

dream smp going to the bathroom

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dream smp going to the bathroom

by [orphan_account](#)

Summary

Don't ask.

If you see this you looked it up, so fuck off antis.

Ik this is gross, but these are my kinks-

This is just Mcyt cc's taking pisses, shits. In the bathroom, outside, during sex, in pants, and more!

Wilburs morning poop

I felt my mind slowly drifting out of sleep, however my eyes stayed closed for it was too early yet. I nuzzled into the warmth of my bed trying to get back to sleep. However I couldn't seem to fall back asleep. My stomach felt a bit bloated, and it sorta hurt. I turned over onto my other side, trying yet again to fall asleep. I let out a silent but deadly fart. Causing me to open my eyes, my stomach winning. I looked at the clock. 7:00 am it read out in bold red letters. I felt my stomach ache getting worse, and I let out a louder fart. I got up heading over to the bathroom. I stopped to look at my full body mirror, and stifled back a laugh. I was bloated, I looked like I was six months pregnant. I guess I did have quite a heavy dinner last. I went into my bathroom, shutting the door, and locking it. I looked in the mirror and brushed my bedhead out of my face. My stomach let out an annoyed growl. "Alright I'm going..." I mumbled, I went over to my toilet. I pulled down my trousers, turning and sitting. The cold porcelain sent shivers down my spine. I pushed my cock in between my legs, and leaned forward. I felt my bladder put more pressure on me, and I let go. Listening to the small waterfall, as I pissed my ass let out more music. I pushed a little, feeling more pressure. I felt my anal stretching as I pushed. I felt shit starting to poke out, my ass stretching causing a tiny bit of pain. I let out a grunt, as I pushed harder. "Hey Will?" I heard Niki call. Fuck must've woken her.

"Taking a shit!" I called back. She was usually the one to take morning poops, and normally she was the one bursting at the seams. So I tried to hurry the process. I pushed hard, feeling the shit come smoothly out of me. Once the last piece pinched, I flushed, wiped, and flushed again. I got up, pulling up my trousers, going over to the sink to wash my hands. "Niki you can come in now!" I told her.

Tommy shits in the woods

Chapter Summary

The sbi are on a hike when Tommy needs a restroom.

I stood at the beginning of the trail waiting for Wilbur, Philza, Techno, and Tubbo. When I saw Wilbur. “Why are you guys making me do this?” I complained.

“Tommy, it will be good for us,” Wilbur told me for the fifth time, “and it may just be fun.” I groaned, rolling my eyes. Once the other three arrived, we headed off. The trail was quite a mixture of uphill, flat, and down hill. Tubbo got excited seeing a few bee’s, some deer, and birds. I was just bored. The coolest this would probably be this tree that grew weirdly, and it had a hole in it. I took my second bottle of water drinking it. Did I mention how hot it was? 80 fucking degrees. I felt like I was going to die!

It was about an hour into our hike when my feet felt like they were going to fall off, and I was dragging behind. On another note I had to go, and I mean go to the bathroom. If I don’t soon, my boxers would turn into a diaper real quick Philza seemed to notice, me dragging.

“How about we stop and rest for a bit?” He called back, “I see a few fallen trees we can sit on.” Those words sounded like heaven to me. I tried to hurry. My ass let out a few nasty farts, before I reached the rest. “Hey, I need to find a tree,” I told them.

“Alright hurry back,” Wilbur told me. I nodded. I sped walked away from them. I walked for a bit, until they were out of sight. I found a large fallen oak, with bushes. “Perfect...” I muttered. I collected a few leaves off of a tree. Not as nice as tp but it will do.

