep voice silencing all others. "I'll show you. Finish your meal, first."

I nodded, quickly drinking the last sip and taking the last two bites of my burger.

I turned to Mick. "Hey, so I'll probably be thirsty again after whatever the Hound shows me, so can I get a refill before I get back?"

She couldn't help but chuckle and nod. "Sure, sweetie."

I stood with a squelch, my pussy leaking juices as I followed the Hound. A few of the girls slapped my ass as I passed them, making me blush even further.

I followed the monolith of a woman down the stairs and into the room the slapping came from earlier. She pushed open the door to reveal a bed completely soaked with fluids. A wave of warm cum and sweat battered my face as I stepped in, the massive woman shutting the door behind me.

She ran her fingers through her mohawk. "So, Chartreuse. Cute name."

I nodded, my heart beating in my throat.

She pulled me into a hug and fell backwards on the bed. "Hey, there's no need to be nervous. You're one of us now. May take some time to get used to it, but you'll get there."

She pushed me off to one side and climbed over my naked body. "Now, you came here for a reason, didn't you?"

I nodded, my heart beating faster.

"Say it."

"I want to get fucked so hard I see stars. Please... no one's ever been able to please me."

She leaned in and breathed on my neck, running her tongue along my jugular. "Good girl. I'll see what I can do."

She flipped me over with one hand, each palm the size of my head. With a zip, I felt something hard thwack against my back. She began hotdogging her cock between my asscheeks, the thick dick gliding along my sweaty ass.

She ran her dick all the way up my back until her tip caressed my hair. She withdrew suddenly, then I felt her face bury itself into my ass.

"Mmh, I can still taste Mick back here. She outdid herself breaking you in. Storm must have taken your pussy, mm?"

"I couldn't see. Snibbor's ass blocked my sight."

"Oh, and what a sight her ass is, isn't it?"

She flipped me over and hopped onto my stomach, her cock resting between my tits. "Try to make me cum," she said.

I nodded, pushing my breasts together and rubbing them up and down her length. Now I could really admire her physique. She could easily have been a bodybuilder, and her

cock was no puny matter either. It was as long as my forearm and equally as thick, with huge veins running all along the edges. Piercings and tattoos lined its length, and I managed to coax some precum from her cock as I flicked one of the metal nubs.

She moaned as precum landed on my collarbone and flooded down into the already soaking mattress. I realized then that my entire body was soaking, having been dipped into the puddly pillows.

She scootched forward and placed the tip of her cock in my mouth. I started bobbing my head furiously, lavishing her glans with my tongue. Another bout of precum flooded my mouth, and I stuck out my tongue. She leaned forward and spat a big glob of phlegm into my mouth, then used one hand to close my mouth.

I gulped it down, the thick fluid sliding down my throat with ease.

She stuck a finger in my mouth and twisted my left nipple with her other hand. "God, you're hot. And you've got some weird fetishes." She let me go and rifled through the nightstand. "Let's see... ooh, that's a good one."

She placed a piece of paper off to one side and pinned my hands over my head. She winded up and punched me right in the gut. I coughed onto her chest, the air leaving my lungs. I wheezed out a quiet "fuck," as she slapped my tits, hard.

She pulled on my left nipple again and dug her fingernails into it. "Kinda hard to believe a cute lil' thing like you is into this shit. Uhh, Idiosyncratic is the safeword, alright? Can you repeat that?"

"Idiosyncratic."

"Good girl." She placed her knee on my groin and slowly put more weight on me. Finally, she threw herself up and slammed her knee down right into my pussy, causing my bladder to let loose.

I pissed all over her leg and bed, further soaking the already sopping mattress. "You little bitch."

She grabbed my throat and started squeezing with one hand, her second hand placed right over my clit.

"Here's your punishment." She slapped my pussy, and as she withdrew, she used a fingernail to scratch my clit lightly.

I writhed under her grasp, my pussy yearning for release as she held onto my throat tightly.

She repeated the action a few more times until I came all over the bed.

"Did I give you permission? I don't think so!"

She jammed her knee right into my crotch again, twice. Finally, she let me go, and I rolled over, coughing and gagging.

I turned back to her. "Is that all you've got?"

