

WAAAH...WAAAH...WAA-

I shut my phone up.

Really gotta change that alarm one day.

For the first time in a bit, I know exactly what the date is as soon as I wake up. I should, considering why I didn't sleep a wink last night.

The 28th.

It was so hard spending the past week not getting excited. Being in the same room as Alex, and meeting MethaNeko, and *no farts*? It felt like some karmic justice for past acts.

I've been nothing but a saint lately! I showed Arham my beautiful fetish, toned down on my escapades with Alex, and even gave Arham some desperately needed cunt action! Oh, why must I be tempted for my good deeds?

I thrust my butt into the mattress.

PppPPpPPPPPPPPpPPPM MMMMmMMMmPPPpPPPM TTT!!

"Fuuck~"

As with almost any other day, the morning stink ripper signals a hand in my pants, violating my clit. The heightened activity of the morning brain makes for the best fap sessions. Sadly, my brain goes to where it has for the past couple days for a scenario to rub to.

The Fucking 28th.

Alex suplexes me around with no remorse, dropping windstorm blasts onto my upper body. MethaNeko (Her real name is Sasha that's so fucking sexy), both in her avatar form and thick, fat-buttred real life form taking turns squishing me between their sharting asses and their gaming chairs. And then there was the neat freak, mystery final girl. Every day, a different visage would spring out of my imagination from what starts as a womanly figure made of static. A skinny bitch who looked just like me but with a better ass. A pornstar with only the most gaped asshole. A noble knight from a game I'm obsessed with, but with honour-wrecking braps. Just a giant, eldritch ass which destroyed the horizon and all forms of thought.

PpPPpP-PPPPRMMP-PPPpPpPAAApPpMMmMP-PPPPPRPrppRRRrRRARRRRAAAAPpPpPPMMmMMMmPPPMmMMMPPP!!

"Yes! Even 20!" In the train of thought, I had completely lost track of time, feeling a sizeable amount of ejaculation between my legs.

I turn on my side to shift my guts, and sat imagining all of my scenarios again, but with a healthy dose of food poisoning-

“GnN!”

PpPppPpPRrRAaAAaCCkK!

Possibly inspired by that expired shit I had last night.

“NnN...3 point 5...with a big asterisk.”

The now ruined pyjamas gross me out so much it reminds me that I have to find something to wear, and since I’m always naked in my fantasies, I hadn’t put a speck of mind into the matter.

What to wear to make it so that this fantasising wasn’t for nothing?

...

Meeting with Arham and Charis today.

Could be fun. Could be the worst day of your life.

Hold the handstand for 30 more seconds.

It’s the rare day off of exercise *and* work, but that didn’t mean I’d let my body stop moving. Needing to go directly against habit, not even using the grip trainer, besides a mindless 40 minutes this morning, I was spending the rest of my day before leaving for lunch...just kinda rolling on the floor.

It’s an unorganised mishmash of ground drills, kip-ups, burpees, tumbling, and handstands. So basically finding new ways to force my breakfast farts out before going out.

PpPPFFFFffFPPpppPPpPPRrRRrAAAAaaApPPPP!!

A geyser of hot wind erupts from my upside-down form, tensing my gut in new ways.

“Hm.” I bicycle my legs before pushing my arms up, launching myself to my feet in one smooth motion. While most would do a little gymnastics flourish to celebrate the above average athletic achievement, I use the flipping momentum to throw a lariat to the nearby punching bag.

“Yeah fuck you!...bag.” I throw a couple kicks at the bag, trying to activate my fighting instinct as much as an inanimate object will let me.

Gotta think about that “tape Charis’ face to punching bag” idea a bit more. Would at least get me more motivation.

Speaking of which.

I look over to my fresh laundry, the unorganised basket of clothes free of my farts and...sweat.

No. Your life-ending ass is enough weirdness, no need to bring the sweat kink into a nice lunch with...Charis-Arham will be there to distract me.

He's nice. And not a perv like Charis. Bare minimum, but I like that in a guy sometimes.

The laundry was a mix of leggings, sweats, one dress, the *fucking* maid outfit, and of course the swamp, both figuratively and quantitatively of workout clothes.

What to wear to appear not to stand out, but still look cool?

...

"NnNNYAH!"

SSSSsSSspPPpPPuUUuUUrRrRRPppPPpLILIApAppALPPpAAPpp!

Needless to say, the stream was a bit different since the blind date disaster.

\$50

GreenThunder1753

"Literally best stream idea ever"

Well, some things stay the same.

"Thank you Thundie, I was wondering when you'd peek in."

PpPPpRrAAPPP!

The claim was that I could afford a new keyboard, so the "clicking of the soundboard" wouldn't be an "issue" anymore. I choose to believe the majority of my chat believed me. My community is under too many layers of irony to even really confirm it anyway.

So here I am, spraying shit into a toilet while shaving my legs. I look at the stream setup.

Gassy Kitty shaves fur in preparation for second date!(ASMR?)

Chat popped off in unheard ways when I told another lie, when given the opportunity to go out to lunch with Arham, I relayed the news to chat, removing the fact that there would be other people there, removing any chance of this being romantic.

I mean, the way he ate me out while my ass was at its most unruly was...something.

I look to my dresser, as I didn't bother closing the bathroom door. It was stuffed. Well, it wouldn't be if I took the time to fold my army of brave pants, graphic t-shirts, and a startlingly low amount of Sexi Shitters remaining. Due to being such a niche item, I can only get a few bulk orders a year, and so I had to ask myself a very important question.

What to wear to look nice?

SsPpPPPPpPPpRRrRRUUuULLPPpPPLAPpPPAPAP!

And what do I risk in doing so?

...

"If someone says this is a pizza, I'm gonna flip."

While the massage parlour is a much less stressful job, memories both good and bad of my previous gig at a diner ring through me as I finish frying the large tortilla. It's always a risk working with oil and a pan while only wearing a bra upstairs, except that it's not, pain is guaranteed.

sss-Pop!

"Ow!" A scorching bit of oil hits just right of my navel.

PpPPppPpBbBBbBSPpPPpPPPMmMMMmMMPpPpPpPPPPRRRAAAApP!!

The pain isn't nearly enough to startle a fart out of my controlled bowels, but the concept is so sexy that my bottom takes the most relieving path.

"Naughty... Might as well empty myself a bit. Don't wanna be too funny around guests." The instinctive step back I take reminds me to check that my prep work was done.

Walnut chorizo. Chestnut milk mozzarella. Avocado, peeled and sliced. Mixed greens.

Refried beans.

Snack bowl sat on the table. Dessert in the freezer.

DING-DING-DING!

"So early!" My body moves maybe a bit too confidently towards the door considering my state of dress. I peek in the eyehole, to see the only guest I already have met. I open the door a crack, just enough to speak through.

"Sorry, Arham, I'm not decent at the moment. Give me a few!"

I close the door and almost slam my face into the wood to look back at the eyehole to see him in full. He's wearing a casual jacket and comfy-looking chinos. His face goes just a little flush, and his knees knock a bit to the side.

So cute!

Now what to wear for this very important afternoon?

...

Today's the day.

Hearing Taji's remarks about not being decent sent too much of a erotic twinge through my body than I'd like to admit.

It's hard not to be on edge when the four women who destroyed your nostrils, made you faint both physically and sexually, and possibly permanently distorted what is sexy to me, were now all going to be under the same roof.

I'd been told several times by Taji to not bring any food, because she "had it all handled," so I arrive empty-handed, barring a cheap inhaler in case things reached their natural conclusion.

After a moment in my own thoughts, the door opens again, now more than a crack, but all the way.

"Hello-Hello-Hello-Hello!" The mature, cheery voice of Taji rings out.

Fuck.

Taji has the type of body where it's hard to not look extremely fuckable in any fashion of clothing, but I felt like a crueler joke than the one already being played on me is happening. A faded yellow sundress, meant to flow down the body, acts as a silhouette to her curvy body of which I was very intimate. Her golden smile beams on me, as we are the only ones in the world who know of how truly disastrous this lunch could be.

