

Elizabeth's Degradation Delight

Upon waking up, Elizabeth began the morning routine that had been engraved into her for every day she rose to find herself trapped in her tower. After washing herself, she tied up her black hair into a neat ponytail with a blue bow. Spritzing on a bit of perfume to keep herself fresh, she slipped in to her usual attire of a white blouse and blue skirt. Taking one last glance at herself and her bright blue eyes in the mirror, she would usually spend her near infinite free time reading books to either entertain herself or devise an escape plan. However, today was going to be different.

Eating a quick breakfast to make sure she had the energy she needed, she picked out an empty space in her room where the potential damage from her experiment would be minimal. Realizing the strain she was about to put on her body, she steeled her nerves as he focused her mind on the tear in space floating in front of her. Holding her hand out, she gritted her teeth as she used her powers to rip open the hole.

Successfully opening up the portal to another reality, she pushed herself towards it. Though the tear was far too small for herself to fit through, there was something on the other side that she could just barely make out. Putting her hand through to grab the bottle, she managed to pull it back in before her strength gave out and the portal closed.

Taking a moment to wipe the blood from her nose, Elizabeth looked down to examine her loot. From a glance she could see that it was similar to the vigors created by Fink, albeit far from the typical design. The lovely pink coloring along the bottle was besmirched by random spots of black. Through this strange pattern she could make out the figures of numerous phallic images and the faces of people in ecstasy. Turning over to the front to the label, she was left baffled by the name, "Degradation Delight."

The first thought that came to her mind was to simply put the mysterious concoction back where she had found it. There was an ominous feeling coming from the vigor that didn't just come from the way it looked. In spite of this, she couldn't bring herself to throw it away. Placing it on a table near her bed, she left it aside as she considered her options.

Elizabeth spent the day looking through countless books about the nature of vigors to try and figure out the purpose of the strange bottle. Despite pages upon pages describing the make and purpose of the concoctions, not a single one seemed to have a clue as to what Degradation Delight was supposed to do. What information she did manage to take were warnings about what unstable vigors could do to not only a person's body, but their mind as well.

By the time night fell she wasn't any closer to finding out the strange vigor's effects. As troubling as it was, she couldn't completely reject the notion of trying it out. She had taken numerous different vigors in the past to try and escape her tower, but none of them had worked. More than willing to take a needed risk to finally earn her freedom, she tightly grasped the bottle once more. Hoping for the best, she twisted open the top and put it to her lips.

At first the flavor was moderately pleasant, gracing Elizabeth's tongue with a sweet, nectar-like flavor. Just as she was about to finish off the last few drops, that was when a definitive aftertaste came into effect. Wincing at experiencing something akin to rotting, sweaty socks permeating through her mouth, she nonetheless forced herself to drink what little was left. Placing the empty bottle back down on the table, she grimaced as a belch came rolling up to remind her of the awful vigor that she had somehow convinced herself was a good idea to put in her body.

Turning away from the vigor bottle, Elizabeth cast her gaze towards her kitchen in search of something to get rid of the awful taste lingering on her tongue. The few steps she took forward

were enough to bring her attention to an unsettling sensation around her groin. Stopping to cast her gaze downwards, she was shocked to see a bulge beginning to push out from between her legs. She gritted her teeth as she felt a sudden tightness spread through her lower half, emanating from the struggle of her newfound growth trying to break free of its fabric prison. With bated breath, she reached out to pull down her skirt and panties to reveal what lurked below.

Elizabeth couldn't help letting out a shriek as she beheld the thing attached to her crotch. Having only seen them before in medical journals, it took a few moments for her to recognize the growth for what it was. Things started to click in her head as she continued to look over the shaft and tip of her newly formed penis. Worried that something had been lost in return for the unwanted gift, she reached out to search beneath her testicles to try and locate her womanhood.

Just as her fingers slid across her labia, a shiver of something went through her body. It wasn't a completely unfamiliar urge. It was something she had done in private for many years after reaching a certain age. However, it was another thing entirely to feel it coming from the throbbing cock between her legs. Her logical side brought up the reasons why this was a bad idea, chief among them being not knowing what else the vigor had done to her body. However, there was little that could be done to stop her as she curiously reached out to wrap her fingers around her member.

Following an inherent instinct, Elizabeth began to pump her cock up and down. The slow movements allowed her to ease into the wealth of new nerve endings that came with her addition. Chewing on her bottom lip as she continued to up her speed, her curiosity was peaked as she watched droplets of precum spill out onto the floor. The strange sight of the unfamiliar substance only further increased her need to stimulate herself, moving her hand faster as her hips

began to jolt forward. Becoming lost to the feelings of pleasure from the act, there was little she could do to prevent herself from crying out in ecstasy as she ejaculated across the floor.

Stumbling backwards, Elizabeth slid down the wall to sit on the ground. Taking heavy breaths in an attempt to console herself, she looked out upon the mess her moment of indulgence had created. Bringing her attention back to her throbbing member gave her a chance to ask herself, "What's gotten into me?"

Though her manhood didn't speak back, it did reply with one last spurt of cum onto her thighs. The disgust she felt at gazing upon the mess left over from her lack of restraint didn't prevent her inquisitive mind from reaching out to slide a finger through the liquid. Rubbing the substance between her fingertips, she tried to get a feel for it as if it were part of an experiment. Just like with the thing hanging between her legs, her experience with semen had been limited to what she could read in her books. Perhaps getting a little too interested in the nature of her own cum, she very slowly began to bring the droplets to her mouth with the intent to get a taste.

Elizabeth was broken out of her trance-like state as a wayward belch rolled up her throat. Realizing what she was about to do, she cleaned the cum clinging to her fingers with a rag. Unable to figure out what had possessed her to do such a thing, she pulled her panties over her manhood to prevent any further temptation then readjusted her skirt. Wincing at the feeling of her sizable bulge jostling around as she stood back up, she hastily cleaned up the aftermath of her masturbation session before hurrying to bed. Hopefully when she woke up, the vigor would have worn off and her mind would be much clearer.

Waking up at the first stray beam of sunlight shining through her window, Elizabeth's peaceful morning was interrupted by an awful odor wafting into her nose. Opening up her eyes,

she sat up in bed and scanned the room as she tried to find the source. Her search led her to gaze upon the sizable bump beneath the sheets sitting between her legs. Flinging off her blanket, she was horrified to discover that the appearance of her cock had been no dream, evidenced by the member squeezed snugly within her panties.

The hazy memory of what she had done the previous night was overwhelmed by another whiff of the awful stench. On a whim, she turned her head towards her upper arm and took a sniff. Reeling back as she confirmed that the smell was coming from her own body, she recalled that in her panicked state she had forgotten to bathe the previous night. Astounded that she was able to cultivate such an atrocious stench over the course of a single evening, she tried to ignore the sensation of her bulge jostling about in her undergarments as she made her way over to the bathroom.

Turning on the water in her tub, Elizabeth began to take off her clothes as she waited for her bath to warm up. By chewing on her lip she managed to remove her undergarments away from her groin without wincing at the feeling of her penis jostle around. Forced yet again to witness her member swing against her inner thighs, she cursed herself for bringing the bottle into her tower in the first place.

Continuing to stare at the genitals she spotted something around the base. Daring to let a finger reach towards her groin, she let it graze the budding hairs surrounding her manhood. The feeling of the bristly strands felt familiar, only now making her recognize that the sensation was coming from all across her body. Yanking off the rest of her clothes, she could see similar, short hairs dotting certain parts of her flesh. Though she was able to find a few along her limbs and surrounding her belly button, there were thick, black clumps sticking out from beneath her arm pits.

Daring to lean towards her arms gifted Elizabeth with a whiff of body odor that tightly clung to the unruly strands. The shiver of revulsion that was sent through her from the act reached all the way down to her cock. Though the rest of her was absolutely disgusted by the stench, it seemed to be having the complete opposite effect on her recently created genitalia.

Elizabeth's confusion as to what exactly her manhood wanted was put on hold by an ominous groan from her stomach. She tried to hold it back for fear of adding to her already awful stench, but she could only withstand the building pressure for so long. As the squeaky fart came out to add its aroma to her aura of stink, she nearly closed her eyes to avoid tearing up from the odor. That was until she noticed her cock once more become rigid, as if demanding her to pay attention to this new sensation.

“You actually enjoy this?” Elizabeth asked, half expecting the twitching cock to answer back.