I went behind the oak, looking at my surroundings. I unbuttoned my jeans, letting them fall. I grabbed ahold of my boxers, pulling them down to my ankles. I squatted down, aiming so I wouldn’t get anything on my pants. I pushed my dick a little. I looked down, between my legs, making sure I aimed right. I focused, pushing a bit. I farted a few times before a small piece of shit started to come out of my ass. I felt a stretch as the piece got larger. I let out a breath, taking a small break. Realizing I have quite a bit left in me. I pushed harder, watching the shit come out more fast, and smoothly. I felt my bladder pressure, I aimed my dick to the pile, releasing. I felt my turd pinch, and another piece came out quickly, letting out farts. I sat there for a few seconds continuing to push, but nothing more came out. That was a nice poo. I thought smiling, as I grabbed the leaves I collected, wiping myself. I stood slowly, pulling every thing up. Buttoning my jeans back up. Phew that stinks. I crinkle my nose, and left the area. I found the group, eating stuff.

Phil gave me some hand sanitizer, and we stayed for a few minutes, before leaving.

Tubbo really has to go

Chapter Summary

Tubbo is streaming when the tacos he had earlier, want out.

I sat at my gaming setup, talking into the mic. I was listening to my boyfriend Ranboo, who was in the kitchen. He and I moved in with each other last year, life has been good. I was having a chill jackbox stream with Tommy, Bad, Sapnap, Quackity, Corpse, and Sykkuno. I was waiting for everyone else to finish their responses when Ranboo came in. He handed me tacos. “Thanks man I’m starving!” I exclaimed, kissing his cheek.

“Anytime I figured you were getting hungry,” he replied. He left a few seconds later. I sat back down. I played a few rounds, devouring the first taco. It was so good! I ate the other one pretty quickly too. I let out a fart, but didn’t think anything of it. I ate the third one, more slowly, savouring the taste, but still quick. My belly was starting to ache a bit. I grabbed the fourth one, eating it quite slowly. Once I finished it I turned back to the stream.

The stream went on for another hour with my bum making music. I sure hoped chat couldn’t hear it. My stomach was in knots, and I noticed I needed to poo. I was bouncing my leg up and down, and I told chat goodnight. I quickly ended stream, got up from my chair, and left the room. I made my way to the bathroom, realizing Ranboo was in there. I knocked. “Hold up Tubbo!” He called. I crossed my legs, letting out another loud fart that almost sent me over the edge. I heard the toilet flush. “Come on in!” Ranboo told me. I heard him unlock the door, and I went in. I opened the toilet, pulling my pants down. I didn’t even sit, when a long brownish orange piece of shit came flying out of my ass, making nasty farting sound. Once it pinched, I sat down taking a deep breath. “Aw poor baby has an upset stomach,” Ranboo cooed. I pushed a little before some soft, almost runny shit came pouring out. I let out a whine, and a grunt, as a large piece came out, splashing sending water up, spraying my ass. I started to pee. I let out a sigh thinking it was over, until I felt more pressure on my ass. I pushed, letting another large, and long turd come out, thankfully more solid. I waited for a few minutes, realizing I was done. I wiped my ass, and flushed. I pulled up my pants, before washing my hands.

ranboo shits during sex

Chapter Summary

Ranboo is pounding a girl, until he has a load to drop.

I gave Adi a quick kiss on the back before pushing my 10 inch cock into her. She whined in pleasure, adjusting her hips. She gave me a nod, I removed it, and pushed back it. I thrust gently at first, but she begged for me to move faster. I started to speed up, feeling her tight walls hugged my thick cock. I bent over as the pleasure took over me. I felt something, and it wasn't pretty. I felt the need to poop. I tried to ignore it, and keep going but the need grew larger. I decided I would just have to go. I pushed, but nothing came out. Fun fact, it is hard to poop when you have an erection, it is even harder when that erection is inside a vagina, and it's even harder when it's a big poop. I felt my shit poking out of me, I stopped thrusting for a moment. "Why'd you stop?" Adi pouted.

"Need..to..shit.." I told her, giving a hard push. I looked behind me, watching it come out. It was really thick, and long. It broke apart, and small piece pinched. I started to thrust again feeling much better. I released some urine into her, and soon we both came.

Tubbo couldn't help it, or could he?