"There's my good boy. Here quite early, aren't ya?"

"Please don't call me a good boy."

"Not a good boy. *My* good boy. You've done a great thing in giving me a chance to meet people of my affliction! This is a big day, Arham!"

"Yeah. Let's hope I live to see the end of it."

"Rude. I don't know about the other girls, but I can keep my pooper shut for as long as you want. Now, come on in!" The door is flung open to reveal a sparse, yet very clearly lived-in home. Eggshell walls, desaturated green rugs for the living room, grey laminate for the rest

of the floors, and simultaneously mismatched and homey furniture all around. I kick off my shoes, noticing the pile of them right next to the door.

“Take a seat on the couch while I finish the meal, and wait for the rest of your *friends*.” Her voice is so kind, but so excited for the potential of this meeting, not even trying to hide her sexual hype.

I take my seat, sinking into an inhumanly comfy couch. There was no TV, so the couch actually faced the kitchen, where I am gifted a front row seat to Taji cooking.

“I know you told me not to force any funny things on the others, and I won’t...directly, but I don’t think that bars something between you and me...”

Before any opportunity to respond to the cryptic warning, Taji starts twerking her ass while finishing the meal, throwing ingredients in a pan, while throwing her ass back like an expert. The wild flowing of the dress makes it obvious how powerful her caboose was, the bottom of it almost reaching her thigh. She does everything, both cheeks bouncing in sync, wobbling them back and forth, just throwing it in random directions. My brain loses time, coming to terms with the fact that this would be happening until-

DING-DING-DING!

“Oh! Go get that, will you?” A much less sexual, but still enticingly mature version of Taji’s voice commands me. The difference from her sexy mode and what must be her professional mode thrills me off the couch. I make heavy steps towards the door, placing my hand on the knob. Looking back at Taji for a moment, I meet her eyes, as she stands with her ass popped out and legs stood apart far too much for a chef. Her eyes are in adult mode, but as she looks at me, she goes into an ahegao, pumps her ass so hard that the dress flies all the way up her thigh, then stops suddenly, changing her body type completely, as if she was never doing anything remotely promiscuous. She fires a wink at me.

My hand turns the knob out of the sheer mental strain her actions forced me into. Who meets me is probably the person I expected to see *last*.

“H-hi, Arham!”

Sasha never gave me the read as a very punctual person, but here she is. She’s doting a pretty cute look, with a dark grey jacket, navy shirt displaying an elaborate 8-bit design that looked just a bit too tight on her plump frame, some battered, “loose” jeans that match the green of her hair, which somehow hugged her monstrous ass without *that* much of a muffin top, and a black messenger bag over her shoulder. A real example of the beauty of not even trying to be fashionable. Her body language is markedly more comfortable in her skin than our first meeting, but I could see the memories I must bring to her cause her eyes to widen.

gGGgGrrmm...

...And her gut to roll.

“Hey, Sasha, how are you doing?” My natural pity for the antisocial woman manifests in the voice a teacher gives to a student asking for help.

“I’m good.” She looks up from a sulk, meeting my eyes. “The streams are going great.”

“Oh. Uhh, I’ve yet to catch one. I’m sure they’re...more of you.”

“You haven’t? Really?”

“No. I...don’t watch streamers often.”

Sasha inhales, scratching the side of her ass.

“I do a lot of wha-”

“Oh goodness! You must be Met-uh, you’re Sasha!” Taji interrupts what might be a very awkward piece of info by pushing me aside to give Sasha a hug. I clench my teeth hard at the sight of two women as thick and endowed as Sasha and Taji colliding. I meander to get a side view of the interaction. While Taji was, by volume, more woman, Sasha has her beat both in the front and in the back, packing D-cups to Taji’s C, both just as spine bustingly bouncy, and an absolute chair-swallower, compared to Taji’s “mere” head-hider. Taji stares daggers into me, repeating an action I was once guilty of, peering over Sasha’s shorter build to take a peek at said chair-swallower, mouthing “what the fuck” at me in shock. She enters a state of mock delirium, hovering her hands around the ass, before ending the very one-sided hug.

“What a cutie *cat* you are!”

Sasha’s heart stops. “What did you call me?”

“You’re adorable, darling. Nothing wrong with that.” Taji lightly pats Sasha’s head.

“Oh. Thanks.” Sasha stares not at me, but in my general direction with a near death experience-like face.

“Come in, come in. Get comfy.” Taji guides Sasha inside. Sasha kicks her sneakers off, revealing hot pink fuzzy socks.

“Sit for a bit. I should be done cooking before the others arrive.”

No words from Sasha as she plops herself on the couch. I take my seat, a few inches away from her. Taji is now doing a very much restrained version of her cooking routine, moving her hips just enough to get her dress moving, still just as hypnotising.

“I wanted to say something to you.” A voice just above a whisper comes from Sasha. I turn to her. She looks desperate, but to say something, not...well it could be that too. She is sunken into the couch like me, but her inwards body language makes it appear like it’s in the process of enveloping her.

“Hm?” The pity in my voice is still prevalent.

“I want you to do what we...what we did again.”

What.

“Look, I brought them.” Sasha looked to see Taji busy, then lifted her bag open, showing off the ears and tail.

“If you want, we can walk to my place after lunch. It’s not far, in fact I’ve been pacing between there and here for an hour.”

“But I thought you hated what we did.”

“I did, but now we know each other. We both find the other attractive, and I don’t wanna do the whole buildup thing with another guy. We already did the bad part of the relationship. It’s not weird anymore.”

Hearing the pathetic Sasha suddenly being as sex-positive as she is right now sends a spark through my brain, as my sense of reality shifts.

“That’s...a lot to take in.”

“I don’t wanna be guilted by my chat and my family into getting into a relationship. I lie about it a lot, but if we get together once in a while, I won’t feel dirty, only telling half-lies. I don’t wanna put the effort into something I don’t care about, but everyone else seems to.”

“Okay. Can I get a bit to think about this.”

“Yes, of course.”

I look forward to Taji swaying her hips, taking in what I’ve been told.

Sasha wants to fuck like that again, if it means fucking again?

“Purrrrrrrrrr...” A near silent rumble of vocal cords comes from Sasha.

“I-”

DING-DING-DING!

“I got it!” I stand, not ready to be further teased by such a surprising source. I open the door again.

“Hey.”

Alex stands, looking just fucking stunning. Being as well sculpted as she is will do that in most contexts, but she's a showstopper here. By far the most dynamic entrance of the three so far, Alex stands, legs on either side of a silver and yellow bicycle, unclipping a deep purple helmet off. Her cloud white, slightly curled hair flows in an aggressively movie-like moment. Her choice of cloth, A white crop top showing off her arm and core muscles, matching running shorts, and black sneakers would imply a tomboyish look, but there were some factors going against that. First is her expression of feminine aloofness, an upgrade from the straight up rage from our first meeting, compounded massively by the second thing, that she's donning a healthy pad of makeup, more than when she donned that maid outfit. She isn't caked, but the blue-purple eyeshadow and contour highlighting her sharp cheekbones and jawline made her by far the most prepared looking person so far.

And she had her hand up for I high five. I answer on instinct, as if I wasn't stunned by how beautiful Alex could be in two such different looks.

SMACK!

Alex walks past me without saying anything, a welcome change from Taji and Sasha. She takes in a long sniff.

"Mm! What do we have cooking over here? Smells good." Alex peeks over Taji's shoulder

"Tlayudas! Everything will be all toasty in just a bit." Taji turns to regard Alex. "You must be..." Her eyes widen, as she is similarly stunned by the exceptionally fit woman, or because of the fact that she only knows the woman's name because of a video of her blowing up a bathroom.

"Alex."

"Taji. What do you do, honey?"

The question made Alex squint, looking for the right words.

"I'm training to be a fighter. Been working odd jobs before I get any official fights."

"My my, so exciting, that must be!"

"Uh...well, I haven't really gotten to the exciting part, but..."

"Oh, I get it. Those types of things are far too risky for me, both as a career, and my health of course. I'm a masseuse. I own the Pink Iris, if you know about it."