Mind a bit hazy from her recent release of flatulence, her weakened thoughts couldn't prevent her from once more grasping her cock and beginning to pump it. Getting down on her knees on the bathroom floor, she gave it her all to try and please herself again. The rapid movement pushed out a few more gas bubbles from her backside to further ingrain their stench into her skin and hair. Too distracted by the shivers of pleasure going through her body, she paid little mind to her revolting outbursts as she gave it her all to satisfy her urges once more.

A moan escaped Elizabeth's lips as cum shot out from the tip of her cock. The drops spread themselves across the ground, but a few of them managed to hit the bottom of her face. Following along with a strange curiosity, she allowed her tongue to lick up the lingering string of cum. Finding the flavor bizarrely appetizing, she swirled it around in her mouth for a bit before

letting it sink down her throat. It was only once a boisterous burp rolled its way past her lips did she realize what she was doing.

Scrambling back to her feet, Elizabeth quickly mopped up the mess she had made. Turning off the water just before it overflowed the tub, she slipped in. She began to harshly scrub herself with soap in the hopes of washing away her smell and sins along with it. Her intention to purify every inch of herself came to a halt as she reached her groin. Untrusting of her own ability to avoid falling into further temptation, she left her flaccid cock alone as she finished up her bath. When she was done, she would dress herself and attempt to find a way to cure her condition.

Days spent diving into her books had left Elizabeth just as clueless as when she started. No matter what scientific papers she read or other realities she peeked into, not a single one of them seemed to have an answer as to what Degradation Delight's ultimate purpose was. She had even less luck trying to find a way to reverse the effects, making it all the more distressing each time she found a new facet of her body's corruption.

Sitting at her desk by the light of a dim lamp, Elizabeth had to keep interrupting her reading to scratch at various areas of her body. The culprits of the irritation were the patches of unsightly hair that had started to grow all across her skin. Everything from her limbs to her pits, and even her crotch played host to the coarse strands. It seemed like every time she undressed she would find another clump of hair to worry her. The strands beginning to form across her backside were her latest discovery, but at the time her mind had been focused on another problem.

No matter how many times or how hard Elizabeth tried to wash herself, it was only a matter of minutes before she was once more surrounded in an aura of her awful body odor. A good portion of her stench came from overactive sweat glands that caused a layer of light perspiration to cover her skin at the slightest hint of physical exertion. However, the true culprit of her stench came in the form of her upset digestive tract. Regardless of what she consumed, her body consistently turned it into horrendous gas that escaped from her mouth and rear at all hours of the day. Though she met each release with absolute disgust, her cock defiantly became rigid in the wake of her expulsions. Sometimes she was able to resist the urge to take care of her unwanted passenger's needs, but inevitably she would be forced to give it some relief so that she could focus once more on reading up on a cure.

“Not now,” Elizabeth said to herself as she heard an unruly groan emanate from her intestines. “Just a little UUURRRP more. Please.”

Elizabeth's pleas for her body to obey her were unheard as the noise became louder. Though she tried to keep it in for as long as possible, eventually the pressure grew too much. What little relief she felt as the fart came rippling out was undone by the resulting smell. Feeling her underwear become tight against her hardened cock yet again, she tossed her book aside in frustration as she stormed into the bathroom.

Having grown somewhat accustomed to the needs of her over active cock, she proceeded to strip down before masturbating. This would avoid splattering jizz across her clothes and got her ready to attempt yet again to purge herself of her awful odor. Taking her seat in the bathtub she reached out to clasp her dick in the hopes of buying herself a few minutes of peace to think.

Just as she was about to start masturbating, Elizabeth spotted a new addition to her body. Keeping one hand on her cock, the other reached out to move her foot close to her face. Though

her original intention was just to examine the hairs lining the top of the foot, she lingered as she noticed the scent coming off of it. The odor was a mix of the gas surrounding her and the sweat that clung to each of her toes. Stricken by her own curiosity, she brought the foot within inches of her face. Taking a whiff confirmed that it was just as rancid smelling as the rest of her body. The only difference was that it brought with it a strange spark in her body that moved in unison with a twitch of her manhood. Not fully understanding what was going on, she nonetheless decided to continue exploring this feeling in an attempt to better understand her body.

As she continued to deeply inhale the rotten odor of her foot, her free hand got to work pumping her cock. The mix of the awful stench mixed with the stimulation of her fingers gradually picked away at what little restraint she had against her more bizarre desires. Faster and faster she began to masturbate as she became intoxicated by the smell of her hairy toes. Developing an obsession with her filth-ridden feet, she gave in to her urges to let her tongue slide across the sweaty soles. Completely giving herself over to her depraved pleasures, she shoved her nose between the crevice next to her big toe to experience the most pungent smell her foot could muster. Losing herself to her own filth as she sucked up her delectable foot sweat, her eyes rolled back as she cried out in ecstasy upon reaching her climax.

In the wake of her shivers of pleasure, she dropped her foot and laid down in her bathtub. This left her body in the direct path of the shots of semen erupting from her cock. Rather than be disgusted by the mess of cum seeping into her belly hair, she reached out to collect a few drops on her finger. Bringing it up to her mouth, she showed no hesitation in licking up the leftovers of her self-love session.

Finished with her impromptu meal, Elizabeth climbed her way out of the tub. Grasping her clothes to put them back on, she realized that she had forgotten to bathe herself. With a shrug

of her shoulders she put off her hygiene in favor of slipping back into her outfit, fully intending to go back to her studies.

She barely made it a few steps away from the tub before a hint of curiosity convinced her to bring her fingers up to her face. Taking a sniff and re-experiencing the powerful odor of her own body, she could feel a shudder from her cock once more. This feeling could usually be put off, but instead she allowed the sensation to linger in her brain.

“I should really get back to BWOOOORRRRP researching the cure,” Elizabeth spoke to herself as she took a few more sniffs. “Maybe... a day or two of pure observations will give me the information I UURRRP need,” she belched, in a poor attempt to convince her logical side to go along with the strange ideas stewing in her brain.

The gloomy mood that had overtaken Elizabeth’s life ever since she had drunk the vigor had vanished over the course of the week she spent “observing” her body’s reactions to various stimulations. Each session of masturbation led to a further down spiral from her once prim and proper teachings to one that valued pleasure over everything else. No where was this more evident than the way she waltzed around her tower in a set of clothes that were almost as filthy and unwashed as the rest of her body.

Sitting at her desk with a collection of recently acquired pornography magazines, Elizabeth skimmed through them for both inspiration and to rev herself up for another session of “experimentation.” As her eyes thoroughly studied the images of men and women in erotic poses, she couldn’t help showing off her yellowed teeth as she smiled. The only reason she took her hand away from the page was to scratch at the bushels of hair that had grown unchecked across her body. Of course there were the coarse strands beneath her pits that her body odor

clung to, but her current obsession was itching at the curls that could be felt along her back that reached all the way down to her ass.

Her lack of hygiene was all in service of the throbbing member still comfortably sitting between her legs. Licking her lips as she looked over the luscious bodies spread out on the pages before her, she started teasing her cock by rubbing her hand against it. The stimulation dripped precum onto her filthy panties and let the odor of her unwashed skin drift up to her nose. Going until she couldn't take it anymore, she stood up from her desk and undressed herself.

Taking her nude body over to her bed, she spread the magazine out to partially cover the leftover cum stains on the sheets she had left behind from her earlier session of examining her morning wood. Similar unsightly splashes could be found throughout her tower, each one marking a new session of "observations" she had thrown herself into to figure out the best way to satisfy her libido. These stains were just one facet of the neglect she had given to cleaning up her tower. Any sense of organization had been left behind with her putting less and less time to keep things in place. Through a variety spills and messes, the home had begun to reflect her own waning sense of dignity. Not that this mattered to her as she started to rub her cock as she pawed through the pages of people experiencing their own forms of ecstasy.

Stopping on an impressive, full page spread of a woman giving a man a blowjob, Elizabeth was struck with inspiration. Copying what she saw printed on the pages, she let her free hand slowly push a finger into her anus. She met a bit of resistance through a fart being pushed out in the process, but she found her prize as she was able to press down on her prostate. Elated to find yet another way to please her needy cock, she continued to stimulate herself until another load of semen shot out to mix with the sweat and body hair clinging to her bed.

