

Residential Conflict Resolution

By: Smetra

This story contains oral vore, digestion, and scat disposal. Consider yourself warned!

It was a cold Friday night on an uncharacteristically quiet University campus, with a lone anthro Arbok walking along the sidewalk, making her way back to her dorm room after picking some snacks up from the nearby convenience shop. The purple snake pokémon's name was Samira, and she was a freshman electrical engineering major — her difficult field of study not leaving much free time for socializing. As a result, even though tonight was a big Greek Life chapter event — a formal dance between paired sororities and fraternities — Samira was spending the night alone in her dorm room, streaming television shows on her laptop and eating snacks.

In a seemingly perfect juxtaposition to her, Samira's roommate was a wallflower socialite white-tailed deer who had just finished pledging to a sorority. Samira was attractive herself, with a nice, curvaceous rear and a prominent chest, but her roommate, Erica, was on a whole other level. Erica had a busty, overflowing chest and a massive, voluptuous rear — she was the typical freshman preppy girl that all the senior guys wanted to bang. In fact, many of them got the chance to — Erica brought multiple guys back to her dorm room each week, much to Samira's annoyance. The arbok engineering major would be hard at work studying for her upcoming exams when Erica would burst in with another guy, “sexiling” Samira to the dormitory's common area while they had loud, raunchy sex.

Erica often left the aftermath of her activities lying around the room. Whether she was just too lazy to clean them up or wanted to rub it into her roommate's face Samira did not know, but what she did know was that she was goddamn tired of seeing used condoms lying on the floor of their room — she had even slipped on one in the past, with Erica bursting out laughing in response. Samira despised Erica and couldn't stand her, but luckily she had the whole night to herself this time — Erica was away at some dumb sorority event, and wouldn't be back until Saturday. Samira smiled to herself as she made her way back to her dorm building, as she had been looking forward to tonight all week long.

Inside Samira's room, Erica was fiddling with the belt of a tall, muscular bald eagle. “Arghhh, come on—” She said in frustration, unable to undo the belt loop. “Heh, are you sure you don't want me

to take care of it?" The eagle asked. "No, I can handle it-" Erica responded, annoyed at her inability to do so. The formal fraternity/sorority chapter house event was over, and the after party located at the fraternity satellite houses had yet to begin — Erica took this opportunity to get some action in with an eagle stud she had met at the formal date event. His name was Mason, and as a newly-pledged freshman member of the fraternity, he was unable to secure a room at the chapter house to use for his endeavors. Mason instead elected to use Erica's room for the deed, as her dorm was much closer to the row of fraternity chapter houses than his was. Mason's parents were wealthy, and as such he had a car on campus that he used to drive him and Erica back to her dorm.

Erica had finally managed to get Mason's pants undone and began to reach for his underwear when she stopped; the footsteps of someone approaching becoming audible. "Impossible..." Erica whispered with a quiet voice, "everyone on this floor is at the chapter event, and Samira is away doing whatever the fuck it is she does-". The sound of approaching footsteps stopped outside their door, and Erica could hear someone outside fiddling with their keys. "Goddammit, Of-fucking-course it's her." Erica said sharply. "Ugh, get in the closet, Mason." Erica whispered, pointing in the direction of the closet behind her and giving Mason a slight shove towards it. "What? Why-" Mason began, before being cutoff by Erica. "Because I don't want to deal with Samira being all pissy. Remember what I told you about her? Just get in, fast!" she whispered hurriedly. Mason quickly but quietly stepped into the closet, with Erica closing the doors behind him. There wasn't any time for Mason to put his clothes back on, so he stood there in only his underwear, with Erica quickly kicking his clothes under her bed before Samira opened the door.

Samira fiddled with the doorknob, trying to get her key in and unlock the door, only to curse in frustration as she tried the key one way, and then the other way, not having either orientation fit. She tried the original orientation once again, the key miraculously slipping into the lock this time despite her trying the exact same way around earlier to no effect. She twisted the key, unlocked the door and swung it open, slipping her keys back into her pocket as she looked up and stepped inside the room. Samira's heart sunk the moment she saw her roommate Erica standing in the center of the room, wearing only her undergarments.