Chapter Summary

While riding Ranboo, Tubbo needs a bathroom break....on his boyfriend

I was holding onto Tubbo's hips, guiding him to sit on my cock. His face twisted with discomfort. He started to move, riding me quite smoothly. I watched as my cock, stretched his beautiful tight pink asshole. Tubbo let out whined moans, I started to thrust into him, quickly. His moans, and pleased screams were like music to my ears. He threw his head back. I felt Tubbo trying to release some gas onto my tip. I looked at Tubbo's face, which was scrunched up. He stopped for a moment, and I felt him lift up, removing cock from him. I was about to scold my boyfriend, when I heard him grunt, and make farting noises. I realized that Tubbo had to shit, and was trying to take one on me. I lifted my hands, rubbing the boys hips firmly, but gently. I heard Tubbo let out a loud grunt, and moan, as he pushed. His face looked relieved when his long, soft load came smoothly out of his ass, piling on my stomach. When the log pinched, Tubbo released a breath, but didn't move. The pile of shit felt warm on my balls, and started to release an odor.

"Look at that," I cooed to him, "I hope my baby feels better."

"I-I'm sorry I tried to hold it in," he cried. I pulled his face down to give him a kiss. Tubbo wasn't new to pooping during sex. He almost did everytime, and I didn't mind. Tubbo took nice shits, sometimes they were runny, sometimes they were hard. Tubbo grabbed onto his dick aiming it for my shirt. "C-can I?" He asked.

"Go ahead, I've been looking for an excuse to get rid of this shirt." Tubbo sat still for a moment, until he released his piss. I reached up, stroking both his, and Tubbo's cocks. Allowing both of us to cum.

I looked down at the mess we created. This will be fun to clean.

shitting in prison

Chapter Summary

Tommy is still in the cell with Dream, when he has some buisness he needs to take care of.

I had been trapped in this cell with Dream for a few days now..Sam had visited me, telling me to wait, and I'll be out soon. However I don't know how much longer I can be in here for. I can feel Dream's gaze burn into the back of my neck, as he watched me from the other side of the prison cell.

I was sitting in my corner like normal, cursing at Dream every now, and then. I noticed potatoes drop down from a dispenser. "Am I getting out today?" I called.

"Sorry bud not today," Sam told me, "I'm going out today to see the damage." You weren't already doing that? I thought. Dream gave me a few potatoes. I thanked him, and ate. I have been eating, drinking, kind of sleeping. But there is one thing I haven't done. Use the restroom. There was a toilet, but I didn't want to go in front of Dream, never. But I felt myself at my breaking point. I crossed my legs, squeezing my thighs together, hoping the feeling would go away. "Are you good?" I heard Dream ask, looking up from his book.

"M' fine," I snapped back at him, but my ass told the truth, letting out a loud fart.

"You know you'll get sick if you don't go," Dream told me. I snorted, rolling my eyes. "Oh come on kid, just go, I don't care." I really, really didn't want to, but I might have had no choice. I let out another fart.

Probably an hour went by, and my urge was only getting worse, and my bladder was ready to burst. "Tommy you are stinking up the cell, and I don't want you going in your pants." I rolled my eyes. I was really at my bursting point.

"Fine but turn around, you don't need to see my family jewels," I told him curtly. Dream rolled his eyes, "if it will get you to use the bathroom, than I will." Dream turned around, facing the lava. "Give me a warning so I can plug my nose," he teased. I flipped him off. I looked at him, while fiddling around with the button to my pants. I let them fall to the ground. I looked at Dream again holding the rims of my boxers. "I'm not looking!" He said. I pulled them down quickly, my member popping out. I pulled down my shaft. I placed my ass on the toilet, making me shiver. I placed my dick in between my legs. I waited for a second, before my bladder released. It sounded like a waterfall, a small yellow waterfall. I squeezed my eyes shut, trying to focus.

I looked over at Dream who still had his back facing me, reading his book. I shuffled my ass a bit, and gave a little push, letting out a grunt. I let out more gas, but nothing solid. I pushed harder, and felt my ass stretching, and a tiny piece of shit fell into the water. I bent forward, I grunter loudly as shit inched slowly out of my ass. It was hard, and large. It was making my arsehole burn. I had to pause to take a breath, and that piece fell into the toilet with a loud splash. Water sprayed up on me. I pushed one last time, and the last piece pinched. I let out a large breath. "Holy shit I thought I told you to warn me so I can plug my nose," Dream hissed

pinching his nose, “that shit stinks.” I laughed a little, reaching to clean myself up. I flushed quickly, standing, and pulled my britches up.