Taking a deep whiff of the lingering foulness from her deed, she did the bare minimum to get the excess mess off of her body before climbing out of bed. Still not quite satisfied, she let one hand gently pump at her cock while the other tried to open up a tear in reality. While this task in the past was something done with a lot of strain and difficulty, the feat had become remarkably easier ever since she had given in to her base desires. The only caveat is that whatever she pulled through had to, in some way, service her need to continue seeking new ways of pleasuring herself, such as the impressive collection of pornography magazines at her disposal.

Letting a particularly rancid fart burst out to continue her efforts to make herself absolutely filthy, she effortlessly opened up a passageway to another reality. Reaching inside, she wasn't exactly sure what she would find. This time, she had made her mind completely focused on ways to stimulate other parts of her body with something other than her hand. Specifically, her mind was stuck on her first session of teasing her asshole. Luckily enough, her powers were more than happy to oblige.

Pulling back from the tear and closing it up, Elizabeth marveled at the pink box in her hands. Etched into the side of the container was a large letter E, as if someone had purposefully made it for her. Putting the container on a table, she opened it up to be further astounded by its contents. Though it took a few read throughs of the accompanying manual to figure out exactly how to use the new toys, she was more than willing to give them a test run.

Planting her ass down on the floor, she held aloft the girthy, black dildo in her hands. Sliding her hand away from her throbbing cock, she made her way past her hairy testicles to touch the womanhood she had neglected for so long. While she had given her original genitalia attention from time to time, her main focus had been seeing what new ways she could bring

pleasure to her manhood. However, that was about to change as she spread open her labia to allow herself to easily slide the dildo inside of her needy pussy.

Keeping a tight grip on her new toy, Elizabeth began to move it back and forth at a rapid pace. In return, her womanhood was eager to return the affection with waves of pleasure that made her begin to cry out in ecstasy. Becoming more used to the unorthodox method allowed her to increase the speed of the thrusts. Inevitably, this led to a powerful orgasm that made both sets of her genitals find release.

Hiking up her hips as she reached the apex of her climax, she paid little mind to the splatters of cum that spread across the floor and her body. Bringing herself back down to the ground, she slid a finger across the hairs dotting her belly button to collect the droplets of semen. Sampling the unique taste of her cum and sweat, she was pleased to see that she had yet to grow weary of the flavor.

Shuffling her body around in preparation for another round, Elizabeth was forced to stop to let out a series of thunderous farts from her rear. While the smell was just as entrancing as ever, the constant vibration made it difficult to get settled. For a moment, it felt as if her other hole was calling out for attention. Though she laughed at the ridiculous idea at first, it soon snowballed into something else.

Before sitting back down, she carefully placed her latest tool for pleasure down on the ground. Using some of her leftover cum as lubricant, she graciously covered up the dildo to prepare herself for her next step. Ever so carefully she pushed the toy inside of her anus, forcing out a series of gas bubbles in the process. Gritting her teeth as she reached the base, she reveled in the feeling of the toy stretching out her insides to press up against her prostate. After that, the next step just came naturally.

Trying to keep herself as steady as possible, Elizabeth began to squat up and down. Though it was a tight fit, the difficulty added to the experience as she continued to ravage her hole. The strenuous movements gifted her with a fresh layer of sweat across her skin to enhance the smell provided by the puffs of gas slipping out of her colon. In no time at all she reached another climax to further sully her floor and make her enamored to her first session of anal masturbation.

Taking a moment to try and catch her breath afforded her the opportunity to take stock of the various splatters she had spread across the floor. The trails of semen added to the overall stench that permeated the room, as if the tower itself was trying to reflect her inner desires. As she continued to bask in the atmosphere of filth, she could feel her cock become rigid again, giving her more than enough motivation to continue her experiments. Getting up to grab the other toy from the box, she got ready to see just how far she could push herself.

Planting herself on the floor again, she got back to repeatedly thrusting the dildo into her womanhood. Flicking the switch on the vibrating butt plug, she showed no hesitation as she shoved it up her ass. With both of her holes being serviced, she used her final free hand to begin stroking her cock. As she expected, the overabundance of stimulation was more than enough to rack her body with unequitable pleasure. Moans and burps let her savor the lingering taste of her former release, giving her something to cling to as she pushed herself to her limit. No longer able to withstand the overwhelming stimulation, her orgasm came just as her stamina wore out.

Body shuddering as more cum shot out from her release, Elizabeth laid down to try and catch her breath. By chance one of the drops managed to land on her lips, letting her lick it up and further entrance her to the flavor. Though she managed to sample most of the splatters adorning her body and the floor, she stopped herself from wiping the cum off of her cock.

On a whim, she attempted to lean forward to suck directly from the source only to find that she was a few inches short. Regardless of how far she stretched, or which position she chose, she was unable to drink her delicious cum directly from the source. Though she was disappointed by this discovery it wasn't a total loss. After all, she had just found yet another area to focus her studies on.

“Yes, yes, this is it,” Elizabeth said to herself as she looked over her recently acquired collection of vigors. “These will do the BWOOOOORRRPPP trick.”

Though Elizabeth was more than willing to take the next step down her path of self-pleasure, she didn't exactly know where to start. In an attempt to make up her mind, she began to pace back and forth. The movement rustled around the cum-stained bathrobe she occasionally wore. The garment hadn't been washed in nearly as long as her own body, a feature that was common amongst the few articles of clothing that she still bothered to put on from time to time. Treating the outfit to a barrage of flatulence, she made up her mind before tossing the robe aside.

Though she had long ago destroyed her tops and skirts through her various experiments, she was kept quite warm thanks to the thick patches of hair across her body, especially the strands covering her breasts. Stretching out her arms allowed her to take a good whiff of the built up body odor emanating from her armpits as a long yawn escaped past her yellowed teeth. Moving as she carelessly picked away at the hardened leftover of her morning release tangled in the mess of her belly button hair, she put on a sinister grin as she heard a groaning noise from her gut. Squatting down to spread out her anus, she let out a strange hum of pleasure as she released a reverberating fart that threatened to destroy the absolutely filthy panties that adorned her waistline and rustled against her furry ass cheeks.

Thoughts made clearer with a fresh dose of gas seeping into her senses, Elizabeth settled on how she wanted to do things. In her pursuit of increasing her body's already impressive sense of euphoria, she had managed to procure vigors that were part of the same product line as the one that started her down this depraved path. With each bottle promising to bring her to further levels of indulgence, she settled on starting with one that would be instrumental for the specific position she had in mind.

Elizabeth couldn't stop licking her lips just from the act of gripping her fingers around the bottle titled, "Buxom Bimbo." Judging by the images of women with enormous breasts, buttocks, and lips lining the exterior, it didn't take much effort on her part to figure out what it did. Barely able to contain her excitement, she popped off the top of the bottle and guzzled the whole thing down.

The effects of the vigor were made immediately apparent as she felt a tingling sensation around her upper torso. The pelt of hair that had obscured her chest was spread out as her tits started to engorge. Somewhat intrigued at the sight of her pale, unwashed flesh peeking out from between the strands, she couldn't help herself from squeezing the swelling jugs. She was quick to discover that her boobs' increased size came with an increased sensitivity. Letting out pleased hums as she continued to poke and prod at her tits, she nearly orgasmed from the mere act of squeezing her dark-colored nipples. Pulling away from her bosom to see that each breast had grown to be slightly larger than her head, she also discovered that they had lost their shapeliness in the process. Though this resulted in a set of boobs that resembled a pair of overstuffed meat sacks, they would be more than sufficient for the task ahead.

Moments after she released her tits from her grasp, Elizabeth felt the tingling sensation reappear along her hindquarters. Grabbing hold of her backside, she squeezed it similarly to her

breasts as way to coerce it to continue growing. Her reward was getting to feel her ass cheeks swell up in an effort to reach the same size as her chest. She was gifted a pair of sagging mounds that greatly strained her panties and gave her handfuls of new flesh for her to squeeze. Eager to give her new addition a test run, she released a reverberating PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT. The resulting vibrations made her cry out in ecstasy and further spread the wet spot on the front of her panties.

The hiss of pleasure from Elizabeth's mouth became distorted as the tingling sensation moved towards her face. Though she couldn't see it at first, she could certainly feel her lips as they became puffier. Making a few kisses to try and get a feel for her new features, she considered going through to the next stop right then and there. However, she couldn't help wondering if perhaps she should add a little "garnish" to enhance her upcoming experiment.

