

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a dark green color, framing the central text.

The Savannah **(HEAVY Scat)**

The Savannah

Longpaw strode through the Savannah as confidently as ever, four paws raking through ground that had already been heated by the slowly rising morning sun. A dry wind whistled away, which sent strands of dry, beige grass bustling against his brown, spotted coat. Somewhere in the distance, a lion's roar echoed across the plains, undercut by the sound of a bubbling, nearby swamp, no doubt inhabited by hippos. But none of that was Longpaw's concern. No, the hyena was on his way to a very, very special event.

Longpaw had no idea what was to come, but he was certain he could handle it. The well-built hyena had risen through the ranks of the hyena pack through the years, impressing his superiors, and generally working toward the good of everyone. His efforts had finally been recognised. He had received an invitation to join the 'Elite', a select few hyenas that, for all intents and purposes, practically ran the whole pack. By joining, he would become one of a coveted, trusted few. His father had told him as a cub that he would never amount to nothing ... but now, here he was. Almost ready to mingle with the best of his pack, because ... he was the best in his pack. The confidence in his sneaky strut was as a result of that. He felt as if he had defied everyone's expectations of him. The moment he had received the invitation, he could scarcely believe it himself, as a matter of fact.

But one final obstacle did lay in his path. An initiation rite. Longpaw didn't have a clue what it would entail. Would he need to fight one of the Elite? Would he need to complete a difficult obstacle course, perhaps? Would he need to slay a wild beast? Whatever it was, he was ready for it.

Or at least, so he thought.

Over in the horizon, he saw the slender shape of the hyena

Fallowcoat about twenty feet in the distance, stood atop a hill covered in sandy grass. Fallowcoat was, as far as he knew at least, the leader of the Elite, or, perhaps, the most elite of all of the Elite. For a moment, he paused within the grass, his paws coming to an abrupt and stiff halt, body shivering underneath his fur. He had not expected her to be the one to lead the initiation. The female hyena was batshit, as far as he was concerned.. He'd never admit it, but ... Fallowcoat intimidated him. He had better get moving, before she noticed that ...

"Ho there, Longpaw!" Fallowcoat cried down to him, amusement clearly running through her voice. "What's wrong? Not having second thoughts, are we?"

Longpaw let out an irritated snarl. He wanted to scream at her, but he'd save the air in his lungs for now. Instead, he shook himself off and resumed his walk, not bothering to reply to her taunting. He was no longer afraid. As a matter of fact, his stride was quicker and more confident than before. The last thing that he wanted to do was to look like a fool in front of her. Up the hill he went, looking her in the eyes firmly, not dropping his gaze, not slowing his pace. Soon, he was in front of her, looking the deranged female hyena in the face. Rather than respond to her verbally, he simply gave her a nod of his head, respectful, but curt.

"No reply?" Fallowcoat said, softly tilting her head. Her black lips spread, revealing a maw full of sharp teeth. "Strange for you, Longpaw. You're normally brimming with bile! I do hope that you're not scared."

"Not scared," Longpaw replied gruffly. "I just don't see the point in turning this into a pissing contest." Refusing to look Fallowcoat in the eye, he instead turned his head toward the other side of the hill. It was a known spot in the Savannah. A great lake where the elephants tended to reside. Longpaw had passed through the area before, though he had not lingered. He had no business with the pachyderms,

after all. They tended to keep themselves to themselves.

Excited, Fallowcoat took one step forward. One of her front paws lingered in the air, as if she were going to take another. Said paw seemed to quiver in excitement. "Not a pissing contest, not quite, no," she cackled dryly. "Though I wouldn't want to spoil the surprise."

Surprise. Oh, Longpaw was certain it would be a surprise, though not the pleasant kind. He released an exasperated huff from his nostrils. He opened his mouth to reply, but ... something in the distance interrupted him. With his eye upon the elephants, he even saw it happen. As he listened to Fallowcoat, he watched a 'phant in the distance flick their slender tail upward, and then ... she unleashed hell.

BRRRRRRRRRRRBBBFT!

Even from far away, Longpaw could see the great, blubbery grey cheeks ripple wildly as they expelled a gas that was so foul that it colored the ground beneath the 'phant's gigantic ass green. Longpaw, frankly, was in awe. It was gross, certainly, but there was something ... admirable, he supposed ... about having an ass that could produce a sound that literally echoed across half of the Savannah. The noise, the very sight of those massive pachyderm cheeks jiggling, caused him to backpedal a single step, now looking warily over the crest of the hill. Even from this distance, the scent of shit began to tickle at his nostrils. Whether it was from the fart or the elephant's nearby dumping ground, he couldn't be certain.

Fallowcoat, however, was not wary. That noise was merely a sound of things to come! How many times had she heard it before? Plenty. And how many times would she hear it today? Plenty, if she had her way! The female hyena released a cackle, and instinctively shook her coat, as if she were attempting to shake the stench from her coat. Then, she began to walk down the hill, rolling a shoulder to gesture

that Longpaw should follow. "Come on, Longpaw. We're going down there. You can appreciate the stench up close."

They were going down there? To the pachyderms? "Why?" Longpaw asked. Despite his confusion, he didn't hesitate to follow behind Fallowcoat. As the two proceeded down the hill, his curious questions continued. "What business do we have with the elephants? I thought that this was hyena business. An initiation," he snorted. "Last I checked, we didn't have any pachyderms in our pack."