Skeppy's midnight runs.

I laid in bed, keeping my eyes close I snuggled into the blankets. I tried to feel for the warmth of Bad but there was nothing. I pouted a bit, I let out a whine. I then heard Bad's voice, as he talked to someone through his pc. He was probably talking about editing or some recording with Dream. "Bad..." I whined, "where did you go!" Bad told Dream he'll be right back. "I'm right here Skeppy," he whispered, and I felt him press his lips against my head.

"Did you sleep well my little muffin?" He asked.

"I did until you left me," I told him, crossing my arms giving him a sassy look.

"Aw well I'm sorry, I had to get some work done," Bad told me, "as soon as I'm done we can cuddle alright?"

"Finee," I whined, sitting up. I looked out the window to see it was still dark. Did I mention our sleep schedule is fucked up? We go to bed at like five, and wake up around midnight. I looked at the clock to see it was one in the morning. I grabbed my phone and started to scroll through twitter, and instagram. I sometime zoned into Bad's conversation. "Alright you want to record at 7?" He asked. "Alright, I suppose that works." I got distracted by a nasty noise from my stomach, and I let out a stinky fart. My belly cramped, and I let out a whimper. Maybe those two spicy burritos right before bed wasn't a good idea. I moved around trying to get comfy, but I just kept farting, and getting cramps. "Are you alright 'Geppy?" Bad asked, coming over to rub my leg.

"Belly hurts," I whined.

"Aw I'm sorry," he cooed, giving me a kiss. My stomach then let out a loud grumble, and cramped again. I yelped a little, I felt like I was going to explode. "I need to go to the bathroom," I said quickly getting up.

"You aren't going to be sick are you?" Bad asked worriedly.

"Other end..." I whispered embarrassingly. He nodded not asking any questions. I left the room, speed walking down the hallway to the small bathroom. I yanked down my sweat pant, and before I even sat down shit came spewing out, making a nasty farting sound with it. It was a orangy color, it was watery, but lumpy. I sat down, my legs were shaking, as I felt more coming. I pushed, releasing a ton shit. My ass made loud wet farts, as the foul stuff exited my body, and it fell into the water. I let out a whines, and groans, as it kept coming. The bathroom had a foul odor. I pushed my dick in between my legs, releasing urine. Thankfully my body gave me a break, but I knew I wasn't done yet. I felt a turd quickly slide out of my ass. I waited for a few seconds before, grabbing a wad of toilet paper. I quickly wiped, I closed the lid without looking at, and flushed. I grabbed an airspray, releasing it. I quickly washed my hands. I went back into Bad's room, where he was laying in bed. "How do you feel?" He asked.

"Better," I tell him, laying down and snuggling into his chest, "just remind to not eat spicy burritos before bed again." Bad let out a laugh, kissing me. "Okay noted."

Wtf

How the hell did this get 1000k+ Hits?! Holy mother of shit ty! I made this because I'm a horny bitch who finds people shitting hot. For a special thing REQUESTS ARE OPEN!

What I won't write as of now:

Piss/shit in mouth
Smearing
Non-con/rape

What I will do:

Shitting/pissing: on partner during sex (visa versa)
On toilet
Outside
In pants
On floor
In bowl/on plate/in bag etc
In car
And anywhere almost.

Now request dirty whores!

Dream is a little Piss Baby

Chapter Summary

Request by: @buggybugyone

I stood on the sidewalk, looking both ways. I wrapped my arms around myself, shivering from the chill breeze. I noticed a black crolla pull up, I noticed that my best friend, George was in the drivers side, he honked the horn. "Alright get in piss baby," he laughed, with a sly smirk.

"Okay, I am not a piss baby!" I argued with him, opening the car door, trying not to slam my head on the top of the car, as I slid in.

"You're the one that called yourself one!"