Pulling out a vigor cocktail of her own creation, she parted her puffy lips to chug it down. Mere moments after the liquid hit her stomach, she was treated to an unruly rumbling noise. The next few spouts of gas easily outdid any of her prior farts as they bellowed out with a loud PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT. It was the feeling of her head becoming hazy from the awful stench that let her truly appreciate her own craftsmanship.

Still a little woozy from her own fumes, she almost missed the moment her breasts started to leak out liquid. Squeezing down on her tits sent droplets of milk across the ground to make it even filthier. Sliding a finger across her teat she brought the droplets up to her mouth for a sample. What she got was the unmistakable taste of spoiled milk. Before, she would have found the flavor revolting. Now the sour taste that danced across her taste buds was the very thing she needed to continue fueling her awful gas and push her towards the final step of her body modification plan.

“Turbo Testosterone” came in a fittingly phallic bottle shaped into the form not unlike the numerous dildos Elizabeth used to service her various orifices. Lowering the bottle down to her waist, she compared it to the bulge in her underwear. As much as she desired to drink the vigor right away, she wanted to get at least one more look at her current setup for later comparison. After all, she was doing this under the guise of research and she needed a control sample to record in her cum-stained journal.

Putting the vigor to the side, Elizabeth grabbed the band of her panties and dragged them down. Released from the fabric, her thicker ass cheeks were free to droop down like her chest and jiggle as she continued to undress. Pulling the underwear past her pair of hair-riddled, rancid feet, she brought them up to her face. Pressing the panties to her face, she took a deep inhale to savor the stench of lingering smegma clinging to the filthy undergarment. It was only after getting her fill of the smell of unwashed taint did she put the panties aside for later use.

With nothing left in the way to obscure it, Elizabeth made sure to get a good look at her frequently used manhood. Scratching at the coarse pubic hairs that surrounded her cock and vagina, she momentarily let her hand grasp at her testicles. Giving her balls a squeeze, she brought her hand up to get a sample of the fermented scent clinging to her fingertips. Licking her hand to get a taste of her rancid flavor, she reached out against to slide along her shaft. Shaking off the lingering smegma of her last few ejaculations, she was tempted by the throbbing member to stop right there and masturbate as she was. Though typically she wouldn't be able to resist this urge, the plan she had in mind was enough to make both her thirst for knowledge and need for sating her libido come together. Seating herself down on the ground, she put the bottle to her lips and began to drink.

Putting the empty containers alongside the others, she watched with bated breath as her male genitals began to tremble. Gradually her already girthy member increased in length, gaining an extra inch over the span of a few seconds. To go along with the extra meat, her testicles swelled into the size of baseballs that constantly shook against her soaking wet womanhood. As much as she wanted to touch the sizable cock, she kept her hands to her sides as she watched it grow longer and longer. She preoccupied her fingers in the meantime by intertwining with the extra patches of fuzz rapidly growing across her body in the wake of her extra testosterone. Sweat dripping out of her pores to enhance her already dreadful body odor, she let out heavy breaths as her groin furiously shook. Upon her dick stopping its growth at over a foot in length, she let out a cry as she ejaculated from the sensation alone. Coming down from her recent climax, she was ecstatic to see her cock quickly recuperate for another round. It felt as if it knew exactly what she had in mind.

Making good use of her recently modified breasts, she used them to embrace her member between them. Slowly stroking her boobs up and down her shaft gave her the rush of pleasure she had hoped for and then some. As she increased her pace, she purposefully let her mouth hang open to allow droplets of drool to fall out to lubricate the motion. At the sight of her own precum leaking out, she saw little reason to hold back. The lackluster shapeliness of her tits ended up being to her advantage as she continued to drag them along her length. Each shake also came with a splatter of her sour breast milk to ensure her cock was properly lubricated for her ever increasing speed. Going faster and faster, she pushed out farts to both further stink up her area and put her butt's new heft through its paces. Face going red from exertion of trying to last as long as possible, she let out a loud moan as she hit her climax.

Elizabeth's wide open mouth provided a more than suitable receptacle for the shots of cum that shot out of her tip. However, the sheer abundance of jizz that spurting out ended up covering most of her face as well as her upper torso. Like so many times before, she was more than eager to swallow every last drop that she could reach. The sizable serving she got from the release wasn't nearly enough to satisfy her.

Eager to see if her ultimate goal was possible, she leaned her neck forward. The joy she felt as she managed to place her lips around her lower head was increased as she managed to suck up a few more drops mixed with her leftover smegma. Continuing to push forward to be able to swallow up a few extra inches, she was absolutely ecstatic to experience the culmination of her body's modifications.

Moving her breasts down to focus more on the base of her cock, she used her mouth to pleasure the upper half of her still rigid member. Sliding her tongue back and forth along the shaft proved to be an effective strategy towards pushing her mind towards an incoherent mess of baser instincts. Having become quite used to what her manhood wanted, she was more than capable of manipulating it with her lips and tongue to quickly bring herself to a new level of ecstasy. Feeling her balls start to tremble and gas continue to spurt out from her backside, she moved her mouth towards the tip of her cock for the big finish.

The moan she let out as she orgasmed became muffled by the deluge of semen that poured down her throat. Making sure to keep her lips tightly wrapped around her cock, she chugged down every last drop. Pushing out whatever remained with a few more rubs of her tits, she ensured that her first time performing her own blow job would be one to remember.

Seeing fit to pull away after her belly had been filled, Elizabeth celebrated her meal with an echoing belch. Body still shaking from the after effects of her lust, she wasn't in any hurry to

move from her spot. As she took deep gulps of milk from her teats to recover, she watched as her member managed to go back to its full length in a matter of seconds. Releasing her teats from her mouth with a loud BWOOOOORRRPP, she got back into position. Sliding her mouth down to the base of her penis for a second helping of cum, her mind was left to wonder what her next experiment should be.

The inside of Elizabeth's Tower was a shadow of its former self to say the least. Weeks of neglect had made the once spotless home an absolute cesspit of random stains spread across the walls, floors, and even a few on the ceiling. Following a trail of leftover toys led towards Elizabeth's cum and sweat-riddled bed, where she could be found participating in her most frequent activity.

Elizabeth kept herself oblivious of the current state of her living quarters thanks to the set of headphones perched upon her head of greasy hair. Though initially it had taken her some time to get used to the new technology she had pulled from a tear, she eventually managed to figure it out with enough time and patience. Her reward was a series of suggestive words and sounds being constantly played in her ears, encouraging her to further pleasure herself.

Her yellowed fingernails slid down her body, constantly intertwining with the coarse, sweat-lined hairs lining her flesh. Every so often they would stop to tease her set of overused, sagging breasts, pushing out what few drops of sour milk managed to linger from the latest dose of vigors she had poured down her throat. After treating herself to a lick or two of her own, rancid liquid, she would indulge her sense of smell with a big whiff of the bushels of hair inhabiting her armpits. Bending herself forward, she would grasp at her legs to bring her clammy, unwashed feet up to her face to get a good sampling of their aroma as well as lick up

the delectable sweat droplets between each of her toes. While this act would have been made much easier with the use of both of her hands, the other had its own tasks to attend to.

Completing another round of what she considered foreplay, Elizabeth let out a mix of a moan and a belch as her other hand continued to slide a well-used onahole over the length of her cock. With her other hand momentarily freed up, she used it to reach towards her nether region to ensure the lips of her pussy were still thick and sensitive thanks to the use of the pump lying next to her bed. The extra modifications made her shiver with pleasure as she revved up the vibrations of the dildo currently shoved inside of her womanhood. Turning herself over, she moved the vibrating butt plug in and out of her anus to increase her pleasure, allowing a few puffs of her rancid flatulence to leak out in the process.

The combination of the sounds, smells, and touch inevitably brought Elizabeth to another orgasm. Rolling onto her back, she waited until the last of her cum spilled out before she pulled back the sex toy. Unveiling her pungent, smegma-riddled cock, she momentarily glanced at the various red rings at different lengths of her shaft. Each marking recorded her improving ability suck herself off with increasing proficiency. Making a mental note to grab a new set of lipstick for her next session of auto-felatio, she brought the onahole up to her face. Savoring the otherworldly aroma of her cum mixed with the fermented leftovers of her last few releases, she put the opening up to her mouth to drink deeply of her seed. Though she smacked her lips in satisfaction of her own depravity, she was left with a sense of emptiness that had been plaguing her for the last few days.

