

Mandy Makes a Move

Part 1 (Chapters 1-3)

(Fsolo, MM, FF, FFF, cyber, ws, scat, vomit, voy, rom, exhib)

by bluepervina - © 2003, 2011

bluepervina@gmail.com

www.asstr.org/~bluepervina

IF YOU ARE UNDER THE AGE OF ADULT CONSENT or are otherwise forbidden by law to access/view erotic material, do not read anything else in this file. Furthermore, THIS IS A WORK OF FICTION. The following story is not a true account, not based upon fact, and is not in any way connected with reality. It is a fantasy. Please do not read this story if you cannot or will not accept that this is purely a work of the imagination.

Chapter 1

The Dirty Discovery

Mandy was depressed, but she hid it pretty well. Her life's plans--or so she had thought--were now destroyed. She had to start to dream it all up brand new from that point forward, now that all those months had been so wasted, but she got the feeling she'd be all right. She lay out by her family's pool and tried to drink enough wine coolers to make her relax. She still had her good looks, after all. She knew how hot she was. It probably wouldn't be too hard to hook up again, even if it was the summer.

Her boyfriend, Steve, had dumped her the night before. He was the most handsome guy in the senior class, and she had been convinced they'd go off to college together and get married. Perfect Ken, and she was his Barbie. It was at the first midnight bar-be-que of the summer, out at the old campground near the lake. "You're just a bitch," he'd said, then he smiled and threw his arm around his buddy, Jeff. "I can't stand you anymore, so I'm gone!" And he walked away, laughing it up with Jeff, the two of them taking long pulls on a lot of beers for a while across the field before they disappeared. Mandy cried and screamed and then drank. Her friends tried to comfort her, distract her, drive her home. Nothing worked. She was pissed and she wanted a last word. If he thought she was a bitch before, well....

And then she found him in the bushes, fucking Jeff in the ass.

"Goddammit--Mandy--fuck! Jeff--fuck, man--MOVE!" Steve pushed Jeff's ass away from him as he struggled to stand up, buckle up, and stagger off into the trees. Jeff grunted and lost his balance, falling awkwardly onto his face and elbows, his ass high in the air. The camp lanterns and bright moonlight showed something dark and shining smeared in his crack. All three of them noticed it at the same time.

Mandy--completely flummoxed--covered her mouth with both hands. Jeff cried out in a girlish manner and reached one hand back to wipe at his ass as he struggled to get up. Steve stared down at the cock he was trying to stuff back into his pants and cursed.

"Son-of-a-bitch!" he spat, suddenly standing very still. "Your shit's all over my dick. You asshole!"

But Mandy was laughing by then, bending over and gasping, pointing, shouting out for her friends to run over and see... and Steve and Jeff were both running into the woods, both pulling up on their pants, both getting Jeff's shit all over their clothes. It was a beautiful sight, and she had witnesses! There was no way he could use the "bitch" story now. She was off the hook! He was just a closet fag. And that was now the story that everybody knew.

In her sun-heated haze by the pool, Mandy felt a guilty rush of pleasure wash over her, thinking about the sight and the smell of that shit as it slid in a big clump off Jeff's ass. As it squished between Steve's fingers when he grabbed and pulled at his long white cock. Despite her natural revulsion to the idea, Mandy's pussy began to juice up as she relived those few bizarre seconds. Her hand slipped inside her bikini bottom, a finger down between her slick lips. She stroked her clit slowly, her eyes closed, and she realized she didn't mind thinking about it. In fact, her imagination began to do things with the idea. Shit and sex. Sex and shit. Gay guys, fudge-packing. Hmmm. Fudge. Yummy. Yummy! Hey, fudge-eating... eating all that shit! What if Steve went off in the woods and got back together with Jeff in some quiet dell and just stuck his gorgeous face right between his fag-lover's filthy cheeks?! Oh, fuck! How hot! And before Mandy knew it she was coming, her heels bucking the chaise lounge, her hand clawing at her clit. Her other hand had a nipple hard and twisted, and her mouth hung open, panting. "Wow", was all she could think, for a long time.

Later that afternoon, sitting in her dad's office, messing around on the computer, she still couldn't get it out of her head.

Was it wrong to be getting off like that? She wasn't sure. She felt guilty because it was truly such a sick pleasure to masturbate to those thoughts. In fact, the sheer disgust, the nasty filth of it all was what turned her on. The idea that people might actually play that way. The conviction, after seeing Jeff's shit emerge so easily from an ass-fucking, that shit was involved in sex a lot more than normal people in normal life ever wanted to recognize or admit.

She logged into a romance-oriented chat site. Not her usual teen-oriented sites. Since she was 18 now she'd been given a credit card by her parents, and she could freely register at all kinds of new adult sites--for porn or for chat or whatever. Her folks had wisely set her card at a \$500 limit, and her summer job was barely keeping it paid, but it was worth it. Her mind was being freed in monumental leaps and bounds.

Her user name on that site clearly indicated she was female. She had another one that was gender neutral, and another that was clearly male. However, she wasn't all that good yet at pretending to be non-female, so she stuck with her "girl name" the most on this site. There were several dozen users logged in. The main room was buzzing with inane conversation. After only a few seconds, she was hit with one private message request after another. After too many "Hey baby" PM's, with nothing looking too promising, she had an idea. Mandy created a private room with the name SHIT ON ME, and went in to wait. Her heart hummed with an intensity that made her lightheaded. She sat wondering if her parents might walk in on her, and she had to fight a huge temptation to undress and prop her heels up on the desk, the keyboard on her tummy. That was the way she surfed at night, up in her room. She could shoot herself for not being up there now! Why didn't she realize ahead of time just how horny all of this was making her?

One, two, three... more and more and more users sent PMs requesting entrance to her room. Most were men, but many were women, too (or at least claimed to be). She responded to each: "brb, waiting for a friend". It was just a stall; she wanted time to absorb the effect that her perverse new view was having on her body and mind. She could feel her pussy completely sliming the inside of her panties, to the point that now she could hear squishing when she adjusted herself in the plush leather chair. It was slippery down there, and just the increased free movement of her panties over her slick pussy as she shifted around was enough to keep her at the brink of orgasm for minutes on end.

She couldn't touch herself. It was too risky. She'd tried other times and had been too close to being caught--too close because it was so hard for her to stop once she got going. This time it was even worse. Not only could she hear her mother on the other side of the door, just down the hallway in the kitchen, preparing dinner; she knew that this time there was now way she would possibly stop herself once she laid the first finger on her exploding cunt. It was too much. She'd never been this horny in her life.

A female user's PM caught her eye: "I'm covered in shit right now." Her ID was femdirty3.

Mandy hesitated.

The female's PM flashed anew: "Are you there?"

Mandy replied: "yes".

Femdirty3: "Do you like to play with shit?"

Mandy, in a daze, immediately typed a reply: "yes".

Femdirty3: "Me too. Can I come in?"

Mandy, her hands shaking, reached for a pen. She scrawled out the female's user name in a jittery scribble, then logged off the site and shut down the computer. Ripping the paper free from the pad, she ran

up to her room. Her mother, from the kitchen, called up as she ran, asking when she'd like dinner. Mandy could only manage a weak cry of, "I'm OK, I'll get it later," before her door was closed and locked. Her clothes were off in an instant.

Naked, on her knees just inside the door, Mandy reached back and rubbed her gooey slit, slopping more and more onto her asshole. Her panties, and their smell and taste, had always--since her earliest days of self-discovery--been a favorite masturbation prop for her. This time more than ever. She knelt with her soaked panties stuffed in her mouth. She chewed on them and sucked her juices with a ferocious hunger. Wanting the taste. Wanting the wet flavor of her own juice. She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate fully on the fact that she was tasting, ingesting, her own body's fluids. She realized she'd loved this part of herself, this way of getting off, since the beginning. Why was it only now that she understood this about herself? Was she really going where she thought she was going? Was it really wrong to feel this way?

She chewed and sucked and swallowed with her panties stuffed completely inside her mouth. It was a nice feeling, nearly gagging on her own dirty desire. Her fingers in her sloppy cunt were still busy just rubbing juice around, smearing it on her asshole, pressing a little on the rim of her anus now and then, the tip of a finger snaking in just enough to make her groan uncontrollably. She thought about putting a finger in all the way, and just the thought made her spasm so hard she dropped to her belly, spread-eagled on the floor. Her fingertip stayed right on the wrinkled rose, just pushing in a little... just past the first knuckle... then a little more, until the second knuckle was in past the muscular ring. She crooked her finger and pulled up, harder and harder, enjoying immensely how her hole clenched and resisted as she wiggled her finger inside it. Then she pushed it in all the way.

Oh God, she thought. What if I really do stick my finger in shit? Her moans, muffled by her mouthful of panties, were still alarmingly loud. Her mom's voice called up, "Honey? Are you OK?" and Mandy panicked. Jumping to her feet, she yanked the panties out of her mouth and called through the door, "Yeah, mom, I just stubbed my toe!" Her finger was out of her ass, of course, and she feared to look at it. What if? Her ass felt just as sloppy as it did before. There was no way to tell by just standing there wondering about it whether or not she'd dragged out anything extra when her finger had come free. Mandy stood for a long minute without looking down at her finger or trying to touch her own ass. The room seemed to spin as she tried to imagine what she must look like, standing there like such a whore. Standing there wanting such dirty things.

And then she had an idea.

She leaned herself against the door using the hand that held the panties. The other hand, with her finger held out straight, slowly came up. She didn't look at it. She closed her eyes.

Then she put the finger in her mouth.

Her knees buckled and she nearly fell as her orgasm ripped through her. She moaned and sucked and sucked and sucked on her finger. She tried to taste it with every part of her mouth, with every surface of her tongue. It wasn't dirty, as far as she could tell. There was no extra texture or substance sticking to her finger; but nevertheless, it was exceedingly rich with some kind flavor. There was a new taste in her mouth she'd never known before. It literally made her mouth begin to tingle. There was nothing familiar about it at all. It was unlike anything she'd ever put in her mouth before. Not delicious, but not revolting, either. She imagined that it was similar to something like the strange foreign food shed seen on the Food Network before. It came automatically into that kind of category in her mind--like, "OK, I know this is not what I'm used to, but it's not bad once I GET used to it."

And that thought made her open her eyes.

She pulled her finger out of her mouth and studied it. Just a finger. Very wet, but normal.

She could still taste the flavor of her ass as she stood there. In fact, it was an aftertaste that would remain until she went down to dinner. Even brushing her teeth didn't fully get rid of it. But, perhaps that was just in her imagination. Either way, she didn't really mind. It kept her horny to keep tasting it, and it felt nice to be horny and so near to all those orgasms she could have.

Mandy reached down and felt her ass, then raised her hand to examine it. Clean but wet. She smelled her fingers, lusciously, for a long time. Then she licked each one, over and over. She continued rubbing her asshole and licking her fingers until her mom called up once again, wondering about dinner. Mandy ran down the hall to her bathroom, calling, "Let me shower first," and she brushed her teeth and showered--cold, cold, cold--and finally went down to dinner, more distracted and excited than she'd ever been in her life.

That night, trying to fall asleep in bed, all Mandy could think about was shit. She'd been dying to take a large dump since dinner, but she was terrified. She knew she would do something awful if she couldn't stop thinking about it. In her desperation and horrified horniness, Mandy had been rubbing just the tip of her middle finger against her anus. Just rimming it, just a little. Maybe dipping just the tip in from time to time, not even all of the fingernail getting in there... but just enough for her to have something to smell. And taste.

Her heart screamed inside her chest. She couldn't do anything more! No way! It wasn't something a girl like her did. No matter how many of her boyfriends turned gay and showed her how sexy shit could be. Not even if it was all an accident. Not even if 14 people in a chat room had asked to come in and shit on her. Not even if some woman was sitting there on the other end of the Internet, covered in her own shit, willing to show her all the joys of feces-loving sex. It was sick! It was more than that--it was psycho! They'd lock her up if they knew....

And then it hit her. If they knew... what? How could anyone know

about it if she kept it a secret? Just a private game, all to herself... maybe with a few friends online who'd play with her mind a little... but no one in her world would ever know if she just simply kept it to herself. Right?

Before she got a chance to think about it any more, she was startled as her bedside telephone rang. It was her best friend, Roxanne. They'd been tight since elementary school, and it was always OK in Mandy's house if she called late--even if it was almost midnight by then.

"Hey, girl, you all right?" her friend asked.

Mandy was so wrong she couldn't even speak. But she managed a weak grunt of "OK", and Roxanne heard what she wanted to hear.

"Well, I'd be good too, even if it was the night after being dumped by such a jerk," her friend growled, doing her job. It wasn't the first time either of them had been through this sort of thing, after all. But then her voice softened a little, and Mandy could tell she was smiling on the other end of the line.

"Besides, I know something that's definitely going to cheer you up."

Mandy, instead of twirling her finger around her own asshole, was now twisting the phone cord around that same finger. "Oh, really? What is it?" she asked.

"Well..." Roxanne paused, drawing out the fun, "You remember Jeff's house, right?"

Mandy sat up in bed, her long t-shirt hanging off one shoulder. "Yeah, we had a party there last summer."

"OK, well it's got a basement, remember? Where he kept his weights and that couch and stuff...."

"Yeah, Rox, he had that Playstation2 down there, right? That's where I learned how to play that stupid game Steve was always bugging me to play. Damn--what was it called?" Mandy was completely distracted now, trying to picture that old finished basement in her mind, the color of the couch, the smell of the carpet and walls, the damn game she learned to play on the TV.

"Grand Theft Auto--remember?" Roxanne snorted. "You made him drink beer every time you committed a felony. He got so fucked up! Remember? He wet his pants laughing at you when you finally got shot up, but none of us knew it until he stood up!"

Laughing along with Roxanne, Mandy was suddenly back totally into the pervy-mind. That's right, she thought. He'd pissed himself before, and he hadn't seemed to care too much. Of course, he had been pretty drunk at the time... but isn't everyone who ever seriously thinks about soiling themselves or others with their own piss and feces? But she hadn't been drunk today. She'd been very clear about what she liked and what she wanted. Mandy suddenly began to picture her newest fantasy all over again. Her chest and neck flushed, and she began to lose track of what Roxanne was saying.

"Wh--what did you say?" she stammered.

"Just that Jeff's down there with Steve right now. I just got off work and drove past his place on my way home. Steve's truck is in the driveway, and there was a little bit of light coming through one of those little windows." Roxanne panted, she was talking so fast.

"So," Mandy muttered, feigning a lack of interest.

"Well, let's just say I parked down the road a bit and walked back up into Jeff's yard... and looked in that window."

Mandy could barely breathe. "OK...."

"And you know what I saw?"

"Oh, God, you gotta tell me!"

"OK, so they had some game paused on that big TV of his down there--that was the light I noticed--and Jeff was on his knees while Steve sat on the couch." Roxanne stopped.

"Go on! You fuckin' better go on, bitch!" Mandy squealed in mock-rage.

"He was sucking his dick!" said her friend. "They were both naked and Steve was hold his dick out straight while Jeff gave him head. It went on for, like, ten minutes."

"Oh my God, Rox, you're lying!" cried Mandy, but her free hand was back inside her panties, rubbing away.

"Nope," Roxanne said. "And it was pretty hot. I got my work pants SO messy, between crouching there in the flower bed looking down through the window, and with my coochie getting so wet."

There was long silence between them, then Roxanne spoke again: "I've been taking care of it, you know, ever since I got home and called you."

Mandy paused. "What? You mean, right now... you're m--ma--masturbating?"

Roxanne was silent a beat, but then she said simply, "Yup."