"What are **you** doing here?" Samira said accusatorily, her eyes narrowing as she stared Erica down. "Shouldn't you be at your stupid sorority event right about now?"

“Well excuse me,” Erica sharply retorted. “First of all, my sorority is not stupid — Alpha Beta Pi is one of the most desirable sororities on campus — which you might have known if any sorority was actually interested in you. And second, I'm only here to change — the formal event with the frats is over, so I'm slipping into something a little less... stiff.”

“Whatever.” Samira grumbled back. “Just stay out of my way... Bitch.” she added, mumbling the last word under her breath.

“I'm not deaf y'know,” Erica fired back with, pointing a hoof at Samira before continuing. “You're just jealous — jealous that the entire rest of this floor is out either at their sororities or somewhere else partying and having fun, while you're just gonna stay here and spend the entire Friday night alone like you always do. You're pathetic — and I don't know how someone like me got stuck living with a loser slickscale like you.”

Samira was so fucking tired of everything right now. This week had been an insanely difficult week for her — she had to spend hours studying for brutal exams, with little to no free time left over. Today was supposed to be her day off — that she was going to spend alone, without her roommate's interference. But all that was ruined now. Samira bristled with fury — the pure, raw type of fury that compelled one to not lash out but instead remain silent.

“What's the matter? Can't think of a come-back?” Erica jeered, mocking Samira. The arbok silently walked past Erica, headed to the window, drawing and closing the curtains when she arrived. She was tired of putting up with the arrogant deer's bullshit. “I hate those curtains that you brought — I always have. You might enjoy living here with the window closed and the curtains drawn like some kind of sick hermit, but I do not. Now open them back up” Erica demanded, her words eliciting no response from Samira. “Hey, bitch, I'm talking to you!” the frustrated deer exclaimed, beginning to advance towards her roommate.

“Everyone else on this floor is away right now — that's a good point”, Samira said quietly. “What does that have to do with-” Erica began to say, before being cut off by Samira's right fist colliding with her jaw, sending her sprawling backwards. Erica's legs hit the side of her bed with sufficient force to cause her to fall down, landing with her back squarely on her bed. “What are you-eep!” Erica cried out as Samira grabbed her and flipped her over, forcing her chest into the bed before grabbing the back strap of her bra and ripping it open, pulling her bra off in the process. Samira then

dropped her large ass on Erica's back, keeping her pinned down as the arbok began to take her own clothes off.

“Help! Somebody help! This crazy bitch is trying to rape me!” Erica cried out, hoping Mason would rush in and help her.

“Rape you? Nah — I just don't want an upset stomach!” Samira said before grasping Erica's panties and pulling them straight off her legs.

“Besides, you said it yourself — there's no one else on this floor right now. No one's gonna hear you scream.” The snake said coldly.

“Upset stomach? Wha-” Erica was unsure of what to make of that comment, completely unaware of what Samira intended to do to her.

Samira stood up off of Erica's back and forcefully flopped her ass down on the bed next to her roommate before grabbing the deer's legs, lifting her up, and shoving her hooves directly into her mouth. Erica began to frantically kick with her legs, yelping out “What are you doing!?!?! Let me GO!”. This wild kicking kept impacting the sides of Samira's mouth and the back of her throat, much to her annoyance. Samira curled her left hand into a fist, then forcefully punched Erica directly in the stomach, causing her to cry out in pain and cease flopping around like a fish out of water. Samira used this opportunity to wrap her arms around the stunned deer's shoulders and pull her deeper into her mouth, almost as if she was gulping down a raw oyster. As Erica's legs entered Samira's throat, the cruel snake's powerful muscles began to lap at them and gulp her down, following alternating periods of pulling down, releasing, then pulling down again, dragging more and more of the struggling deer's body down Samira's gullet.