Elizabeth had assumed that her various body modifications would have been enough to achieve the level of pleasure she had sought. At first this was the case, but her body eventually seemed to yearn for something more. Using different methods of self-pleasure and vigors were

typically enough to hold back this feeling for only a short time. Between numerous daily masturbation sessions, she would wrack her brain trying to come up with different methods to fulfill this need in the pit of her stomach she couldn't seem to figure out.

Upon finishing up her liquid meal, she removed the headphones from her ears with the intention of going back to her desk to resume researching new ways to take care of her filthy body. Lazily running her fingers across her shaft with one hand to keep it satisfied, she used the other to paw through her notes. Struggling to read past the various scotches of jizz and sweat littering the papers, she reached an empty page and began to write.

"Today is...June 28th? No, it must be the UUURRRP 29th," she spoke aloud as she wrote to try and keep her thoughts coherent. "The devices called BWOOOORRRPP headphones have helped a lot, but I am still no closer to reaching the level of UUURRP satisfaction I'm looking for." She paused for a moment to let a loud BRRRRAAAAAAAPP echo through the room before resuming her notes. "Current plans are to proceed with continued experimentation with toys to figure out what I need. Perhaps some BOOOUUURRRRP piercings will do it." With her hypothesis jotted down, she effortlessly pulled open a tear to retrieve the supplies she would need for the task ahead.

Just as Elizabeth was about to reach in, something shoved its way forward to push her hand back. Staggering out of her seat, she paused to lock eyes with the girthy cock before her. Though it was similar to hers in both terms of size and odor, the very tip was covered up by a foreskin. Watching droplets of pre-cum leak from the top to fall onto the stranger's set of swollen, hairy testicles, her inquisitive mind took over.

"Who are you?" Elizabeth called out to the person on the other side. "How did you BWOOOORRRP get here? Tell me how you were able to get your cock like that."

Elizabeth's words were only met with the gentle sway of the rigid member. The frustration she felt from being ignored was replaced with fascination as she watched the cock swing back and forth like a pendulum. Caught in a sort of trance-like state, she licked her lips as she walked forward. Though her guest didn't say anything, she could make an educated guess at what they wanted from her.

Kneeling down to be at eye level with the cock, Elizabeth, opened up her mouth as wide as possible to take in the entire girth. Though it was an intimidating task, her self-practice had made her more than capable of going all the way. Her reward was getting a chance to sample the smegma hiding beneath the foreskin that was pushed onto her tongue as she slid her head back and forth. Pulling her mouth back with a trail of saliva between the tip and her lips, she shoved her face forward again to get a closer inspection of the balls. Yet again, she was treated to a heavy musk that made her almost miss the presence of the dripping, well-used pussy hiding beneath the set of testicles. Sucking up the sweat clinging to the genitals, she used one of her hands to tease her own. Returning to give a few more sucks to the stranger's member was the final push needed to bring them both to orgasm.

Feeling the shivers overtake her mystery partner's body, Elizabeth moved fast to wrap her lips around their tip. Holding on tight, she managed to stay in place to receive a mouthful of cum. The semen was delectably rancid, bringing her to a new sense of euphoria as the wad leaked out of her lips and drizzled onto the ground. Only pulling back once she had gotten a sizable sample, she readied herself to go back in for another helping.

Just as quickly as the dick appeared, it was pulled back to only leave an empty portal. In the cock and balls' place, the stranger turned around to shove their ass through the tear. The bubble butt barely fit through the opening, giving her more than enough opportunity to gaze at

the various black hairs lining its ass cheeks. Shuffling her way closer, her ponytail of oily hair was pushed back by an errant fart leaving the stranger's anus. Head becoming hazy from the cloud of flatulence, it didn't take much for her to figure out what she was supposed to do next.

Shuffling up the stranger, Elizabeth pressed her head up against the gassy rear. "You're just as filthy as me, aren't you?" she asked, receiving an abrupt BRRRAAAAPPP from the hairy ass in return. "Mmm, smells like your insides are just as messed up as mine too. Mind if I get a UUURRRP closer look?"

Though the stranger did not speak, they did reply with a shake of their hips.

"Then let's BWOOOOOORRRRP get this experiment going."

Eagerly planting her face in-between the butt cheeks, Elizabeth opened up her mouth and dragged her tongue along the length of the ass crack. She eventually stopped as her lips met the stranger's colon, receiving a mouthful of gas for her efforts. Working on instincts alone, she dove in deeper to suck and lick up every last ounce of flatulence from inside. As she continued to go about her first rim job, she made sure to grasp handfuls of the stranger's ass flesh. Though she was preoccupied with the other person's pleasure, that didn't stop her own genitals from throbbing in unison as she gave in to her twisted desires.

The end came in the form of a truly monstrous fart reverberating out of the stranger's rear with a loud BRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP. The smell flooded Elizabeth's senses, making her tongue shiver and her nostrils burn up. Inundated with a plethora of noxious fumes, she could no longer hold herself back as she reached her own orgasm. Through the combination of her own pleasure and the heavy stench, her body's strength gave out as she fell back onto the ground and momentarily fell unconscious.

When Elizabeth awoke several hours later, the tear and her partner had disappeared. The only lingering proof of the stranger's presence was the leftover smell of their gas and the splotches of cum littering Elizabeth's body. Helping herself to the dried up semen clinging to her flesh, she very nearly missed the pair of boxes someone had placed on her desk, one pink and the other black. Each of the boxes bared the same letter "E" she had seen before and carried a note written on a piece of paper.

"A reward... for being such a good, dirty girl."

Opening up the boxes and looking at their contents, Elizabeth began to laugh. She had finally found what she was looking for. All that she needed now was time to get everything together.

Standing before her mirror once more, Elizabeth took her time adjusting the pair of fake, pink pig ears she had nestled between her greasy locks of black hair. The somewhat cute head piece was a stark contrast to the more depraved addition of the pink, leather collar wrapped around her neck. The unorthodox accessory came with a long leash that hung down her hairy back to slide across the floor. The rest of her body was left bare, save for the patches of hair that had survived a few strokes of a razor earlier in the day. At the time, she was a bit sad to take down the strands she had grown to love. However, it was all in service for what she believed was what her body had been craving for so long.

Grasping her well used breasts in the palms of her hands, she pressed down on her darkened nipples to try and squeeze out milk. The weary teats managed to let out a few stray

drops of the sour liquid, but only enough to leave wet spots along her hair-riddled feet. Content that she had used most of her milk for the task ahead, she released her mammaries to let them swing against her mid-section. For the moment, she had to settle on scribbling across what little empty space remained to properly label her tits as “Meat Sacks.”

Making her way down her hairy belly, she had to get creative with where she placed the next few scribbles of her marker to create the phrase “Hairy Harlot”. Not helping matters was having to wield the writing utensil while maneuvering around her rigid cock that seemingly begged for her to stop what she was doing to suck up the lingering smegma around its tip. She managed to keep her libido in check for the time being, promising herself it would just be a little longer while she wrote down the word “Slut” across her mid-section. Her cock’s obedience was rewarded with the title of “Fuck Stick” before she moved on to the rest of her body.

Between scribbling things like “Cum Addict” and “Depraved Damsel” along her limbs, she made sure to pause to take deep whiffs of her bushels of armpit hair, christening the area above the pockets of sweaty hairs as “Stink Swamps”. Getting down on the ground to write more along her hairy legs, she made sure to motivate herself with deep sniffs of her nasty feet. Writing “Foot” and “Funk” on her feet after helping herself to helping of toe sweat, she turned over onto her back. Though it was a struggle to reach the proper place, she did manage to carefully drag the marker along her backside to write out the next word. Successfully writing “Fart Factory” across the cheeks, she rewarded herself with a loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT directed right at her face.

Tightly gripping her hairy nut sack with one hand, she stood before the mirror while she attempted to reach her womanhood. It was more than a little difficult with the added barriers of pubic hair in her way, but she eventually managed to find a place to put her mark. Grinning with

her yellow teeth as she admired the phrase “Piggy Pussy” drawn neatly around her vagina, she let her testicles drop down again and put the marker away to focus on the next phase of her preparation.

It took a few peeks at the accompanying instruction booklet for her to figure out how to use the contraption, but Elizabeth managed to eventually figure it out. Putting the tight, pink leather cap over her grungy hair, she moved about the harness until it was in the proper position. Putting the nose hooks into her nostrils, she let them pull back to make her nose resemble a pig snout. The widened holes allowed her to deeply inhale the foul odor that clung to her flesh. The set up was given a true test as she pushed out a prolonged BRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP from her rear. As much as she enjoyed the fermented smell of her own flatulence, she knew that she still wasn't done.