In a flood, Mandy's crotch began to throb. She felt almost fevered down there, she was so hot. Lying back on her pillows, she began to seriously stroke and finger herself. Both girls were silent for several minutes as the shock of breaking through that threshold finally hit them. And of course it made them both masturbate even harder than the moment before. As Mandy's breathing increased, so did the sounds of her sloppy self-fuck, and Roxanne could tell.

"You're doing it too, right...?"

"Mmmm-hmmm"

"Hey... Mandy... Um, I think... I think I like this."

Mandy's eyes were closed, and she was desperately trying to picture Roxanne watching Jeff suck Steve's nice long cock. Then she imagined Steve starting to piss in Jeff's mouth, and her entire body went rigid.

"Me too," was all she managed to reply. She was getting so close!

But then, "Hold on," said Roxanne.

"What?" Mandy froze, her whole body practically singing.

Silence, then, "Oh, you know, had to go out in the hall and stuff. You know."

And Mandy did know. Roxanne had a portable phone, and many times she'd taken it into the bathroom with her while she peed and pooped. Tonight, since she'd just gotten home from work and had immediately begun masturbating and talking on the phone, of course Roxanne hadn't had the time yet to take care of her bathroom business. Late at night like it was, there wouldn't be any other noises around to distract Mandy from the sounds that Roxanne's body would be making in there, a thought that suddenly sent Mandy into her first orgasm of the night.

"Oh God!" she cried, then arched herself almost painfully, twisting her face into the sheets.

"Jeez," Roxanne chuckled, "You really DO like this as much as me!"

"I'm OK, I'm OK," Mandy panted. Then both the girls laughed. They giggled nervously off and on and tried to breathe for the next several minutes, neither able to form complete word without busting up. But then Roxanne got serious.

"Listen, I got to do something in here, and all this laughing's making it hard, you know?"

Mandy, suddenly very focused, rubbing herself again, played it dumb. "No, what do you mean?"

"I mean, I got to make some poop in here, girl!" Roxanne laughed. "God! Now I'm embarrassed..."

Mandy, irrationally panicked, promptly said, "No, don't be, I won't listen!"

But then they were both laughing again; to Mandy's great surprise, she almost immediately heard a loud series of farts.

"Ooops!" laughed Roxanne. Mandy listened intently as her friend ripped off several more staccato bursts, dimmed only a little by the phone. "I guess you get to hear it all..." and suddenly Mandy heard the plop and splash and hiss of a Roxanne's bowel movement, complete with a nice long piss, fart, and wipe.

Mandy's next orgasm, as she squeezed her eyes shut and imagined what Roxanne's dirty asshole must look like, made her see a million bright colors behind her eyelids. She was soaked in sweat, and her arm was sore from reaching down and rubbing so fast.

"Mandy? You there? Mandy?"

"Oh, yeah, sorry...." What could she say? Now it was even more weird than before! "Um--yeah, fell asleep, you know...."

Roxanne sounded doubtful. "OK, whatever. I just wanted to tell you what I saw, I guess.... I mean, I left before they were even done. You know. Had to do something about it, right?" She laughed weakly on the other end of the line, clearly embarrassed now.

"Yeah, thanks--" Mandy, trying to ease the discomfort, faked a yawn. "I want to see it for myself, anyway, now that we know what a couple of sick little pricks they are!"

"We'll be sex spies!" Roxanne laughed.

"Yeah," Mandy chuckled, now truly getting tired. She wondered if she'd dream dirty dreams, or if she'd be too tired to remember. "I'll call you tomorrow."

It was summer. She was leaving for college in a month, and she had absolutely nothing to do but masturbate, drink wine coolers, and masturbate some more. Her job at the hospital was a distracting nuisance, but it helped support her online habits, so she had to go every day, whether she was sober or horny or not. Still, it was easy money, since all she did was sit in a cubicle and do data entry for the billing department. She worked from 7 to 3:30, and then the rest of her day was nothing but drinking and fingering and using the computer now and then. And, now that her fuck partner was fag-bagging, what else could she do? Her filthy imagination would come up with plenty of ideas, and none of them turned out to be as secret or as solitary as she'd thought they would be.

Mandy woke that next morning with no memory of any dirty dreams, but the heavy feeling in her ass reminded her immediately of her need. She had resisted going to the bathroom the night before, and now she was afraid she couldn't hold it any longer. She didn't even know if she could make it down the hallway. Her entire body was in agony.

It was too much sensory overload for her libido to handle. She simply had to empty herself, with no other thought in her mind. The pain was too intense for any other plans besides just getting to the toilet and sitting. So that's what she did. The relief, as it washed through her, as her entire body trembled with the satisfaction of release, brought her to the brink of another orgasm--completely unexpectedly. Her libido, of course, came roaring back. Her fingers went down over her pussy lips as the last few spurts of pee left her. She got nicely wet on her fingers, then began to rub herself.

The smell of her shit in the bowl was overpowering, but not as horrifying as she thought it would be, now that she was concentrating on getting off on it. It was an odor of lust. It was every bit as enticing to her as the smell of her own pussy when she got really juiced up. Her pissed-on fingers suddenly found themselves in her mouth. Oh, what a taste! Her free hand twisted a nipple hard as she sucked on her fingers and bucked through her first orgasm of the day, rattling the toilet seat.

Her piss tasted very briny and bitter, almost like coffee cooked too

strong and too long, with a little salt poured in instead of sugar. It was her first urine of the morning, so Mandy knew it was probably the worst it would ever taste, right then and there. Nevertheless, she found herself reaching back down between her legs and forcing more little spurts to splash into her cupped hand. She drank and drank as much as she could, smelling her hand afterward, rolling her tongue around in her mouth, savoring it all and pinching her nipples like crazy.

Piss, she decided, was really, really nice.

She could easily imagine herself involving pee in her sexual life, and that thought didn't disturb her at all. In fact, she instantly understood that probably a great deal of real people played with pee during their sex acts, too, and why not? It was as much a part of her body as her cunt juice, as her sweat, as her spit in her mouth. Her boyfriends had licked and eaten all three of those before, so why not her piss, too? And why couldn't she have theirs?

Mandy's masturbation lasted another five minutes past her ability to piss anymore, as she sat on the toilet with her fingers under her nose and her other hand roaming her breasts beneath her long t-shirt. The house was silent. It was Sunday morning and her parents were at church.

Then she realized she hadn't wiped her asshole yet.

Could she do it? Was she really ready to do something that filthy?

In a daze, Mandy slowly reached down between her legs. She reached back farther, up under her ass. Then, after only a moments pause, breathing rapidly, she let her fingers slowly come up until they touched her shitty hole. Her free hand was back at her nipples again while her dirty fingers swirled around and around her anus. It was slippery and thick, like pudding, but there wasn't much of it. Within a minute or two she'd spread it around so much on her asshole and crack that she could barely feel it anymore at all. Instinctively, she stuck her middle finger deep inside. Like the day before, she wiggled it around in there, but this time she could feel the slime that still coated the insides of her anal ring, with more thick stuff behind it. Her finger was surely churning right through what was left as a remnant of her huge bowel movement, and it was going to come back out covered.

The smell was getting stronger, and her thoughts already had her so far gone. She was on the edge of another intense orgasm. Very carefully, Mandy pulled her finger out of her ass and brought it up level with her face. There it was. All of her fingers--along with the palm of her hand--were coated with a thin, streaky layer of nearly-dry brown; but her middle finger was coated in a thicker, wetter pasting of it. Her shit was a deep chocolate brown, thickest at the tip of her finger, where a little blob had started to pull off as it had left her anus, so that it had a funny little conical tip to it. Mandy thought of shit icing, like she'd dipped her finger in it just for a little taste.

A little taste.

Could she? Did she really want to do something that disgusting? Couldn't this be enough to satisfy these urges that were taking control of her life? Just smelling it, touching it, playing in it, smearing it around a little bit.... That was sick enough. That had already made her come better and harder and longer than she'd ever come in her life.

But she knew she'd always wonder. Mandy knew without a doubt that she'd continue being obsessed and distracted by the question now that it had entered her mind: What was it really like to taste it, to masturbate with it while tasting that shit inside her mouth? To chew it, to swallow it, to spread it all over her face....?

She brought the finger right up to her mouth, let the tip of her tongue slide out. Simultaneously, her nose inhaled the overpowering stench as her tongue made just the lightest, slightest contact with the excrement. The next instant, she was retching, bent forward with her head between her knees, puking repeatedly onto the bathroom floor. Over and over she vomited, the nasty liquid splashing onto her feet and ankles, all over her wadded panties on the floor in front of her. Now, to smell and see that made it even worse, and for several minutes she was immobilized by her retching, until even her dry heaves were empty and done.

Through it all, she kept her shitty hand held out to the side, with her other hand trying desperately to hold her hair out of the way. She'd been unable to open her eyes for a long time, and now she knew she'd have to if she was going to move off of the toilet and into the shower. But the smell was too much! She couldn't stand the reek of her own puke everywhere. There was no way she could remain in that bathroom and get cleaned up.

Panicked, she reached back and flushed the toilet. Then, barely peeking out of the corner of her eyes, she wadded up toilet paper around her dirty hand, then used some more to wipe off her feet and ankles, then dropped that paper in the trash. Staggering weakly to her feet, she made it out the door and down the hall to her parents' bathroom, where she was eventually able to clean herself up. The smell didn't completely leave her finger, though. She wondered if anyone else would be able to detect that odor if they got around her. She was both terrified and excited by that thought.

She left the puke in her bathroom for her mother to clean up when she returned from church. Mandy had gone from her parents' shower to get on a new pair of panties and a t-shirt, and she spent the rest of the day curled up on the couch in front of the TV, covered in a light blanket, sneaking a sniff of her finger from time to time. To her mother, Mandy explained simply that she threw up unexpectedly while sitting on the toilet. Appearing to be sick, of course, helped Mandy's cause, so her mother cleaned the bathroom without complaint, then called the hospital on Mandy's behalf and got her the next day off. Mandy was deeply evaluating her recent experiences, and then she began to make plans.

OK, she acknowledged, so I can't really handle to smell it and taste it

up close. At least not yet. But I think I want to keep trying. At any rate, I like it. I like playing with my asshole and getting myself dirty. I like knowing that other people do this too. I really want to see more about it, know more about it, so I guess I'll go online and look for it more.... But what about finding real people? Could I? Wouldn't they be as sensitive about keeping it a secret as I would be? How in the world would I ever even have the chance to get with someone else like me for real? No one is going to want to admit to being this sick. I know I don't! But I want to share this! Good grief....

Mandy was hugely frustrated. But then she remembered two things.

First, she could find ways to spy on her gay ex-boyfriend. That might give her a chance to see accidental shit sex, at least.

Second, she knew now from her own adventure that piss play was much more mild and easy-to-handle than shit play, so perhaps it would be a lot easier to get someone to play in shit with her if they played in piss with her first. She'd known about golden showers and piss sex for a long time, of course. That was something that everyone thought about, at least in passing, during even the earliest stages of puberty. It feels so good to pee. It is so warm and gives such a nice sensation of release. She'd read many times in teen and in women's magazines, too, about a common problem in women when orgasming: they lose bladder control and "squirt" a little bit. She knew that from experience, as well as the fact that girls had trouble controlling their pee when they sneezed or laughed or coughed. It was just a fact of a girl's life, so Mandy knew that most women had lived a long time with the thought, at least, of pee having some kind of part to play in the sexual experience.

By mid-afternoon, Mandy came to two conclusions: she would try to catch Steve and Jeff fucking again, and she would try to find a girl in town who liked to involve pee in her sex life.

Mandy had experimented with kissing her girlfriends as a kid in middle school, but never did any of it get beyond merely lying together naked and rubbing at each other's breasts. Mostly, though, it was just kissing, and very obviously just because at that age they were too horny and too restricted to release any of those feelings with boys. By the time she got to high school and was able to date, all that experimentation was done, and the real fucking began.

But the thought of going back to girls didn't bother her at all. After trying to eat your own shit, she thought, how could I possibly feel weird about trying to be a part-time lesbian?

So she called Roxanne that afternoon, and her friend readily agreed to come over and hang out, spend the night.

"Hell yeah," Roxanne said. "I'll bring some of Dad's Calvados and one of my brother's pornos. We'll have a little party!"

You have no idea, thought Mandy. But what she said was, as jokingly as she could, "Yeah, girl, just make sure it's an all-lesbian, super-kinky

porno, OK? Because I'm going to rape you tonight!"

Laughing, Roxanne merely replied, "Oooh, baby, bring it on!" Then she hung up the phone, and Mandy spent the better part of the remainder of her day trying very hard to give her legs, armpits, and cunt the most perfect shave ever.

Then, for nearly an hour before Roxanne came over, Mandy went back online. This time she was up in her own room, with the door locked. Her freshly shaved skin felt delicious as she sat with her feet up, the cool air conditioning drifting across her completely nude body. The keyboard was on her tummy, her pussy was already soaked. It was time for her to come again.

She didn't expect to get as lucky as she had the day before, but she went back to the chat site, and made her SHIT ON ME private room anyway. Once again, users began to steadily request entrance, most of them male, and Mandy simply shrugged them off, waiting for something in her gut to tell her the "right" person had come along.

And, once again, Femdirty3 was suddenly there.

Femdirty3: "You again. That was rude, yesterday."

Mandyho4u: "sorry so sorry"

Femdirty3: "You've never played with shit, have you?"

Mandyho4u: "my first time yesterday a little today a lot"

Femdirty3: "Good. Can I come in?"

Mandyho4u: "np" She gave her the password, and soon they were blocking all PM's, undisturbed in their own little world.

Femdirty3: "So are you going to stay with me this time?"

Mandy blushed: "yes"

Femdirty3: "Good. So tell me about you and shit. I'm ready to give myself a nice long rubbbb."

Mandy told her everything she'd done, from the time she discovered her boyfriend's gay shit-fuck until she asked Roxanne to come over. Femdirty3 didn't seem overly impressed or orgasmic, but she was encouraging and complimentary, nonetheless. Mandy decided it was time to do what she'd come there to do.

Mandyho4u: "i want to learn more about playing with shit"

Femdirty3: "You'll get addicted. Consider yourself warned."

Mandyho4u: "ok"

Femdirty3: "I've been playing with it since I was a girl, so it's a natural part of my life. It's how I get off."

Mandyho4u: "i never asked u---a/s/l? etc"

Femdirty3: "Ditto to you, you know."

Mandyho4u: "ok---18/f/tampa, florida and single of course"

Femdirty3: "34/F/Raleigh, NC. Married, 3 kids, housewife."

Mandyho4u: "wow"

Femdirty3: "Yes, all kinds of normal people like to play with shit, honey."

Mandyho4u: "hope so"

Femdirty3: "Trust me."

Mandyho4u: "yesterday u said u were covered in shit --- were u 4real"

Femdirty3: "Once again, Trust Me. I was home alone all day yesterday, so I had the time and freedom to really enjoy it."

Mandyho4u: "so hubby doesnt know"

Femdirty3: "Of course he knows! He likes it, too. You shouldn't ever marry someone who won't fuck the way you like, sweetie."

Mandyho4u: "ok wow -- what do u do how do u do it"

Femdirty3: "I like to shit into his hands, then he rubs it all over me. On my ass and tits is the best."

Mandy shuddered with the image. She could feel her pussy dripping into the crack of her ass and beginning to slightly pool in the seat. She had no idea how to respond.

Mandyho4u: "go on"

Femdirty3: "When I finish shitting, he usually fucks me in the ass. Shit's a good spreader and luber. And it feels so cool to orgasm while you're shitting that last piece out around his dick."