Ever since hearing Erica cry out about Samira trying to rape her, Mason had been quietly slipping into a position to see what was going on through the crack between the closet doors. The first thing he saw after finally getting a good view was Samira shoving Erica down her throat, with Erica's legs already half-way down. Mason had heard some nasty things about snakes before, and Erica told plenty of seemingly exaggerated stories about her arbok roommate — but Mason never expected something along the lines of **this**. Samira was literally eating Erica! At this point Mason was afraid — if Samira could eat her own roommate so casually, what would she do to him? Erica had already told

him that her constantly bringing guys over annoyed Samira to no end. Mason decided that the best course of action was to hide in the closet until Samira turned around, went to the bathroom, went to sleep, or just anything — anything that would give him sufficient time to escape. It was a shame what was happening to Erica, but Mason had just met her — he wasn't going to risk his own life to try to save her. Mason knew that he was being a coward — but you gotta look out for number 1, right? His mind made up, Mason slinked into a position where he could observe what was going on without making any noise, his morbid curiosity getting the better of him.

Erica's arms had been wildly flailing around like the inflatable men in front of used car dealerships this entire time, smacking into Samira's face along with everything else around them. Samira was relieved when Erica's hips had finally hit her jaws, allowing her to release the deer's shoulder and instead grab Erica's arms, forcing them by the deer's side and into her open mouth. With Samira's powerful cheek muscles now squeezing on Erica's hands and forearm, the panicked deer was unable to continue her wild assault, allowing Samira to easily resume pushing the deer down her throat. That is until Samira could feel Erica get stuck in her mouth, ceasing all movement. Erica had a very nice figure, complete with a large, shapely rear and nice, curvaceous hips — hips that were now stuck at the back of Samira's throat. The arbok tried to pull down harder on Erica's shoulders, to no effect. Samira grunted in frustration before a sinister idea popped into her head. She released Erica's shoulders and instead grabbed the deer's antlers, gripping them like the handlebars of a bicycle. Samira then pulled down as hard as she could, like she was trying to lift herself up via pull-up bar. "OWWWWWWWWW! Stop it, that hurts!" Erica cried out in frustration. Samira continued to pull down, feeling the rising pressure on the back of her throat before an audible *ssssssssSQUELCH* rang out, indicating that Erica's hips had been forced into Samira's throat, sounding like a stopper being pulled from a wine bottle.

More and more of Erica's body made its way down Samira's throat with the aid of the arbok continuing to pull down on her antlers. Samira would surely have some mocking words for Erica right now, if her mouth wasn't currently full of a wildly flopping white-tailed deer. When Erica's shoulders finally passed down into Samira's gaping maw, the snake relaxed, letting go of her hold on Erica's antlers and laying down onto her back. The only thing left to go was the deer's small head, and Samira knew her muscles could take care of that one on their own. Erica screamed out one final time before

“Yeah, keep that hope up. Keep struggling, hun. Makes it more fun.” Samira responded, amused by Erica’s delusions of escape. “But you aren't going anywhere. You're gonna stay right there and be crushed and digested into nothing but literal shit. After that I'm going to dump you out into the gutter, and no one is ever gonna know what happened to yo-”

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Samira was cut off as she let out another massive, stinky belch. “Damn that feels good-” Samira remarked. Her burp sucked out any air that had remained in her stomach, further degrading the experience for Erica and eliciting a reinvigorated burst of struggling from her. The fullness Samira felt and the groaning and squelching of her stomach as it digested Erica was soothing and relaxing to her, so she closed her eyes and began to drift off to sleep.

Mason was stuck in the closet this entire time, watching all the terrifying events unfolding before him through the crack between the closet doors. A feeling of relief washed over him as he realized Samira was falling asleep. He was saved — he would wait just a little bit longer for her to fall into a deeper stage of sleep, and then he would carefully sneak out of the closet and quietly make his way out of the room. His clothes were still sitting under the bed where Erica had kicked them, but he couldn't risk trying to get them. Better to streak through the night in only underwear than try to recover his clothes and end up meeting the same fate as Erica. Unfortunately for Mason, this false sense of security caused his body to relax and hunch over. Without his rigid, flexing body to support them, the shoe boxes, boots, and folded clothes in the closet behind him came crashing down all at once. An avalanche of clothes washed over Mason, causing him to stumble forward and slam into the closet doors, swinging them wide open and leading to him falling directly onto the floor, a tsunami of clothes swarming behind him.