She cocked an eyebrow. "Wow, you weren't kidding when you described yourself as a masochist."

"Please, my last girlfriend would use my tongue as a doormat after she'd get home from work at the dump."

"Holy shit. Well, I'm sure Storm can figure out something to scratch that itch. Until then..."

She dug into the drawer again and withdrew a rope. She used it to tie me up, then inserted a ring gag. "God, you look hot in that. Uhh, cough twice then whine for a safeword?"

I followed her directions. "Alright. Now, let's see what we can do for you." She placed her cock in my mouth. "Aahh..." she let her bladder go and unleashed a torrent of urine down my throat.

I gulped down her golden shower, and she made sure to aim poorly, getting some in my hair and all over my face, even up my nose.

Finally, the piss stopped and she turned around. "I forgot to wipe earlier. Clean me up, will you?"

She aimed her asshole right at my face and rubbed her hairy pucker all over my tongue. I caught a few hairs and flecks of shit in my mouth, but she continued forcing me to rim her.

I stuck my tongue out of the gag and into her ass. She yelped, but backed up, allowing me to delve slightly deeper. I ran my tongue all along the inside of her ass, listening to her moan as I did.

I pulled my tongue out of her ass and ran it along her taint, desperately trying to grab at her balls, though my tongue wasn't quite long enough.

"Okay, hungry little puppy."

She backed up further, sitting partially on my head, dangling her balls in my face.

I licked up the underside of her two magnificent orbs as she sat back, placing all of her weight on my neck and back.

She was incredibly heavy, and every few seconds of me cleaning her testicles she would moan and kick me in the stomach.

I groaned with every strike, but she kept going, rubbing her ass in my hair. "Ohh, you're doing a good job. I feel something..."

She moaned and I felt something wet and warm cover my head. A stench radiated down and into my nose as she continued rubbing her ass into the top of my head. Liquid shit dripped down my forehead and into my mouth. I suckled greedily at the wet fecal matter.

She moved forward, leaking shit all over my face, and crouched over my chest. With a grunt, a huge pile of shit emerged from her asshole and covered my tits and leaked down my stomach.

I moaned, arching my back and thrusting my hips upward.

"Oh, greedy little puppy, eh?"

She pressed my tits together and humped my chest, slathering liquid shit all over her cock. After a few seconds, she undid the ring gag and forced her newly-browned cock into my mouth.

I immediately started running my tongue all over her rod, gagging and choking as I forced myself further down her huge dick.

She jammed her knee into my pussy another time, and I came again, moaning through her cock.

"I'll let you have that one."

She grabbed my hair and yanked my head back, off her cock. I spit a combination of my own saliva and her shit all over myself, only darkening the already wet bed.

"Damn, girl." She looked me straight in the eyes. "You're insatiable."

"Harder, please," I coughed, and she laughed.

"Fucking hell. We might have to get some professionals in here to finish you off." She stuck a finger into my pussy, her one digit as large as any strapon I'd ever had.

I moaned, craning my neck to slurp her shit from my chest. She stood on the bed, one foot on my stomach, and I watched as she jerked off above me. She kicked me in the pussy, making me squirt again, and leaned down to untie me.

"C'mon. Let's go have a chat with the others."

I followed her upstairs, covered in fluids and fecal matter, to where the others sat, still eating dinner. Snibbor bounced on Storm's lap, but otherwise, they seemed rather normal.

Their conversation faltered as I entered, their eyes scanning every crevice of my body.

"Oh shit, I'm sorry. Did the Hound go too hard?" Gigi asked.

I blushed as she slapped my ass. "Nah, this bitch is way too masochistic, even for me. I did my best, but I think we might need something more."

Mick dropped her cup. "Well, uhh, cool. What were you thinking?"

"The barrel."

"Oh, shit, really? Think she can handle it?"

"You didn't see her down there." She punched me in the stomach, and I fell to my knees, unable to stop myself from playing with my tits as she grabbed my hair.

"Mm." Gal walked over to us, eyeing me up and down. "I see." She pinched my nipple and dragged her fingernail along my labia, drawing another moan from my lips.

"You remember what happened last time we tried the barrel?"