Mandyho4u: "omg"

Femdirty3: "Too much for you?"

Mandyho4u: "no please please please don't stop"

Femdirty3: "OK. But don't say I didn't warn you."

Mandyho4u: "tell me"

Femdirty3: "We don't use toilets much. Maybe only for one or two shits a week."

Mandyho4u: "what do u do with it i mean how do u do that"

Femdirty3: "We try not to shit unless we're having sex--we keep our asses under control until it's the best time to crap."

Mandyho4u: "that sounds hard to do"

Femdirty3: "Just needs practice and desire, sugar."

Mandyho4u: "i shit once or twice a day"

Femdirty3: "We fuck once a day, at least, so we don't have a problem."

Mandyho4u: "does ur house really stink"

Femdirty3: "We keep the windows open all the time, and we've got some diligent habits with Lysol and other junk like that. Plus we keep it

strictly in our bedroom and bathroom. Nowhere else in the house. I'm sure people when they come over think it's just fine. Our kids' friends never complain at all---and you can always count on a kid to complain if there's really something wrong!"

Mandyho4u: "ok but how do u keep it secret from the kids"

Femdirty3: "You have SO much to learn, honey! We keep it secret the same way *all* good parents keep sex a secret! Stay behind closed doors when the kids are around, and don't make too much noise. And in our case, clean up real good!"

Mandyho4u: "i guess thats right what do i know"

Femdirty3: "Don't be too hard on yourself. And don't feel guilty about loving shit. It's not just a few European and Japanese drug addicts, you know."

Mandyho4u: "???"

Femdirty3: "Never mind. It's just that a lot more people right here in America get into this. Go looking for it online and you'll be surprised how much you find."

Mandyho4u: "ok but what else should i know"

Femdirty3: "You'll puke a lot when you try to eat it."

Mandyho4u: "gross"

Femdirty3: "Come on! I know what you're thinking--it's disgusting! You think you'll never eat it. *But you will*."

Mandy's pussy was throbbing, the blood pounding through her crotch in a lewd thumping of lust that couldn't help but remind her that she wasn't really disgusted by the idea at all. Why was she pretending?

Mandyho4u: "ok go on"

Femdirty3: "Of course you'll vomit like crazy a lot of times--or at least you'll fight down the heaves. Eventually, though, it'll happen less and less, until you don't puke anymore at all."

Mandyho4u: "go on"

Femdirty3: "But the puke's not as bad as you think, once you get used to it."

Mandyho4u: "i dont think i can eat it 4real i mean i don't know if i really can get used to it u know"

Femdirty3: "You won't be able to stop trying until you can, sweetheart. You're a shit-lover! It's what you'll be dying to do every time!"

Mandyho4u: "i just cant see how i ever will"

Femdirty3: "Get drunk the first several times. That helps a lot. You'll still probably puke, but you'll be able to make yourself eat it, at least. That's how my husband got used to it."

Mandyho4u: "ok ill try it like that i guess"

Femdirty3: "Good girl."

Mandyho4u: "ur cool"

Femdirty3: "So shit for me."

Mandy's head rang like she'd been clocked with a shoe. Her stomach gave a huge gurgle as her bowels shifted a little at the thought.

Mandyho4u: "what"

Femdirty3: "If I'm so cool and helping you so much, then shit right now, right where you are."

Like an idiot, Mandy looked all around her bedroom before typing back.

Mandyho4u: "i dont know"

There was no typing by either off them for at least a minute.

Then, Femdirty3: "Look, honey, my kids are here in the house, hubby's out mowing the lawn so he can't distract them. That means I can't exactly do it on my end--but I **would** if I could."

Mandyho4u: "r u really wanting me really to do a crap here in my chair"

Femdirty3: "I'll understand if you can't. But not if you won't. I think that, if you really thought about it, you'd realize that you want to try it so bad...."

Mandy's desk chair was slender, leather, with a good swivel. Maybe it wouldn't smell or hold a stain. Maybe she really could do this. She typed: "brb" then went to her hamper in the closet, extracting a used bath towel. Her legs were wobbly and weak, but she managed to stumble back to the desk. Her inner thighs, all way to her knees, were running with tiny rivulets of her own essence. She looked in the seat of the chair and indeed saw a small puddle and much smear. The smell was so strong and sweet! She spread the towel out on the floor under the front of the chair. Then she went back to the hamper and rummaged around until she found another towel, which she slung over the back of the chair, beside her head, as she sat back down and put her feet back up on the desk. The keyboard went back onto her tummy as she began typing again, amazed at her own words.

Mandyho4u: "ok got some towels now let me try"

Femdirty3: "Please keep typing. Describe it all. How it feels, how it sounds. Smells. Everything, baby."

Mandyho4u: "gotta relax i can feel pee wanting to come out"

Femdirty3: "Let it!"

Mandyho4u: "my pee is stuck it hurts i gotta go so hard". Mandy paused and closed her eyes, trying only to feel her bladder and urethra from the inside out, to will the urine to flow. With one hand she pressed steadily harder on her distended abdomen. The agony sent shudders, then cramps, through her entire lower body. She got

goosebumps everywhere.

Deep in her rectum, bubbles began to shift, masses of her poop was dropping lower as the pressure changed in her abdomen. Mandy could tell that she would be able to shit if she could only start the pee!

Femdirty3: "Keep trying! Push down on your tummy, then try to relax the rest of your body at the same time."

Mandyho4u: "ok hold on its closer my ass is feelin heavy n full"

Femdirty3: "So nice! Don't stop, sweetie! You can do it!"

Mandyho4u: "omg pisssss now brb"

Mandy's cunt exploded in liquid spray. All over her desk, on the monitor, on the carpet, all underneath on the wood of the leg well. Her piss splattered everywhere in front of her in a huge geyser of hot bladder-water. Mandy's entire body spasmed repeatedly as threw back her head and groaned. Urine rained over her thighs and knees and calves, even to her ankles and feet. It dripped and pooled around her ass. She didn't know she had to pee so badly! It was making such a mess! Oh God, she thought, I'm really doing it! I'm such a filthy whore! What a dirty bitch I am! Oh God, it's a strong smell!

Femdirty3: "Are you still going? Are you soaked?"

Her pussy continued to gush and spasm in amazing spurts, sending near-orgasmic surges throughout her body. But then she farted.

Mandyho4u: "piss everywhere on my legs and feet and desk on the chair and the floor like rivers and so smelly"

Femdirty3: "Want to reach down and touch the puddles? You got a puddle under your ass now, right?"

Mandy did reach down and swim her fingers in the piss around her ass. Without hesitating, she brought the dripping digits to her mouth and sucked. So strong and bitter! It smelled just as powerfully and as weird as it had earlier, and she liked it just as much. She was definitely a big pee-lover. She licked at her fingers and then got them piss-drippy again, licking again.

Femdirty3: "Well???"

Mandyho4u: "tastes so good"

Femdirty3: "How's your ass feel now?"

Mandyho4u: "heavy"

Femdirty3: "Are you ready to push?"

Mandyho4u: "yes and its close already im farting"

Femdirty3: "What does it smell like in your room now?"

Mandyho4u: "nasty like piss and now the farts r pretty gross"

Femdirty3: "You like the smells, don't you?"

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "They make your cunt wet, don't they? Just smelling your own toilet business gets you hot."

Mandyho4u: "yes im so horny"

Femdirty3: "Make your shit now, sugar. Go ahead and push out your dirty shit for me."

Mandyho4u: "pushing"

Femdirty3: "More...."

Mandyho4u: "its cracking sounds and little pops pushing out now"

Mandy could barely breathe as she strained. The crown of her shit was noisily crackling its way through her sphincter, spreading her so wide! She reached one hand down between her legs and felt her anus opening up. She touched the tip of her finger inside the hole, onto the shit as it moved forward. It spread her so deliciously wide open as more and more of it pushed its way out of her asshole, against her waiting fingers, then bending and curling in a thick hot log against her ass cheeks. The odor was like it always was, but now that it was happening in her bedroom--in her chair!--and in the daylight, just a little while before her best friend would be in there with her, Mandy could barely keep from passing out. Her mind and body flung her through an orgasm like she'd never had in her life as she finally, with her dirty, shitty hand, reached up and massaged her contracting anus, dipping in her fingers, and then bringing her filthy fingers up to her pussy, rubbing and rubbing as she came.

Femdirty3: "Is it out? Are you done?"

Mandy couldn't reply yet. Her shit was on her pussy! It was so hot and slippery, and her clit seemed to burn at its touch. God I'm so nasty!

Femdirty3: "Sweetie? Tell me how it feels!"

Mandy couldn't help but think of what it must look like. If somebody were to walk in right then, she'd be so busted. It was insane. She thought, I'm sitting here in my own shit and piss, rubbing shit on myself and being such a slut! And as she imagined it, she saw herself with shit on her breasts, and she was rubbing her nipples with the shit. After another orgasm rocked her, she managed to type with one hand as she continued to rub her cunt.

Mandyho4u: "cam hard rubbn shit on my pssy n cliuyt"

Femdirty3: "One hand typing I see. That's a good sign!"

Mandyho4u: "sorry"

Femdirty3: "No worries, honey. But you know you can do more."

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "Reach down and touch your turd. Poke your fingers in it and pick some up. *Feel* it!!!"

Mandy did it. Her fingers pushed into the shit beneath her ass, out of her sight. She stared at the ceiling as she felt it, sliding her fingers

around it's lumpy curves. It was still warm and soft. Very slippery. She pinched a bit of it between finger and thumb and heard it squish, felt the quick sliding of excrement away from the pressure, curling around her finger and thumb, then somehow sticking in place. Mandy raised her hand slightly higher, above her crotch, so she could see her fingers. Her entire hand was brown, with varying thicknesses of clumps and streaks. Her thumb and finger looked odd with so much crap curled around them like that, and it looked ready to fall off at any moment.

Femdirty3: "I know you're busy touching your shit now. Just read this while you do it. I'm fighting the urge to just shit myself right here and now, you've got me so hot. I did pee a little in my panties, but I don't think it'll show much through my shorts. I just wanted to get a little wet like you. I bet you're filthy now and smeared all over, aren't you? Covered from asshole to cunt to belly-button. And your breasts? Are you rubbing it there too? Is the smell too strong?"

Mandy, reading those words, pulled her keyboard up higher until it was resting between her belly-button and her breasts. Then she lightly trailed her fingers up from her pussy to her navel, drawing abstract designs with the shit on her stomach. She smeared all the loose clumps around until her entire waist area was a light brown, sticky, starting to itch. Her clean hand went to her nipples and rubbed and pinched and twisted. She reached down and grabbed an entire handful of shit and squished it crudely between all of her fingers, until she had a huge distended, clutching handful of fresh crap. Mesmerized, watching her hand rise, she rubbed the filth onto her breasts. At the instant she touched them with it, her cunt hammered her again, rocking her through another orgasm. From nipple to nipple, then around the entire tit, one at a time, her hand spread the stuff. The hideous smell made her gag repeatedly, and she had to breathe in short, choking gasps. Her tits quickly began to itch too, as the poop dried, but she found that, if she kept rubbing and spreading it around, she could get off tremendously from that slick, filthy feeling of it.

Gagging to the edge of a true heave, the possibility of vomiting all over her own body became a very real fear. Mandy couldn't do that! She had enough problems to clean up already, and she just couldn't let herself puke. She held up her hand, though, and tried to move it closer to her face, to her mouth. Maybe, she thought, maybe.... but she gagged again before her hand got anywhere close.

Femdirty3: "You OK? Ready to tell me? Can you type?"

Mandy shoved her filthy hand onto her pussy, pushing three fingers deep into the crease, the tips inside her hole. I've got douches, she thought, it'll be OK. She fucked her shit into herself, rubbing from hole to clit, clit to hole, up and down and up, making shit smear and squish all over her sloppy brown-streaked crotch. She was ready for one more big orgasm, and it hit her hard. Her right foot slipped off the edge of the desk. Her keyboard bounced off and landed on the urine-soaked towel and carpet below. The intensity sent her body rigid, shifting her

ass in the shit, making some of it slide off and splat down onto the towel. Mandy heard the plops and drips as she came down, and her body went into another, milder orgasm, but one that left her trembling as she tried to deal with what she'd just done to herself. On the screen, Femdirty3 was still trying to communicate.

Femdirty3: "Are you there? Are you OK?"

Mandy, now coming down, was half-panicked. How was she going to clean all this up? How would she hide the smell and dirty towels? And God, what about the carpet?

Swiveling in her chair, Mandy reached out with her toe and pushed held down the power button until the computer shut off. Mrs. Femdirty3 would have to wait. Mandy didn't care at that moment if it made the other woman mad. She had to get to work! As she tried to sit up, right into the cooling mass of poop, Mandy felt strangely calm. Somehow, she knew she'd get herself cleaned up and the room ready without any real problems. It felt like she was destined to explore this about herself, fated to discover her sick urges with raging success, forever changing her ideas and her desires.

In a few more hours, Roxanne would be there. Roxanne, bringing booze and porn. Roxanne, whom she'd kissed and rubbed when they were girls exploring. Roxanne, who pissed herself when tickled even a little, who liked to piss and poop when talking on the phone, who seemed to Mandy just then to be the perfect potential lover, the perfect potential potty-playmate. Roxanne would be there in just a few more hours, and Mandy would have everything ready. It was going to be the perfect night for a sick and twisted seduction.

Chapter 2

The Experimentation and The Spying

Mandy dug out every scented candle she could find in her house. After lighting them all, her room slowly began to smell better. Anything would have been an improvement over the stench of piss and shit that seemed to permeate the whole room. After cleaning herself forever in the hot bath, she'd spent nearly an hour scrubbing the carpet, then she dragged up the wet vac from the garage to suction all the soapy suds she'd made. She'd wiped down and sprayed her desk and desk chair with disinfectant. She'd even done the same to her computer; and with her keyboard, she actually ran it under the shower and left it there on its end to drain and dry.

It was horrible and it was wonderful. She had pissed all over herself, her desk chair, her desk, everywhere. Splatters of piss were somehow ten feet away on the closet door. The towels she'd folded up and sat on had absorbed a lot, of course, but she'd really let loose. The exhilaration of it all was still giving her a good buzz, even two hours

later.

She'd crossed another line. She hadn't cared about cleanliness or odor or anything. She'd wanted to piss herself and she did!

But it was shit that sent her over the edge. Mandy still felt the ghost of an itch across her breasts and on her belly, where she'd smashed it. Her pussy was still thick with oozing juice from her excitement at what she'd done. Smearing the shit everywhere she could, Mandy had made herself into a filthy brown shitwhore and had come harder than ever before. The only thing missing was that she hadn't been able to eat it, but she knew that would happen soon enough. Like Femdirty3 had said in the private chat: she'd have to get drunk the first few times.

Femdirty3. Mandy's cunt throbbed at the thought of that woman. Whoever she was, she had given Mandy the encouragement-the push-that she had needed. The girl regretted cutting the woman off, for the second time, but she'd find some way to make it up to her. She owed her everything, after all. And what if she really was housewife with kids and a loving husband? What if she and her husband really did love shit sex and could somehow hide it from their kids and live normal lives, above shame and doubt, full of the confidence and freedom that she craved for herself? A large part of Mandy still feared that it was too good to be true. It was the same part of herself that told her she was sick. Depraved. Disgusting. Psychopathic. But Mandy thought those feelings were on the run now. She was too happy and too horny to worry about it.

All she had to concern herself with was cleaning up and de-stinking herself and her room, so that the rest of her perverted plans could get underway.