Standing in front of the mirror once more, Elizabeth turned herself around to get a good look at her back. In her hand she held out a pink butt plug, baring the special feature of a curly tail hanging off of the other end. Pulling apart her ass cheeks with one hand, she maneuvered the other end of the toy to have it nestle up against her anus. With a rough shove, she managed to insert the plug as deep as it would go. Shaking her hips back and forth, she found sick glee as the vibration function of her newly acquired tail stimulated her prostate.

Feeling her entire being shiver with anticipation, Elizabeth made one last approach to the mirror with a box of make up in hand. Heavy smears of blush went across her cheeks to go along with dark eyeshadow. A thick layer of red lipstick was pressed against her lips, the very same color she had used to mark her session of self-sucking. Picking up a marker with a similar red hue, she used her O-shaped lips to write out the word “WhOre” across her lower face.

Placing the makeup and marker to the side, Elizabeth got down onto her hands and knees to begin crawling along the floor. To help herself get into the mindset, she let out a series of oinks and squeals. Feeling her body tremble with strange satisfaction from her one woman show, she slowly made her way to something that had taken quite a bit of effort to place in her tower.

Licking her lips in anticipation, Elizabeth set her eyes on the wooden trough she had set up earlier. Waiting for her there was a meal made up of a number of different foods she had specifically picked out to fit the diet of a gassy pig. Her feast included things such as chunks of meat, chopped onions, brussels sprouts, and several different kinds of beans. These various food stuffs swam in a lake made up of her own spoiled breast milk. Pushing the trough in place to be in front of the mirror, she gave one last look to admire her hog-like appearance before diving her head in.

As Elizabeth gobbled up the pungent meal, she raised her rear higher and higher into the air. Shaking her hips as she continued to eat pushed a few spurts of gas past her butt plug to enshroud her in its stench. Her body called out for a more direct form of pleasure, but it could not compete with the rush her brain felt as she accompanied her messy eating with a series of pig-like snorts and grunts. This all came to a head as she reached the bottom of the trough to pull out her most prized possession.

Lifting her head up from her trough, she momentarily glanced at the splatters of food that clung to her face and torso. Held in her teeth was a pair of women's undergarments that were covered in her own saliva and the ancient sweat of the person who had so kindly gifted them to her. The underwear had been found amidst the rest of the pig outfit pieces, the very same things her visitor had left after their session of intimacy.

Putting her modified nose to good use, Elizabeth brought the panties up to her face to inhale the aroma. Lost in a heavenly bliss at the combined odor of the stranger's leftover cum stains combined with a few of her own, she began to pump her cock. Keeping herself in a crawling position, she locked eyes with her own reflection as she continued her moment of self-pleasure. Each inhale of the putrid aroma mixed with her own body odor was followed by a snort to further sink into the mindset of a hedonistic pig. These animalistic mimicries soon became distorted by a mix of moans from her rising pleasure and burps that reeked of her foul meal. Reaching every closer to her release, she made sure to get a good look at herself in the mirror for the exact moment that Elizabeth, the perverted piggy reached her climax.

Hoisting herself up, Elizabeth allowed her semen to drizzle across what remained of her feast. Only needing a mouthful of tainted air to recover her stamina, she leaned forward to practically dive into the trough. Making sure her precious panties were tightly wound around her nose, her mouth set to work eating up everything in her way. Each morsel of food was rich with the flavor of cum and spoiled milk. With her mouth and nose being take care of, her hands reached out to grasp her cock with both hands. Losing herself to her new role as a filthy animal, she vigorously rubbed her shaft until she orgasmed to the sound of a loud squeal.

Elizabeth freely let her cum spray across the floor as she reveled in her lingering ecstasy. Ensuring her precious panties were still firmly secured to her face, she fell down to the ground to begin licking up the spilled droplets of her semen. In the process of enjoying her liquid meal, she could already feel her body beginning to rev up for another round.

Standing up to readjust herself to go back into the trough, Elizabeth caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror once more. Unable to contain the joy she felt at getting to gaze upon her corrupted body, she sauntered her way over to her reflection. "Fuck, this is what I've been

BWOOOOOORRRRPP looking for,” she spoke to herself as she took the marker in hand again. “I’m just a stinky piggy,” she continued, proving her point with an errant blast of flatulence. “Only good for UUURRPP making a mess and fucking.” Pushing aside stray crumbs from her upper torso, she began to write. “I don’t care about finding a BWOOOOOORRRRP fucking cure. I know exactly what I want to be now.” Putting the marker down again, she smiled as she looked upon her new title: “Smelly Sow Savior.”

The Tower had become a complete pigsty ever since its owner had become one with her own desires. The epitome of this lack of care for the place was seen in her once beloved bed being reduced to a mess of old sweat and cum stains. Regardless of the filthy state of her mattress and bedding, Elizabeth herself was more than willing to let it serve the purpose of keeping her comfortable as she went about her regular activity of keeping her libido sated.

Thick bushels of hair now covered most of Elizabeth’s body, with only a few sparse patches of empty skin left bare to show off the writing she had so lovingly scrawled onto her skin. A persistent layer of sweat and grease stretched out across her skin to enhance her body’s awful odor, while leaving behind the streaks of makeup that marred her face. Constant deluges of her rancid farts kept the fragrance around her refreshingly vile as she went about her typical pleasure routines.

Her fingers were constantly moving across her body, squeezing at her curves to give them the stimulation they craved. Often she would drag her fingers through the sweat clinging to her armpits and feet to let her nostrils get a heavy whiff of their odor. She repeated the motion with her fermented genitals, making use of her standard toys of a onahole, a dildo, and her beloved,

vibrating, pig tail butt plug. As much as she enjoyed these various tools, she had learned to keep to just a few during her masturbation sessions. After all, the only thing she really needed was her own, corrupt thoughts to keep her in a state of absolute bliss.

The headphones tightly placed atop her head of oily hair no longer whispered encouraging words to push her further. In their place, a series of pig squeals and oinks continuously pumped into her ears. The animal sounds worked in harmony with her corrupted mind to make her feel right at home in the swine outfit she had seen no reason to take off over the course of the past week.

Pressing her hand up against her face, she pushed in the fabric of the pair of panties that had been so kindly gifted to her. The well used undergarment was frequently the main focus of her masturbation sessions. Constantly cumming to smell of the stranger was her way of thanking the person for giving her what she needed to reach her full potential. Reaching yet another climax, she let the panties muffle the sound of her resulting moan as she hiked up her hips to enjoy every last shiver of her orgasm.

Settling back down into a puddle of her own lingering cum and sweat, Elizabeth took a deep breath to revel in her own depravity. As much as she would have liked to move right on to another round of pleasure, her momentary reprieve let her notice that the sound in her headphones was starting to die and the various devices tending to her genitals were losing power. Releasing an abrupt fart to vent her frustration, she began to slowly pick herself up from her bed.

Elizabeth was slammed back down onto her mattress as the entire room started to shake. Though her initial thought was that she had overloaded one of her toys, she was swiftly corrected as crackles of energy began to form in front of her bed. Having only been on the other end of the

process, it took her a few moments to recognize the sight of a tear being opened. Ripping apart the window in reality, a single figure stepped out. One that looked all too familiar.

Elizabeth's jaw hung open as she spotted someone who looked eerily like herself, complete with most of her hairy, unwashed body on display. The near mirror image was differentiated by this Elizabeth's greasy hair reaching just past her cheeks. Even the various toys shoved into Elizabeth's ass and pussy were of the right shape and size of her own. Though this doppelganger came adorned in the same pig outfit and had a near perfect recreation of her body writing along her flesh, there was also the addition of certain items that the original Elizabeth had always considered using on herself.

The nose hooks Elizabeth had used were nowhere to be seen, but in their place was a silver nose ring hanging from the double's nostrils. Jingling smaller versions of the rings hanging from her ears, the new arrival opened up her mouth to let her studded tongue drag across the piercings adorning her lips. As the other Elizabeth drew closer, the original got a glimpse of yet another piercing in the center of the new arrival's bushel of belly hair. Her attention quickly drew to the copy's equally monstrous cock, where a collection of piercings along the tip's foreskin made it all the more enticing for her to want to reach out and grasp it. Just before she could give in to her desires to explore every inch of this new her, the other Elizabeth pushed her back through the use of an echoing belch from her mouth.