The Hound nodded. "Yeah, but I think this one can take it."

"It's her first day."

"Gal, she came to us, desperate and horny. Tell them what your last girlfriend did."

"She worked at a dump, and she'd use my tongue as a doormat when she got home. She'd also feed me little pieces of rotting things that she found when on long shifts. God, I kinda miss her."

"Why did you break up?" Storm asked, slapping Snibbor's ass.

"She'd sometimes complain that I'd take things too far. It was weird. I told her hundreds of times to say the safeword, but she wouldn't. So, I broke it off."

"You're brave. Good job. Anyways, I vote we give her a few days and then give her the barrel. I don't really know where we can go from there, but uh... gotta do something, right?"

The others nodded. "Alright. Let's fuck her until she passes out tonight, and then we'll clean her up and actually get to know her tomorrow."

I moaned as they talked about using me like an object, and as Storm and Mick pulled out their cocks, and Snibbor and Gigi stripped down.

It didn't take long for me to fall asleep with a cock in my ass. I was tired from the trip, and, try as I might, the Hound's fucking was pretty good.

I woke up as light shone beneath the door to my room, and I realized I could hear breathing. Snibbor was passed out next to me, her tits on full display. They must've tucked me in last night, since I woke up in my own bed, clean and dry.

A smile crossed my face, and I got dressed, heading upstairs to find Gigi already awake. She handed me a cup of tea and sat me down on the balcony, overlooking the golf course.

"So, how was your first day?"

"Amazing," I sighed. "I feel bad that the Hound couldn't satisfy me."

"Girl," she said, sipping her tea, "we like a challenge. It's going to be so fun breaking you down. But I gotta ask, are you traumatised or something?"

I shrugged. "Don't think so. I'm just a sex-addicted slut."

She smiled. "Good. As long as you're self-aware, I'm cool with this. But if it turns out this is you being self-destructive, I'm ending it, got it?"

"Sure. To prove it's not me being dumb, though, should I hold off on sex for a day? Is there something I should do to prove it?"

"Maybe go easy, today. Get to know us a little, have some casual sex. You've got the rest of your life to be broken."

I laughed, sipping my tea. "I kinda forgot that this can be permanent if I fit in. What do you think so far?"

"I think you're perfect. I'm just cautious. We've had... bad experiences with other girls like you."

"Oh yeah?"

She nodded.

"Want to talk about it?"

"I guess you should know. There was this one girl, bright-eyed, super cute. Small but could take a dick like no other. Anyway, I fucking loved her. She would eat me out sometimes... fuck, I'd see stars. But she wanted more, so we came up with an idea: the barrel."

"I heard the Hound mention that."

"Yeah... she was like you, in a lot of ways. Liked shit that was really extreme. And I mean like deadly. She'd make Storm stuff her face with shit and duct tape her mouth shut for a few days, unable to eat anything."

"Mm."

"So, we tried something. Something we shouldn't have. We tied her up, hogtied, super hot. It was her favourite." She looked away.

"You don't have to-"

"If you're gonna try the barrel you need to know."

I said nothing as she gathered her thoughts.

"So, we did the barrel. Storm found this old wooden barrel that we filled with the most rotten shit possible. Old feces and bits of dirt and rotting things we found stuck at the bottom of public park trash cans."

I bit my lip, growing slightly wet.

"And we stuck her head in it so she could come out until she ate everything in the barrel."

"At first she seemed eager, then she started thrashing. Now, she was one who liked to roleplay, so Storm shoved her in deeper. We hadn't even fucking come up with a safeword, or safesignal, since she'd never needed one before."

She smiled as I put my hand over hers.

"And when she stopped moving, I decided to pull her out. She almost drowned, Abby." I held her hand until she stopped shaking. "What happened to her?"

"Mick brought her back pretty easily. She's strong, and she coughed the shit out of her lungs after a trip to the ER. But... well, she left us. She was traumatised, and finally realized that she did it because of... well, that's her story to tell. Now, she lives in the city with a nice girlfriend or two. I admit I haven't kept up as well as I should have."

I used my leverage on her hand to pull her into my lap, and she sniffled briefly. "Thank you for telling me."