"Yeah. I pass it all the time on my runs."

"Ooh, maybe stop by once in a while! You seem to live a stressful life."

"I'll...consider it." Alex walks away from the veiled advertisement and/or flirting, standing in the middle of the kitchen and living room, giving me a "what now" look.

I silently regard the existence of Sasha. She looks in that direction, seeming honestly shocked that there was a human there, even with someone with a s luminescent hair as Sasha had. It's minorly excusable, as Sasha is expressing the body language of an introverted statue, sitting still, and staring into nothing.

Alex approaches Sasha. The lack of immediate conversation lets me take in the scene in front of me. I'm sure there is no animosity between these two strangers, but the contrast in their body types made them appear like arch enemies. Alex is an adonis, now facing away from me, flashing just the edges of her divine back muscles, and a quite literal inkling of her tattoo. They also had an age gap, as Sasha is late teens, and Alex is in her mid-20s. Sasha sat, as the nerdy, plump, and scared freshman at the jock of all senior jocks.

"Alex."

"S-Sasha."

Alex leans a bit toward Sasha, getting a read on the antisocial cat.

I ball my fists as my vision coalesces on Alex's butt. It's like amazons were real, and one of their asses was put on a slightly smaller woman.

Alex spins around, glaring at me, as if she saw my childish staring. She's ticked about something. The muscled form approaches me, and before my fight or flight kicks in, a hand and mouth cups my ear.

"She's making something with beans. You're keeping Charis on a leash."

Alex's cold, aggressive voice giving such a mundane warning would make me laugh in any other context.

There might be a bomb to diffuse today, after all.

DING-DING-DING!

Here we go.

"One sec."

I open the door, to complete the ensemble.

"Hey, Ari." Charis purrs.

Okay, well at least she looks presentab-fucking lord.

Something in my mind was ready to give her a pass for wearing clean clothes to a public event, but I was gravely mistaken. My eyes only focussed on the broad strokes, a black and white jacket with dark red pants. Cozy but cool.

The brain then takes in the designs. The jacket is emblazoned with a never ending pattern of anime women making faces of...pleasure? The pants, a much less egregious fashion crime, are a gaudy maroon and black plaid design.

"Do you like these pants?" She says at half volume.

Wait.

Gaudy pyjama pants. That pattern. That smug, teasing expression.

An image of a much larger version of those pants being flooded with shit beeps into my head.

I flick my head back to Sasha. She sees it, as her eyes widen, but she does not look to be in the mood to say anything about it.

"Best behaviour, Charis." I utter just above mouthing.

Her body language remains flirty, but stiffens with the eyesight of other people. "*I will, but will you?*" She bumps my cock very intently as she passes. Her jacket is purposefully pulled up to where I get a view of Charis' pert booty. The sheer contrast between the two butts I know to have worn that pattern sends me into a fit.

Alex blocks Charis' path.

"Charis." Just an utterance from Alex makes Charis docile.

"H-hey, Alex. What's up?"

"Nothing. Just here to enjoy...a generously made lunch and nothing else." Her head cocks toward Taji.

"Hm? Oh, aren't you a cutie." Taji makes herself known, standing as a grown woman between the two girls. Taji places a peck on Charis' cheek as a greeting, but I know it's out of poorly contained lust.

"H-hh-hiii." Charis reciprocates, with even less contained lust. The way she acts around others in comparison to me is truly fascinating.

Charis moves past her, to look at the almost finished meal, and gets a face of terror at what must be the beans, turning around, smiling with her hand on the counter, acting as casually as someone as erratic as Charis can.

Taji claps her hands twice. "Why doesn't everyone get around the table? Food will be ready momentarily!" Taji walks back to the kitchen, pulling out a few plates.

The other four of us hover towards the kitchen table slowly. Alex cuts back into my ear.

“Charis. Leash.”

There’s something Charis wants more than Alex right now.

“Just wait.”

Sasha sits down at the closest corner. Charis, like a missile, sits right next to her in record time.

I look at Alex.

“That works.”

Alex takes a seat on the opposite corner. I join her, taking the spot between her and Sasha. The residual heat from Sasha’s blubber and Alex’s tightened muscles makes me feel as cozy as I can be.

Taji turns around, now with a large plate in her hands, placing it down on the table. Small plates are passed down, as I inspect the meal.

True enough, there was a layer of black beans underneath a blanket of cheese. Under those is some chorizo, greens, a guacamole, all splayed out on a large, almost pizza-sized tortilla. Taji made another trip to the counter, and placed two cups of salsa roja and verde.

She also holds a pizza cutter, which she uses, creating 5 impressively even slices. Only the one facing away from her could be noted as a bit smaller. Taji reaches her hand around the table awkwardly, grabbing that smallest slice, and placing it on my plate.

I look at her. Her smile widens.

The plates are filled with food, and Taji takes her seat. She grabs her part of the tlayuda, and takes a big, crunchy bite. She stops herself from taking another.

“Oh! Drinks!” Taji points at me.

“Water’s fine.”

Sasha.

“Cola, please.” My eyes bug out at the request.

Charis.

“Cola, also.” I look at her, still in silent shock. She gets this big grin.

Alex.

She smirks. "Hm...You seem like the kind of woman who likes her wine."

"Ooh, okay, sister! I'll get it all handled."

It's nice to have someone else mess up being a host, for once.

As Taji stands up and walks to the fridge, all four of us take a peek at the dressed ass twisting and wobbling. Alex gives a glance and a nod. Sasha touches her own butt in possible jealousy. Charis shamelessly stares into the motherly booty.

After the shared perverted action. We all look at each other, while Sasha glares blankly at the plate in front of her. Her hair falling to the sides of her head shows off the now duo colour of green and red-brown. Me, Alex, and Charis are at a stalemate. There's an aura that someone should say something, start a conversation. This is why people have lunches.

...

"Alright, here we go." Taji barges back in, and the four of us have a collective exhale.

Three large glasses, two of cola, one of water, and two wine glasses are splayed on the table, as Taji takes one of the wine glasses for herself.

"Wow, I guess someone else needs to calm down, huh, mama?" Alex teases as she takes the other wine glass.

"Oh! Don't worry, This is my day off. I get to treat myself once in a while."

"Ain't that the truth." They both laugh, and take long, relieving drinks.

Charis and Sasha, with the other pair of shared drinks, have a very different interaction. They both slowly grab the sodas, as if playing chicken with the other. They take so long bringing the cups from the table to their mouths that the condensation starts to form droplets on their hands. Both seem to have realised what ordering soda in a public environment like this means with stomachs like theirs. Charis blinks first, taking an impressive swig, and slamming the glass loud enough to get side-eye from Alex and Taji. Sasha takes an invisible sip, and lightly plops the glass, looking at the other members of the lunch to see if her drink was satisfactory.

"So Sasha, what do you do?" Taji asks a question of which I've already given an answer for.

Sasha's face can only be described as "all of my worst fears have come to life."

"I...recently dropped out of high school in my senior year. Still trying to find my footing."

"Awww, poor thing. I'll say, you style yourself like a rich girl for a dropout."

"What?"

"It's a compliment. You look good!"

"Oh...thanks."

"And you, Charis?"

Sasha looks like the fight of her life just ended as the spotlight leaves her. She has a similar staredown with the tlayudas, before drowning her social exhaustion in the bean-filled tortilla. Her free arm grips her stomach as she eats.

"I'm an informant for hire."

That's one way to put it.

"Wow! I'm sure that makes for some exciting stories."

"Yes. There's a *lot* of cases of suspicion of crime that turn out to just be someone searching for their kink." Charis makes it weird, Alex shakes her head, smiling.

"My, my. As a masseuse, I can say the same thing about my clients as well! No offence, Arham."

All eyes shoot to me as if I pulled out a weapon.

"Oh...you, shut up!" I play it off like it's a bit.

"I know more about your body than you do." She reciprocates, telling an off-hand joke and taking more bites into her meal.