"Hello there UUUURRRP me," the second Elizabeth said, letting her bad breath wash over the other one as she bared her yellow teeth in a smile. "I see that you've been greatly enjoying my 'gifts'."

"You're the one that BWOOOOOORRRP came to me before through the tears?" the original Elizabeth asked.

“Correct,” her copy replied, casually strolling through the room to admire the various messes spread along the floor and walls. Nodding her head in approval, she added the familiar stench of a blast of her flatulence to improve the area’s odor. “However, I’ve actually known about you far before that. Like when you UUUUUURRRRP ‘borrowed’ my box of toys.”

Elizabeth dragged her nails through her hair to fidget with her ponytail. “Sorry about BOOOUUUURRRPPP that.”

“Think nothing of it,” the other replied, glancing over at the wide collection of vigors and toys that littered Elizabeth’s study area. “Especially since they helped you BWOOOOORRRRPP experience the same pleasure as me. I was so impressed with your skills and UUUURRRP depravity, I just had to help you along your path to true enlightenment.” Climbing her way onto the bed, the doppelganger seemed quite pleased with herself as she crawled through the leftovers of the original Elizabeth’s numerous masturbation sessions. “However, I think it’s time to return the favor.”

The other Elizabeth giggled as she let a rancid fart bellow out from her backside. On reaction the original Elizabeth sucked in the foul air, her entire body shaking as the pungent aroma filled her lungs once more. So engrossed by the stench, she was caught completely off guard as the double pressed her filth-ridden body against her own. Feeling their cocks throb against one another, it was obvious what she was trying to do.

“Is this really okay?” the first Elizabeth asked.

“You have nothing to UUUURRRP worry about,” the other belched, baring her yellow teeth in a smile as she let her grungy finger nails poke and prod at the original’s well-used breasts. “I did extensive tests with the BOOOOOUUUURRRP saliva you left me during our last encounter. Despite our looks, we’re genetically very UUUURRRP different.”

“But it still seems strange to be BWOOOOOORRRPPP doing this with...myself.”

Pushing herself down on the original, the second Elizabeth pushed out rancid farts from both of their bodies. “I think you’ve gone far past the limits of what’s considered UUUURRRP normal in your pursuit of pleasure.” Rubbing her chin along the original’s armpit hair, she leaned in close to her face. “Forget what your logical mind is saying right BOOOUUURRP now. What do you think of me?”

“That you’re amazing,” Elizabeth commented, feeling her member twitch against her copy’s manhood. “The piercings are so bold and beautiful. Your smell is incredibly awful. What I’ve tasted of your cum is BWOOOOOORRRPPP exquisite. And...and...”

The other Elizabeth filled the empty space with a pungent BRRAAAAAPPPP from her rear. “And you want nothing more than to explore every inch of my body. That’s nothing to be UUUURRRRRRRPPP ashamed of. After all, the bible does say to love one self. Can’t get any more literal than this.”

The rational thoughts that had momentarily popped into Elizabeth’s head rapidly receded back into her mind. She was too overwhelmed by the sheer smell and warmth of the person lying atop her to care about the minor details about what she was about to do. All that mattered was that here, holding her in her arms was a person that truly understood what she was going through. Eager to see what awaited her further down the path of depravity, she willingly lifted up her head to lock her lips with her double.

Tongues intertwining with one another, the Elizabeths let their hands roam across each other’s bodies. They gave special attention to their weak points, knowing exactly how to make themselves squirm with delight. Each poke and prod let them properly appreciate the various modifications they had made to their bodies in the pursuit of lust.

Parting from each other after sharing a series of mouth to mouth belches, they spread out to further explore each other's bodies. Moving in sync, the Elizabeths started off by shoving their noses between each other's toes. Getting their fill of atrocious foot odor, they let their tongues sample the sweat clinging to their hairy toes before moving elsewhere. Able to momentarily hold themselves back, they kept their urges momentarily at bay by shoving their faces into their testicles to soak up the smell and taste of ball sweat. From there they set out to shove their noses and mouths into every patch of unruly hair they could find. Upon the completion of wallowing in the hairy swamps that were their armpits, the original Elizabeth returned to her copy's genitalia to rub her cheek along her piercings. She only had a moment to appreciate the festering stench of smegma clinging to the rings before she was pulled into a sitting position.

“Not so BWOOOORRRP fast,” the doppelganger said. “You already had your turn sampling my stuff. Now it's my turn. Don't worry, I won't let you go without enjoying my UUURRRP filthy body for long.”

As if reading each other's minds, the pair shuffled themselves around to get into position. The double straddled Elizabeth's body to have her pungent rear hover over the original's face. Yanking out the various toys shoved inside of her orifices allowed leftover droplets of her latest release to trickle down to seep into Elizabeth's hair. She got another close look at her partner's undercarriage as the filthy woman came down on her to bury her face in her bush of pubic hair. Shaking her ass back and forth to ensure Elizabeth's head was completely smothered by her butt cheeks, she leaned forward to perform her own experiment.

Upon feeling her copy's lips wrap around her tip, Elizabeth immediately set to work gliding her tongue along the fermented rear. The effort she put into sucking up the lingering sweat and grease clinging to the double's hindquarters was returned in full by the feeling of her

partner completely swallowing up her member. Further motivation was given through direct blasts of flatulence to her face, letting her get a good sample of her other self's own, horrid digestive tract. Knowing full well what needed to be done, the pair managed to move their mouths towards the right areas to bring them both to their limit. When they hit their climax, it was accompanied by a load of semen flooding the double's mouth while the original was subjected to a room shaking PHHHHHHRRRRRTTTT.

Only a few seconds were given for Elizabeth to bathe in her lingering ecstasy before her doppelganger hovered her face over hers. Picking her up by the hand, she shot her a mischievous smirk. "Enough with the UUURRRP foreplay. Tell me what you really want to do."

"I want to BWOOOOORRRRP ravage you with my filthy cock," Elizabeth replied.

"Then by all means," the other said, gesturing towards her womanhood, "fuck me as hard you'd like."

Wrapping her fingers around her doppelganger's thighs, Elizabeth momentarily let the tip of her cock rest at the entrance of her womanhood. She sat there for a few moments just to take in the sight and smell of someone who had been through the same regimen of filth and depravity as herself. Though her intention was to ease into the sensation of using her cock on a real womanhood, a small, excited giggle leaving her double's lips changed her plans. Letting out a bestial grunt, she rammed the entirety of her cock inside with a single thrust.

Ears still ringing from the moan that erupted from the other Elizabeth's lips, the original paid little mind as she proceeded to viciously jolt her hips back and forth. In the wake of feeling her rigid member violate an actual pussy, Elizabeth couldn't hold out for very long. Giving one last shove, she managed to release her load to overflow her other self's pussy moments before her copy's own cock shot a splatter of semen across their chests.

With both Elizabeths completely covered in a mess of their own cum and sweat, the original tried to lean back to catch her breath. Her momentary reprieve became interrupted as her double crawled towards her. Ignoring the droplets of seed still leaking from her womanhood, the doppelganger leaned in close to Elizabeth's ear.

"I see you've been taking your BWOOOOORRRP vigors like a good, breeding pig," she whispered. "But at the end of the day, you want to be on the other side, don't you? After all, you're just like UUUURRRPP me. A filthy, sex addicted slut."

"More than anything," she admitted, lunging forward to share a kiss and a burp before moving into position.

Getting down on all fours, Elizabeth obediently waited as her double shimmied up to her hindquarters. The other her took twisted pleasure in removing the plug from Elizabeth's ass, reveling in the resulting pent up gas that flooded out. Pushing herself forward to get a few mouthfuls of the lingering fart, the second Elizabeth let her fingers sink into the original's thick back side. Parting from Elizabeth's rear with a final inhale, she leaned forward to have her head right behind Elizabeth's.

"Do you want it?" the other asked, giving a tug on Elizabeth's leash.

"Y-yes," Elizabeth replied.

"Then tell me how much you want it," the other said, continuing to tighten Elizabeth's collar. "Don't hold back."

"I want you to fuck this filthy pig's pussy!" Elizabeth cried out, never feeling so liberated in her life.

"Good," she answered, smacking Elizabeth's rear with the top of her leash. "Now be a good hog and squeal for your master."