"Stop trying to spoil the surprise," Fallowcoat snickered. "All I'm going to say is that this little initiation rite ... well, it's all about the 'phants! And that's all you're going to get. So stop asking me questions. I'm trying to enjoy the air." Her snout lifted into the air, and her nostrils began to flare as she walked.

Longpaw found this most disgusting. Who could possibly enjoy the scent of elephant dung? Regardless, he kept his lips sealed, but all the while, his mind was in a flurry, trying to work out what the initiation might be with the sliver of information that Fallowcoat had provided. Would he have to resist being crushed underneath an elephant's foot? Would he have to try and steal some of their tusks? Would he have to ride in the Savannah upon their back? All of the possibilities sounded pointless. Wasn't this supposed to be a test of his might, of his fortitude?

As the pair grew closer and closer to the elephants, the fact that they were pure fecal masters became more and more apparent, and not just because of the intense stench of poo. Unseen by Longpaw (but most certainly heard) and eagerly watched by Fallowcoat, one elephant decided that it was a perfect time to shit. The great pachyderm backed up to the dung-filled hole, her great hooves scraping across the ground as she aligned herself into the perfect position. A slight squat was all it took to spread her flabby grey cheeks, baring her perfectly positioned pucker. Effortlessly, without so much as a grunt, the elephant began to evacuate her bowels

directly into the hole below, great globs of brown poo **sphlorting** downward with enough power to make the dung that was already in the whole kick up in a spray. Her load really was quite significant, both in gas and in pure matter. Farts, loud, seemed to come from her gaping asshole every time a piece of shit was squeezed out. A **frrrrrt**, followed by a loud **splash** as shit met shit within the hole.

The two hyenas weren't close enough to be met with any splashback ... but it was dangerously close. A few flecks of shit splashed out of the hole itself, and landed a few inches away from Longpaw's feet. Not wanting to dirty his coat, Longpaw redirected his path slightly, moving to put himself as far away from the hole as possible. Soon, they were past it, though the smell would be a constant reminder that it was behind them.

"Don't you think they're fascinating?" Fallowcoat enthused, letting out a sigh that almost sounded a little dreamy. "All of that shit, all of that stench, all of that noise! It's magnificent!"

And indeed, there was so much noise, so much stench, so much poo. Even beyond the dumping ground, the elephants were incredibly casual with their flatulence. As the hyenas advanced through their territory, a passing phant would occasionally lift their tail, and blast a quick **frrt** into the air, a brief ripple of their cheeks, as if they were blasting a gross greeting toward Longpaw and Fallowcoat. A couple even let out longer farts, loud **brrrrrrrrrraps** as they expelled a truly massive amount of toxic, putrid air. After their were done releasing, their slender tails wafted in the air, as if they were waving the smell toward the pair.

"What?" Longpaw said. If he wasn't afraid of looking weak, he'd be covering his nose right now. The smell of methane and poo was now thick in the air, which was all thanks to the elephants which decided to fart in their general direction. There was something impressive about it, certainly, but to call it magnificent was beyond the pale. The only

magnificent thing about elephant poo was that it was magnificently nauseating. "There's nothing magnificent about shit. It's just shit. Something that comes out of you after you've eaten. It smells. It's horrible. It's waste ... just something that should be gotten rid of, not admired from a distance."

"Oh, I shouldn't have expected you to understand," Fallowcoat drawled, her voice undercut by a loud **brrrrrrt** from a nearby phant. Finally, they had arrived in the center of the elephant's territory. None of them paid much attention to the pair of hyenas. They looked to them with a certain amused kind of curiosity, but quickly turned their heads away, and returned to their business. "Never mind. Perhaps, by the end of the day, you'll have changed your mind."

"Now why would I do that?" Longpaw asked. What a ridiculous question. How could his opinion possibly change because of some initiation rite? He resisted the urge to roll his eyes, and instead, kept all four of his paws upon the ground. Unseen, his claws worked back and forth subtly, nervously raking at the dry earth beneath him. Now that the moment was here, he was truly a bundle of nerves. All he had to do was focus, and not fall apart. Then, he would have his place in the Elite.

"Stop asking questions. They're boring," Fallowcoat sneered. "Just wait here. Face the lake over there, yes? Your first test is to prove your iron will. To not turn around, no matter what happens. To stand your ground. You can do that, can't you, Longpaw?"

Finally, terms and conditions that he could understand. "Of course I can," he scoffed, sounding awfully full of himself. He had to be. Self confidence was one of the most desired traits amongst the Elite. There was no way that he could be afraid.

"Excellent. I'll be back in a moment," Fallowcoat said. Then, the skinny hyena darted off, tearing off somewhere entirely unseen by

Longpaw.

After all, he was facing the lake. No matter what happened, all he had to do was face the lake. This was going to be entirely too easy. He would not be tempted by curiosity, nor would he shift because of whatever Fallowcoat was going to throw at him. All he had to do was look at the lake, and if he did that for long enough, then he would be a member of the Elite. A nice, simple task. He shouldn't have been so fearful of this. Lazily, the hyena grinned to himself, confident that he could conquer whatever was to come next.

Longpaw waited for what felt like hours, but was, in fact, only minutes. Soon, he heard the slow approach of thundering elephant hooves behind him. One set. Her immense weight made the ground shake underneath Longpaw's feet. He did not so much as cock his head over his shoulder. The hyena remained upon his guard. In silent nervousness, his claws withdrew from their sheathes and dug into the ground. Muscles tensed. He was taking this incredibly seriously. He wished that Fallowcoat would do the same, rather than treat this entire ordeal like it was nothing more than a joke.