And...we eat. After Taji inspires some basic greetings, everyone keeps to themselves as they eat and drink. Everyone is scoping everyone while doing this. Alex is the most calm, even more than Taji, recognizing the danger of the beans and wine entering her system, but in a "I know this is bad for me, but it tastes good" way. Taji's looking for any sign of stomach-related life from the three other women, eating fast and subconsciously. Charis washes down every bite with cola. Halfway through her meal,

ggGggg...

She suddenly gets very humble and stops her cola spree, eating at a regular pace. Finally, Sasha.

ggggggggggggggggmmgmmgmgm...

Like a dog whistle, her gut growls in a tone only I can hear, as she politely eats, in a manner like if she had any sort of faux pa, she would be extradited. She shifts in small, constant ways, as I imagine her colon is as well.

At around the same time, all 5 pieces of the tlayuda are eaten, and just this relatively small amount of food has the women, sans Taji of course, in various stages of regret. Alex pinches her temple. Charis sits still adhering to table manners a bit too aggressively, and Sasha, surprisingly, takes initiative.

“Miss, where is your bathroom?”

“The door right here, hun.” She points to the closest possible door, adjacent to the fridge, less than 5 metres from where she sits. Taji’s smile goes to supervillain level.

Sasha tries to hide her face as the information forces her mouth agape. The arm wrapping her gut now also tries to close her butt tight.

“Do you need to go?” Taji asks, innocently to all but me.

“No! Just good to know...”

“Oh, no problem. Now how about I get the *dessert*?”

“Heh?”

Everyone’s poker face cracks for a moment.

Alex stomps the floor.

“Dessert sounds great, mama.”

Charis enters a state of silent pain previously undocumented.

“You shouldn’t have!”

Sasha turns into a statue.

Taji gets up, and goes to the fridge.

GggGGGGgGGggGGGgGGGGGgGG...

A collective begging from the three stomachs at the table sounds. Each individual seems too distracted by internal conflict to notice, but the choir as a whole is hard to miss.

“Here we go!” Taji removes her arms from the freezer, pulling out 5 tiny bowls of...ice cream.

“Fuck,” Alex mouths.

The hand-sized bowls clunk in front of each person, filled with a scoop of light orange, fruity smelling dessert, with a plastic spoon stuck into it.

"It's grapefruit." Taji smiles, digging into her creation, licking the spoon, looking me in the eye.

The other three eat theirs at a surprising speed. Their eyes get this fire, like when a runner reaches their last leg.

I take a spoonful of the sorbet. It's real fucking good. It's got that taste to it where you know it's made naturally. It's a tad too tart. The imperfections make the meal.

I look up, lost in my dessert. Everyone but Taji is staring at me, in varying states of desperation. Sasha subtly makes a "speed it up" hand gesture. Charis speaks up.

"Hey-hah-Sasha...you said you're floating in life right now. What are you doing for money at the moment?" Her voice is...sleazy, almost. Much more like the time she fucked me than how she acts around Alex.

Charis, don't do this. I know your goal is fucking your little streamer idol, but something really bad is going to happen soon.

Any amount of calm created by the innocent atmosphere leaves Sasha's face, making the first visually apparent clue of something suspicious possibly happening. She looks as if she's been challenged to not react to being repeatedly punched in the gut, a fitting analogy considering the situation.

"I...hahaaaah...work...with-at...this...coffee spot downtown."

"The-ugh-Black Whisky?" Charis accuses, having similar pains.

"Sure-yes!"

"Well I haven't seen you there. I go there quite often-"

"I just started. In f-fact my shift is starting in...just a...bit, so I-I should-" Sasha begins implying her leave.

"Hmp!" A small, forceful grunt comes from across the table.

PpffFFfrNNT!

"Ooh-um, pardon me."

An invisible time bomb is placed in the middle of this table as Taji performs some of the best acting I've ever seen. Her fart is modest, but believable as a normal butt's worst ever fart, making a muted, powerful sound off the wooden chair.

"Ugh, that's so embarrassing, I'm sorry. Beans go right through me!" She waves her hand in front of her face, building up the, for these women in front of me, microscopic toot into a plague of death.

Charis bites her knuckle. Alex shifts in her seat. Just the mention and action of farting, however small, sends a lurch in the guts surrounding me on all sides.

Sasha goes *very* pale.

“Haaah...haaa.” She made an excuse to leave, but considering her physical ability when it comes to her bowels, standing up might not be an option as her breathing becomes audible.

...GgGGGgGGGRRgGggGGGgGGGgGG...

The mass gurgling hits another apex, with Sasha leading the band. She rests an elbow against the table, touching that hand to her head, as if checking for a fever.

Alex looks at her with distress. “Sasha, are you sick-”

“Met-Sasha! Are you alright!?” Charis barges into Sasha’s personal space, placing one hand on her thigh, and the other hovering around her breast. She looks just as physically stressed, and only a little less stressed socially, like her brittle body is about to shatter, as opposed to Sasha’s rounded form exploding.

“I’m. Fine. I should be going-”

BRAPT!!

A feeling similar to my ears popping on an airplane occurs as my eyes again turn to Taji, who drops the single loudest fart I’ve ever heard. It simultaneously is the shortest fart I’ve heard since my encounters with these women, at less than a second.

Like a splash of cold water, the other three seem to become hyper aware of their surroundings.

And less aware of other things.

PPPppPpRRrRrnnNnnnNNN-PPpPPpPPT!

I have to physically turn my head past Sasha to see the culprit, as Charis shoots to the back of her chair from her previous pervy position, hiding in her oversized jacket. A whining sputters out of the bony body. While not the brain breaking sound of Taji’s shocker, it’s definitely the more embarrassing fart. Despite Taji’s act, her farts are the type you’d expect someone farting for a bit would sound like. This is a fart meant for very desperate relief.

Charis’ face goes through a collection of emotions, and about thirteen stages of grief. Quite the contrast from the woman who would gladly let it rip down my throat unprovoked. She looks around, maybe going for a “well, who did it?” ploy with Sasha, but everyone including her knows that isn’t working.

Taji tries to hide a shiver of sexual victory in spooking Charis into farting. Alex rolls her eyes with an angry smile.

Sasha is also spooked.

BrrRRoOOonNNnTT!

Sasha's wider frame makes for an absolute horn of a fart, rumbling the chair under her. Her hands clap against her face, and weak whimpering sounds are heard.

"Fuck. Fuck. Fff-"

pPp-PpT-BBbBBbrRRrrUuuUUmMMpPPT!

Charis's body is still, but her face contorts.

"UhHnnNaah-"

PPPPppPPppPRrRRRRpPPppPPPPrrRRrRNNT!

In a situation like this with ladies of regular digestion, this noisy standstill wouldn't even happen. Cheeks would be subtly liften, releasing puny puffs that wouldn't be heard over the small talk, and no one would be rude enough to comment on any smell.

But these were Sasha and Charis. Their butts bomb the poor chairs beneath them. In an atmosphere where an adult is supposed to be on their best behaviour, they loudly declare otherwise, even if it's their own biology's fault.

Sasha is embarrassed, and hopeless. Charis is embarrassed, too much even to get aroused at her idol letting rip. Alex looks...empathetic in the socially unacceptable acts surrounding her, but also a bit peeved.

Taji's once deviously smug face is now a bit peeved as well, looking at the two farters, both clearly in some sort of ethereal pain.

"Sasha."

"mMmm-huh?" She looks up, her eyes getting red.

...BBbbBMMmMBbbbrMMRrrBmmMmmbbbBmmMm...

"Charis."

"Fuuck." One eye already closed, her other squints.

PPPpPPPrRRRRrRRRRpPPpPPRRRRaaAAAAppPTTT!!

A reeking smell of unhealthy garbage food wafts upwards, the stench that lay dormant under the table flooding up, running out of room to hide.

“It appears my meal is having...negative effects...” Her voice switches from bashful mother to disappointed teacher. “On our...midsections-Nf!”

PPPPPppPPppppPPpPPRRrrRRRrRRAAAAaAAAAaAAP!!

