



# ***DON'T LOSE YOUR WASTE***

A Kill La Kill smutfic by @effthewriter  
Inspired by @Lazei3's comic  
Cover art by @Lazei3

- Content Warning -

This story contains:

Farting, scat, hyper scat, humiliation

**All characters are 18+ unless stated otherwise.**

Dedicated to all the people who read those tags  
on the cover and still decided to keep reading.

The boorish sounds could be heard even from the corridors of Honnoji Academy. It was like an alarm telling the students to steer clear of that bathroom, as Satsuki and Ryuko were engaged in a battle of wills.

"Did you like that one? And I'm just getting started!"

"Ugh, why did I get involved in such tasteless competition..."

Despite her complaint, Satsuki would not back down. Any competition between the two was a point of pride, even something as disgusting as that.

The two students sat at their respective stalls. Ryuko leaned back in an almost slouch, a casual grin on her face. Satsuki, on the other hand, had her legs closed, back straight and head held high. The president was already taller than Ryuko, but her posture made her tower over her. Unfortunately for her, that wouldn't matter in this duel.

*Brrrraapt!!*

The sounds of Ryuko's sudden flatulence echoed around the bathroom. She laughed as she heard Satsuki's groan of disgust. "Come on, Satsuki, what's the point of all that fancy stance and discipline?"

She gave a few more toots, feeling the toilet's water bubble beneath her. "Maybe you're just full of hot air," Ryuko smirked. The scent of her gas already floated through the bathroom, and while she was already used to it, it made Satsuki blush.

The girl knew Satsuki would be at a disadvantage in this sort of competition, but she saw the potential in her. Both girls had similar bottom-heavy physiques, the pair easily able to cover the entire toilet with their behinds. Satsuki's plentiful thighmeat always spilled out of her boots, and the lower part of her fat buttocks constantly peeked out beneath her skirt. However, it was up to the president to unleash it or not.

"Ryuko," Satsuki warned, "you will be disciplined for this. It is unbecoming of a Kiryuuin to engage in such unsavory acts."

"But you accepted the challenge! It's too late to back down now... Just let it all out!" Ryuko was clearly enjoying herself, but Satsuki remained stone-faced. "What's even the point of an ass that fat if it can't rip a loud one?"

Satsuki grit her teeth. She had enough.

***Brrrrrooppptt!!***

The sounds of the bathroom were soon drowned out by a thunderous boom that could rival the roar of a waterfall. Ryuko was ecstatic, her cheeks burning with pride as she felt her rival's fart vibrate the stall walls. Satsuki's eyes widened as the force of her own release nearly pushed her off her seat. Her legs began to wobble as she struggled to hold her position.

"Holy crap! I didn't know you had it in you, Satsuki!" beamed Ryuko with a grin.

"That was nothing!" replied Satsuki, without emotion. Her thoughts, however, were elsewhere. It felt like something inside her was fighting to get out.

*'Damn that cafeteria chili! I should never had agreed to this!'*

The scent was pungent and powerful, like a stink bomb going off inside the tiny confines of the stall. Ryuko felt her stomach tighten as the smell reached her nostrils. Her eyes began to water, but she fought back, determined to stand her ground.

"It was good, but you still got nothing on me! Hnng!"

Ryuko let loose again, feeling the pressure escape her and pleasantly tickle the rim of her hole.

Satsuki's eyes twitched as she tried to maintain composure, her cheeks stinging with embarrassment. But this was still a battlefield. She wouldn't lose.

The president studied her enemy. That brute seemed to be letting loose without any regard, but Satsuki quickly picked up on her technique. Breathing in, then pushing out. She could do this.

Her first attempt, however, was amateur at best. Without control of her own bowels, she let loose a loud, strong fart that soon tapered off into tiny crackles that were immediately drowned out by Ryuko's booming flatulence.

"Okay, so keeping score I should be up for a few points!" taunted Ryuko.

"What?! Can't you count?!" replied the embarrassed Satsuki. "Last I checked, I was ahead! And with all those farts I was ripping, I should still be up!"

"Oh, you were? Sorry, I couldn't hear your puny toots behind my roaring ass!"

Ryuko's following booms reverberated against the bathroom's tiles, even making the girl's meaty thighs jiggle, and the smell was so intense it made Satsuki's eyes water, furrowing her brow and pinching her nose.

“Ugh, this place is starting to reek! I can’t believe you got me to agree to this childish game!”

The smell was really getting to the unexperienced fighter. Ryuko seemed to be mostly immune to her own scent, but Satsuki had to deal with her own, plus the savage’s ones.

“Hmm, giving up so soon, Satsuki? I guess that shouldn’t be surprising, I bet you can’t fart like me with that stick up your ass!”