Soon, a great shadow loomed over Longpaw, shielding him from the scorching sun. The shadow of an elephant, large enough to feel like it was consuming him. For a moment, she was still. Then, he heard the sound of her carefully turning herself around, feet scraping against the ground. He felt sandy, dry dust kicked up against his back as her impressive weight carved indentations into the ground beneath her. Still, he faced forward, even if he was at incredible risk of being crushed underfoot right now. But that didn't happen. Soon, the elephant had turned herself around fully. Even though he couldn't see them, Longpaw could feel the presence of those powerful, plump cheeks behind him. The hyena was well aware of what that strangely talented rear was capable of.

But surely the trial wouldn't involve anything to do with what lurked inside the 'phants bowels ... right? No, of course. Longpaw didn't

have to worry about that.

"Turn around, Longpaw! Time for you to meet Fortuna!" came the eager, mischievous cry of Fallowcoat.

Longpaw wouldn't let his nerves betray him. Steely faced, he turned around, expecting to see Fallowcoat by the elephant's side. But, no. As his head turned upward, looking past elephant feet and elephant ass, he saw the mischievous hyena not upon the ground, but perched on the very top of the elephant's immense, jiggling rear. The skinny creature was lounging upon the gray expanse of flesh, reclined, relaxed, her paws stretched out as if she were atop of the most comfortable bed. From what Longpaw could see of Fortuna's face, the elephant looked mildly amused by her presence.

The male hyena had been stunned into complete silence, however. It was one thing to feel the presence of an elephant's ass, but it was another to be stood directly underneath one. Longpaw was grateful for one thing, however. Fortuna's tail wasn't lifted, so that meant that he wasn't in any kind of gastric threat, right?

Or, perhaps not. Just as that thought flashed through his mind, his keen ears picked up a loud rrrrrumble coming from the elephant's gut. It was like anything that he'd ever heard before. The sound of raw gas flooding from her intestines to her colon. It sounded similar to a distant earthquake. Finally, Longpaw's nerves got the better of him. With a quiet whine, he hunched downward, and lowered his eyes from the impressive rear in front of him.

"Goodness, Fallowcoat," spoke Fortuna. The elephant's voice was extraordinarily regal, like a monarch. The pachyderm spoke with an incredible amount of grace and eloquence, as if she had been raised in a palace, rather than in the harsh Savannah. "Your friend is awfully rude, isn't he? Not so much as a 'hello'." In indignance, her trunk raised into the air, and she released a loud, huffy snort from it. Longpaw was simply grateful that it wasn't her tail that was lifting.

"He's just nervous," Fallowcoat said, rolling her eyes lazily upon her throne. She rolled over from her side and onto her back, but kept her head cocked in Longpaw's direction. As she turned, she kicked up a motion across the elephant's cheeks and back. The fatty, huge rear bounced up and down. Even though Fallowcoat was nothing compared to the creature, even her small body was capable of making the great cheeks ripple, simply because of how large and plump they were. Fortuna had quite the magnificent ass, even compared to her contemporaries. "Isn't that right, Longpaw?"

"N-no," Longpaw stammered. It was, of course, a lie. The truth was, the dread was really beginning to set in now. The hyena was fairly dense, but even he could start to put one and two together. They were in the elephant's dumping ground, one of the most gross locations within the Savannah. An elephant's ass was currently facing him, her gut's rumbling audible in his ears. It was slowly but surely becoming more blatant that his rite involved something to do with it. Knowing Fallowcoat, she had found the single, most gaseous elephant within the entire herd, and brought her over to Longpaw to ... well, do what she does best. "It's just that-"

But the hyena's words were abruptly cut off by what he was fearing the most. Before Longpaw could explain himself, Fortuna's tail flicked upward into the air, exposing her dark grey, flabby pucker to the small hyena beneath her. Longpaw froze. He wanted to flee, to run, but he didn't want to look like a coward any more than he had already. A great sense of fear filled his mind, clouding it. He knew what was going to come, and yet, he could do nothing about it.

If all I have to stand is a fart, then I can do this. You can do this, Longpaw.

The words rang within his mind, but they sounded hollow. Slowly but surely, the hyena was beginning to lose his confidence. He could

barely stand being within the dumping ground. How was he to stand

He watched, unable to move, as her back legs bent slightly, her feet stomped powerfully against the ground, sending cheeks rippling with her immense weight. As she shuffled upon the ground, fatty ass and pucker waving in the air, she positioned herself perfectly, squatting directly over Longpaw's face. The hyena's body began to quiver, just in time for her guts to begin to do the same. With incredibly accuracy, she barely tensed her muscles, and then ...

BBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRFTTTT!!!

... a thick, toxic spray blasted from Fortuna's rear, directly into Fallowcoat's face. The sheer force of her expulsion enough to make his fur ripple, as if the hyena were caught in a particularly forceful gale. His haunches tightened, and he dug his claws firmly into the ground, fearing that he would be blown away by her powerful fart. As an intense, sulphuric smell filled his nostrils, he turned his head away from her rippling, noisy asshole. But it did nothing to stop the scent from burning his nose, from making his eyes fill with tears, from lining his coat with her stench. He would need to take many, many baths before he wouldn't be able to smell her bowels anymore upon his fur, that was for certain. Breathlessly, he choked, nearly falling prone upon the ground as the ripples settled. His lungs heaved, pointlessly trying to breathe in fresh, clean air. Now, all that surrounded him was the stench of the 'phants innards.