The startling crash made Samira jump up in alarm — as best as she could with her bulging stomach, anyways. Her sharp eyesight focused on the eagle lying prone on the floor, his arms outstretched forward spread-eagle with a mountain of clothes piled on top of him. Samira advanced towards Mason, her bulging gut sloshing side to side as she did so. Mason tried to get up and knock the clothes off of him as fast as he could, but by the time he had managed to do so, Samira was

standing right in front of him, her swollen stomach just inches from his face, the rest of her body standing squarely between him and the exit.

He gulped nervously before beginning to stammer “I... I didn't see anything... I swear. I didn't see anything at all. I was never... never even here. I won't say anything to anyone — I swear on my life”, he pleaded. Samira stared at him coldly before suddenly dropping her shoulders, stepping back and adopting a much less intimidating stance. “Of course not!” she said cheerily. “In fact...” Samira began, adopting a seductive tone as she rested her right hand on Mason's shoulder, placing her left on his abs and beginning to slide it downwards. “...I'm sure there's something I could do to help... **remind** you that you didn't see anything here”, she finished as she slid her left hand squarely over the growing bulge in Mason's underwear, giving his balls a light squeeze as she did so.

Mason was scared out of his mind, but that didn't stop his dick from growing. Despite everything that had happened, Samira was still a naked arbok grasping his balls. Despite her bugling stomach and everything Mason had seen her do, she was still undeniably attractive, and he was extra horny due to him being blue-balled by Samira's initial, sudden arrival. But he still couldn't forget what he had seen — he would accept a blowjob, and then he would make his way as far away from that room as he could. Mason was feeling a little bit better about the situation now — surely Samira giving him a blowjob meant that she believed what he had said and that she was going to let him go. “Alright Samira,” Mason started, with a palpable nervousness in his voice. “We can have a bit of fun” he finished, resting his arms at his sides as he did so.

“Perfect~” Samira teased as she crouched down onto her knees, eliciting a squelching groan from her stomach as a fresh wave of digestive juices flowed over Erica. The poor deer was still very much alive and conscious, but the lack of fresh air and searing pain of a slow, terrible demise had sapped her will to resist any further. Mason winced as he heard the squelching, sloshing, and groaning noises emanating from Samira's gut. “Don't worry about that, stud~. Right now is all about **us**”, Samira said, putting a sultry emphasis on the 'us' as she grasped Mason's underwear. The rough arbok yanked down, pulling Mason's underwear off and causing his massive, semi-erect equine-shaped penis to flop out, lightly smacking against Samira's snout as it did.

Samira clutched Mason's big, avian orbs in her left hand as she grasped his shaft with her right, sensually pulling her hand all the way from the tip down the base. The seductive arbok placed a big,

wet kiss in the center of Mason's sweaty ballsack as her right hand reached the base of his shaft. Samira massaged his balls as she unfurled her long, forked tongue and wrapped it around the base of his length, slowly twisting and gyrating her tongue as she dragged it up to his tip, treating his pulsing member like a Popsicle that she was sucking on. Samira ran her tongue down Mason's cock slit, giving it a quick sensual lick before placing her lips on his flared cockhead, giving it a kiss before wrapping her lips around the entire head. Mason's whole body shuddered from the pleasure as Samira slowly swallowed his complete length, wrapping her forked tongue around his balls as her lips reached the base of his shaft. "Oh... god..." Mason moaned out from pleasure as Samira pulled her head back and began to jerk him off, using the copious amounts of saliva she had left behind as lubricant. The sultry snake alternated between sucking the eagle's dick and jerking him off, working him closer and closer to his climax until he hit the point of no return.