Roxanne would be over at any moment. She was bringing a porno and booze. Mandy had already made popcorn and brought it up (just more scents to confuse and distract from the shit stink that Mandy was convinced she could still perceive). She'd also sprayed her bedspread and pillows lightly with perfume. It was a boudoir now, and Mandy sighed, with nothing left to do but sit on the corner of her bed and wait to hear the knock downstairs. Her heart was pounding; the more she tried to think of something else, the worse it got.

Mandy wore a long, soft cotton t-shirt and some simple white panties. Sexy enough for anybody, she thought.

Hopefully Roxanne would actually be willing to do what they'd joked about. Perhaps Mandy would really get to make love to her friend after all, and maybe even show her the dirty new games that she liked to play. It was like a dream that she'd even be thinking about such things, and now she was maybe only a few minutes from making it happen for real!

Roxanne, being Hispanic, was dark and lush and gorgeous. Mandy had always admired her, going all the way back to elementary school. That was why she'd eagerly begun to practice kissing with Roxanne all those years ago. She'd been in love. Even now, after Roxanne had

gained some muscle and grown a bit stout through her waist and legs, she was still easily the prettiest girl Mandy had ever befriended. Mandy was even accustomed to Roxanne's short, boyish haircut by now, though it had taken her all of high school to get used to it.

"Lacrosse and soccer are not good on the hair, Mandy," Roxanne would always say, easily exasperated with the topic of her hair. I can't play all the time and have all that mess flopping around making me hot, looking ratty, and getting split ends. Come on!" And Mandy always shrugged and agreed, admitting that it had of course been a very sensible decision to have it cut that way.

Mandy had also stepped into the neighborhood of a new understanding of her best friend, although she wasn't quite ready to knock on the door. With sports buffing up her body and with her hair butching up her face, Roxanne had lately become the subject of some whispers that had gone around school. She'd begun to get lumped into the same jokes that were told about Ms. Reilly, the PE (and lacrosse and soccer) coach-lesbian jokes. "What dinosaur did Roxanne write about for her term paper? ...The Lickalotapuss!"

It was stupid, and Roxanne had laughed it off and moved on, because that was her style-happy and free. But Mandy thought the meanness of their classmates had sprung from fear, and that maybe the fear had sprung from the truth. Roxanne was different. She was a dyke. Mandy had no real proof, of course. It wasn't something either of them ever discussed. But Roxanne never, ever, had a boyfriend; through all those years of listening to Mandy prattle on about her boys, Roxanne had maintained they were all "too immature" for her, and she'd wait for college to go all silly like her friend.

Mandy, though Roxanne's best friend, was not an athlete. They weren't seen together all that much, and they didn't obsess over their friendship in the same way that a lot of other "Best Friends 4Ever" did. All that gushing and constant companionship didn't really suit either of them, which was one reason why they got along so well. During the school day, they'd only talked before and after school, because they didn't even share the same classes during senior year. Mercifully, all of that had meant Mandy had never been much included in the lesbian jokes. Having a stud boyfriend like Steve had helped, obviously. But now that seemed hilarious to Mandy-after all, look what a fag he turned out to be!

Of course, after crushing on Roxanne in her young adolescent way, Mandy eventually grew up and gravitated toward boys; and once she'd first sucked off a guy in tenth grade and finally tasted cock, she knew she'd always have a hunger for it. And after finally fucking a boy, of course, it was obvious that Mandy would like doing that as often as she could. Even now, with Steve gone for good and her sights clearly set on taking a girl into her bed, Mandy was wondering idly how long it was going to be before she could find some guy out there who might be willing to get as dirty as she hungered to be.

Nevertheless, she was all keyed up because she still liked the idea of

kissing girls, and she loved the memory of frenching with Roxanne. So many nights in elementary and middle school they'd slept over and held one another, deeply sucking on each other's mouths, tentatively rubbing fingertips over breast buds, wrapping legs around each other, sleeping entwined. They were some of Mandy's most precious memories. Of course, now that she was a new high school grad, only a few weeks away from starting college, all of that felt like a lifetime ago. And yet she was starting to feel the same kind of lump in her throat that she used to get then.

* * *

Roxanne flopped onto Mandy's bed with a dramatic "ungh" and buried her face in the soft pink comforter. She blindly held out a half-emptied bottle in one hand, a videocassette in the other.

"Polmos and Pornos!" she declared with a muffled shout into the bedding. Mandy was sure her parents couldn't hear, but she jumped nonetheless. Taking the items from her friend, she elbowed her in the ribs until she turned over, gasping for breath and smiling, wild.

"You're drunk already, you bitch!" Mandy squealed. Roxanne just nodded and rolled her eyes.

"What the hell? It's this vodka Dad buys by case every now and then, and God it's so nice.... He had this one already opened and started on a little, and I just figured I'd take the edge off after working out, you know, just drink a little on the way over...." She giggled and rolled onto her side and buried her face against Mandy's hip. Her arm flopped across Mandy's bare legs, only an inch away from her crotch. Mandy steadied her breathing before she spoke.

"You'll fall asleep before we even get to watch the movie," she pouted, truly beginning to feel disappointed. "And I made fucking popcorn."

But then Roxanne bolted upright, standing on the bed so suddenly it nearly bounced Mandy right off. She made fists of her hands and pointed them up at ceiling fan, her feet set wide, her grin lost in mock-seriousness. "No!" Roxanne declared. "I'm not drunk! I'm just full of shit! It's the A-ma-zing SHITGIRL!"

Then she collapsed back in a heap, right in Mandy's lap, giggling.

Mandy couldn't help but giggle along. It was why she loved Roxanne so much. She was so crazy. So happy. Never worried. Never boring. Her face was also right against Mandy's belly as they finished off their laugh, her arms wrapping around Mandy's waist, tight.

Mandy laid the bottle and video on the bed and put her hands on Roxanne's hair, running her fingers through the short, dark silk. Her cunt was surely soaking through to the comforter now. Roxanne moaned as her laugh finished off, and she rubbed her face luxuriously, catlike, into Mandy's stomach as her hair was caressed.

"I like that," her friend muttered. Then she took a deep sniff. Mandy froze, terrified. This was it.

"You smell so good," Roxanne said, sniffing for another long moment. Mandy went back to rubbing the girl's head and holding her breath. "It's not like I remember you-back then, you know." Another sniff. "I don't know, it's not like a woman instead of a girl thing, exactly. It's more like you're..." sniff "I don't know...." sniff "...earthy now...." Her voice trailed off. Mandy almost laughed. If you only knew!

"Thanks," was all Mandy could think to say, wondering what to do next. But Roxanne took care of that.

Rubbing her face higher, Roxanne lingered a long time between Mandy's breasts, just rocking her head side to side in her cleavage. Then she was kissing Mandy's neck. Licking her earlobe. Pressing her lips against Mandy's, and then their mouths were open. Mandy's hands were still gently entwined in Roxanne's hair, and Roxanne was softly kneading Mandy's breasts through her shirt. They kissed for a long time, tongues exploring, dancing, tasting of each other. It was just like always, and it had been too long. Mandy knew Roxanne felt the same way-lightheaded, craving ten different orgasms done ten different ways, all at once, and, strangely, wanting to just hold her and weep, too.

Maybe we really are in love, she thought.

But then Roxanne pulled slowly away, finally kissing the tip of Mandy's nose and smiling. "I think we should watch the tape now and get drunk. For real, this time. Then-" Roxanne scooted away from Mandy with an impish smirk to rest, leaning back on the pillows at the head of the bed- "I might just let you fuck me. What do you think?"

I think you don't have choice, Mandy thought. You like my smell, my old-smears-shit smell that the raspberry soap and the loofah couldn't scrub completely away. It made you horny enough to go ahead and kiss me. But will you let me do what I really want? Mandy was almost too giddy to stand and step over to the VCR, but she made it. As the tape slid in with a robotic little whir, Mandy grabbed up the bowl of popcorn, retrieved the vodka, and settled in next to her friend.

Roxanne had kicked off her shoes, pulled off her socks, and pulled down her shorts. She kicked them off the bed as Mandy pretended to be shocked, fluttering a hand to her chest, southern belle style.

"What?" Roxanne chuckled. "I'm getting ready to fuck, OK? I mean, how do you watch pornos, biotch?" Mandy elbowed her in the ribs, but didn't start removing her own things. She knew Roxanne wouldn't care. They would come off eventually, right? So she just nibbled on the popcorn and studied Roxanne's well-muscled body as she pulled off her panties, shirt, and sports bra. Her pussy was thickly hairy, with tangles of tight black curls, and it smelled like a barn. Strong, wild pussy. Mandy just stared and stared. Then she surveyed the rest of her friend, from her strong thighs to her small, perfect-handful-sized breasts, and she nearly put down the popcorn.

"You're gorgeous, you know," Mandy whispered. Their eyes met, and she nearly melted to see the gratitude welling up in Roxanne. Her

filthy aspirations for the night were temporarily pushed aside, and a kind of puppyish romance flooded into its place. Mandy did love her friend. A lot.

"Really?" Roxanne asked. "You think I'm pretty?"

Mandy just nodded, then leaned over and shared another long, sweet kiss with her friend. Roxanne moaned through the whole thing.

Suddenly the TV chirped something at them, and the black screen blinked into focus. As if on cue, the popcorn was off Mandy's lap, onto the bedside table, and the two of them were simply passing the vodka back and forth. Roxanne cleared her throat before and after every swig, and looked at Mandy repeatedly when Mandy was taking her own gulps.

The TV showed nothing but an empty bedroom for a couple minutes. Indistinguishable noise could be heard in the background. A toilet flushing, sink running, hinges creaking. Muffled, brief conversation. There was a bed that consumed most of the frame, and over the headboard was a framed print. On a bedside table was a small lamp, a bottle of lubricant, and several dildos of varying sizes. The lighting was decent, coming from above the bed and behind the camera, too. Mandy waited, trading the bottle back and forth, wondering what this could be. She'd never before seen an amateur porno before, only the pro stuff. It looked cheap, but it must be good, or else Roxanne wouldn't have brought it over.

Maybe a minute dragged on, and Mandy found herself staring at the print that hung over the large bed. Its subject was a beautiful woman, nude except for a gauzy short robe, flung open, leaned back in a fancy bedroom loveseat, her legs spread, one foot on the floor. A makeup mirror was propped up on the lounge, pointing back up the length of her body. She had her hands up in her hair, like she was fixing it, but she wasn't using that mirror to see what she was doing with her head. Her eyes would have to be on the reflection of her cunt, on the wispy trail of hair running up from her crotch to her navel. She was drinking in the sight of her own creamy skin, the gentle rise of her small belly, the languid roll of her fine breasts out to each side of her torso, the aureoles large, nipples fat with want.

"I like that painting," Roxanne declared, but before Mandy could respond, someone appeared in the frame. Roxanne quickly spoke up again, "I hope you like this," then took a long pull on the vodka.

Mandy stared hard at the screen. A girl had just climbed up onto the bed, leaning back against the pillows. She was naked, very tanned-looking, and dark-haired. Short-haired. She promptly stuck her feet into the air and began rubbing her pussy. It was gloriously hairy, black curls matted with her own wetness. One hand spread the hair, parted her hidden lips, while the other ran fingers up and down, in and out.

It was Roxanne, masturbating in some bedroom Mandy had never seen before. Before she could collect herself and figure out how she felt about that, another person climbed up onto the bed and knelt

between Roxanne's legs. Another woman, nude, with a tattoo of a dragon on her back. She buried her face in Roxanne's cunt, and Roxanne moaned and put her hands to her own breasts.

Mandy turned to gape in amazement at her friend, who was smiling shyly back.

"Well, it's not like it wasn't obvious, right?" Roxanne said. "I just thought it was time to-you know-be honest with you."

Mandy looked from the TV and back to Roxanne, back and forth, for several moments, and stupid, open-mouthed smile on her face. Finally, she managed to put to words what she was feeling. Sort of.

"Cool," Mandy whispered, finally settling her swiveling head to stare only at the TV. She was even more excited than before, and the sensation was better than any high she'd ever had. She'd fuck her crazy friend for sure, and she'd show her she had her own surprises, too. Hot damn.

"You mean it?" Roxanne asked in a small voice. "Really?"

Mandy only looked long into Roxanne's eyes, nodding, smiling. At the same time, she began to wonder what she was about to see Roxanne do in the video. What she liked. If she'd get freaky or play it tame. Might make a big difference in how I go after her later, Mandy thought.

On the TV, Roxanne was now up on her hands and knees, and the woman was fingering her cunt with three fingers while she licked her asshole. Mandy nearly cheered. Then the woman was fingering Roxanne's anus, too, both hands working her holes, alternating in and out. Roxanne's face was buried in a pillow, and her whole body began to twitch, more and more.

"Um-I'm a little into it, you know," Roxanne apologized. Just then the video Roxanne lifted her face and gave a loud wail of happiness, coming like crazy. The woman continued to finger her holes, growling nonsensical noises of encouragement. Finally, Roxanne's knees gave out from under her and she collapsed on her belly. The woman withdrew her fingers, licked each one, then sensuously stretched herself out over the length of Roxanne's body.

Mandy had looked closely at the woman's fingers, but they were clean. Nevertheless, it was a hopeful sign. At least Roxanne liked assplay.

The woman was licking Roxanne's neck, shoulders, and back, while her hands covered Roxanne's, flung out to the side, held still. Then Roxanne began to struggle against her. It wasn't in anger or panic. It was like a part of their lovemaking. They were wrestling. Roxanne had to get herself out from under the woman and top her, and the woman was fighting to hold her down.

Beside Mandy, Roxanne muttered, "I like this. Watch."

On the TV, Roxanne managed to get her knees scrunched under herself again, raising her ass slowly into the air. The woman simply rode up with her, still laid out over the length of her back. But then

Roxanne got a foot loose from under the woman's foot. With vicious, blind kicks, Roxanne smacked her foot back up toward her own ass, but hitting the woman's ass and cunt instead. With all her strength, Roxanne hacked with her foot at the woman's crotch and cheeks. The woman struggled to stay on top of Roxanne, to ride her as long as possible. Meanwhile, the more times Roxanne's foot hit her, the louder she moaned.

Finally, Roxanne rolled her off and jumped onto her chest, pinning the woman as she lay sprawled on her back. Deftly, she spun around and buried her face in the woman's crotch, while the woman lifted her head and began to lick at Roxanne's own damp mess. It was a long, groan-filled, full-on munching mouthful 69. Mandy was impressed and eager. It looked like Roxanne really knew how to do that the right way. The woman bucked and squealed beneath her countless times, coming over and over.

Then Mandy got part of the blessing she'd been hoping for. Roxanne elbowed her gently, then muttered, "This part's a little gross, maybe you can fast forward."

Mandy quickly got the remote from the bedside table and paused the video.

"What? Why?" she asked, dizzy with expectation. Could her friend... really...?

Roxanne blushed and leaned over for the remote. Mandy moved her hand away quickly. "Oh no, you sick lezzie. I'm watching this!" Mandy dramatically pointed and clicked the thing, and Roxanne sat back and eyed her suspiciously. Mandy, in contrast, sat herself up a little and watched the action closely.

The woman, now spreading Roxanne's pussy lips wide open with both hands, gasped with lust. "Give it to me, Roxie! Please give it to me, baby!"

Beside Mandy, Roxanne covered her face with her hands and uttered a small, embarrassed little squeak.

Then the TV Roxanne pissed all over the woman's face.