The president’s mouth moved, but her sentence was cut off by an even more threatening sound.

*Guurrrrrgglle!!*

“Oh, it looks like the chili from earlier is starting to kick in!” said Ryuko, massaging her own full belly. It was impressive that a girl that size could gobble up so much food to the point of growing a tiny, soft little bump.

*‘God, my stomach...’*

Satsuki doubled over in the toilet. The sharp pain in her belly was not good news.

When she accepted Ryuko’s challenge, she never thought it would get to that point. How could she do it with someone right next to her? How did that chili get through her body so quickly?

“Like I said before, you can always leave if you want! Because trust me, you wouldn’t want to be around for what’s coming next...”

“Hmph, as if! Bring it on, Matoi Ryuko!”

The girl responded to Satsuki’s challenge with actions, not words.

A tiny moan slipped from Ryuko’s mouth as that enormous, lumpy log began to slide out of her ass, making that once tight hole expand and redden. She kept pushing, and the well-lubed shit popped out with a wet fart, splashing loudly onto the toilet water.

Ryuko grunted as she continued to defecate, that wet fart only a comma in the torrent of waste she had inside her. The toilet seat squeaked in protest under her fat ass, but that sound was quickly drowned by more splashing.

“Hng, feels so good to let out a fat shit like this!” said Ryuko, panting, her bangs sticking to the sweat on her forehead. She looked down with pride, seeing her

poop already rise above the toilet's water levels. "How about you, Satsuki? Are you gonna let it ou-

Ryuko was cut off by the sound of a loud geyser coming out of Satsuki's ass. The remains of the president's meal sloshed around in her bowels, and as much as she tried to hold it in, that wet and heavy load was finally expelled, making a thunderstorm of shit noises inside the bathroom.

Satsuki grabbed the sides of the toilet seat for support, still trying to keep her composure even as it felt like her insides were folding into themselves. That torrent of liquid poop crashed loudly into the water, splattering everywhere, making a mess of the toilet's porcelain and the president's milky thighs.

"Oh fuck, are you okay in there, Satsuki? How can such a prim and proper president take such a violent shit?" laughed Ryuko, finally feeling her opponent's attack to her nostrils, acrid and bitter.

As Satsuki tried to keep her composure, it felt as her own pride was being flushed down that toilet with her bowels. Her asshole was burning, and yet she couldn't stop herself, the liquid torrents of poop eventually turning into wet plops of loose stool.

"No words, huh?" said Ryuko, bending forward slightly, pressing her belly to help it churn out more of her shit out. She pushed out that thick brown snake, and it coiled itself inside the toilet like the world's filthiest soft serve. "Maybe it's time you gave up, Satsuki!"

"N-Never!" she shouted, but her own voice was betrayed by another wave of bubbling sludge hitting the toilet, one strong enough to break her poise and make her bend over in pain.

Ryuko's shits were massive, but they left her ass smoothly, the forearm-thick poops punctuated by loud farts. Meanwhile, Satsuki created a cacophony that overwhelmed the entire restroom, the heavy waterfall of hot diarrhea interrupted at random intervals by slimy, half-liquid turds that splashed around the toilet, each and every single one making her asshole burn.

But nothing could prepare Satsuki for what would happen next.

Ryuko heard that typical gurgle coming from the now clogged toilet, the last gasp of air before it finally drowned in that seemingly endless shit session. She got up right before it finished overflowing, revealing the densely packed bowl without dirtying herself, aside from the poop smeared around her rim.

Satsuki, however, didn't have the same luck.

Bent over, clutching her own belly as cold sweat ran down her face, the president was too busy fighting for her life to notice that even her liquid shit was about to overflow as well.

It was like time was frozen for a split second.

What was that wet sensation on her ass? Why was it so warm? She refused to believe it. She couldn't have dirtied herself with her own stool.

But reality caught up to her, and she jumped off her toilet seat, a squirt of poop escaping her asshole and painting a straight line across the toilet.

Satsuki didn't even know where to begin.

In front of her, the toilet, bubbling like a swamp, had risen to the point where her diarrhea was overflowing, escaping beneath the toilet seat and running down the white porcelain in streaks.

Behind her, her own ass, both cheeks now dipped in her own butt juices, running down her thighs and ruining her skirt.

Inside her, more rumbling.

She could feel it right at the entrance of her hole, and as much as she tried to hold it in, it was already peeking out of her.

That sharp pain attacked her from the inside. It was stronger than any attack she had withstood, and she was completely powerless to defend herself.

With a pained groan, she let it all out again. The explosion of shit hit the stall's door with enough force to make the entire structure rattle, and the solid thud was only surpassed by the wet sound of her loose stool hitting the tiled floor, splattering everywhere.