"Oh fuck- I'm gonna... unf..." Mason moaned out as his cock muscles began to twitch, signaling his rapidly approaching orgasm. Samira quickly shoved her mouth onto the eagle's pulsing shaft, deepthroating him and fitting his entire length down her throat as he began to cum. Ropes of warm, sticky eagle nut shot out of the flared tip of Mason's cock; the salty strands striking the back of Samira's throat as she gulped and swallowed them all down. Spurt after spurt ran down Samira's throat, before entering her stomach and landing squarely on Erica's face with a solid **splat**. "AGHHH!!!" the deer yelled out with disgust, startled by the copious amounts of sticky goo being suddenly deposited directly onto her face. Rope after rope of eagle ejaculate ran down Samira's throat and landed on Erica's face, running into her eyes and nose — ironically giving her the facial she had so eagerly sought earlier that day.

"*Ughhhhhh-*" Mason moaned as his cock finished firing and began to go soft. He pulled his spit-covered cock out of Samira's mouth, leaving a strand of cum running down her chin in the process. Samira wrapped her tongue around her chin to clean up the drips before standing up and swallowing. "That was... amazing..." Mason panted out as he met Samira's gaze. "I'm sure it was-" Samira said, in a rather foreboding tone. Mason was spent, distracted, and recovering from his orgasm - Samira used this opportunity to suddenly grab him by the shoulders and slam his temple into her bed post, ringing his bell and dazing him. "Wha- what are you doing!?" Mason cried out as he fell to the floor, catching himself with his hands. Unfortunately for him, he was too dazed to process what was going on around him. Samira wasted no time as she picked him and shoved his head directly into her gaping maw.

Mason was still a little dazed, but fought back the best that he could - he couldn't see anything, but kicked and punched in all directions with as much force as he could muster. Samira, fed up with her prey's squirming and flailing about, balled her fingers up into a fist and slammed it squarely into his nutsack, causing him to howl out in pain. The burst of burning pain running through Mason's body caused him to stop struggling and momentarily freeze up — allowing Samira to easily shove his shoulders down her throat. Although Mason could no longer randomly swing his arms about, he quickly resumed his wild kicking — greatly irritating Samira. She reached her hand forward to grip Mason's large avian balls, brushing her hand against his underwear while doing so, making her realize that she had forgotten to remove his briefs — giving her an idea on how to handle her unruly prey. She gave his balls a harsh squeeze, eliciting another yelp of pain from him and causing him to stop kicking for a split second. Samira used this brief window to slide Mason's underwear all the way down to his ankles, severely restricting his range of kicking motion. Samira was pleased with her ingenuity as Mason's wild flailing was now much less annoying than before. Samira's jaw expanded even further and her throat bulged to massive proportions as more and more of Mason's beefy eagle chest slid down her gullet. She was rather glad to be a snake right about now - this might've hurt a bit if she was any other species.

Samira pushed her prey down in sync with her powerful throat muscles as they gulped at him, working in sync to pull him down even further. Mason could feel his head pop into Samira's stomach, briefly putting him face-to-face with Erica, although there wasn't enough ambient light for him to make that out. Mason traveled further and further down until his head collided with the bottom of Samira's stomach, her caustic acids splashing up on his head, eating through his feathers and wracking him with searing pain.

Mason's cock smacked against Samira's nose with an audible wet **splap** as his waist entered her mouth, his cock still covered in her saliva from their previous activities. Samira admired the equine cock rested on her snout, with its large, flared tip and long, veined shaft — She had to admit that he had a pretty nice dick, and it was rather a shame to let it go to waste. Nonetheless, Samira pulled down hard and watched it disappear into her maw. Mason's head slid forwards squarely into Erica's crotch as his cock entered Samira's stomach and smacked against the poor deer's face, putting them in an involuntary 69-position as Samira forced the last few bits of Mason's talons down her throat. The

arbok gave one last powerful gulp before letting out a solid burp, sucking the air out of her stomach and compressing the lining against the two bodies trapped within.