Mandy was suddenly fingering her own pussy. The remote was forgotten, dropped onto the floor, and now with one hand Mandy had pulled aside her panties, while with the other she was making sloppy sounds. Roxanne's piss spurted over and over, in great messy splashes, drenching the woman and the bed, spraying out onto the floor, out of the frame, even. It was like her friend hadn't peed in three days. It just kept coming. The woman's hair, soaked completely, freely dripped piss everywhere when she finally sat up and reached out for a pillow to wipe off her eyes, which obviously stung.

Mandy could smell her cunt, and she couldn't stop her hands now. It was time to get off. Roxanne liked pissing. She'd have piss sex with Mandy. And maybe more. And Mandy found herself closing her eyes and arching her back, ignoring the video for a moment, just desperate

to get to the enormous orgasm that seemed to be just toying with her. Then Roxanne pulled up Mandy's t-shirt and began to chew and suck on her nipples. And Mandy hit the promised land like a brick.

"Nnnngghhh! Nnnnggghhh! Oh-fuck-God-fuck-fuck-nnnnggghhh-OH!" Mandy screamed.

"Fucking-nnnnggghhh-God-fuck-YES!"

Roxanne held a nipple between her teeth, flicking it roughly with her tongue, while her hand twisted the other nipple around and around an impossible number of times, finally holding it pulled way out in this wound-up state, stretching the whole breast up and away from her body, and pinching the nipple for all it was worth. Mandy got four fingers as deep as she could inside herself, then strummed at her clit with her other hand like it was the last banjo contest on earth.

"OH-FUCKING-YEAH!"

Then there was a knock on the door. Instantly, both girls were up, and Roxanne frantically struggled to jump back into her clothes.

"Young lady, what is the problem in here?" The locked door was tested. "Why are you girls screaming?"

Mandy, her legs barely able to support her, wobbled over to the door and unlocked it, peeking out of it just a crack. Her mother's annoyed face tried to peer around her, but Mandy had the view blocked. Besides, Roxanne was already dressed by now. This is so stupid, Mandy fumed. I'm a fucking adult now and having to deal with this shit.

"What's going on?" her mother demanded. "Good lord-just how many candles have you got lit in there?"

Behind her, Mandy heard Roxanne mutter, "Yeah, now that you mention it. This is a lot of fucking candles, Mandy!"

Mandy had to laugh. Her fragile post-orgasmic state couldn't handle much at that point, so she just collapsed into a big giggle, leaning against the cracked door. Her mother remained unchanged, asking again, "Mandy, what's going on?"

Mandy, still giggling, said, "Oh Mom, you know how it is. Us girls just up and decided to have a bunch of wild lesbian sex just now, and we got a little too excited!"

Roxanne quietly gasped, but then began to laugh along with Mandy. Mandy's Mom, completely flummoxed, took a step back and frowned. Then she wagged her finger at her daughter and said, "That's not funny, young lady. You watch your tongue."

Mandy thought, That's funny, but fuck you, Mom. I'm almost moved out of here and able to say and do whatever I want. And I want lesbian orgasms and lesbian piss and a whole bunch of hot shit to play with. I'm so perverted and sick you'd crap your own pants and die if you knew it. And I don't think I'd care!

It surprised her, but it was true. Her life had changed and she didn't care about following certain rules from her old life anymore. Profoundly annoyed that her plans were pretty much ruined for the night, Mandy stood there at a loss for how exactly to react; but she knew, more than anything, that she had to do something. It was either fight with her mom and just totally ruin everything, or maybe she'd just leave. She chose to leave.

"Oh, Mom, lighten up." Mandy closed the door again and locked it. Her mother began to lecture and threaten on the other side of the door, but soon enough her voice faded and she'd walked away. Mandy went around and blew out all the candles, her mood suddenly more nervous than sour. This was now outside her plan, and she wasn't sure if it was smart to do anything outside the plan that night, as far as Roxanne was concerned. Maybe she'd be pissed or upset that she couldn't get a chance to get her own nice orgasm. Mandy quickly put on some shorts and her flip-flops, then turned to Roxanne, who was standing there just watching her, her shirt on inside-out.

"Let's go do something crazy," Mandy said boldly, and Roxanne grinned with her usual fierce zeal. Mandy instantly knew it was going to be a fun night, after all.

"Oh yeah, let's," she agreed. "And I know just what we can do. Come on."

She led Mandy downstairs and out the front door. Mandy didn't even call out to tell her folks she was leaving. She knew they'd hear the door and all, and she knew they'd let her go.

In the yard, walking across to Roxanne's little Hyundai, Mandy grabbed and held her friend's hand. It was the one she'd had halfway up her pussy, and it was still a little sticky. Roxanne squeezed it, then raised it to her nose for a sniff.

"Yummy," she growled. But then they were getting into the car, and Mandy wondered how long it would be before they had a chance to do anything about the truly "yummy" parts of Roxanne that she was dying to taste.

* * *

Roxanne drove them to Jeff's neighborhood, parking her car around the corner. Mandy nearly jumped through the moon roof.

"Oh, that's right!" she cried. "Do you think our little fag-boys are fucking again tonight? Do I finally get to watch them?"

Roxanne just grinned and led the way. "Let's find out!"

They cut across a couple lawns until Roxanne had them positioned perfectly behind the bushes next to the wall of Jeff's house. Both close to drunk, it was a challenge to get into position silently. They had to clutch at each other for support, but finally they were kneeling in the cool dirt with a front row view through the basement window, right down on the couch below.

Jeff and Steve were playing Playstation 2, drinking beer, and eating Cheetos. Naked.

"Nice," Mandy muttered, feeling her cunt juice up again. Roxanne leaned hard against her from behind, looking over her shoulder. She was warm and firm and strong. Mandy reached up a hand and stroked her friend's arm. Roxanne responded by reaching inside Mandy's shirt to play with her breasts. It was all Mandy could do to keep from groaning like a whore cow.

They watched the two of them for only a few minutes before the boys' two-player game ended and Steve told Jeff to get him more beer. It was a little difficult, considering all the noise that nature made at night, but the girls could just barely hear them. Steve called Jeff a dillhole, and Jeff just laughed back. Jeff stood and walked across to the fridge. His cock was nice and thick, average length, and sticking straight out. It barely bobbed at all while he walked back with the beer. He was rigid and ready.

"Now, suck me, you little bitch," Steve growled. Same old jerk, Mandy thought. Ordering people around to give him his pleasure. Same with the boys as he was with the girls. Mr. King of Fucking. He needs his nuts cut off, is what he needs, she thought. I bet Roxanne would do it.

Jeff meekly got down on his knees between Steve's legs and swallowed Steve's impressive tool slowly, lovingly. Steve shifted a little, as if annoyed, and reached out to reset the game. He played it while Jeff continued to suck and lick. Soon he was deeply engrossed in the action, unconsciously fucking his cock into Jeff's open, drooling mouth. Long ropes of slobber dropped from Jeff's chin onto the floor as he caressed Steve's balls and let his mouth gape like a street corner cunt.

Mandy was impressed. Steve was too long for her to deep throat like that. Twice she'd even puked when he'd shoved it down her throat when she wasn't ready. Hilarious to think back on it now, how pissed he'd been. But at the time, she was terrified he'd be so angry he'd break up. What a stupid bitch I was, Mandy thought.

Roxanne, still lovingly squeezing and rubbing Mandy's breasts with one hand, whispered, "You know, I don't know if I'll ever do that. Never really wanted to, you know?" Mandy, floating from the caresses and the view through the window, just nodded and muttered, "Yeah." But Roxanne laughed softly and hugged her close.

"You distracted horny biotch," she murmured.

Steve finally finished his game, set down the controller, and grabbed Jeff by his ears. Dragging him between his knees like a bag of dog food as Jeff scrambled to support his own weight and move where he was supposed to go, Steve got off the couch and positioned Jeff a little bit away from it, laying him on his back on top of a big sheet of garden plastic. Mandy shivered. This is it.

"Oh, fuck," Roxanne breathed heavily into her ear. "Holy fuck...."

Steve stood up and shook his cock for a minute until it was almost soft. Then he grabbed the beer Jeff had just got him, opened it, and abruptly poured it all over Jeff. Of course, Jeff cried out and lifted his hands to deflect the cold brew. Steve laughed and made sure to slowly pour it out all over his love slave, moving the can around randomly, making sneaky little splashes of Amberbock rain down on him until the it was empty.

Then he put the bottle down to his dick and began to piss into it. Soon it was overflowing, and Steve stopped. He lifted the bottle and held it out over Jeff's chattering body.

"This ought to warm you up," he sneered, and he poured the piss out all over him. Jeff moaned and smiled. He rubbed the warm urine all over, wherever he could get to it as it splashed onto him. He got lucky and some went into his mouth; he made a big show of swallowing and making approving little noises.

After the bottle emptied, Steve knelt and ordered Jeff to raise his knees and spread his legs, which he did immediately. Steve roughly shoved the end of the bottle up Jeff's asshole, then stood up and put his foot on the base of the dark glass. Jeff groaned in pain, but his hands went to his nipples and began to twist and pinch them.

"God, how fucking perverted," Roxanne panted, pinching Mandy's nipples pretty hard now, too. Mandy only smiled to herself and tried not to fall. Roxanne was leaning against her with almost all her weight now, and it was tough to stay kneeling with her body and an orgasm just about to knock her over. "I can't believe it gets me this hot watching guys do this," Roxanne mused, and Mandy could tell she didn't finish her whole thought. But Mandy wasn't worried about it. Steve was pushing harder with his foot.

Jeff's asshole was painfully opening wide for the long brown beer bottle, and he could barely contain himself. He thrashed his head side to side and whimpered just like Mandy's long-dead cocker spaniel, Precious. His hands worked double-time on his nipples.

"Open wide," Steve snarled, and he pissed freely all over Jeff's tortured body.

Mandy, quivering, came so hard she had to fling out her hands and brace herself against the wall. Roxanne could've fallen face first into the dirt, but her excellent athletic instincts kept her snugly leaned against Mandy's back. Her fingers just kept on twisting and pinching. Mandy knew there was more to come.

"OK, fucker, do you think you deserve it?" Steve asked. Jeff was awash in a slippery-looking sheen of piss, from head to toe, and great puddles of it were all around him. Steve must not have urinated in a long time. Jeff ran his hands all over his wet skin, then sucked his fingers into his mouth, tasting the piss as it cooled. He only looked up at Steve with pitiful, enormous eyes, and nodded. Steve kicked at the bottle up Jeff's ass and laughed. Jeff cried out dropped his legs, the bottle pinned against the floor, all but an inch of it shoved up his

purpled asshole.

Steve stood over Jeff, his feet on either side of his face, and he reached back and spread his ass cheeks apart. Grunting, watching Jeff's expressions, Steve let loose a little more piss onto Jeff's eager mouth. Mandy stared, shocked to numbness with the realization of what it was she was about to witness. The filth was on its way. It made her entire being buzz like a horny hive of bees, she wanted to see it so bad!

Steve spoke between grunts, "Well... bitch... since you... like this... so much now.... Let's... just... do it... again! Ahhhhhh....."

A long, thick turd emerged suddenly from Steve's rectum. It split the pale twin globes of his ass with its dark protrusion, quickly tipping itself downward and plummeting onto Jeff's neck. The broken-off end of the shit was still sticking out of Steve's ass, and he grunted mightily and produced another mammoth turd log for Jeff. This one fell on his chest with a splat that the girls could even hear through the window. Several more smaller, softer globs of shit fell onto Jeff; before Steve could even step away, Jeff was reaching down and beginning to rub it all over.

Mandy came again, Roxanne's hand still working at her nipples, the sight of that shit and Jeff loving it so much was just too much for Mandy to handle. She braced her hands against the wall once more and softly shook as she watched.

"Oh-wow!" was all Roxanne could mutter, over and over.

Steve squatted onto Jeff's face and ordered, "Clean my asshole, bitch. Lick my shit!"

Jeff, still rubbing shit everywhere on his stomach and chest and neck, enthusiastically drove his open mouth up tight against Steve's ass, his tongue obviously hard at work. Mandy wondered what that would be like, to rim filth like that, right from the fresh source itself. She envied Jeff, for sure.

Steve stroked himself back to full hardness, then stood up and stepped away. Jeff took quick advantage and gathered up lumps of brown excrement and wiped them on his cheeks and arms. Steve kicked him perfunctorily in the ribs, and Jeff whimpered, pausing in his shitbath.

"Get rid of the bottle and get up on your hands and knees, bitch," Steve commanded. Jeff grunted, lifted one foot into the air, and the beer bottle slid slowly out his ass. Steve kicked it away as Jeff turned over and stuck his ass in the air. Steve got behind him and roughly shoved his cock straight up Jeff's ass. Buried it to the root. Jeff sobbed from the pain, but his shit-covered hand moved down to stroke his own dick, nonetheless.

Mandy winced to watch that violation. Having never experienced anal intercourse with anyone, she didn't know how it might feel. But she knew how much it hurt when a big, hard log of shit came out too fast. It tore and burned, and she'd feel the sting for many days afterward.

Watching Jeff like that, Mandy knew he'd be feeling it probably a lot longer than that. But he was stroking himself like lightning, all the same.

Roxanne was silent, but breathing heavily, her fingers still nipping around.

Steve reached out and pushed on the back of Jeff's head. Jeff immediately dropped his face down to the floor, his mouth open, squashing his chin and cheeks and teeth into the messy piles of shit on the floor. He was eating it!

"That's it, bitch. Eat it. EAT MY SHIT!" Steve's brutal pounding of Jeff's ass gained even more speed as he degraded his lover. Mandy could see her ex-boyfriend's fingers digging into Jeff's hips so deeply they were bound to leave fingernail marks, maybe even some permanent scars if he broke the skin hard enough.

Her ears rang, she was lightheaded. The vodka finally made things spin a little, and she almost felt sick. It was so incredible, and it made her so horny, watching all that filth. Jeff's mouth was full of gooey brown shit, running down his chin as he raised his head to chew. Steve kept fucking his ravaged hole like it was the last ass he'd ever fuck. Jeff, grunting and gagging as he chewed, turned his face to look back at his man. He smiled and lewdly gaped his mouth. A fat glob of wet shit slowly wobbled forward toward his lower teeth, shaken loose by Steve's frantic deep thrusts. The slimy brown mass then suddenly fell out and rolled down his lips and chin, leaving a sloppy wet brown trail. Mandy's orgasm hit her just then with a sick kind of lurch, sending her sprawling toward the wall for support once more. Roxanne let go of her tit this time, shifting herself around a little behind her friend until Mandy could barely feel her back there at all.

Then Steve, lurching awkwardly against Jeff, vomited all over his fucktoy's back. Jeff's orgasm hit him at once, his cock spurting long thick ropes of semen all over the brown puddles beneath him. Every thrust of Steve's now squirted at least a little jizz out of Jeff's fat dick, for at least a dozen strokes. Then Steve puked again, then again, messy chunks of orange and pinkish stuff splattered everywhere. Jeff's back was completely defiled. Little hillocks of fermenting, bitter, stinking vomit were all over him. Much of it was sliding slowly over his ribs and dripping onto the floor, the more Steve continued to fuck his ass and jostle his body.

Jeff just lowered his face back into the soft mound of shit below and puked his own guts out. His hoarse vomiting wracked his entire body. Convulsions twice as hard as Steve's. Mandy began to feel seriously sick herself now, but she couldn't stop watching. Brownish-yellowed mush sprayed everywhere as an enormous pool of horrid shit-vomit collected all around Jeff's face.

Fighting down her own bile, Mandy clamped her mouth shut tight. A large part of her wanted to just do it, but she was afraid of the noise and the mess. It could be dangerous for Steve to catch them. She

knew she wouldn't be ready for her ass to be treated like Jeff's by anybody for a long time.