Eager to meet her partner's demands, Elizabeth broke out into a series of pleading oinks. Though these animalistic grunts were occasionally interrupted by her own burps, they got across the desire that still burned heavy in her chest. Satisfied with the complete depravity Elizabeth was willing to subject herself to for the sake of her own lust, her partner gave her exactly what they both wanted.

Pushing forward with the same ferocity Elizabeth had shown her before, the double roughly shoved her cock deep inside of her anus. Stuck in the mindset embedded into her by her partner, Elizabeth reacted to each thrust with squeals that grew louder and louder with each repetition. This constant movement sent fresh layers of sticky sweat across their bodies, letting it mix with the lingering cum and gas around them to create a plethora of awful stench for them to enjoy. It was the very thing Elizabeth had been searching for, a true display of her sloppy, sick minded self. Letting her base desires have full reign over her body, she let out one last orgasmic squeal as her double filled her anus up with a load of cum.

Collapsing onto her bed, Elizabeth couldn't help smiling in the wake of her own ecstasy. Though she was allowed to stay in her blissful state for a few, heavenly seconds, they came to a screeching halt as her leash was pulled again. Turned over on her side, she sat there as her double yanked out her dildo to have her tip rest against the entrance of her womanhood. It only took a few pleading squeals to get her master to oblige.

While the copy proceeded to fuck Elizabeth's pussy, she pushed forward to press their bodies against each other. Continuing to thrust with her hips, the doppelganger let her mouth roam across Elizabeth's body to treat her tongue to the collection of sweat and semen adorning her skin. Elizabeth tried to do the same, but any attempts to move were suppressed with a pull of

her leash. Forced to lay there as her partner took the lead, Elizabeth continued to let out a cacophony of oinks and moans in an attempt to keep pushing her other self to ravage her body.

A few more thrusts gifted Elizabeth with an overflow of cum to fill her pussy and drizzle their semen across their bodies. Letting go of Elizabeth's leash, the doppelganger allowed her join in as they drank of the wads of cum littering their bed and bodies. Not a single speck was left behind, with both of them eager to prove to one another that they were willing to go all the way. No sooner did they finish this task did they come together once more to give themselves another helping of each other's lust.

The Elizabeths spent the entire night exploring each other's bodies in similar styles of depravity. Not a single part of them went to waste, either by providing a wealth of rancid smells to indulge in such as their sweaty feet or overly gassy backsides. Their various holes were filled over and over again, with each taking their turn taking the lead to push their desires onto the other. Working through the warmth, sweat, and gas of their forms, they managed to keep up this blissful state throughout the course of the night.

Finishing up with a final session of getting her ass pounded, Elizabeth collapsed onto her bed. Having reached the limit of her stamina, her body shook as her double crawled up to her to cuddle together. In their sanctuary of filth, they embraced each other yet again. As they waited for their strength to return, they occupied their time with gentle snuggles to show their affection and once more revel in each other's corrupted forms. Unfortunately, this moment eventually came to an end as Elizabeth watched her double climb out of bed.

“You're leaving?” Elizabeth asked.

“Only a for a little while,” the other Elizabeth replied. “Don’t worry, I’ll return in the UUURRP future. You’ve more than proven that you’re capable of both giving and receiving the BWOOOOORRRP level of depravity I’m looking for.”

Though she tried to keep her eyes on her doppelganger as she formed a tear to exit her tower, Elizabeth couldn’t help noticing something out of the corner of her vision. Peeking her head towards the window, she saw a number of air ships flying by. She had seen the sight many times before of people wanting to get a look at the tower to shout their praise for the holy child. Not a single one of the citizens had actually seen Elizabeth during that time, making her let out a chuckle as she imagined them witnessing her as she was now. Though that started off as merely a ridiculous thought, the idea began to evolve into something more. Quickly getting out of bed, she ran forward to grab her double’s wrist.

“Before you go, there’s something I want to UUURRRP discuss with you,” Elizabeth explained. “Something that will show all the people of Columbia what it means to live a truly BOOOUUURRRRP happy life free of worry.”

A grin stretched across the double’s face. “Go on.”

The peaceful, sunny day became one of chaos and panic as the people of Columbia watched as the Songbird landed in the middle of busy street. While no one was hurt physically from the impact of the mechanical beast, they were shaken by the black leather adorning its body and the red ball gag that had been placed on its face. Clutched tightly in its talons was an intricately designed box baring the markings of men, women, and everything in-between,

participating in various acts of debauchery. Too busy shielding the eyes of children and themselves, it took a while for anyone to notice who was perched upon Songbird's back.

Standing up from a makeshift throne, Elizabeth lifted a loudspeaker up to her face and let out a guttural belch to demand the people's attention. Anyone that looked at her got to see her nude body, clad in only a pair of pig ears and the patches of body hair adorning her flesh. Gasps of shock went throughout the crowd as more and more people noticed her well-used curves and the girthy cock hanging between her legs. Even more confusion spread through the crowd as they beheld a near copy of Elizabeth stand up next to her, covered in various piercings and holding on to a leash connected to their beloved savior's collar. The people got a better look at the bizarre pair's appearance as they unleashed rancid clouds of flatulence upon them, the sight of people wincing at the odor bringing the Elizabeths' cocks to full rigidity.

"People of Columbia, you have nothing to UUUUURRRP fear," Elizabeth proclaimed.

Taking the megaphone from her hand, the doppelganger continued. "We are the ones you called your BWOOOOOORRRRPPP holy child."

Stepping up to her other self, Elizabeth leaned in to sample the woman's smell and reach the megaphone. "For years, Father Comstock has kept me locked away, using me for his own UUUURRRRP gains and proclaiming what you should do to live a righteous life."

Putting the megaphone up to their rears, the Elizabeths let fly with a loud PHHHRRRTTT that echoed throughout the streets.

"He is wrong," the doppelganger stated. "This entire time he has been making you all live a BOOOOOUUUUURRRRPP lie."

“Salvation doesn’t come from hating one another and adhering to out dated traditions,” Elizabeth proclaimed in front of the stunned masses. “No, the path to a truly happy life comes from UUUURRRRPPP giving in to your desires.”

Leaping off the back of Songbird, the Elizabeths made their way over to the box. With the press of a button the latch unlocked, and the container opened. Another gasp went through the crowd as people got a look at the massive collection of vigors inside. Though there were many different concoctions meant to modify people’s bodies in the pursuit of pleasure, the most abundant product were bottles of Degradation Delight. Picking up a special version of the vigor bearing a sculpture of the Slobby, Sow Savoir herself, Elizabeth hoisted it over her head.

“These vigors can gift you with the same freedom as us,” the doppelganger explained.

“While these all of the capability of liberating your bodies and BWOOOORRRRPPP minds,” Elizabeth continued, “this special bottle will be given to the first of you faithful enough to follow our path towards UUUUURRRRPPP true enlightenment.”

Pressing their bodies against one another, the Elizabeths spoke in unison. “Join us and we will bring Columbia into a new age of prosperity!”

As the onlookers continued to stare in disbelief, a certain pair stood in the distance, looking on as mere observers of the event.

“Well, that’s interesting,” Rosalind Lutece commented.

“Is it really?” Robert Lutece retorted. “It’s not like we haven’t seen it before.”

“Yes, but having it occur only 42,395 is still pretty out of the ordinary.”

“I still don’t see the need for-oh! Now that is interesting.”

Taking another glance at the gathering in the street, the Luteces watched as a young woman stepped forward to accept the special vigor. Drinking down the concoction, the volunteer

allowed the Elizabeths to undress her. Stripped of her clothing, the woman showed no restraint in tugging at her newly grown cock as she let loose a number of gassy expulsions to let the smell cling to the hairs rapidly sprouting across her form. Despite the outrageous display, one by one people stepped forward to follow the same path.

“Now that is quite interesting. The number of times they’ve actually accepted her proposal is only...2,456?”

“I believe it’s actually 2,458,” Robert corrected.

“Quite right. Do you have any desire to join them?”

“I think I would prefer to just watch. Less likely to get all messy and smell like year old rubbish.”

“Didn’t exactly peg us as voyeurs.”

“No,” Robert said, watching as several of the volunteers joined together in a group orgy with their saviors, “but in a few realities I did try my hand at a different kind of pegging.”

“Hmm, curious. Would you mind telling me the details? It might shed some light on what’s about to happen to Columbia.”

“And you accuse me of being a voyeur,” Robert replied, sharing with Rosalind a sly smirk before going into detail about the sexual revolution that was about to overtake the flying city.