"You deserve to know. If you're going to be our new garbage-slut, you need to know what happened to the last one."

I rested my chin on her shoulder, and she nuzzled into me. The door opened behind us, and Snibbor crawled out into the sun, coffee in hand.

"Hey," she said, squinting. "What're you two talking about?"

She sat in Gigi's now open seat.

"Val."

"Oh." She sipped from her mug, saying nothing else, as Gigi leaned against me. She took a staggered breath and stood up.

"It's nice to have someone who listens, mm? Maybe you can be our collective therapist."

"Fuck no. I'm a good listener, but I've done that to myself before. I am not responsible for other people's shit."

She smiled. "That's really good. Shit, you might actually be a really good fit."

Snibbor looked at her. "After last night I don't have any doubts."

"Just because someone likes sex doesn't mean they're a good fit."

"But- but she's such a slut. Even after she passed out she was still moaning." She looked at me. "You are really fucking hot."

I blushed, and she came over, kissing me with her morning coffee breath.

She pulled her tongue out of my mouth as Gigi grabbed my hand and pulled me to her.

"Okay, now that that's done, let's fuck. No futas. Just the three of us."

"What about Gal?" Snibbor asked.

"She's probably eating Storm's ass, let her be."

Gigi led us down to her room, and I gasped as we stepped in. She'd decorated with tons of little sculptures of naked women, had nude paintings lined the walls, and I even noticed her sex toy collection sitting on her vanity.

She pulled us into her pink covers, and Snibbor moaned. "Fuck, it's nice to have dry sheets."

"I keep telling Hound she's gonna get sick from that dump she calls a bed."

"It is hot, though," I said, making Snibbor laugh at me.

"She really is a slut."

Gigi's hands were on me, pulling off my tee and stripping my panties. She had deft but strong hands, and I fell into her embrace as Snibbor donned a strap.

"Can we just do fingers this morning, Snibby?"

She sighed and collapsed on top of me, the strap nowhere to be found. Her hands found my clit easily, and I came after only a few minutes.

"How the fuck are you so sensitive?"

I shrugged, fumbling around to find Gigi's pussy beneath her pants. "Lots of practice. I usually do edging, so I've trained myself to cum with almost any amount of stimulation."

"Let's put that to the test." She delved greedily into my cunt as I stroked Gigi's labia. She was only a little wet, so I pulled off her pants and used my tongue to loosen her up. Her clit tasted amazing as I ran my fingers and face across her lips.

By the time I'd cum a second time, Gigi was ready for my finger. Her tight walls parted for my index and I kept my tongue on her clit, slowly lapping up her juices as she leaked onto my hands.

Snibbor wasn't slowing down, though, as I arched my back into her and she stuck her tongue up my ass.

I giggled as I felt Gigi's breath quicken, and the two of us came in unison as I stuck a second finger in her. She clamped down on my penetration, milking my fingers for all their worth as I squirted into Snibbor's mouth.

I rolled over, wrapping Gigi in my arms and holding her close. "Lazy morning?"

She nodded into my neck. She stayed silent for a while. "Lazy morning," she finally said, after her orgasm had died down.

Snibbor crawled up and nestled herself on the other side of Gigi, the three of us a happy pile of cuddles.

"I'm gonna love it here."

"I'm gonna love having you here," Gigi moaned as Snibbor kissed her collarbone.

"I'm gonna love watching her take the barrel."

Gigi rolled over and on top of me. "Can we... not mention that for a while? Val's still fresh in my mind."

Snibbor rested her hand on Gigi's back. "Of course. Sorry, I didn't mean... sorry babe."

Gigi smiled and Snibbor crawled in closer. "I can wait as long as it takes if this kind of sex is what I get. Rough every day with loving occasionally sprinkled in? Fucking perfect."

So, we started the next day, wondering what Storm would cook up now that we told her the barrel was postponed.

This one definitely warrants a sequel, if I can get around to writing it. I don't really feel a connection to the first half of this? Maybe I'm just in a more wholesome mood rn and don't want to write about girls almost drowning in shit. I'll add a sequel to my list though. Don't wanna disappoint you guys :). As usual, feedback is appreciated, and you can find my other work [here](#).