As Jeff once more fantastically tensed his entire body to bring up his stomach, Steve's cock let loose. The clamping pressure in Jeff's ass from his violent puking had done it. Steve was coming like crazy. He drove his cock so hard into Jeff's ass that Jeff fell flat upon the floor and the rancid mess of shit and puke that lay everywhere. Steve just stayed on him, his dick deep in him, until every last bit of his jizz was out.

Mandy, desperate for one last orgasm, put a hand down her panties and one up her shirt. She thought Roxanne must be doing the same thing, since she hadn't felt her much in the past few moments. And who could blame her. She'd missed out on any kind of a come back at Mandy's house, and she'd denied herself most the time so far there at the basement window. In the midst of her nauseated, orgasmic haze, Mandy managed to acknowledge to herself that she might truly love Roxanne forever.

And then she felt it, and she came.

Roxanne was pissing on her.

Hot urine hit the back of Mandy's head like a water gun, drenching her hair and sending a river of piss all down her neck, washing over her shirt, soaking her tits and her back. Mandy instinctively ducked, but then she twisted her upper body and turned her face directly into the thick, hissing stream. OH FUCK! Her mind screamed. THIS IS IT! She opened her mouth and swallowed gulp after gulp of Roxanne's bitter, oily piss. Her pussy seemed to meld into one massive thumping clit, with every molecule of air that touched it sending her higher and higher into orgasm.

With her eyes shut tight against the burning stuff, she just kept her mouth open and feverishly tasted and touched, smelled and heard. It was perfect. She was shaking all over with wave after wave of orgasm. Her body was involuntarily convulsing with a violence that sent her back into the wall. Her head clonked against the rough brick, but she didn't care. She was feeling way too good and way too dirty.

The flow slowed, then stopped. Struggling to blink her eyes free of the stinging piss, Mandy was finally able to see Roxanne there, standing above her. Her shorts and panties were nowhere in sight. She stood with her feet wide apart, her knees slightly bent, her pelvis thrust out toward Mandy. Her hands still held her bushy cuntlips open as the last few drips fell to the ground. Their eyes met. Roxanne had obviously come hard as she was pissing all over her friend. Her mouth hung slack and her eyes shone with the thick glaze of joy that couldn't be denied for anything other than a seriously strong orgasm.

Mandy just smiled at her as she knelt there, shaking out her piss-soaked hair.

"Well," Mandy drawled, giddy, shaking, about to laugh loud enough to

wake the dead, "I guess you liked watching that."

Roxanne blinked, then grinned in her crooked way. If it had been light, Mandy was sure she'd see her friend was blushing.

She realized she wasn't nauseated anymore. In fact, she felt wonderful! Piss sex was every bit as fantastic as she'd dreamed it would be. Despite the fact that it got her severely cold and smelly almost immediately. Despite the fact that she was still kneeling in dirt-now mud-her clothes completely drenched, her body nothing but a cheap toilet. It was worth it. It was so worth it for the kind of freedom she felt, the thrill at busting through so many barriers, embracing her lust with every ounce of eagerness and need that she'd ever known.

It was the way she was made to fuck. Every part of her body, every part of her lover's. Sweat, pussy juice, semen. Spit, puke, piss, shit. She wanted it all, from whomever she might fuck, from now on. She wanted Roxanne's hand inside her cunt. Her foot. Both feet! Whatever she could possibly do, she wanted to do it. She was willing to split till she bled. She thought about her periods, and suddenly she couldn't wait to try licking on her tampons, sucking at Roxanne's bloodied pussy.

Oh God, I'm still so horny! Mandy thought. She eyed Roxanne for a long moment more, savoring an idea. Roxanne chuckled at Mandy's wild smile.

"What?" Roxanne innocently asked. But they both knew what they were going to do next.

Problem was, they had to run first.

"HEY!" a voice shouted just then. Steve was standing at the corner of the house, not more than thirty feet away, wearing nothing but loose sweatpants. Mandy jumped up and started to run, glancing as she did at the basement window. She screamed. Jeff's face was right on the other side, peering up at her. Surely recognizing her. But then she was sprinting away as fast as she could, her flip-flops rocketing off her feet after only a couple strides.

Roxanne was way ahead, and by the time Mandy got to the car it was running, the door flying open for her. Mandy leapt in and Roxanne floored it. Turning to look back, Steve was nowhere. Back across a couple of yards, around the corner, down the street. He hadn't followed. Probably too cum-drained to do much of anything for a while. Just like a man, she thought.

Roxanne was hooting at the top of her lungs as they screeched around corners and roared through the empty streets of the midnight suburbs, all the way back to Mandy's house. And Mandy was nodding her head and holding on for her own happy, dear life.

"Fuck yeah," she was saying, over and over again. "Fuck yeah. Fuck yeah. FUCK YEAH!"

It wasn't until they got back up to her room that they realized Roxanne still wasn't wearing anything but her inside-out shirt and her shoes.

And it wasn't until they were through with a long, hard laugh over it all that Mandy finally led Roxanne into her bathroom, lay back serenely on the cold tile floor, and let her best friend shit all she had, for the first time, right into her eager, open mouth.

Chapter 3

The Public Display and The Poor, Poor Upholstery

Femdirty3: "You must have really been in a bad way somehow."

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "Logging out like that was a fucked-up thing to do."

Mandyho4u: "yes im sorry again sorry"

Femdirty3: "I want to know you mean it. You lied to me last time, after all"

Mandyho4u: "omg i cant even tell u how bad i feel"

Femdirty3: "Fucking prove it."

Mandyho4u: "how?"

Femdirty3: "Send me proof."

Mandyho4u: "?"

Femdirty3: "You tell me."

Mandyho4u: "ur scarin me"

Femdirty3: "That's bullshit. Just calm down and think about it."

Femdirty3: "Think about how you can *really* show me you're sorry for cutting off our chat. Remember, you broke a promise."

Mandyho4u: "i can let u chat w roxanne if u want"

Femdirty3: "That's a start. More."

Mandyho4u: "why?"

Femdirty3: "I gave you my patience and understanding. I helped you take the first steps down the path to knowing your true self. If it weren't for me, NONE of the last three days would have happened at all. You'd still be bitching about your stupid gay boyfriend and getting drunk on mommy's wine coolers. YOU KNOW THIS IS TRUE!"

Mandyho4u: "i think we gotta stop chattin"

Mandyho4u: "u there?"

Mandyho4u: "?"

Femdirty3: "That's fine. If that's what you really want."

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "Well, I'm not sorry for getting mad. If you're waiting for that, you're chatting with the wrong bitch."

Mandyho4u: "i dont u im just scared"

Femdirty3: "Of me?"

Mandyho4u: "yes and of everything like i don even kno u"

Femdirty3: "But that's a good thing. That's what lets you be real and honest-and learn about yourself in the process."

Mandyho4u: "ok true"

Femdirty3: "And now this 'not real' person is pissed FOR REAL and it's freaked you out."

Mandyho4u: "go on"

Femdirty3: "And all I'm asking for is (1) to chat with this Roxanne, and (2)... can't you just guess it???"

Femdirty3: "Well?"

Mandyho4u: "sorry"

Femdirty3: "When do you leave for college?"

Mandyho4u: "3 weeks"

Femdirty3: "Are you working?"

Mandyho4u: "i wuz but im not going anymore"

Femdirty3: "Not since you got dirty?"

Mandyho4u: "right"

Femdirty3: "Do your parents know about your work?"

Mandyho4u: "told them i wuz displaced cuz im just a temp there anyway so easy lie"

Femdirty3: "OK. It looks like I guessed right."

Mandyho4u: "?"

Femdirty3: "I got a text file attached. Do you see it?"

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "Open it."

Mandyho4u: "ok brb"

Mandyho4u: "OMG"

Femdirty3: "Is that your address?"

Mandyho4u: "how did u get it?"

Femdirty3: "Internet magic."

Mandyho4u: "ur scarin me so bad"

Femdirty3: "Hold on, honey. Just breathe and read. In case you haven't realized it yet, there are many ways for even a moderately-skilled person to discover the origin and identity of other users on the

'Net. For instance, you sent me an email last night, saying, "Sorry." I simply took certain information I found in your email, ran a simple query, and I had your name, address, social security number, date of birth, everything I needed to know. It's not a difficult thing to do, really."

Femdirty3: "Are you still there?"

Femdirty3: "Please don't be frightened."

Femdirty3: "I want you to know the second thing I need from you, so you can truly tell me how sorry you are."

Femdirty3: "Honey, I know you're still logged on, and I assume you're still reading, so I'm just going to lay it out for you. I was planning this after our first chat, and now I want to tell you about it. It really isn't about making you prove anything at all, really. It's more that the "I'm sorry" angle was going to help me sell you on the idea. Do you understand? Anyway, I mean you no harm. We've got to understand that before anymore. You've got to tell me that you understand me and trust that I'm truthful."

Femdirty3: "Can you answer me?"

Mandyho4u: "im just freakin here ok u got me so worried im so scared of u now"

Femdirty3: "But you're not logging off. You must be interested or excited, nonetheless. Am I right?"

Mandyho4u: "i wanna know ur plan cuz if i get off here and not know it ill go crazy n stuff"

Femdirty3: "That's fair. But I want you to remember the other times we've chatted. The calm understanding I've offered you. The stories from my own life. The encouragement and compliments. Didn't I make you feel special?"

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "Didn't I make you believe you weren't alone, too? That you had an ally, a friend, someone you could count on to help you grow and become the girl you needed to be?"

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "NONE of that has changed! I am still that woman. You need to understand that."

Mandyho4u: "ok"

Femdirty3: "But you offered to help repair the damage your rudeness has done to MY trust of YOU, and so now I'm giving you that chance. Just because I've been thinking about this anyway shouldn't make a difference. And just because you know I'm a bit put-out with you about what happened, well, that shouldn't make a difference either."

Mandyho4u: "i guess ur right"

Femdirty3: "And don't freak about the personal information thing. It's

time you wised up about that anyway. There's other things I can teach you about life besides filthy sex, you know. Like how to be safe online."

Mandyho4u: "true i guess"

Femdirty3: "So do you trust me that I'm safe?"

Mandyho4u: "sorry no"

Femdirty3: "What if I could prove it?"

Mandyho4u: "how?"

Femdirty3: "I got a 5 megapixel digital camera out on my kitchen counter. I just called to hubby to bring it in. So now tell me what you want to see, and I'll take the picture and email it to you. It'll take about ten seconds, probably. That way you'll know you can trust me. I'll be doing exactly what you want, and you'll have proof of a lot of other things, too, probably. Think about it for a second."

Femdirty3: "You still thinking?"

Mandyho4u: "yes hold on"

Femdirty3: "OK."

Mandyho4u: "ok do this 1 a picture of u and hubby in front of a mirror w u holding up a paper w my name and ur name first n last on it spelled so i can read it"

Femdirty3: "OK. Is that all?"

Mandyho4u: "no 2 a pic of u naked w a hairbrush handle in ur pussy but i gotta see ur face too"

Femdirty3: "OK. Done?"

Mandyho4u: "no 3 hav hubby shit in ur mouth n then a pic of u eatin it"

Femdirty3: "My pleasure. Can you wait a few minutes? It might take a while to fulfill all your little demands, here. For one, hubby's going to have to go put in a good video for the kids and lock the door."

Mandyho4u: "ok ill wait ill call roxanne n have her come over after her work"

Femdirty3: "All right, then. You wait online a few minutes, then, as you say, I'll brb."

Mandyho4u: "ok"

* * *

Femdirty3: "OK, honey. I'm back. How long was that?"

Mandyho4u: "7 mins"

Femdirty3: "Are you ready for my proof?"

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "Still scared?"

Mandyho4u: "a little"

Femdirty3: "Well, this ought to help you trust me; and I hope you know that you really, really can."

Mandyho4u: "ok go on"

Femdirty3: "Are you naked, by any chance?"

Mandyho4u: "maybe why?"

Femdirty3: "Well, I'd want to be if I was looking at these. But, then again, I am! Give me a second, then check for attachments. I'll send them one at a time because of their size. There are three total, just like you asked."

Mandyho4u: "ok"

Femdirty3: "And honey? Please don't cut out on me again. I'd like to finish the conversation this time!"

Mandyho4u: "i really promise ok dont worry"

Femdirty3: "All right. Here they come."

* * *

Femdirty3: "What did you think? Can you believe I'm for real now?"

Femdirty3: "Are you there, baby?"

Femdirty3: "Honey?"

Mandyho4u: "im hre jus typin slo"

Femdirty3: "You just orgasmed, didn't you?"

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "Did you like how I smeared your named on my belly? I tried my tits first, but the 'n' got fucked up on them, so I just made it all smear in, then I had hubby do it for me nice and careful on my tummy while I chewed. God, I'm looking at it here right now, and I'm about to come hands-free!"

Mandyho4u: "ur pretty"

Femdirty3: "Thank you, but I know I'm not."

Mandyho4u: "ur wrong"

Femdirty3: "I'm glad you think so. You can't imagine how much!"

Mandyho4u: "hubby is nice too w big cock n muscles"

Femdirty3: "He says 'Thanks.' He also says for us to hurry it up so we can fuck. But I'm going to let him sit in this chair while I sit on him, then that way I can still type."

Mandyho4u: "u don have probs typin that way?"

Femdirty3: "It just takes practice, honey! You should expect a few delays in my responses, though, just in case. ;oP"

Mandyho4u: "ha u used a thingie"

Femdirty3: "Well, everybody sins now and then."

Mandyho4u: "is he in u?"

Femdirty3: "Oh yes."

Mandyho4u: "pussy or ass?"

Femdirty3: "He's in my cunt, and in about a minute I'll be able to raise up a little and shit all over his dick. Then he'll fuck me in the ass."

Mandyho4u: "omg"

Femdirty3: "You want a picture of that, too? He's got the camera right here."

Mandyho4u: "yes omg i do fuck yes"

Femdirty3: "All right. Now, do you want to know my plan?"

Mandyho4u: "yes go on"

Femdirty3: "Since that is your correct address, I'm going to send you a present two days from now. It's a gift of your choosing."

Mandyho4u: "what?"

Femdirty3: "Plane tickets. You have three weeks until your college, and you're not working anymore. My husband owns his own company, and he's itching to get away. Our kids are dying to stay out on my folks' farm, too, and we can pack them up and send them there no problem. So I want to meet you in a city somewhere, away from Tampa and away from Raleigh. I want to meet you in an airport at the city of your choice, and we can spend some days in some hotels just fucking as much as you want. You pick the days. You pick the city. We buy the plane tickets and we buy the hotel rooms and food and everything. And Roxanne can come, too, of course. Hubby won't touch either of you unless you want. He'd be happy to watch and feed me, if that's all you wanted. Read back through this, I'll give you time while I'm doing my thing here. Just type when you're ready with a decision."

* * *

Mandyho4u: "ok u still fucking?"

Mandyho4u: "?"

Mandyho4u: "u there?"

Femdirty3: "shes suckin really. Down tween my legs and her face is pure brown shit! This is hubby btw"

Mandyho4u: "ok ill wait"

Femdirty3: "well heres two pics to keep you compny I just uploaded frm the cam"

Mandyho4u: "omg thks"

Femdirty3: "ishould say thank you bcause your drty self has made hr hornir than ever the 3 days sinc you met so thanks"

Mandyho4u: "ur cock is nice btw"

Femdirty3: "He's gone, honey. But I now take it to understand that you're open to the idea of involving hubby in the depravity, too?"

Mandyho4u: "yes"

Femdirty3: "And Roxanne?"

Mandyho4u: "gotta find out ill go see her at work to lunch today"

Femdirty3: "Sounds like a good plan. What about me chatting with her?"