Fortuna's tail lowered, slapping huffily against her right ass cheek on the way. "Don't you dare ignore me, you stinky little creature," she giggled haughtily. "Fallowcoat here told you to say hello, so say hello!"

"A-ah, f-fuck ..." Longpaw whined. A paw rubbed over his face as he tried to wipe her stench from his muzzle, while the other fanned pointlessly in the air, trying to wave the scent away from him. The

poor hyena was stunned, frankly. He had just walked through their dumping ground, but it had not prepared him for that! She had farted so powerfully with such ease. Not even a grunt had come from her mouth! How on earth was such a majestic creature capable of being so gross? "I ... ah ..."

Fortuna's tail lifted again in threat. Immediately, Longpaw straightened his spine, and did his best to push himself up to proper attention. Staring at the elephant's flabby, rancid pucker, her straightened his shoulders. "Hello, Fortuna! It's a ... it's a pleasure to meet you and ... be in your presence," he spoke quickly, though nervously.

Fortuna, seemingly satisfied, lowered her tail again, but it swished back and forth fussily, seemingly ready to lift once more at a moment's notice. Longpaw realised that he would need to tread very, very carefully here.

Fallowcoat had not been disturbed at all by Fortuna's assblast. The smell had surely hit her nostrils, but she didn't seem to be particularly offended by it. If anything, there was a slight, impressed grin upon her muzzle. She casually extended her paw and placed it upon Fortuna's rear, stretching herself out slightly. Her flesh bounced in response to her movements. "Oh, come on, Fortuna. I know you're better than that! Surely you can crank it up a little, hm? For ... stinky little Longpaw's initiation rite."

Fortuna let out a low chuckle, her trunk writhing slightly with her mirth. "Don't underestimate me, Fallowcoat! You know full well that I was merely giving him a small sample of my gas!" she replied fussily.

"Right, right," Fallowcoat replied, gently patting her paw against the ridge of one of Fortuna's cheeks, once again kicking it up in a fit of fatty jiggles. "Of course. You're right, I do know what you're capable of. But one can hope that you've brewed up an even bigger fart than usual, mmm? It's always such fun when you have a particularly vile

one. The look on their faces! Priceless."

As if in reply, the elephant's saggy stomach let out a long, loud growl. A sure sign that a very large pressure was beginning to build within the elephant's colon. "Oh, I think this is going to be a nice, big fart, Fallowcoat. I daresay that it might be my grossest work yet!" Both Fortuna, and the hyena upon her back, burst into a fit of giggles, Fallowcoat going so far as to roll onto her back and clutch her chest with her paws as hoarse noises of 'yenamusement poured freely from her mouth.

Longpaw, still behind Fortuna, was the very picture of a cornered dog. His front paws were low to the ground, his hackles were raised, and his eyes were wide with dread. The putrid odour of her last fart lingered around him, the noise of her fat 'phant cheeks flapping ringing within his ears. If that was only a sample, then how big was the fart that was lurking inside of her noisy belly? What was the worst fart that this disgusting 'phant was capable of? Longpaw didn't know how. The arrogance in Fortuna's tone, the rumbling in her gut, the way that Fallowcoat was grinning down at him. Dread filled the fledgling Elite. If it weren't for the fact that his life's ambition was on the line, the fear swirling within his gut would most certainly send him running in the opposite direction. For now, however, he merely looked as if he might flee at any moment. Only his dedication kept him foolishly rooted to the spot.

It was humiliating, it was terrifying, it was just awful. Both of them laughing at him. It hit Longpaw's pride hard, only amplifying his dread.

Another growl came from Fortuna's stomach, louder and more intense than ever before, to the point that her guts could be seen rippling underneath her thick, grey skin as an immeasurable amount of gas began to course through them. "Ooh, ooh!" Fortuna exclaimed, excited. "It's coming!"

It should've been easy to figure out what was coming next for

Longpaw, but the hyena was so caught up in his negative emotions that he couldn't put one and two together. He opened his mouth to ask what 'it' was, his jaw twitching slightly as his maw opened. But before he could speak the first syllable, he watched, slack jawed, as Fortuna lifted her tail again, baring 'phant anus to his wide eyes. Underneath her, her feet once more began to stomp as she hurriedly put herself into just the right position.

A flagged tail could only mean one thing. Longpaw moved his back paws against the ground, now, finally, attempting to scurry away ... but it was too late. Before he could so much as put one paw in front of the other, he was hit with a blast most toxic, the sheer force of it enough to knock him on his side, prone, his face still directly lined up with the underside of her asshole. The noxious spray that was practically shooting out of her fat ass was hitting him directly in the nostrils. Gagging, he lifted his paws and covered his face. It was no good.

BRBRRRRRRFBRFFTTTT, came the sound of the elephant's cheeks, flapping and jiggling wildly with the sheer force of her fart. If the elephant felt any relief from the expulsion, it did not show. Rather calmly, the tip of her tail swayed up and down, as if she were wafting the disgusting, gross scent of poo directly in the hyena's face! On her back, Fallowcoat roared with laughter, but even her noisy amusement couldn't drown out the sound of Fortuna's noisy, gassy bottom.

No matter how well he covered his nose, the pure, reeking scent of shit still managed to flood into his nostrils. The fanning tail was entirely unnessecary. In Longpaw's mind, the smell, this, the entire experience, couldn't possibly get any worse.