"It was funny back then!" I retorted, "you and Sapnap wore it out." George threw his head back laughing, he had to slow down until he could see where he was driving again.

"How about some music?" I nod, and George pressed a button on the radio, and immediately my song played.

"Oh my god," I laugh, "it's not even that good, I don't see how it got on the radio."

"Oh shut the fuck up, it's brilliant," George snorted, shoving me playfully.

"Brilliant," I mocked his British accent, making him roll his eyes. We both agreed to stop and get Mcdonald's. I a ten piece nugget, medium fry, and an extra large coke. What? I was really thirsty! We went to a local park, and quickly ate. I downed that coke. George and I kick around a soccer ball for a bit. I realized something that wasn't pleasant, I had to pee, and there was no bathroom. Now like what ordinary male would do was probably find a tree. Not this one. The park was quite busy today, with well children, who's parents probably didn't want my dick exposed to them. "George kick the soccer ball over here!" I yell.

"Oh my god you imbicule, it's a football," George laughed.

"No it's called a soccer ball," I argued.

"Football!"

"Soccer ball!"

"Football!"

We argued like this until George fell back, laughing his ass off. I fell beside him, laughing until my stomach hurt. I helped him up, still laughing. I felt my bladder hurting as well, I felt a little come out. On signal, I released. I felt my shorts getting warm and wet. Some streamed, out of my shorts, and George seemed to noticed. His face lit up.

"Oh my god Dream is a piss baby!" He laughed.

"Am not!" I snapped, looking down knowing that is not what it looked like, "you're the one making me laugh so hard!"

"Should I take that as a compliment Piss Baby?" He smirked.

"Stop calling me that!"

"I can't wait to tell Sapnap about this!"

"You better not!"

“Gotta catch me, and if you don’t I’m telling him!”

“Little shit!”

Tommy...you're still streaming..oh you know?

Tommy looked down, and around his room. “Alright I think its time for me to end the stream!” he announced, going to full screen, he seemed oddly uncomfortable for some reason. He told us goodbye, pressing a button on his keyboard, but nothing happened. Tommy got up, by now a bunch of people left. Tommy pushed a bowl towards it. He fiddled with his belt on his jeans, pulling them, and his boxers down. He looked at the camera, stroking his long penis. My eyes widened, he must know he’s still streaming. He grabbed a glass, and aimed. He released a thick stream of piss, he threw his head back. When he finished, he placed it down. He grabbed his camera, moving it, so it was situated on the ground. He grabbed his bowl, leaning his ass over it. He looked, grabbing his ass cheek and spreading it. He farted, as he grunted. “God damn it...” he whispered. His hole gaped a little, a string of brown shit, came out of his ass. “Oh...here it comes, it's a big one too...that’s why I saved it for you...” he smirked, and grunted. He moaned his tight asshole opened wide, allowing him to start squeezing out a long, soft turd. “That’s nice...” he moaned. The shit came out more quickly, letting out loud farting noises. The piece pinched, and he released a small piece. He sat still for a few moments, stroking his cock, eventually releasing a load of cum onto the pile of shit.

“Now I have to end, and clean this up...” he laughed, “see you later for more shit.” With that the screen went black. Hot damn....

Eret relieves himself on stream.

Chapter Summary

Basically Eret has to shit during his stream, he thought it could wait, but his bowels had other plans.

Requested by: @Anon and @2am_energy_drinks

I'm sorry if its not exactly what you two wanted, but I hope it works!