Samira could feel Mason thrashing and squirming about her gut as she waddled her way over to Erica's bed. "Yeah, keep going stud. You're definitely gonna accomplish something by doing that, I promise." Samira mocked. The bloated snake flopped onto her roommate's bed, causing the bed frame to creak and groan in response to the immense amount of weight it now had to support. "Fuck... I've never had two at once before... Ugh...", Samira exasperated to herself. With the excitement of the night now waning, she could clearly feel the immense strain on her swollen gut. "Wonder how long these fucks are gonna take to melt into snake shit..."

Mason resisted a bit before eventually giving in, the lack of fresh air taking its toll on him in the same way that it had sapped the strength from Erica before him. Samira rested her head on Erica's soft, expensive pillow while she passionately rubbed her belly and stared at the ceiling, thinking about what had transpired and what she was going to do next. Samira, being a freshman student unfamiliar with university life, had thus far resisted the temptation to act on any of her urges. But with how elated she felt right now, she knew that this would definitely not be the last time she indulged her desires. Samira smiled as she imagined all the annoying cunts that she was going to digest into nothing. With these satisfying thoughts in mind, Samira closed her eyes and drifted off to sleep.

Disposal (Scat) Content Below-----

Samira spent the rest of the night and all of the day Saturday sleeping through her food coma - waking up at various moments, feeling the squelching and gurgling of her digestive system before drinking some water and going back to sleep. The packed arbok had never stuffed herself full to this extent before — her body had a lot of mass to process. But process it did, and late the following night Samira woke up in a groggy haze, yawning and stretching her arms above her head. It had been nearly 24 hours since she had eaten her annoying roommate and their unexpected guest. By now her previously swollen gut had flattened out, but her bloated bowels were now jammed full of processed deer and eagle, ready to be evacuated. Samira, still groggy from her food coma, decided to roll over

onto her side and try to fall back asleep, ignoring the mounting pressure in her bowels. She tried to, anyways, before being interrupted by a booming **ffffffRRRRRBLRPPPTTTT** followed by a rapid rise in pressure. Her wet, squelching fart reeked of digested meat, giving a clear sign that her meal was ready for its final disposal. “Ugh- Gotta shit these fucks out...” Samira groaned, clutching her inflated pelvis.

The half-asleep snake rolled over and stood up, the frame of Erica's bed creaking and groaning out of protest of the arbok's inflated weight. Samira was dressing herself in preparation to make her way to the dormitory bathroom when she noticed Mason's clothes stuffed under Erica's bed, lazily kicked there by her roommate the previous day. “Better get rid of these...” Samira remarked as she pulled the clothes out and rolled them up into a ball. As she did so, a pair of shiny keys fell out of the pants pocket and clattered onto the floor. “Well what do we have here-” Samira inquired as she picked the keys up. From the looks of it, the keys unlocked a late model, expensive make car. Samira grinned as a rather sinister idea popped into her head — the only parking lot near her dorm was tucked away bordering the nearby woods, poorly lit and out of sight. She now had the perfect final resting place for the remains of her bitchy roommate and their unfortunate guest.

Samira made her way down the stairs and out the back door of her dorm, clenching her ass cheeks in desperation the entire time. Luckily the community assistant working the front desk was too busy looking at his phone to pay any mind to Samira as she waddled through the first floor lobby, strutting like she was walking down the runway in order to keep the pressure in her bowels contained. Fortunately it was a relatively short walk, and when Samira reached the parking lot she was relieved to see that it was mostly free of cars with no one around. She pushed the unlock button on the key fob, and saw the blinkers flash on a car in the corner of the lot — tucked away right next to the woods and out of sight. It was a really nice car — a high-end, royal blue supercar. Mason was clearly a wealthy, trust fund frat kid — the exact kind of arrogant person that Samira couldn't stand. She was originally going to dispose of the remains of her prey in the trunk, but after seeing the fancy, pristine hand-crafted leather interior, she changed her mind. As a final nod of disrespect to her prey, she swung the front driver side door wide open, stuck her fat ass inside and prepared to unload.