An extremely shameless lip bite accompanies yet another tummy tempting blast. For Sasha and Charis, the details of the vaneer were washed away with the focus needed to not blow...more than they already are, not helped by the powerful bomb making the glasses vibrate on the table. Alex is notably more suspicious, among her more controllable bowels.

PPpPPPPPPRRAAAAApP!!

“Fu-UGhH!”

...BbbBBBrrRRuuUUUmMMMmAAaaUuuuUuuuBBbbbMM-mbbMUUuuU...

“NyiNNng!”

PPpPPRrBBbBBAAAAP!

PpPPPPpPrrRRnNNNT!

PPRANnNAPPpPP!

**...UUuuuuuUBbbB-BBbRRUuUUMMmMM-BbbBBmBMMbBM-mbMBMBPpPPB
B...**

The duet continues with vigour with Taji’s tease. Sasha’s bassy nukes convert into a proper Sasha-branded forever fart. Charis jolts with every chair-rattling note, her breathing transition into a strange tone.

“Thirty-two, thirty-three...”

What I had thought was stuttered breathing forms into words from Charis. It’s very breathy speaking, but the hounding, degenerate eye-fucking happening to Sasha makes the purpose of Charis’s counting undeniable. She may be experiencing life-destroying embarrassment, but she’s hearing her idol pollute the air live in person.

“Oh, this is no good.” Taji feigns fear. “Alex, are you not feeling well either?” She lays a calming hand on Alex’s clenched fist.

She’s going for the triple play. She wants these girls tearing ass without any real social effort, and she’s two thirds the way there.

Alex snatches her hand away and takes a deep breath. Her face shows regret for that deep breath.

“Eugh...I...I get what’s happening here.” Her eyes squint at Taji.

“I-Hm? What is-”

“I...fuckin’ call me ignorant for hoping that Charis was the only other fart freak in my area code. Fuck! It reeks in here! Is this what you all like? Getting...fucking becoming hazardous by eating food and destroying the oxygen around you? Cramped around this tiny table? These two can’t even look up, they’re so ashamed of their filthy kinks!” She points at Sasha and Charis with vigor.

“Woah, woah, that’s not what’s happening here.”

...BbbBBBbBBbbBBbRRrrRRruUUuurrrNnnnNTTT!!

“What’s happening!?” Sasha wimpers, cutting off her titanic blast at-

PPpPPpPPaAaaAAPPpPnNNN-pPP!

“Fifty-three!” Charis ekes out like her life depended on keeping the length of Sasha’s fart before descending further into her lust.

“Wha-haah...did you say?” Sasha catches her breath, taking in the post-farting era of this lunch.

“Nothing!”

“A-Alex, you’re making a lot of accusations over a little tooting.” Taji fibs poorly.

“You’re kidding me. All three of you are dropping supernatural farts, and considering the body language, you all still have a lot in the reserves. What. Is. Happening. Why did Arham call me? Why are you being coy?”

Taji goes flat, this lunch being a scheme basically splayed out.

“Well. A couple of weeks ago, this fine young man came to my spa for a massage. Through...a series of accidents, I discovered that he has been encountering women with a supreme amount of gas. So, out of curiosity, I had Arham call all of you for a nice lunch.”

“To see some poor girls rip ass for your sick pleasure?”

“I just wanted to see what you all looked like, and if the topic came up, we would have a discussion-”

“Don’t you fuckin...you chose a bean dish, and ice cream. If you have the same fucking symptom as I do, you’d know what’s gonna happen.”

"It's sorbet. Non-dairy."

"Beans."

"That's fair. Okay, maybe I let my curiosity get the best of me. But look, there's other folks with the same powers you have. Isn't that interesting?"

"I don't-"

"Wait, what's happening?" Sasha perks up, clearly out of breath and socially scarred.

"Why is no one commenting on the...massive farts I was just..."

"The four of us..." Alex begins explaining with exhaustion.

"Uh-huh." Sasha nods.

"Not Arham."

"Yeah."

"Have fucked up farts."

"Oh." Sasha's eyes widen.

"And this freak right here rounded us all together through Arham calls to eat and fart like mad."

"Uh...wait, the ice cream was non-dairy?" She lurches a bit.

"Yes?"

"Then why does my tumm-stomach feel like when I e-eat dairy?"

"Well, I could be the placebo effect at work. I may have decided to have dessert to achieve an effect like that-"

"I swear..." Alex looks with rage at Taji. "Fuck it. If this is what you want." Alex scoots her chair back, and stomps a foot on the table, shifting it towards Sasha and Charis. "I'm not gonna hurt myself holding this in out of spite. HuUrRRGhNN!"

**PPPPPPPPRRPRRRRRRRRRPRRRPRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPRP
RPRPPRRRAAAAPPPPRAAAPPAPPPRRPRPRPAAAAAPPPRRRRPPRPPP
PP!!!**

All eyes are on the mind-melting sound of six chainsaws cutting through a block of dense jelly. Alex keeps the same face of angered straining, with a startling amount of aloofness. The lift of her leg coupled with the looseness of her shorts makes the fart sound as if she is butt naked. She implies biting her lip or tongue, but stops herself. The table rattles, almost galloping like an animal at the force she deals. Noticeable, but smaller farts sputter out of Charis, Sasha and even Taji, in a much larger scale version of Taji's scare farts scheme.

"OOOooOF! That's an all-timer." A brave, victorious smirk of relief flashes across Alex's face, before she comes back down to earth, clearing her throat. "So...there you go. Was that what you wanted?" Her tough exterior tries to come back in her words, but her tone matches more the shock of the very public execution of the nearby breathable air.

"Forty-four!" Charis blurts, a hand of hers placed dangerously close to her crotch.

Taji snaps her head at Charis, before widening her eyes. "Oh, I get it! You're timing our toots. Ooh, it makes me so happy that there's another fart analytic in this world." Taji's hand lightly scratches Charis' cleaner than usual hair.

"T-thank you mommy-I-uh Taji..." A combination of a surprised ecstasy for her craft being appreciated and pure horniness corrupts Charis.

"And yes, Alex. That monster your booty brought into this world made me *very* happy."

Alex looks, still panting a bit from her exertion, with a deep contempt for the smug smile on Taji's face.

"Uhh..." Charis pipes up, keeping her head locked in Taji's hand. "I...All of the dirty secrets in this group are being revealed, so I just want to say that I'm a massive fan of her content, Sasha."

Farting may have sent Sasha pale, but this comment makes her soul leave her body.

"What?" There's an attempt to ask the question with naivety, but a dry, hopeless blurb is all that comes out.

"D-don't be so cagey." Charis still stutters in leftover embarrassment and shock. "Y-you're a queen of g-gas, a beast of flatulence, an icon and ode to the digestive tract. You are MethaN-neko."

A hand wraps around Sasha's face in indescribable shame. The other hand frantically taps on the table, as if typing a thesis. Her mouth contorts in a way that would usually be accompanied by a wail of deluxe level grief, but only silence fills the room.

GGgGGGmMMMMmmMMMbBBbmMBBMBbMMBMBmM!!

And a growling monster of a stomach.

"I know this isn't the time, but I've quite enjoyed your broadcasts from time to time." Taji motions, as if that's what Sasha needs to hear right now.

"Why do-I-uh-hah-haaaah..." A panic enters Sasha. "What the fuck is...Ughh..."

Taji's free hand, the other still petting Charis, reaches across the table to Sasha's shoulder.

"I'm sorry, baby. This is a lot to take in for all of us."

"A-a-a lot?! I've spent almost two years keeping both my-my farts and my career under wraps from everyone, and now I'm being exposed very suddenly."

"Baby, I've had to keep this booty in control for the better part of two decades. Not to demean your problems, but we're all in a pretty similar boat."

"I-I...I guess you're right." Sasha uncovers the top of her face, exposing a lightly crying pair of eyes.

"How about this? Considering my experience, we all still have a bit of rank ass to blow. Why don't we get a bit comfortable? The last thing I want is y'all to get backed up for the next few days holding this all in." Taji pats her stomach.