I set up his webcam before pressing start. He had just had a large chinese dinner, and was ready for a long stream, although my stomach was kind of sore. "Hey guys and welcome back, first I thought we'd go on the smp for a bit, and then play Zelda!" I told my chat, I watched as the chat flew by, complementing my dress. "Thank you, it's my first time wearing it!" I smiled, letting out a fart. I tried not to cringe as the nasty fragrance filled the air. I felt my bowels start working, and pressure built up. I just started stream, and I didn't want to excuse myself, the shit stuffed up my ass kind of felt good. I shuffled on the large ottoman I sat on, it wasn't the most comfy thing, we had just moved recently, and they had lost my chair in the move, so it won't be here for a while. The pressure pushed on my prostate, causing my dick to harden. My bladder swelled a bit, and caused more pressure. I knew I would have to relieve myself sooner or later. I looked on the floor and noticed a large bowl on the ground, from when I ate. I didn't think those would come in handy. I slowly shuffled my ass, so it aimed over the bowl. I kept watching chat as it zoomed by. Some people asked what I was doing, I swallowed a lump in my throat as my mind raced to find an excuse. "Uh well..the ottoman isn't the most comfy thing," I said quickly, as I pulled my dress up a bit, moving my thong aside. I continued to play video games, as I waited. I gave a little push, trying not to give it away to chat. I felt the pressure move along my bowels, my anal stretching wide, as something poked out my ass. I gave another squeeze, and a fat, long, soft shit came out, making a crackling noise. Chat seemed to notice.

Yogi3748~ 'What is that?'

Mamadear~ 'IS YOUR HOUSE ON FIRE?'

I ignored them, focused completely on shitting. It didn't seem to end. A piece broke of landing in the bowl, just for another long turd to fastly come out. After that pinched, I stood silent for a few minutes feeling more coming. It didn't take long until, a bunch of small pieces of diarrhea shit spilled out. Once that was over, I released my bladder. As my panties filled up I turned back to chat.

"Heh sorry bout that," I chuckled awkwardly, "I had a brain fart." I continued to play and talk to chat. The smell of my shit spread through the room, and I still felt pressure, so I stayed where I was.

Sure enough my ass stretched again. I looked at ass to notice the most fattest shit I probably ever took, hanging out of my ass. I bit back a moan, it felt so good. I looked at chat, they were asking for a twirl in my dress, more like begging.

“I-uh maybe another time, I’ll post a tiktok...yeah,” I told them, going red, as the shit pinched. I sighed with relief. I continued to stream, until the stench became unbearable.

“Alright...I’m really tired...I think I’ll end stream...” The chat, begged me not to stop, but I quickly waved, and raided Wilbur. I quickly turned off my pc, and went to clean the bowl. This was going to be fun to clean. I thought, with a sigh.

Constipated Gogy

Chapter Summary

A request for @llfredd

I think this is my longest chapter yet! Thank you for the good request!

I sat editing a new video talking to Dream, and eating some mcdonalds. “George you should be eating healthier you know?” Dream said, “your body will thank you.”

“What, should I be eating a salad, instead of a big mac?” I snorted, eating a fry.

“Well not exactly, just better foods, make you a burger and salad instead of mcdonalds.”

“Dream, you know what happened last time I cooked, it was gross.” Dream sighed, pinching the brim of his nose.

“Don’t say I didn’t warn you.” I rolled my eyes, finished off my food, and put my trash in the bag. I edited for awhile longer, laughing to Dream about a piece of DNF fanart.

“Alright I think I’m finished!” I announced, starting to upload it to youtube, “what do you want to do while we wait?”

“Hmmm...maybe watch something?” He suggested. I nodded, and got onto netflix, deciding to watch Friends. (Netflix if you are seeing this put the office and friends back on netflix.)

After the first two episodes in a half, I started to feel a lot of pressure on my bowls.

“Hey Clay, I have to use the toilet, can I call you back?”

“Yeah sure, enjoy your shit.”

“Wait how did-?”

“George, you always hang up with me so you can use your phone while you shit. You are so damn predictable.”

“Alright then...I’ll call you back.” I pressed the hang up button, standing up, and putting my phone in my pocket, before making my way to my bathroom. I went into, shutting, and locking the door even though I’m home alone. I pulled down my trousers, and sat on the porcelain throne, farting. I started to push, nothing coming, although my bowels were moving along. I pushed again, harder, my arsehole starting to hurt, I panted out of breath. My bladder released, I listened to the splash as it hit the water. I pushed again, still nothing came out.

I looked at my phone, and went to Clay’s contact. I thought for a moment, it would be hella embarrassing to tell his boyfriend he couldn’t poop, and it would be even more embarrassing if he said he told me so. I decided to text him.