But Longpaw shouldn't have underestimated Fortuna. The scat-related torture seemed to come to an end, finishing with a whimper, rather than a bang. A tiny, **brrrbf** came from Fortuna's rear as the fart seemed to come to an end, her cheeks settling after one final

ripple. That was not the case, however. Foolishly, Longpaw removed his paws from his muzzle. He should've recognised the fact that her tail was still lifted, but considering the toxic stench that surrounded him, he could hardly be blamed for being imperceptive.

FFFFFFFFRRRRBTFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRT!

It got so, so much worse. Not only was the sound of rippling asshole more intense - so intense that it rang out across the entire pachyderm dumping ground - the scent was unreal. Her fart was so vile, so noxious, so potent, that it was literally coloured toxic green. The vile spray of ass gas squirted directly onto Longpaw's form. As if he were being spraypainted, the tips of his fur, from the tip of his toes to the tops of his ears, began to turn the same, vile shade as her impressively disgusting fart. Caught in the gust that was coming from her rear, this time, his paws wouldn't help him. He couldn't even lift them. The pure force of her gross gale pinned them to the ground, meaning that he could only writhe helplessly beneath her ass, forced to smell it, as she dusted him with the most foul scent that she was capable of producing.

RRBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBRT!

The smell! That was the worst part, in Longpaw's opinion. It was the pure smell of wet shit, worse than the dumping ground that he passed by. It was as if someone had shit in a hole, and then threw in a few chunks of rotten meat afterward for good measure. Underneath her, he choked, gagging, attempting to roll himself over so that he could bury himself into the ground, but ... Fortuna was completely dominating him with a single, putrid fart. Just as she had said, he was nothing more than a stinky little creature. Especially now! Without even going into the green filth that covered his coat, the scent alone would take weeks, months, even, to wash from his usually pristine

fur!

BBBBRFFT ... FFFFRRR ... ttt.

Was it over? It seemed to be. This time, even her tail fell. But Longpaw was weary, watchful, careful, now. His hands lifted to his muzzle, and closed around it tightly. Quickly, however, they retracted. All that smothering his face did was rub more of that green, vile spray directly into his mouth. Panting, he threw them to the ground instead. Above him, Fallowcoat still howled loudly, her loud, amused snickers now perfectly audible.

"What's wrong, Longpaw?" Fallowcoat chuckled. "Were Fortuna's farts a little too disgusting for you? Oh, you'll be positively disgusted by the next task, then! It's only going to get worse!" More laughter. The female hyena seemingly couldn't help herself. Upon Fortuna's back, she rolled around - still careful not to fall off - while the elephant herself lifted her trunk in the air nobly, as if she hadn't just produced the most gassy, disgusting fart in the entire Savannah.

Next task? There was more? Longpaw didn't think it possible for him to feel more fear, more dread ... but he could feel it sinking into his bones. No doubt, Fallowcoat had something even worse prepared ... and he had a feeling that he knew exactly what it was. Not farts, but shit. She was going to have him covered in shit. He just knew it. With his jaw hanging open limply, he shakily pushed himself back onto his paws, resisting the urge to shake himself off. For one, that wouldn't work in ridding him of Fortuna's stench, and for two ... it would likely just smear the green filth deeper across his fur.

But what did it matter? If his assumption was correct, then he was only going to get filthier.

Head in the game, Longpaw, he thought to himself. You're already disgusting and gross. If you've suffered through the most gross fart

in the entire Savannah, then suffering through a little shit won't kill you. Remember your pride. Remember how much you want this.

His thoughts, despite being confident, felt hollow, however. They did nothing to ease his dread, and it showed in his movements. The male hyena quickly scampered away from Fortuna's backside, paws skittering across the ground like he were nothing more than a startled housecat. He was desperate to be away from the source of his discomfort. No longer wishing to be in the line of fire, he moved from the 'phants rear to her side, looking up at Fallowcoat, fur tinged green, might as well have had cartoonish stinklines coming from him ... he truly did reek.

"Not going to say anything, Longpaw? Fair enough," Fallowcoat giggled. Her paws tensed, and then she hopped from Fortuna's back, landing by Longpaw's side with an almost silent *whumph*. Immediately, the female hyena wheeled herself back from him, one of her front paws lifting to cover her nostrils. Childishly, her eyes squinted, and she let out a low, overblown noise of disgust. "Pooooooooo-eeeeee," she wretched, turning her face away from him entirely. Underneath her hoarse gag, there was most certainly the dry noise of her frattish giggling. "You stink, Longpaw! Goodness gracious, what did Fortuna eat?" The scent of the elephant's bowels truly did surround him. While Fallowcoat was giving him shit - figuratively, rather than the literal green that was upon his pelt - she genuinely did need to take a step or two back from the male. Fortuna really had been thoroughly gross.

Longpaw couldn't stand this. He had the spirit of a warrior, not the spirit of a fool, like Fallowcoat did. Worse, her jesting was continuing to rile him up. His fuzzy, greenish fur rippled slightly as the flesh underneath it tensed. The scent that surrounded him was so bad that he could barely see, an odor so toxic that it continued to make his eyes water, even though Fortuna was now strolling away to be a gastric terror elsewhere. "Tell me something I don't know," growled

the male in reply, utterly done with her schoolyard antics. "Less conversation, more action. What's my next task?"