"Wha-"

"What do you mean, get comfortable?" Charis interrupts, nostrils flaring.

"Well...have you ever heard of an Alaskan King?"

"Oh, I haven't, but I'd lov-hm-love to find out~."

"Follow me."

Taji stands up, and walks down her hall. Charis follows suit.

"You two, too."

Sasha gets up hurriedly, hands wrapping around her tummy. Alex begrudgingly stands, walking with by far the slowest pace.

Four fucking astounding asses are now in perfect view. Taji's pillowy plush rump with a hip to waist ratio anyone could be jealous of, swaying hypnotically under her sundress. Sasha's absolute monster ass quaking with each step, making her jean-clad butt look naked, the way it just barely overfilled them. Charis' eerily perfect tiny bubble, shaking in her similar pyjamas, the two wildly different butts wearing that pattern making my brain go wild. Finally Alex in the back, her shorts showing off those sculpted calves and thighs stomping down the hall, as well as her mighty ass sticking out broadly in an article of clothing not at all meant to accent it.

“Arham, you coming?” Taji shouts, almost to the end of the hallway.

Woah.

Fuck.

I'm here right now.

All senses past beyond hearing and sight had left me, returning in a giant smack of being regarded, my role in the universe beyond an observer crashing back into me.

Smell.

Four separate wafts, each caused by the delayed rises of the four women, bring a different, toxic reaction to my olfactory system. A rotten garden. An ancient dumpster. An abandoned cup ramen factory. An overused locker room bathroom.

Touch.

The caustic inhales I had been doing for the past few minutes caught up on me, sending me into a state of shock. On instinct, I take in as much tactile sensation as possible as I stand up. I run a finger across the wood grain of the chairs, scrape my palm on the silky tablecloth, and tap a bowl. Without direct touch, I even feel a residual warmth from the seats of the other chairs.

Taste.

A delight of the aftertaste of the sorbet is swamped by the combination of four anuses on overdrive.

I stumble behind Alex, using her ass as a north star so my brain didn't spend more energy than it already is on the arduous task of walking in a straight line.

“Here it is! The Alaskan King.” Taji presents, now in the bedroom. Due to being in the back of the line, I have to cock my head to see what she's regarding.

“Wow.” Charis stands stunned.

It's...a bed. A really big one, looking to be around three metres on all sides, held up by a rather plain frame. It's a bed clearly not made for someone who lives alone like Taji, but for a group like this, as all five of us could sleep on it, and only feel mildly stuffy.

“Alright Sasha, hop on, and I'll help you with that tummy trouble you got.” Taji crawls onto the bed, her bulbous ass jiggling as she now is on hands and knees.

Sasha looks at the undeniably sex-driven woman in front of her, and slinks onto the bed, laying awkwardly on her side.

“Does the kitty want tummy rubs?” Taji’s voice goes cutesy as she hovers a hand near Sasha’s midsection.

“Why are y-you calling me a kitten?”

“Well honey, I may not be a fanatic of your work like Charis, but I have an eye for what people are into.” Taji pats twice on Sasha’s bag, its contents much more exposed by her lying down.

“...Nynff...” Sasha moans, a strange admittance of defeat, as she pulls out the cat ears.

“I think I need the situation explained to me now.” Alex buzzes in with confusion.

“Sasha is MethaNeko,” Charis butts in, like a child who heard their favourite cartoon brought up. “She’s a streamer who blasts ass while playing video games, and acts as a cute catgirl while doing so!”

“Huh. Arham. Explain that, but in english.”

“Sasha...plays video games for a living, and acts cute and...acts like a cat for tips.”

“Sasha, you live off of that?”

“It’s a t-turbulent thing, but I’m making decent m-money.”

“Fuck. I gotta expand my horizons.” Alex walks around the bed, getting a side view of the upcoming massage. Charis rushes to the other side, leaning on hand on the nightstand.

The clear showing that people on all sides were viewing did not make Sasha more calm.

She maneuvers herself into a forced display, on her back, knees bent, raising her butt just off the bed.

“There we go. Don’t worry kitty. Mommy’s here. Let that ass *roar*.”

Taji places a firm, yet kind hand right below Sasha’s boobs.

“AaaA-AaaNNyY-”

**BBbBBRrRRrrRRRpPPpPPPPpPAPAPAPPAaAAAPpPPPrRRRRRRbbBBbBbbBM
MB-**

“Good girl!” Taji perks over the rumbling winds.

A gale of warmth collides with my body, and the smell of junk intensifies.

Alex strolls herself next to me, at the foot of the bed, possibly trying to understand the taboo dynamic. She looks with...intent.

**-BBbBMBMmbRRrRRmMMRbBBMMBmbMBMBMBbmMBBMMBmMMBRRBMBM
BRBRBMBBbMMRBBM-BMBMBBRUUumMMp-BMBBAMBABMAAABmbBBB-**

I look to Alex, who for a split second, bites her lip while switching her eyesight from the duo in front of her and the nearby wall.

Curious.

-BBBBBBBBbbbbbBbbBBBrRRRRRRRRRRrRRMMMMMMMMBBBbBbb.

Sasha shows a surprisingly decent amount of control, bringing her fart to an end. Taji stops her massage.

“I-I don’t know-this is so weird. You think this is hot, and I-I know I’m weird, but I’m not into this, and-”

“Darling. Am I aroused by this? Yes, but right now, I’m just trying to get this gut empty. I speak from experience. When you eat something new, your guts go into overdrive, and your...to be blunt, lack of physical health is only compounding that. If you don’t let loose, you could be feeling this stomach ache for weeks, or worse.”

GGgGGgggGGGRRrRRRnnNNNnNRWoOooOOOWWOOL!

To prove her point, a disgusting roar comes from Sasha. Her face twists in pain, eyes focussing... on me.

She wants you.

“Sasha, would it be better if I did this?”

“Y-yes. Yes.” Her voice tries to sound cool or sexy, but the pained desperation masks both.

I hop on the bed, and scoot my knees until I’m at Sasha’s side.

“Start at the top, and slowly rub circles as you go down.” Taji gives sage wisdom through bated breath.

I reach a hand towards Sasha.

She grabs it.

Using her other hand, she lifts her shirt up, revealing her chubby gut.

She gives me those innocent eyes.

She releases my hand.

I follow Taji's command.

**BBBBBBbBBBBbmBMBMbmbMBBBBBBMBBMmbBMBMBMBMBbmBM
BMB-**

Taji's expulsion is reborn, as her legs widen more, one knee cocking to the side to let the hot draft flow over to Alex, who plugs her nose.

"Your hand is...so cold. D-don't stop t-though!" Sasha wimpers over her fart.

I let my hand glide down her stomach.

"Fuuck."

**BbBBBBBBBBBMBbmBMMBBM-MMMMMMMMMMBMBMBMMMBMBMMBMMMBM
BMMBMMMMMMMMRRMMRRMRMM-**

As I move down, I physically feel the pile of flesh I'm pushing get less dense, allowing me to sink further. Her hips spaz a bit, and she loses her grip keeping her butt in the air. The quaking her ass causes transitions from the air around us to the bed we share, giving her, me, and Taji a trip to the world's largest massage chair.

Taji is in possession of the world's most shit-eating grin.

"Oh Charis! I'm free of responsibilities, and I wanna let some bombs out to make Sasha not feel like an outcast. Wanna enjoy that with me?" Taji's already rumbling ass starts twerking in Charis' direction.

Charis...is sweating. Looking more nervous than aroused. Eyes flickering between the motherly ass emanating lust at her, her idol unabashedly cranking farts, Alex's still suspicious arousal, and the nightstand she leans on. She looks down at that last one for an extended moment.

"Hooo...I'd love to, it's just..."

"HHggGnnyy-ny-Ny-NyyYgGh!"

-MMMMMMMMMMMM-MMmMMMMBBMBMMB-BBBBMBBBBBBMMMBMBM-

"...I got a bit of stage fright."

"C'mon, there's no shame here! Just a bunch of windy assholes!" Taji grabs the end of her dress, teasing flipping it up.