Me: Hey Clay, I can’t go.

Clay: What do you mean?

Me: I’m constipated....I can’t poop.

Clay: Aw does gogy need some encouraging words.

Me: I mean...I don’t have any laxatives....

Immediately after I said that my phone vibrated, Clay’s name popped up on my screen. I clicked the answer button. “Alright, it’s okay gogy...just push,” he started to tell me. I pushed,

feeling my bowels move my shit closer to my hole.

“Clay...it hurts..”

“Come on George you’ll feel better, trying rubbing your sides or spreading your asscheeks.” I listened, spreading my ass cheeks wide with one hand, and rubbed my side with another. I felt a fat hard shit poke out a bit.

“Oh it’s coming...”

“See George, doing so good, push a little harder. My bladder released a little more urine again as I pushed, letting out a loud grunt, feeling my anal spread wide, allowing a hard turd to start exiting my body. I let out a moan, and I could just imagine Dream’s smirk. “Man I would love for you to do that all over my dick, before you ride me.” I rolled my eyes. I heard a small crumble of shit fall into the toilet, with a splash.

“Oh I hear that!” Dream said, “let me see that beautiful shit.” I hesitated before moving my phone in between my legs, angling it as good as I can, so he can see it. “Holy shit, thats a big shit! No wonders my baby is struggling!”

“Keep pushing it’s coming!” I sighed, pushing even harder, feeling the turd slide slowly out of my ass, leaving a burning sensation. I felt the piece pinch, and I let out a breath. I pushed a little more, a longer piece making its way out. It wasn’t long before it fell into the toilet. I sighed with relief, bringing my phone out. “At a boy George!” He praised. I set him on the sink, laughing a bit. I grabbed some toilet paper, wiping my still gaping hole, clean. I got up, shutting the toilet lid, flushing it. I heard a funny noise. Clay bursted out laughing.

“Hah hah, very funny, like you never clogged a toilet.” I plunged the toilet, allowing it to be able to flush again. I washed my hands.

“Now will we start eating healthier?”

“Maybe I can’t promise anything.”

“Oh George, looks like you’ll be calling me when you shit more often.” With that we both laughed, as I exited the bathroom with loads of energy, as my bowels were empty.

Authors note

So I was thinking about making a non-problematic account. I was thinking of writing sickfics and fluffy stuff there. User will be @Kittypickley ! If you are interested go ahead and follow it! I will post a link when the account is created!

Chapter 14

I made the new account! It is called Sleepy_warriors!

I will be writing.

Warrior cats

Sickfics

Pregnancy fics

Fluff

and whatever other shit comes to my head! I will still write here!

Please do not send hate over on that account because of this one!

Also I am closing requests on this book for awhile, while I catch up!

here is the link:

https://archiveofourown.org/users/Sleepy_Warriors

Bad, don't wait to go!

I laid sideways on the couch, my boyfriend Skeppy laying on top of me, as we sipped at lemonade quietly. I polished off my third glass, as Skeppy snuggled into me, I nuzzled into his dark brown fluffy hair, giving his head a kiss. “Baddd, can we have sex??” He whined, looking at me with puppy dog eyes.

“I’m not really in the mood Skeppy, I just want cuddle.” I told him softly, “also langue.” Skeppy pouted, snuggling farther in my hoodie. We laid there together watching a movie, The Kissing Booth, when I felt a large pressure on my bladder. I wiggled around trying to get comfy, but the discomfort didn’t go away. I wanted to tell Skeppy, but my face heated with embarrassment, he shouldn’t have to know about my bathroom business, unless he barges in while I’m taking a dump, he really is that clingy.

“Hey Skeppy, you want anything, I’m going to go take care of these dishes?”

“No, you’re staying.”

“Skeppy, we can’t just leave these out, thats lazy and untidy.”

“Pleaseeee don’t gooo!”