Mandyho4u: "maybe round 11 that too late?"

Femdirty3: "It's just fine. What about the trip?"

Mandyho4u: "yes but i gotta talk w roxanne n get a way to tell mom n dad to let me go"

Femdirty3: "But you're 18 and leaving for the independence of college life in three weeks! If I was you, I'd just show them the plane tickets after they come in, tell them you've saved up for one last fling with Roxanne before you head off to the academic grind, then walk out the door while their jaws are still hanging open."

Mandyho4u: "ok sounds good n im thinking las vegas"

Femdirty3: "That's it! Great choice! So, we'll meet back here around 11. I'll look for your 'Shit on Me' room, just like always."

Mandyho4u: "ok"

Femdirty3: "And now for us to get cleaned up and fix some dinner for the little munchkins! But first do something for me."

Mandyho4u: "what?"

Femdirty3: "I know you're naked. When you get dressed to go see Roxanne at her work, just put on a skirt and top. No panties or bra, and make it sexy stuff, with nice strappy, high-heeled shoes. I want you to turn that lesbian girlfriend of yours into silly putty, so she can't refuse going on the trip! Can you do that?"

Mandyho4u: "yes id like to"

Femdirty3: "OK, so I'll see you at 11."

Mandyho4u: "OK, bye"

* * *

Logging off the chat site, Mandy took a moment longer with the pictures Femdirty3 had sent. She now knew her name: Bonnie. She stood there in the picture next to her husband, holding up that paper and grinning like she'd just laid a golden egg. They were both naked, and she was sure to put the paper in front of her husband's well-maintained stomach, so the view would be clear of her own body. It was lush, ripe, maybe twenty pounds too heavy, but that made her just curvy and delicious-looking. A mommy, for sure. Mandy could imagine how soft she would feel, how perfect it would be to hold her heavy breasts against her face, run her hands over those luscious hips.

The hairbrush shot was stupid, she knew. Mandy had just wanted to make her do something a little odd, something that would be hard to find quickly in her saved pics of other people that she probably had on her hard drive or on other disks. She'd been through that before, as had most of her friends. A person in the chat room says they'll send a picture, then what does it turn out to be but a picture that she's already seen five other times in five other places, usually some porn guy from Europe or a model from the J Crew online store. It was a bitchy test, of course, because the shot of Bonnie with her husband, with her's and Bonnie's names on the paper, that was enough proof. But Mandy was a little pissed and a lot freaked, so she just went for it.

I mean, she knows my fucking social, Mandy shuddered.

But the last shot of those three was what made Mandy forget all that and start to masturbate again. Bonnie was lying on the bathroom floor. She was smiling, but her mouth was hidden behind a small mound of dark brown excrement. Her eyes shouted their joy, though. She'd even gone so far as to smear streaks of her husband's shit like war paint across her forehead and on each cheek. Brown goo thinly covered her breasts, and then there was the name "Mandy", spelled in crooked block letters, right there on Bonnie's stretch-marked tummy. And she was rubbing it on her cunt. Mandy could see the filthy stuff squirting out from between her fingers as she applied pressure.

Mandy was rubbing herself again. Her own squishing sounds in her sloppy wet crotch were only barely louder than her heavy, panting breath as she approached another orgasm. It was ten in the morning, only a few hours since Roxanne had left for home and for work. Mandy's room still stank of old piss and shit and three dozen scented candles. Her skin still itched from all that had been smeared upon it just hours before. Her mouth was a numb pit of fetid bad breath that she was afraid she'd never get clean again. In the back of her mind, she was worried about getting sick, needing shots, having somebody throw her in jail. But God was she still horny!

Then she clicked open the last two pictures Bonnie's husband had sent, resizing them to rest side-by-side on her desktop. She set the keyboard and mouse aside, then leaned back and put her feet up on her desk, abandoning herself to her pleasure. One hand savagely pulled, pinched and twisted her nipples. The other rammed four fingers into her pussy, stabbing up and in, then rough and hard around on her clit, then back into her steaming hot cunt.

The picture on the left: hubby's long cock, with just the head still inside Bonnie's dripping snatch. Her ass was raised off his crotch, and her anus sat perched at the top of the frame, grotesquely distended, purpled all around the top edges. A thick, dark turd was thrusting a few inches out of her asshole, long enough and heavy enough to have just begun to bend. Hubby had held the camera a little to the side and little below the level of his own hip as he had sat in that chair, so the view of the cock head in her cunt, along with the shit ponderously slithering from her anus, was perfect; and through the space between

her thighs, just to the right of his cock as it stood shining like the human spear that it was, she could just make out the glow of the computer screen. Nothing but a blurred whitish gleam, but it had Mandy going nonetheless. That was her name up there somewhere on that screen. Mandyho4u, making Bonnie horny-the silent, invisible third in that threesome.

And then she looked at the picture on the right, and she came. It was Bonnie, her mouth halfway down hubby's cock, which was completely covered in shit. Her cheeks and temples and forehead-even her eyelids and ears-every part of the skin on her head that Mandy could see was covered in nearly black shit. Bonnie's hands held clumps of it, and it was slathered wildly all over the parts of hubby's lower body that she could see. Bonnie's half-closed eyes were rolled back, she was obviously getting off in a deep, primal way as she sucked her own shit from her husband's cock. Mandy began to imagine sucking a filthy dick: shitting on it, letting it fuck her ass, then jumping off and slurping every nasty bit of it right down her throat.

Oh fuck, she thought, as she shook so hard through her orgasm that her feet rattled the mouse right off the table. Oh, FUCK, I gotta get Bonnie to let me suck his big shitty cock!

* * *

Mandy chose her favorite sexy top, the Grenadine sunset halter that had about a million patchy colors, figuring it would hide her nipples if they poked against it, just like it had done for her in the past. Roxanne would know she was braless, of course, because it was a halter; now that they were lovers, just both of them knowing she was getting sexy would be a huge turn-on. Mandy had worn it a lot around Roxanne before, but of course it was only Roxanne then who'd been wet about it. But no more.

For the skirt, Mandy simply found the micro mini she'd always been too terrified to wear out of her bedroom. It was denim and lycra, so soft and so fucking short! As she shimmied it over her hips, she remembered with a jolt that it had been Roxanne in the dressing room with her that day when she bought it. And since she had stupidly not worn her thong for shopping, Roxanne had suggested she try it on without any panties at all-for a "realistic appraisal", she'd said. Cha', right! She just wanted to see my bare pussy, Mandy mused.

As she drove out to the edge of the suburbs to the new upscale mall where Roxanne worked, to the huge sporting goods superstore where Roxanne was in charge of the soccer department, Mandy concentrated on trying to pin down moments in the last few years when Roxanne would have seen her in the nude, lusting after her, when Mandy naively thought they were just normal friends with a normal vibe between them. Despite their kissing and touching in middle school, Mandy had so stupidly thought that Roxanne had grown out of it, since she herself had moved on to sucking and fucking boys. But now it was obvious that Mandy had not been paying attention. And, not surprisingly, Mandy began to realize that Roxanne had probably seen

her naked or just in her panties and bra at least once every week since they were in the second or third grade!

Getting out of her Mazda, Mandy was careful to pull down her teeny skirt and hike up her halter a little so it bloused out. She was not busty-only a B-cup-but her nipples were rather long when she got aroused, and she was definitely in quite a state just then. The air conditioner blew like a North Sea gale in her little coupe, and she knew it was probably fairly obvious to anybody who might be looking that she was deep into a moment of semi-private personal pleasure. Of course, no one was probably looking at her tits, anyway, since her skirt was barely over her ass. The problem for Mandy, as she walked across the parking lot to the store entrance, was that she feared her cunt could be seen from the front if she stood still with her legs even slightly apart. She'd have to keep pulling the skirt down the whole time, just to be sure, but that would draw attention in and of itself.

Well, fuck it, she thought. This one's for Bonnie.

A woman with two children came out of the store just as Mandy got to the same doors. She had backed into the door to open it, holding two large bags full of merchandise in her hands. One of her kids was a girl, about seven, who just looked up at Mandy with a smile, then skipped on out to the curb. The other child, a boy about ten, gaped at her with an idiot's grin, stopping his egress right on the threshold, which of course stopped Mandy's progress in. The mother, unaware, was irritated at her son for his pause, and she shoved one of the bags at him and pushed him with her newly freed hand.

"Move it, Andrew!" she scolded. "Make way for the-" and then she looked up.

The woman gasped, then thrust herself aggressively out of the doorway, making a point of kicking back one foot and attempting to close it more quickly. Her free hand shoved her son even harder toward the curb, but he just stumbled a little, then turned and walked slowly backward, eyeballing Mandy with wonder and the most enormous smile. Mandy concentrated on counting the straps on her black platforms and moved aside to let the two of them pass.

"You should be ASHAMED of yourself, young lady," the woman hissed as she passed her. Mandy could only grit her teeth and open the door.

You wish you could have the guts, bitch, she thought. I bet you masturbate when you think about me tonight, just like your kid's going to do.

As the door closed behind her, Mandy could hear the little girl's voice faintly ring back across the parking lot. "Mommy, did you see that pretty lady? She was so tall and beautiful!" The son's voice, in reply, was cut short on the first syllable, replaced with "OW!"

* * *

In the soccer department, Roxanne was demonstrating her expertise to a group of three middle school girls, sending the ball bouncing up

and down on her head nearly a dozen times before she caught it in her hands and tossed it to one of them. They were oozing admiration. All three wore the same kind of Umbro shorts and loose t-shirts that Roxanne had always worn, and two of the three even had the same boyish haircut. Miniature dykes, thought Mandy affectionately, letting her imagination run. Would they, some day, stand over that third girl, the one with the ponytail and makeup, and piss on her until she was soaked? Would they lay her down in the bathroom and squat over her mouth, shitting fat greasy logs of waste into her pretty, opened mouth?

Mandy positioned herself across the department, pretending to inspect the prices on tethered practice balls. She could hear Roxanne stutter suddenly as she was speaking to her little fan club. Obviously, she'd spotted her lover. Out of the corner of her eye, Mandy watched Roxanne flummox her way out of the conversation and walk straight up to her, leaving the three girls across the way huddled together, whispering and pointing.

"Oh my God, girl," whispered Roxanne, looking her over-and over again. Her eyes were wet with lust, and she was almost hopping from foot to foot. "You look good enough to eat!"

Mandy winked, "Will you?"

Roxanne swallowed hard and looked all around. "I don't know...." she frowned. "Security's already marked you, I'm sure. They probably think you're a distraction so somebody can lift some-yeah, there's Karen...." she nodded slightly to indicate a mousy, middle-aged woman who at that moment was a few dozen feet away, vaguely wandering down an aisle of sweat suits and heading straight for them.

"Go out to your car and wait about ten minutes, OK?" It was hilarious. The normally ebullient and fearless Roxanne was obviously completely tizzied. "It's almost my lunch. We'll go get a bite and-I mean, heh, whatever." She rolled her eyes and couldn't help but laugh, stifling it badly. "God!"

Mandy didn't look back at the security woman, who was now pretending to survey the cleats on the racks right behind the middle school girls. She made sure to pick an aisle at a right angle to the little crowd of voyeurs, then walked slowly away from Roxanne. "All right, then!" Roxanne blurted. "Sorry I couldn't help you out!" After five paces, sure she was adequately shielded by racks of jerseys on either side, Mandy reached back and pulled up her skirt. Roxanne gasped loudly, and Mandy couldn't help but giggle. Bunched up at her waist, she walked five more paces before she pulled it back down, then headed for the exit.

But before she could get there, someone else called her name. In a panic, Mandy kept on walking, not daring to look around to see. It wasn't Roxanne's voice, but it was definitely a woman's. Someone who knew her and could talk about her to everybody else. Just get out to the car, then drive it out of the parking lot, she told herself silently.

Whoever it is will decide it's not really me, since I'm ignoring them, then I can drive back in and wait for Roxanne. Fuck! They're calling my name even louder! Coming closer!

Then, however, a new thought occurred to her: why the fuck was she worried? What did she care if every person she knew from high school found out she was dressed as UltraSlut and vamping her way-where was she?-through the tennis section of a stupid sporting goods store? Did she really care what they thought? Did it matter? Was she ever going to see any of them again, anyway? I mean, hell, I'm going over a thousand miles away to college, and no one's coming with me. So what the fuck, right?

She shivered as two truths hit her at once: first, she really didn't care about what other people thought anymore, she was truly devoted to finding her own way to happiness; second, Roxanne was not going to the same college, and she'd forgotten all about it until just now! She had a scholarship to play soccer at UNC, but Mandy was heading for Princeton. Before everything new between them, they'd supposedly made peace with the intended separation, vowing to visit each other at school and to always rendezvous when home. But now, fuck!

"Mandy?" The voice was right behind her! Mandy had to put her new load of concern aside and deal with the bitch on her ass. She stopped beside a display of junior racquets and slowly turned around. A woman-thin, tall, definitely athletic-dressed in the same shirt as Roxanne. An employee of the store. Somebody Mandy had never met before. She smiled awkwardly at the woman, who was perhaps thirty-five or forty, with frizzy black hair streaked with gray. There was something familiar, but what was it?

"It is you! Mandy Pendleton. I can't believe it." The woman held out her hand, and Mandy automatically shook it. Then the woman turned her head and called out quietly, "It's OK, Karen, she's a friend." The security woman suddenly stepped out from behind the racquet display and nodded at the employee. Mandy nearly jumped out of her strappy platforms. How the fuck did she get there so fast? Karen slowly took in a nice view of Mandy's slutty get-up and smiled, shaking her head, before she vanished behind a pyramid of Penn balls. The employee woman was still holding her hand, and Mandy fought the urge to yank it back and run. Things were getting just too fucking weird, even IF she was turning over a new leaf.

"Don't worry, that's just a procedural thing, when a girl looks like you," the woman said. She smiled kindly and dropped Mandy's hand. "Either we'll mark you for suspicion of theft, or we'll just mark you have a better chance to watch your hot ass."

Mandy froze in shock, alarmed simply because she was new to being attractive to other women. Here, on just her first day after truly going the distance with another girl, she was face to face with evidence that she could, apparently, lay easy claim to a long and successful career in the adorable dyke division. She studied the woman closer, considering. She was not pretty. In fact, her face was rather masculine. Very

Martina, Mandy thought, blushing with embarrassment-and she works in the tennis department! The woman was a little flushed, too, Mandy noticed. Her cheeks were blushing, all the way down her neck, in fact-

And she saw it: the tattoo. Just the barest tip of the sharp end of something, coming just over her left shoulder, inked ever so slightly up onto the side of her neck. Nine times out of ten, a person wouldn't even notice the dark irregularity there above the t-shirt collar, even at close range. It was like a birthmark or a large freckle, at first glance. But Mandy had seen it before. It was a dragon tattoo, and that was the tip of the tail. This was the woman from the tape Roxanne had showed her last night. This was the woman who'd made love to Roxanne, who'd begged for her piss and then drank it in greedy, ecstatic mouthfuls.

Mandy suddenly realized just how naked she was beneath her tiny skirt. Her pussy began to drip, and there was nothing down there to catch it but her thighs. She could feel a few small trickles beginning to streak, ever so quickly, all the way down the insides of her legs. Dizzied, completely tripped, Mandy pressed her legs together in a mock-desperate stance, inhaling deeply through her nose to test the air. She could smell herself. Oh God!