Charis approaches the seductress in the summery dress. Alex keeps her sporadic eyes on the scene.

“Are we getting...like...are we doing stuff?”

“Stuff? Whatever could you be talking about?” Taji lifts her dress more, showing off her jiggling upper thigh.

“Are we gonna-”

“Yes, you dum-dum. Get on the bed.”

“Gimme a sec.”

ZzzzziiIIIP!

The pleasure-covered jacket slowly wilts away, and Charis reveals her-

Nothing.

“Oh, risky girl!” Taji gawks at the shockingly one-layered upper half of Charis, her tiny, half-naked form now looking far more hungry at the MILF in front of her.

Charis brings the now crumpled jacket to her face, like gazing upon a long-used weapon. She wraps the jacket around her head, and with a frightening amount of precision, ties the sleeves into a knot behind her, making a makeshift mask. Now robbed of sight, she slinks onto the bed, bumping into, then latching onto Taji’s cheeks.

“Hmm...that’s fine, but don’t blame me if your jacket reeks of me forever! Hmgh!”

PPPPPPRPrppRRRRRRNNNNNNNTT!!

Even with three layers of cloth separating Taji’s farting hole and Charis’ willing face, the position is not one I would take.

PPRRRPPPRPRPPPPRPPRPPP!!

RRPPPRPPRPPpPPPPPRRRUUUPPPPPNNnnNNNNNPPPNPPPP!!

“Seven-poi-”

PPRUUUPPRPPPUPPPRPRPPRRRRNNNPPPPPPPPMMMPMMPPP!

“Ugghh-hah...hah...No more counting, your gonna put pressure of my poor butt!” Taji wiggles that butt, sending the “poor” woman behind her into a near neck-snapping whiplash.

BBBbBBbmmMmbbBBMmmMMMBbBBbMBMMbmbMMMmmmB.

“Ugh! Nyaah, fuck, don’t stop pushing!”

Oh, yeah.

Sasha's fart continued through this whole interaction, ending right now with a weaker rumble. My hand had now travelled a couple of centimetres down her midsection, just above her navel. The massage was so easy, with any push turning her into a weapons-grade whoopie cushion, that the bastion of horniness in front of me didn't deter my ability to do my job.

My brain being brought back to it makes my hand sink a bit deeper, though.

"NYNNNNnnnnngGG!"

**BBMBMBMBMBMBMBMBMMMBMBMBMBMMMBMMMBMBBBMMBMUU
UU-**

"Charis, you're being such a good girl. Take in one more, and we'll swap, okay?" Taji gets a wider base on her knees, shoving a hand below her dress to pleasure herself.

"MmmM-hMm?"

"HMmmMGH!"

**PPPMMPMPMPPPPPRRPPP-PRP-PPRRPPRP-PPRRrrrr...rrrRRRRAAAPAPP
PPMMMMMPMPMPPPPPRRRRPPPPP!!**

"GuuugHH!" Taji exhales vigorously.

"Fuck!" A shout comes from Alex, who covers her nose and switches her gaze between the two acts of god-like flatulence. She stares at the forceful connection between flowing dressed ass and jacketed head.

She is now sweating. She is looking for something.

Charis removes her head from Taji's destruction site, stumbling around to get into her new position. Her hand grazes Sasha's thigh.

-BBBBbBBBBMMMMMMBMBMBMMMBMMMBMMBMMBMMBMM-

"OoOOooOooooohhHhh. Fuck! Neko, your butt is so much better in person. OooooAAhH!" Charis moans, her lack of sight syphoning all sort of shame that should come in a moment like this.

Charis completes her rotation, body quivering, as she joins Taji in rubbing her own button through her pants. Her ass is shoved high into the air as the strength in her arms fade into ecstasy.

“Taji. Where is...your lube?” Alex speaks, trying to make the sexual question casual.

“Here, darling.” Without even seeing where it came from, a clear bottle flies over my head, and I hear it getting caught by Alex.

“Okay...hah...okay. Here we go.” Alex paces to the other side of the bed into my view, carrying the lube, and a large blanket.

SQeeEEEEeEEeeeEEE-Bum.

She slams the window shut.

Uh.

Click.

She closes the door.

Tic.

She turns off the fan.

Oh no.

She hucks the light grey blanket at the bed, covering the four of us under it. She slips under, lube in hand, sitting legs spread at the foot of the bed between the two duos, and the residual light showing her body, now with a solid layer of moisture.

“C’mon ladies, if you’re gonna try to make me sweat, we might as well do it in the most productive way. AAauUUggHHN!!”

***PPPPpPpPPMMMMMmMRRRRRTT-PPPPPPpPpPPMMmMPPRAAAAPPPMMRRRR
T-PRNNNT-***

After keeping her lust under the most wraps, Alex’s ass blows scorching air like a hair dryer powered by a whole nuclear plant. Her hand rubs her clit with a focussed amount of force. Her muscles strain and flex, in anger more than arousal, as if furious at being tempted by the trio of smoke-spilling asses warming this house.

Taji prepares to plant her head in Charis’ rump, pushing her hair back.

“It’s so nice for you to finally join us, Alex.”

Her glasses go foggy, now downwind of Charis and Alex’s exhaust.

“Rev it up, Care!” She gives Charis a pair of healthy spanks, scrunching the smooth fabric against the tiny butt.

“MmMMH!”

**ppPPPpPPraaARRRT-PPPpPPAPPAPpPPPMMNNNTT-PPPRRN-MMPPAaPpPPP
mMTT-PPppPPPPAaAPRrrRRuauUuuMMNNTT!**

“Yes, fuck! Your booty’s so tight, the farts shoot right out of you!” Taji praises through Charis’ butt.

“UuuUggHnnNyuUgh...”

**-BBbBBBBBBbbBBBBRRUuuUUUUuuUuBBBbbBBBMMMMBBMMBMmMMMM-BBM
MBMBMMBRRRRBbbBBBpPPPPRRRUUUUBBPPTT!**

“Hngh-ng!”

PPPPPPPPPPPPRRPPRRPPRRPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPT!!

Sasha and Alex let out a pair of heat contributions to the swampy makeshift tent in succession.

The blanket fills with tiny moans and groans as a natural rhythm settles in. Alex humps her hand, biting a clump of the blanket, the patch wet from spit and sweat. Taji worships Charis, pecking her crack and patting her cheeks.

It fucking reeks.

Daring to breathe in is to take in a buffet of nasal assaults. It might be tolerable if it was the same smell of a fart spray factory incident. One inhale, a vegan restaurant after a rotten egg. Another inhale, a college dorm room during a semester-long stomach flu spell.

Each fart sends a new gust of hot air, now amplified, and made trapped by the blanket. It’s like being cooked in a hot dumpster.

“One-ngh-”

**PpPPPppPppPPAaaPpPaPpPAaAPPpppPppRrRrrrrNnNNT-pPPPPPPppPppPPPPp-PPp
pPPPPppPP!**

“-second, I need to grab something.” Charis blurts, unable to stop her farts with Taji’s meddling.

“Sure-MmM-thing, sweetie!” Taji slurs, high off the loud fumes.

The eight-legged creature of Charis and Taji turns, making the wider of the two asses swivel, pointing directly between my Sasha massage, and Alex.

Charis wriggles her upper body out of the blanket, grabs something, and wriggles back, ramming her butt into Taji's face.

ppPPPPpPRrrUuuUPT!

Her ass rips out of shock, pushing her dress up, hitting Alex most directly. Even with shielding her face with the blanket, she coughs like death.

"It smells so fucking bad!"

"Sorry, I think the less than healthy diet of Charis has flown through me." Taji crawls backwards, now in sync with the returning Charis.

With seemingly no eyesight, she opens her phone and a blinding glow fills the room as she turns on her flashlight app.

New details post-blanket are now visible. Alex's face is ashamed, as if sad that she lost to her own kinks. Taji is taking much more pronounced sniffs of Charis ass than the other way around. Sasha's calmed down, a hand running through her hair and ears. Her other hand lays on mine in the stomach rubbing. She brings my hand further down than before, inching toward her half-exposed vulva.