I sighed, giving in at his whines, and cries. Even with the discomfort in my no doubt now swollen bladder. I wiggled around, feeling drops of urine leak out of my tip. I whimpered silently, pressing my legs together a little too late. I felt the pressure relieve, as liquid sprayed on my boxers, I tried to stop it, but it wouldn’t stop coming until my pants were warm, wet, and stunk. I tried holding back cries, but that liquid I couldn’t hold back either, as I sniffed. Skeppy looked up at me.

“Are you okay Bad?” He cooed, and I shook my head.

“M’ had a-a-an ac-ac-accident.”

“Oh....why didn’t you say you had to use the bathroom?”

I felt the salty tears run down my cheeks. “I was embarrassed, and plus I tried to make an excuse but you wouldn’t even let me sit up.” I noticed Skeppy’s eyes fill with regret, and guilt.

“I’m sorry, I should’ve noticed the desperation in your voice,” he cooed, rubbing the tears of my cheek, “accidents happen, don’t cry.” I let out a few more sniffles, before the shorter boy stood up, reaching out his hand. “C’mon lets get you changed.” I nodded, grabbing it, looking down at the large wet spot in my gray sweatpants. Skeppy lead me into our room. He sat me on our king sized bed, and went in my drawer, pulling out boxers, and pajama pants. He handed them to me, and thanked him, taking them. I wiggled out of my wet clothes, and noticed a bright red shade spread across his cheeks, as he looked down at my member. I roled my eyes, laughing, quickly putting on my boxers, and pants.

I threw my wet clothes into the washing machine, and headed back into the bedroom, where Skeppy already lied, leaving some cuddle room. I immediately pranced over, curling up beside my boyfriend, under the covers.

“I love you ‘geppy...” I whisper into his ear,

“Love you too muffin.”

Dreams filler stream

I laid in bed, staring at my pc which taunted me. 'I haven't streamed in months.' I reminded myself. Although my heart longed to stream, my stomach told me no. I told my followers no stream tomorrow since I was feeling kind of icky, and promised one tomorrow, but now my stomach was in knots, and I had no motivation. I reached over and checked my phone. '5:47', the time read. I groaned, finding strength to go over to my pc, and log on. I set up everything a slow pace. I eventually logged into minecraft, and pressed start streaming. "Hi guys, welcome back!" I greeted the chat, as they all quickly started to join, spamming hi's and hello's in the chat. "I'm quite tired today, so I'm planning onto just do some speedrunning, and maybe fuck around with friends."

The chat spammed with 'DUDUDU.' I let out a chuckled, trying not to wince at the pain. I started my first Minecraft world. I spawned on an deserted island with two trees, and no land in sight. So I made another world.

This time I had more luck. I spawned in a birch forest, with a ruined portal close by. I played on in this world, and my stomach started to make unhappy noises. I took silent deep breaths, hopping to get it to calm down. It somewhat worked, so I concentrated back on my game. I was climbing upwards towards a nether fortress, when a ghost blasted me sending my character flying down into the lava pool beneath me. I groaned, raging.

I started up another world, third times a charm. I started off good again, I got lucky spawning in between two villages, one had diamonds which was hella helpful. I continued to play, when my stomach started to churn, I took breaths not sure whether or not I was gonna puke. I then suddenly felt pressure move through my bowels, trying to come on. I bit back a gasp, wondering if I should make a break for it to the bathroom. But to much movement, I would end up shitting my self, and chat might worry. However if I stay here, no doubt I'm doing to shit myself.

Before I could make my final decision, a fart pressed against me, I pushed a little, and immediately watering shit sprayed out of my ass violently, letting out farts. I tried not to gag at the retchous smell, I felt something run down my leg, I looked down to see green feces sliding out of my shorts. I choked back tears, as I kept filling my pants up. My ass gave me a break at last. "Hey chat, I'm feeling sick, I think I need to end stream," I said, my voice shaky. With that I ended it, leaving chat concerned. I heastinly stood, and shuffled into my bathroom. I took off my shorts, and boxers, not even looking at the mess, throwing them out. I sat on the toilet, taking a deep breath, allowing me to finish off what I started, soft green shit spilling out of me. I aimed my penis in between my leg, releasing urine into the bowl. I finished, flushing, and immediately hopping in the shower.

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