The woman was saying something about Roxanne. Mandy had to yank down her skirt with both hands, taking the opportunity to dig her nails into her skin so she could concentrate. "-so Roxie had me over one time, and I saw all these pictures of you she had in her room," she whispered cheerfully, "but we didn't stay long, you know, since her parents are suspicious anyway, and I'm not exactly the typical age to be a high school girl's friend, you know?" She winked conspiratorially and continued, "So I asked her, and she told me all about you. And, if you don't mind me saying, you are so much more attractive in person! I'm so glad I've gotten to meet you!"

Mandy fell over some edge at that point. Just pressing her thighs together like that, trying to stand still and hold back the tide of lust, it was bringing her so close to orgasm. If she shifted her weight just a little, back and forth, and kept up the grinding of one thigh on the other, she knew she could do it, she could come and it would all go to hell for her, right there in the middle of the store. She'd have to grab one of those racquets and fall down sprawling and shove the handle up her cunt as far as it would go.

So she said, "Are you free for lunch?" Her teeth, clenched, managed a winning smile.

The woman was surprised and flattered. She rubbed her hands together and looked at her watch. "Oh-well, I-just let me-"

"If you can leave in five minutes, you can go with me and Roxanne, you know," Mandy ground her teeth into a sly grin, "so you can get Roxanne to tell me all about these things she's been saying about me."

The woman brightened at the mention of Roxanne's name. "Of course! I'll just follow Roxie when she leaves. Thank you so much for inviting

me!"

Mandy shrugged and said, "It's my pleasure." And it will be, so help me, she thought, fiercely struggling to make herself walk without shuddering and collapsing in a heap of joyful nerves. Dear God, just get me back to my car!

* * *

Roxanne leapt into the Mazda with an excited, quizzical expression on her face. But she didn't have a chance to ask any questions, because her co-worker climbed in right after her. Mandy had just managed to get her skirt back down as the two had walked across the parking lot to her car. She was sure the little vehicle smelled like a giant wet pussy, even with the air conditioner going full blast. She knew her fingers were certainly fragrant enough. They always were after a violent masturbation like the one she'd just finished.

"Well," Roxanne began, "I see you've met Janelle. I didn't know she'd be, um, joining us."

Mandy put the car into gear and squealed out of the lot. "How long is lunch for you guys?"

"Thirty minutes," they chimed together. Roxanne was in the back, leaning forward between the seats. Her left hand snaked between the door panel Mandy's seat until it was up under the lower edge of her halter. The fingers suddenly kneading Mandy's bare breast were too much. She pulled sharply off the road less a quarter mile from the mall, stopping in a lined space underneath a stand of trees that bordered a grocery store parking lot. They were in the last row, closest to the road, parked between two cars that probably belonged to grocery store employees, since most places made their people park the farthest out. There wasn't a traffic light at that particular entrance, so no cars on the road would be stopping and getting a chance to really notice anything. Any cars leaving the lot near them would be at a bad angle to see inside. It would do just fine.

Mandy kept the car running, the air blasting cold, as she shrugged Roxanne's hand out of her top and reached down for the chair's tilt handle. She rocked it all the way back, flat as Roxanne rolled to the other side. Mandy then rolled herself into the back, almost on top of Roxanne, and reached back down to flip her seat all the way forward, so it rested against the steering wheel and gave them a lot of room on that side.

"Do the same with yours," she commanded Janelle, who was gaping in wonder at Mandy, having just seen close-up the evidence of her arousal as the girl had tumbled, crotch over face, into the back. The older woman quickly complied, and soon all three of them were perched on the narrow bench seat. Roxanne was giggling and already kicking off her shoes. Janelle was squeezing her legs together and staring raptly between Mandy's wide open thighs.

"This is so fuckin' full-on hot, biotch," Roxanne crowed.

Mandy was nude in an instant, then lay down on the floorboard, rubbing her clit hungrily.

"Get naked and stow your clothes up on the dashboard, OK?" she hoarsely intoned, pulling hard on a nipple. She'd have to pierce them, she thought, if it was really true they felt that much better.

The two women did as they were told, and soon all three of them were panting in the back seat, fingering their own pussies and rubbing their own breasts. Mandy studied Janelle as she friggd herself, impressed with her hard, muscular body. The video had softened her edges and angles. This woman clearly had a triathlete's conditioning. And she was completely devoid of hair. Her pussy glistened deliciously, bare and pink, and Mandy wanted it. But first-

"Now get over me, both of you," she groaned, "and give me your piss."

"Oh!" Janelle, shocked, cried, glancing in rapt disbelief at Roxanne. But Roxanne was already clambering down to straddle Mandy's upper body, on foot wedged in-between her arm and the back seat, the other up on the center console where Mandy kept all her CDs. Janelle quickly followed, moving up close behind Roxanne, her pussy hovering above Mandy's waist. Both women had to lean forward and grab blindly at whatever they could in the car to brace themselves. They looked down at Mandy as if waiting for a simple word to start the flow.

Roxanne finally shouted, staring down at her crotch, "OH FUCK! HERE IT COMES! Uuuunnnngggggghhhhhh!"

Piss exploded from her urethra, splattering everywhere in an almost horizontal pattern. Mandy would later find urine on her steering wheel, the radio, even her ceiling. The force and the ricochet were purely lust-fueled, evidence of just how wildly Roxanne was already getting off on their sordid adventure. Soon she stopped the wayward blast of her piss, reached down to rub and spread her lips, and then she let loose again. This time, a heavy jet of acrid yellow pee hit Mandy right between her breasts. She squeezed her eyes shut and opened her mouth, raised her face to the flow. It was horribly bitter and stank like Roxanne hadn't drank water in a month. But Mandy knew what she'd been drinking last night, and that just made it all so much better. So much dirtier and wrong.

She came hard, thrashing and gulping, crying out Roxanne's name.

At the moment, Janelle finally got herself going, emptying a flood of hot urine all over Mandy's furiously stroking hand. Mandy opened her lips wide with her fingers and tried to adjust her hips so that Janelle could piss directly into her open cunt. Then, as the flow continued, Mandy quickly made sure Janelle was able piss onto her clit as she held open her lips with one hand, while with the other she reached under herself and violently jammed two fingers into her ass. The sudden pain sent her into yet another orgasm, and she screamed, long and joyously.

Roxanne, her bladder emptied, sank her dripping cunt onto Mandy's mouth while the scream was still in full throttle. Mandy, her eyes squeezed tight against the stinging piss still clinging to her face, was surprised but game. Her tongue ravenously attacked the hairy cleft above her, and the scream died into loud rude slurping noises to accompany the hissing sound of Janelle's piss, still raining forcefully down onto Mandy's clitoris.

"Oh God, baby, I love you," Roxanne cried, riding her cunt on Mandy's face, grinding it hard down onto her mouth as she soared into orgasm. "You fuckin' filthy biotch! I fuckin' love you!" She reached down and grasped Mandy's head in both hands, pulling her face up by her soaking wet hair. Straining to keep her mouth open and her tongue hard on Roxanne's humping snatch, Mandy could only groan at the sweet pain of such rough treatment. Roxanne was still growling at her as she rode her face through the come: "I- GOD- yes!- Fuckin- love-you- I- SWEAR!"

Janelle was finished peeing now, too, and she'd sat back onto the seat and grabbed one of Mandy's feet. Her shoes had been gone since she'd first gotten back into the car, so Janelle had easy access to the girl's bare, piss-slicked toes. One by one she sucked and licked them as she fingered herself, finally licking up and down on the sole of Mandy's foot, then rubbing all over her cheeks. She scooted her ass a little sideways and half-off the back seat and lifted her feet until they were flat on the ceiling of the little car. Then she took Mandy's foot and rubbed it up and down on her cunt.

"Oh, sweetheart, you are so wonderful," Janelle breathed, grunting more and more as she molested Mandy's foot. With a moment's gentle care, she pointed the girl's toes right at her slippery, ready hole. Then she pushed. Mandy could feel it, and she moaned. Her fingers were still in her ass, and her other hands flew deliriously over her clit. Her foot was going inside Janelle's pussy! God, she thought, how can it even fit? And, fuck, it's so hot in there!

Mandy's foot was quickly halfway inside Janelle's cunt-down all the way to her instep. The older woman grasped Mandy's ankle with both hands and began to fuck her foot hard, moving her ass back and forth, hauling on Mandy's ankle to drive her foot deeper into her amazing hole.

Roxanne, still humping her way through the aftershocks of her own orgasm, noticed the change in Mandy's noise and movements. She pulled herself off and let go of Mandy's hair, turning to see what was happening.

"Jesus Lord!" Roxanne gasped. "She's fucking your foot! Uuunnnnggghhh!" Roxanne was coming again, clutching at her pussy, falling back into the seat and spreading her own legs. Mandy, glancing up out of one eye, stopped rubbing her clit and reached over and slightly up and behind herself, feeling for Roxanne's wet center. Soon she felt her lover's hand grabbing at hers and guiding it.

"Here, here," Roxanne urgently directed. "Finger my ass-oh God-all that pissing pushed it down real close for you!"

Janelle, despite her intense distraction with Mandy's foot, nonetheless breathed in wonder, "Oh my goodness, Mandy, what are you doing?"

Mandy's fingers wriggled into Roxanne's asshole. Three of them. Her palm facing up, her fingers tightly pointed and stabbing into Roxanne's soaked anus, she pressed in and down mightily as Roxanne began to strain. A loud, crackling fart issued forth, contaminating the already piss-stinking car with its rank smell.

"Oh my, oh my, oh my...." Janelle's voice sang out, as she fucked Mandy's foot even faster. "Make your shit, Roxie baby. Make your dirty shit!"

Mandy could feel it, hot and wet, sliding right out over her fingers, onto her palm, pushing farther, onto her wrist. A huge log. It was about to roll off onto the upholstery as Roxanne's anus involuntarily spasmed around Mandy's fingers and pinched it off. But Roxanne reached down and grabbed it with both hands. Gently, she picked it up and held it out above Mandy's body. Janelle stopped fucking Mandy's foot completely and just watched, amazed.

The odor was making Roxanne fight back a tremendous urge to gag. Mandy could see her shuddering, making a horrible face up above her. But, after last night, Mandy knew her friend loved feeding shit to her; the stink and the sickness of it was just one huge part of the turn on for her. Just like it was for Mandy. She popped the fingers of her other hand out of her own ass and lifted both hands up in an attempt to take the long rope of filth from her lover. It was a creamy light brown, medium-smooth, hardly lumpy, but very dense. Mandy's mouth was slack, anticipating.

But then Roxanne didn't let it down like Mandy thought she would. Instead, her lover lifted it back up a little and grinned down at the girl with a puckish glee. "Look at her, Janelle! The biotch is covered in our piss. It even saturated the fucking floorboard fabric and's pooling down there. Fuck! We must've gone gallons!"

Janelle didn't look, mesmerized by the feces held gently in Roxanne's hands.

"And now this sick thing wants my shit. She wants to EAT MY SHIT! What a fucking pervert!" Roxanne was smiling wickedly, and Mandy couldn't help but laugh. It was all true. She'd become ill. She'd become free. She didn't care.

"Do you really want it, biotch?" Roxanne crooned. Mandy could only nod stupidly, grinning with her mouth wide open, her tongue lolled out like the dog she was.

"Then HERE!" Roxanne lifted the shit in a quick jerk of her hands, then threw it down on her with all her might. It splattered thickly onto Mandy's face, into her mouth, on her neck and her chest. The impact sent wild globs of poop flying all over the place, the ricochet hitting the

ceiling, flying onto the dashboard, the back windshield. Roxanne and Janelle looked from Mandy's shit-bombed upper body to their own feces-speckled skin, and they broke into an insane laughter.

Mandy, delirious, barely heard. Her hands were in it, rubbing it all over her body. Her face, stinging, itching already, brown brown brown. Her titties, so tender anyway, now irritated again by the caustic waste she ground against it, slicking herself in such filthy mess. Everywhere, fuck, make it brown and wet and sloppy. Smell it. Fuck! Taste it! She shoved both hands at her mouth, taking in her fingers, licking and sucking at Roxanne's shit.

Her body blasted into another orgasm, her foot spasming, kicking brutally deep into Janelle's stretched cunt. The woman screamed and automatically flew into her own pain-induced orgasm, as she gulped and gasped and moaned in surprise, trying to back her ass away and extract herself from Mandy's foot.

Roxanne, losing control, was wracked with violent shuddering. Finally giving in, she bent over Mandy and vomited, covering the girl's face and hair with puke. Janelle, finally free from Mandy's foot, tried to hold back, but she quickly lost the battle. Thick sprays of regurgitation shot from between the fingers she'd tried to seal over her mouth. The back of the front passenger seat was nearly covered with her vomit. Unable to do anything but change it's path, Janelle succumbed and meekly bent over Mandy's cunt, which was humping the air. Chunks of puke covered it, pooling around her ass.

Mandy couldn't help it, either, and she let loose. Brownish-pink, her vomit exploded upward, smacking all over the ceiling, covering Roxanne, dripping down everywhere. Turning her head, toward the front of the car, she retched repeatedly under the driver's seat, still rubbing the shit over breasts and belly, then reaching down to feel Janelle's puke on her pussy and thighs, rubbing it around, building herself to another orgasm.

It was utterly horrid. Sick. More disgusting than she could have ever imagined in a million years. Mandy quickened her pace, squishing random pieces of puke harder and harder against her burning pussy, crying out inside the reeking car. Above her, a fresh round of regurgitation had begun, once Janelle had witnessed Mandy's volcanic puke covering Roxanne. Both women were dry-heaving and sobbing, both pained and pleased, trying to breathe.

"Oh FUCK!" Mandy screamed. "FUCK YEAH!" Raising her ass two feet off the floorboard, she frigged herself to orgasm again. The sticky remains of shit and puke clumped and plopped back down to the fabric below as the only other sounds in the car were quiet sobs and gasps and the wet squishing of Mandy's hand as it slowly wound down its efforts, finally letting her relax in the pool of waste that had collected all around her.

After cracking her widow a little and pressing her mouth and nose desperately against the opening for a few moments, Roxanne was the

first to speak.

"Well," she coughed, then laughed, casting a rueful glance at Janelle. She let down a foot and used it to lightly spread around more of the shit-vomit mix over Mandy's breasts. "I guess I quit work."

Janelle, using her window the same as Roxanne, only laughed and continued to try and breathe through the crack. Finally, she pulled her face back around and watched Roxanne's foot play over Mandy's filthy body for a while. She cleared her throat several times, then croaked, "Yes, well, I should think definitely. Me too!"

Mandy, far from being mortified or regretful at this, just laughed along and tried not to retch. She was cut free from her old self. She knew it for sure, and here was even more evidence to prove it. Her freedom was now liberating others. There were no controls on people around her anymore. The worst could be the best. The nastiest was now the nicest. The bitterest was now the most sweet.

Roxanne and Janelle could sense that, too. They could've both found their way home, called in and made something up about a car wreck during lunch or something. They could've cleaned up, taken maybe another day or two, then gone back into work with no one the wiser. But they knew they had changed. Why go back to the old when your lust was in the new?

A thought occurred to Mandy then, and she found herself grinning just like Roxanne. So wicked. Roxanne noticed and paused in her own laughter to ask, "What?"

Mandy simply said, "I want to go to Vegas...."

"Oh?" intoned Roxanne.

Mandy grinned, shifting herself a little, lowering her hands "...but first I want to-" and she tilted her pelvis up, spread her cunt wide, and pissed.

Her mouth open, her eyes closed, Mandy washed herself and wished herself already there.

by bluepervina - © 2003, 2011

bluepervina@gmail.com

www.asstr.org/~bluepervina

Pursuant to the Berne Convention, this work is copyright with all rights reserved by its author unless explicitly indicated.