"Ugh," Fallowcoat choked, faking a gag. "To stay as far away from me as possible." The hyena paused, as if she were awaiting a laugh from Longpaw. Of course, there wasn't one. "Oh, lighten up. Come on, then. Let's take you to go and meet Lady Khara. She'll be putting you through the final ... and toughest trial. Gird your nose, Longpaw! It's going to be a smelly one!"

My final task? Longpaw thought. It truly was music to his ears. *If this is my last task, then all I need to do is suffer for a little longer, and then I'll finally have made it. It's just shit, Longpaw! You witnessed an elephant taking a crap on the way in here. If all you have to do is be stand being underneath that mudslide, then victory is yours!*

A forced train of thought. Because, really, Longpaw's mind was lingering upon two phrases that Fallowcoat had said. 'Toughest trial' ... and 'smelly one'. This was going to be no ordinary elephant - not that any elephant was ordinary when it came to fecal prowess - but this particular pachyderm was going to be the grossest, most accomplished dumper within the entire elephant herd. Longpaw knew that Fallowcoat would want no less.

Brooding, Longpaw trailed behind her slowly, keeping his distance from her. The last thing that he wanted was the embarrassment of her talking about the smell upon his pelt again. There was an ominous silence between the pair now. No conversation, merely marching, noisy, stomping elephants and putrid scent surrounding them.

Soon, they were approaching another elephant. Longpaw wondered if it was Khara. Whoever the 'phant was, she carried herself with an enormous amount of dignity, a clear intelligence and tact gleaming behind her large, beady black eyes. Every elephant here was huge, of course, but this particular pachyderm was easily the largest of the

lot. She stood a good few feet taller than the rest, her white tusks proud and prominent, her chunky hips especially wide and fat. Behind them, her tail wagged over a jiggly, plump rear, cheeks so round and chubby it was if they had been inflated with pure, liquid fat.

"Lady Khara!" called Fallowcoat in greeting. "Khara, Khara, it's been so long!" As if the hyena were greeting an old friend that she hadn't seen for a while, she scampered up to the elephant quickly, putting a considerable amount of distance between her and Longpaw ... considering that the male was taking slow, cautious steps toward her. The natural authority that the tremendous 'phant had, plus the fact that he knew what was coming ... well, why would he want to hurry on over to her? No, best to delay this as long as possible.

"Little Fallowcoat," trumpeted Khara kindly. Her trunk lowered to the ground, fanning against it in greeting. "It has been a long time, yes, darling. I see that you've brought a friend," she said, briefly turning her head toward Longpaw. "Will I be helping him join the Elite today?"

"Yes ma'am, you most certainly will be," said Fallowcoat. She reached out and touched the tip of her nose against Khara's trunk, and then backed away respectfully. "I do so hope that we're not taking any precious time out of your busy schedule."

"Oh, not at all. As a matter of fact, we're approaching my pooping hour," she giggled. The word 'pooping' sounded so odd coming out of her regal mouth. To hear such a dignified looking and sounding 'phant using such a childish word ... well, if Longpaw didn't have an idea of how disgusting her 'poop' was going to be, then he might've let out a chuckle. "So I daresay you've both joined us at a perfect time."

Fantastic, Longpaw thought. *As disgusting as this is going to be, at least I'm not going to have to wait for my execution.* It was bad enough having to wait minutes, nevermind waiting how long it might take for the elephant's colon to smack together a dump that would

likely be big enough to bury him entirely. At the thought of that, he swallowed, and looked to Fallowcoat.

Fallowcoat turned her head over her shoulder, and looked Longpaw directly in the eyes. He saw that she felt the exact opposite to him, no dread, merely excitement. Did Fallowcoat really enjoy watching these 'phants empty their bowels? "Come on then, Longpaw. No time to waste!" Fallowcoat announced. Nodding to Khara, the hyena turned on her paw and began to approach the center of the dumping ground, where the massive pit of elephant dung lay.

Longpaw reluctantly turned around to do the same, but before he could take one step forward, he suddenly felt something wrapping around his waist. He quickly realised that it was Khara's trunk. His legs kicked outward to try and escape, but it was no good. The enormous pachyderm had him tightly within her grasp. His paws were abruptly lifted into the ground, her tight, thick trunk winding around his body and holding him in place. The hyena struggled for a moment, but quickly went limp as the ascent continued, taking him past Khara's wide head. Her trunk rised to full mast, holding the robust male hyena far above her head. A clear demonstration of how small he was compared to her.

Longpaw wasn't afraid of heights. But he was afraid of being held by a creature as enormous as Khara, especially when he was aware as to what was about to happen to him. The fear and the dread kicked in, however, and he found that he couldn't move his arms or legs to try and pounce free. All he could do was hang there above her head, to be carried toward his final trial, defeated.

"Don't take offense now, little one," Khara said gracefully. "I'm carrying you for your sake You'll need all of your energy to dig yourself out of the pit when I'm finished with you. There's an awful lot of poo in my bowels today, darling! Much more than on the last time Fallowcoat and her little friends were here." The elephant let out a low, nostalgic chuckle, making her trunk pulse slightly around

Longpaw's form. "So, don't squirm too much, now. Be grateful that I'm doing this for you ... especially when you have all that stinky green stuff on you!"

Longpaw took her advice to heart. Within her trunk, he laid completely still, and simply stared up at the sky. His body shook with each tremendous stomp of her foot, making his weary bones tremble. He had no words, he had no comebacks, he had no more pride. All that was left was dread and fear. His final challenge lay in front of him, conquerable ... and yet he'd rather stick his head into a lion's maw than be buried in elephant shit!