"What the hell are you doing in there, Satsuki?" laughed Ryuko, feeling her nostrils itch after taking a breath of the new wave of the president's poop "Did you manage to miss the fucking toilet?"

Ryuko was dumbfounded seeing the results of Satsuki's explosion drip off the divider. Despite her criticism, her shit was equally as disgusting. The plentiful logs had already buried the toilet, but she kept piling it on, pushing with enough force to make softer turds hit the back wall of her stall, sliding down and painting everything in that deep shade of brown. An experienced shitter, she even spread her asscheeks out as she felt softer waves incoming, all to avoid dirtying herself too much.

The same couldn't be said of her rival. Her whole body trembled, her sweat made her uniform stick to her skin, and the gurgling inside her bowels didn't seem like it would ever stop. She desperately tried to hold it in, clenching her asshole shut to the best of her ability, but all that did was drain her of the few remaining ounces of strength her body was using to keep herself on top of those high heels.

Satsuki fell to her knees, her face inches away from that filthy clogged toilet, and a single waft of that steaming mess was enough to break her.

Her asshole gaped wide, blasting the stall's door again, somehow with enough force to send droplets of her shit even over the barrier, which were soon joined by the amorphous mass of poop going under the door, slowly crawling over the tiled floor like cooled magma.

It felt like she didn't have any shred of control over her body anymore, barely keeping herself on all fours. Her powerful thighs, splattered with that bright brown paste, jiggled and bounced as her asshole let out wave after wave of pure filth, swamping her entire stall in her nasty butt batter.

"I-Impossible... I c-can't lose..." she said through gritted teeth, hearing the laughs from her opponent in the other stall.

"Seems like the president can't keep her shithole in check, huh?" she said, ripping out another loud toot that overshadowed her groan, the effort finally getting to her. Despite her experience and resilience, shitting out that much was still straining.

A last chunky turd left her gaping ass and landed into the massive pile with a plop as she pushed out everything. Ryuko let out a satisfied sigh accompanied by a nasty wet fart, finally feeling the relief of an empty bowel, that grotesque mass no longer inside her belly.

Such relief was but a distant dream to Satsuki.

Tears streamed down her face without her consent, much like her shithole spurting those jets of yellowed, slimy poop onto the bathroom's floor. Those liquid farts sometimes didn't have enough force, turning the president's thighs into a waterfall of shit as they drooled out of her hole and onto her skin.

That would be humiliating enough by itself, but with every little gurgle from her belly came another wave of seemingly infinite diarrhea. Every time it happened, Satsuki didn't feel any closer to comfort, only being able to listen to those plopping sounds as her liquefied turds pooled up beneath her, swamping the whole stall's floor and leaving her to wallow on all fours on a warm lake of her own waste.



“I-I’m n-not done with you yet...” she said through gritted teeth once she heard the sound of toilet paper being snapped in the neighboring stall.

“Who’s the pig in human clothing now, Satsuki?” said Ryuko, wiping herself clean with ease, then stretching her back with a relieved exhale. “At least I’m not the one wallowing on my own filth!”

“Come back when you can take a real shit, Satsuki. I’ll be waiting!” she continued with a laugh as she skipped and hopped around Satsuki’s accident, which had managed to proliferate through the entire restroom, coming from beneath the stall’s door.

Satsuki could barely hear the sound of Ryuko leaving the restroom, her stomach’s gurgles and rancid sharts still filling her stall.

“Matoi Ryuko... I’ll... I’ll have my revenge...”

## OMAKE

Hello! If you're reading this, first of all, thank you for supporting me via Patreon or Gumroad, it really helps.

There isn't much of a production history for this piece, I just saw a comic by Lazei and it inspired me to write this. I do think it's an important stepping stone in my brilliant new plan of "Getting Shit Actually Done", because, despite being a very short story consisting of entirely smut, I typed and edited the whole thing in just a few days.

Saying I overthink things is an understatement, letting stories rot in Scrivener for weeks between editing passes to make sure everything is perfect, and nothing is ever perfect, so I'm trying to just release more stuff this time around. Done is better than perfect, after all.

Anyway, did you know that Kill la Kill is a decade old now? I feel like I'm crumbling into dust every time I google the release date of anything these days. That also reminds me that I never finished watching Trigger's catalog. I heard Gridman was good, and I remember seeing the thighs of the main character everywhere when it was releasing.

This omake has been excessively rambly, so I'll cut myself out now. See y'all in the next one, folks.

Thank you very much for the support!

**F (@effthewriter)**

A big thank you to all of my patrons! I wouldn't be here working as a writer if it wasn't for them.

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