“Hnnnnngggnhhhh~” Samira moaned out as she began to push, feeling her tight asshole open up and solid, knobbed chunks of shit fall out, plopping against the shined leather driver's seat. “Ugh- Get out you sons of bitches-” Samira said as she began to push harder, widening the flow of waste that

was spurting out. Samira could feel the bones stuck in her excrement rubbing against her rectum as they slid out, sending waves of pleasure through her body. “Oooooo~” she groaned out as she felt each rib from a rib cage sliding against her asshole like a percussion stick sliding down a xylophone. Thick, coiled shit continued to spill out, piling up on the leather seat, eventually overflowing and sliding down the center console. The flow of waste was suddenly cut-off, with Samira feeling the pressure build up as if it was a bottle of champagne pushing against a stubborn cork.

“Ah fuck- Something's... stuck...” Samira cried out as she pushed her powerful rectal muscles as hard as she could. “Hnnnngggghhh- *SPLORP*” — an eagle skull shot out of Samira's rear, clanging against the front passenger door as it ricocheted off, hit the passenger head rest and fell down, ultimately resting squarely in the middle of the passenger seat. With the blockage cleared and Samira still pushing her muscles as hard as she could, a massive stream of semi-solid waste poured out, gushing like an overflowing sewage pipe, reaching all the way over to the opposite door before bouncing off and covering the eagle skull in a massive pile of snake shit. Samira continued to moan as excrement poured out, eagle feathers, clumps of deer fur, and all sorts of assorted bones visibly embedded within. The pile overflowed, spilling out onto the floor, with some chunks spraying the dash as it did so. The pleasure of emptying her bowels was immense — she was going from oh so very full to oh so very empty. The stream of waste died down, no longer reaching the passenger seat and instead adding on to the driver's seat pile. Samira's enticing dump finished off with Erica's deer skull sliding down her rectum and plopping out into the mountain below, her antlers giving Samira great pleasure as they rubbed against her stretched asshole. “Well, at least you were finally good for something, bitch...” Samira muttered as her flow of waste finally petered out.

Samira used Mason's fancy prep boy pants to wipe her ass clean before throwing them onto the passenger seat shit pile, along with the rest of the former eagle's clothes. The cruel arbok then lifted her foot up, placing it against the side of the car before spreading her vaginal lips and beginning to urinate onto her pile of shit, finally relieving the pressing pressure in her bladder. Samira directed her stream the best that she could, maneuvering it over to Erica's skull before beginning to piss down her eye socket, urine flowing through the deer skull and into the pile of shit, liquifying some of it and making it run down the seat onto the floor. “Aaaaaa~ Fuck you, Erica. Get pissed on. Literally.” Samira said smugly as she continued to piss into the deer's skull. After giving Erica's skull a good wash, Samira redirected her stream over to the steering wheel — soaking the nice, hand-crafted leather steering

wheel and instrument display behind it in her steaming, acrid piss. The nasty snake made sure to coat the touchscreen display and center console buttons in her reeking urine, taking great pleasure in ruining Mason's fancy rich boy car.

After a good while her stream began to die down, the arbok shaking her hips as it did so in order to coax out the last few remaining drops. Samira stepped back to observe the damage she had wrought, quite satisfied with herself. The expensive car's interior was absolutely ruined — two massive, visibly steaming piles of shit sat squarely on the expensive, imported leather seats, with liquified shit running down the sides onto the floor. A clean, freshly-washed-by-piss deer skull sat prominently on top of the driver's seat pile, almost as if it was staring out in shock of what it had seen. Both piles were full of various bones, eagle feathers, and clumps of deer fur. The smell of processed deer and eagle was terrible — now that Samira had finished relieving herself she could fully smell it. “Well, your outward appearance finally matches your inner personality, Erica.”, Samira mocked as she threw the keys onto the pile before turning around and kicking the door shut. Good fucking riddance, Samira thought to herself as she made her way back to her dorm room. She smiled to herself as she realized that she now had a single-occupancy room that was the size of a double. All in all, this had been a pretty damn good weekend for her.