But Longpaw had no choice. Soon, he and Khara were at the edge of the pooping pit. And then, with no ceremony, no warning, she abruptly tossed his smelly form directly into the center of the pit. Fortunately, it was empty. Unfortunately, it would soon be filled by Klara. His landing was soft. He hit the dusty ground at the bottom of the dry pit, rolling across it and coming to a rest not far from the lip of the pool itself ... right where Klara was stood.

Now on his back within the dry pool, he looked to Fallowcoat. Even she had a look of pity for him now. Longpaw had expected her to be up on Khara's back, sneering and jeering at him, but the female instead was actually choosing to silently watch from a distance. Perhaps some things were too gross for even her nose to tolerate.

Which didn't bode well for Longpaw. The hyena could've fled ... but it was like he was frozen in fear. His wide eyes observed Klara, who had now turned herself around. The enormous, fat-assed 'phant was beginning to align her great, plump cheeks over the pool, her hooves scraping and stomping upon the ground as she strove to find the perfect position in which to shit upon the terrified hyena. Like a truck in reverse, her ass constantly shifted, bouncing, swaying, her head peering over her shoulder to ensure that her aim was true.

Then, her feet came to an abrupt halt. Her head turned forward.

Apparently satisfied with her angle, her tail flipped up, lifting and baring her buttocks. Longpaw was experienced enough to know what was coming next. He closed his eyes and clenched his jaws, and did his best to prepare his body for what was going to be a literal shitshow.

Nothing could prepare him for what was to come, however.

Seconds after Klara's tail had lifted, her anus rippled in a loud, wet **splort** as a vast amount of brown matter began to squirt directly from her bung hole. The brown poop slurry slopped from her asshole like a goopy, brown waterfall, plopping directly on top of Longpaw's exposed head. The watery, gross shit dripped over his eyes and nostrils, completely clouding his vision, and smothering his senses in the raw stench of gross 'phant poo, liquid sewage coating fur and flesh. After being underneath Fortuna's ass, he doubted that he could get more smelly ... but now, with literal poop soaking into his skin, all doubt had been erased. He was smellier ... and he was only going to get smellier.

Above, Klara's ass made a loud **flilllllloooort** as a more solid glob of elephant shit shot out of her ass like a cannonball, the solid but squishy dung striking Longpaw directly in the back. The great mass of firm poop fell onto him in a similar manner to a shovelful of dirt, squelching loudly as it hit him. The sheer weight of her crap was enough to knock him to the ground, his paws flattening on either side of him. Arms and legs thrashed slightly, trying to dislodge himself from great, heavy turd that had been dumped upon him.

But there was no escape. Klara's ass continued to make it's loud, wet cries, and more globs of brown, sludgy shit shot from her rear, each one bigger than the last, and each one landing directly upon Longpaw's form, splattering over his back and behind. The hyena was quickly becoming buried in fresh elephant shit. Luckily for him, the brunt of the elephant's poop wasn't striking his head, meaning that

he could still breath the incredibly stinky air. But that didn't mean that he was going to stay above Klara's waste for long. The sheer volume of crap that was squirting from her almost reality defying colon was solidifying on his coat, making any movement difficult on his part. Longpaw attempted to kick and thrash, to at least knock some of the dung from him, to free his body of just a little of the weight, but no matter how he hard he tried, Klara's dump completely and utterly conquered him.

**FRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRT! SCHLOOOORPFRRRR ...
FRRRRRRRBLLLLLRT!**

It was neverending, a constant cacophony of noise and sensation, of fetid weight being shoved upon his body, and a worsening stink being forced into his nose. The great, thick mounds of scat seemed to squirt from the elephant's butt endlessly, great, wet turds falling messily atop of Longpaw. His upper body wasn't visible at all, now. Only his head remained, barely peeking out of the poop pile that he'd managed to get himself into. Gags, loud and disgusted, came from his mouth. Even if he couldn't move his arms and legs, he still tried. His neck visibly worked around as he tried to free himself to no avail. Tonnes of crap were ensuring that he couldn't move so much as an inch.

Fallowcoat, distant from the pit, watched quietly as Longpaw had lump after lump of shit dumped on top of him, all of it pouring from Klara's highly capable ass. Poor Longpaw was clearly panicking, and as much as she enjoyed watching him suffer, she was beginning to grow a touch concerned for the fledgling Elite. "Nearly done, Lady Klara?" Fallowcoat asked, gently tilting her head in the 'phants direction.

"Ooh, almost. Just a little more, I should think," Klara replied. There were no noises of exertion in her voice. Producing the enormous, putrid mudslide that was currently burying Longpaw alive was clearly

an effortless task for her, even if the sheer amount of crap coming from her rear was borderline fantastical, a literal fountain of poo, liquid and solid ... more than enough to pin a poor hyena down.

True to her word, the stream began to taper off, however. A few more liquid squirts of shit ejected from her rear, striking Longpaw right across his face ... then, smaller mounds, about the size of eggs, began to rapidly dump from her rear, falling on the top of his shit smeared face. The weight of them was enough to finish the hyena off. As each one pelted the top of his head, his chin inched closer and closer to the swamp beneath it, until it was touching it. Then, a final, heavy clump of shit **schlorted** from her baggy, shit smeared asshole, providing the finishing blow, and knocking Longpaw underneath entirely. Klara had not only managed to cover Longpaw in her shit, but quite literally bury him in it.

The hyena would not be buried underneath 'phant poo forever, though. Before he could struggle and panic too much, he felt the familiar embrace of Klara's trunk wrap around the middle of his body. With one firm, effortless yank, she pulled Longpaw free of the swamp, a loud **gurgle** emanating from the freshly filled dumping ground from all of the displaced poop.

Finally, it was over. Or at least, that was what Longpaw thought. There was just one more small matter that needed to be taken care of. He couldn't see where the trunk had taken him - his eyes had been sealed closed by caked up shit - but he had been lifted high, high into the air. He felt what Fortuna did next. She shook him, knocking some of the less set poo from his form. The globs of it hit the ground with a squelch. Of course, there was still plenty more dried up on him in big clumps, but ... he was clean enough for what Klara needed him for.

The shake had done enough for Longpaw to be able to open his eyes, at the very least. Blearily, they opened, his face the perfect

picture of disgust. He was expecting to be moving toward the ground, but instead, Klara was using her long trunk to move his body backward, rather than downward. The hyena was not headed toward safety ... but back toward the elephant's gaping asshole, which was still dripping with glops of filth from her very impressive dump. It seemed that Longpaw's final little bit of suffering was that his body was to be used as an elephant's washcloth.

Can't this just be over? thought Longpaw, who was, now, completely sick to his stomach. He was done with this. *Fuck the Elite! Fuck it! I've been farted on, shit on, and now I'm expected mop up shit?! If Fallowcoat tells me to do one more thing, then I'm telling her that I'm through with her fucking club!*

With a swipe of her trunk, Klara applied Longpaw to her immense ass in the same way that one might use a sponge, using the hyena's coarse fur to scrub her crack thoroughly, starting from the top, and making her way down to the bottom. His body was shoved so deeply into her crack that he felt her jiggly cheeks surrounding him from every angle, blubbery fat caressing his form as the dripping, liquid shit upon it was smeared against his already filthy pelt. The little filth that had been shaken from the hyena's was quickly reapplied ... and then some. Now, it visibly dripped from his pelt, the stinky little creature nothing more than a poop coated hyena. Not a single hair of his spotty pelt could be seen.

Klara was not content with simply wiping her ass, however. No, the elephant needed to make sure that her sphincter was nice and clean, too. With her trunk still wrapped around his putrid, brown form, she slid his body from the base of her crack to the very center. Focused entirely on cleaning herself, rather than on the hyena's comfort, she shoved his head against the wrinkle of her gaping, shit slopping asshole. There was absolutely no way that Longpaw would willingly allow himself to go in there! He raised his paws in defiance, and pressed them against either of Klara's cheeks, using every ounce of

his strength to prevent him from being shoved inside of the elephant's colon.

But the strength of a hyena was nothing compared to the burly might of an elephant. His resistance was completely futile. After nothing more than a flex of her trunk, Longpaw's head and upper body were shoved entirely into her asshole, leaving only brown, poo smeared legs and tail hanging out. Now, stuck within her putrid rectum, the smell was even worse. His eyes permitted him to see nothing, her insides an all consuming black, but his nose, of course, was flooded with the pure scent of poop, a literal shit factory pouring it's toxic essence directly into his nostrils!

Starved of oxygen, and with none to breath, Longpaw's poo wet legs soon stopped thrashing. Half inside of an elephant's ass, he went entirely limp, thoroughly giving up. There was only so much that one poor hyena could take. It absolutely, without a doubt, could not get any worse than this.

Longpaw really should've stopped thinking like that around the time that Fortuna was finished with him, though. Because, whenever he thought that it couldn't get worse ... it always did.

A *squelch* from Klara's innards. A gurgle that resonated and vibrated in his ears, the sticky walls of her guts rippling, squeezing, and then ...

**FFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRBBBBBBBTTT!**

With one final, disgusting fart right to his face, Longpaw's torture came to an abrupt halt. The sheer, fecal force of her fart was enough to shoot the hyena from asshole to ground ... or asshole to pooping pit, at least. Believing that he had been freed of it before, he was ultimately deposited within the very same crap that Klara had

deposited upon him a few minutes ago. His body fell into the pit with the same weight and heft as one of her immense turds, a new layer of fresh shit coating his already filthy form. Left upon his back, he rolled around in the deep layer of muck like a hippo taking a mud bath, attempting to push himself back onto all four paws.

Eventually, after a good few seconds of rolling, he managed to free himself of Klara's dump. Blind, with his eyes caked in shit to the point where he couldn't open them, he staggered toward the edge of the pooping pit, desperate to be away from it. Weakly, his paws scrabbled up the ridge, hauling his stinky, tired body to the lip of it. The moment he was back on undirtied ground, he collapsed, tired, and finished.

Just as soon as he was about to give up, go to sleep, and accept his life as a piece of living shit, he suddenly felt a familiar paw on his shoulder. Unable to open his eyes, he simply tilted his head, dripping with poo still, in the general direction where the touch came from. It was Fallowcoat, laying her hand upon his furred shoulder, despite the inches of filth that was smeared into it. He was filthy, he was disgusting, he had been coated in shit and farts, and yet ... the touch of his new leader somehow made it more worthwhile.

"Welcome to the Elite, Longpaw. Let's get you cleaned up."

In that sweet, blissful moment, everything, from farting, shit, and asswipery, suddenly became worth it. It would take weeks, perhaps months, to wash this smell from his coat ... but Longpaw would be a loyal member of the Elite for many, many years to come.