My hand sinks lower, hitting something that differed greatly from the over-inflated balloon I had been stroking.

**GGGGGgGGGGgGGGGgGGGGgGGRGgrGGRGRGRGGRGRGOooOooooOoOOO
OOOOOOOOWWwwL!!**

"AaAAUUUUggGHHnnNyNNOO!!"

BBRruUupPURUppuuPUPUpPP-

A bubbling cauldron of a fart makes Sasha shove her hand between her cushiony butt.

"Bathroom! Ba-Bathroom now!"

Sasha squirms, but keeps pretty still. Considering my history, any wrong movement, and these jeans will be ruined.

My instincts take control, preparing to gently lift-

GgGggggggGGGgGGgGGL...GgmMggGmMGggGGG...

"Uhhmmh!"

BBbBBBrRuMMPaMpPPPp-BBbbBrrRRAAaAMMMmMMpP!

A percussive blast from Charis makes Taji physically move back for the first time.

"Fuck, I gotta...I also...no-" Charis slinks, hugging her gut.

GGgGGGRRRRRRRRRM!

"Damn..."

RRRRRPPPPPPPPRRRRRPPRRPRPRPPRRRRPPRRPP!

Alex's frantic fapping slows as she lets out a gust of wind so dense that it inflates the roof of the blanket for a moment. Her face twists, as her arousal high crashes into a dark realisation.

"Taji, how's your shitter?"

"Ah!" Taji rejects her steely desires to remove her head from the ass of a sick-looking Charis. "I drop mountains into it every day. I'd be a bit careful with your much more forceful-sounding bowel, but it should handle any of us."

"Uh-I gotta shit. Bad. Can I g-go first?"

"MmmMhh-No! I'm gonna have gut problems if I don't take a monster dump right now!" Charis' voice starts muffled, but clears as she tosses the jacket, which landed on the phone, cloaking the five of us in muted light again.

"I asked first, I'm shitting." Alex makes the other two flinch through sheer intimidation.

Me and Taji share a look at the situation unfolding. She silently chuckles at what must be my face of sheer terror.

"Well, It seems like we're at a sort of impasse. All four of us have to use the bathroom, and by my guess, only one of us is gonna get to use that toilet, just based on how bad your tummies are hurting us all."

"You gotta go, too?" Alex raises an eyebrow.

"Of course!" she props herself up into only being on her knees.

BBbBBBOOooOORRrRRBBBbBBBBbBBMMMRBBROOoOBbBROOROBbBBOO ORRT!

A disgusting, deep belch makes Taji's dress soar, exposing the healthily plump rump crammed in pantyhose. If the small amount of light wasn't allowed in, I would assume I am in the presence of a Sasha-tier accident, and that Taji would no longer need the bathroom.

Alex cups her hands around her nose at the heatwave spewing butt facing her.

“Well-hack!” She coughs for a few moments. “The hell’re we doing now?”

“MMMM~!” Taji chirps in relief, and squirms with excitement. “So, considering my experience, we all have a timer on our stomachs right now that will go off whether we like it or not. I can only guess that the length of one of our dumps is longer than that timer. So we have to decide who gets to get that toilet ride.”

“Please, tell me what I need to do...It’s gotta be meeee...” Sasha weakly weeps.

“Hmmm...why don’t we give it to the gassiest? Until today, I assume we all separately thought we we’re the nastiest farters in the world, so let’s celebrate that!”

Taji whips the blanket off of all of us to go get something.

Holy shit, fresh air.

It’s like a weight you didn’t know is lifted, and true freedom is realised for the first time, as the methane barrage makes contact with the much less densely contaminated oxygen of the outside blanket world, the true danger of my situation dawns. Quite literally, I see the light. I was used to being in the dark, sweaty, musky, farty swamp, with ear-beating, horrible sounds bombing the tight space. Now I kneel on the large, cushy platform, as all forms of smells that could be associated with the word “fart,” are beholden upon me.

I lurch, as if to cough, but I am now far too accustomed to the environment. My brain recognizes that what I am taking in is the worst smell it may ever detect, but the part of my brain that tells my body how to react to this deathly news doesn’t respond in any fashion.

I’m not vomiting, so I’m not sick.

I’m not faint.

Ooh.

I’m actually kinda woozy, but I’m not gonna faint,

I hear Taji’s steps, so my ears aren’t blown out.

A wash of cold glides over me, so my tactile shit is still in order.

My dick isn’t hard, so-

Huh.

I feel the remaining warmth, coming mostly from the three reeking, steaming butts still on the bed.

Sasha wriggles as my hand only grazes her stomach, her butt puffing out a barely audible leak. Alex snatches her lustful hand out of its rubbing, suddenly exiting her horny stupor with the much colder air giving her sweat glands a break. Her glutes are still cocked, ready to resume raising the temperature at any moment. Charis keeps her jacket headress on, taking in large nasal inhales of what must be forever tainted cloth. Her booty quivers in likewise desperation.

Taji's footsteps get louder, approaching the bedroom just as the blanket's unique atmosphere finishes interspersing with the house's. She barges back in, leaping onto the bed with a sketchbook and a pen.

Her crash into the bed creates a small bounce...

GggGGgGGGGgGgGgGgmMMmMM!

GGGGRRRRrrRRRRrRRRRRRUuUUUUMMmMMMMMMmB!

MMMMMMMMMMmMMmmMGggGGRRuUMMMBMMMBBMRRRRrMMRMRM!

GggGGGgGRoOOW!

...and a large vibration across all four stomachs, which even Taji realises is a misdeed.

"OoOoooh! Okay...here's the game. It's a variation on a game called fart tennis, combined with horse. We each rip a fart, and the most impressive one is safe, with the rest gaining a letter, F, A, R, and T. If you get all four letters you're out. You can't take the stench, out. And of course, you have an accident, out."

"Taji." Alex speaks.

"Yes."

"Why do you know these rules so well?"

"I've been waiting for something like this for a *long* time." Taji sighs in lust.

"You're a freak."

"You're one to talk Ms. Blanket. So you don't wanna play-"

"Oh I'm playing, I just want to make sure it's common knowledge in this room how insane this is."

"I'm aware."

"Pour me another glass of wine."

“Cola, please.” Sasha raises her hand, gritting teeth with reluctant competitiveness.

“Charis?” Taji cranes her head to get the last order.

“... A laxative, if you have one.”

“Fuck.” My thoughts come out verbally.

Taji’s consciousness leaves her for a moment in sheer ecstasy.

“Yes, I’ll get that all darlings. Don’t *blow* a gasket waiting!”

The four of us cringe as Taji charges out of the room once more. While Taji hid it the best, and Charis’ face is not visible, all four of these women need to shit, or at least are holding back something truly mythic. Their grunts of restraint are either too quiet to hear, or just silent as no brain power can be wasted on something like non-essential language, like a drink order, I guess. Faces contort in ways usually reserved for our most private moments.

Alex exhales, but her lack of focus means her lips don’t open the airway, making them flutter with a deep sound not unlike a much smaller version of one of her farts. Her chiselled form pulses, each muscle getting

Charis wrings the sleeves of the jacket around her arms, wailing muffled wails and waving her butt like a white flag, in a gesture that in any other situation would look like another of her theatrics.

Sasha’s going through labour, little other way to describe it. Her breathing stifles by the constant mixing of toxic elements in her digestion. Her whole body spasms in rhythm with the moaning of the beans and soda flowing through her, like a troublemaker shaking a soda can, and never opening it. In her case, maybe it’s like a whole 12-pack box.

“Alright Sasha,” Taji rushes in, balancing two refilled glasses of wine, one of coke, and a tiny plastic cup of red liquid, despite clearly getting more desperate in her body language. “your tummy went off first, so you get to start the first round! Let me get you-”

Sasha, using a last burst of strength, flips her body away from me, her behemoth ass pointed sky high, and right at Taji’s head.

Her ass, guts, and large breasts get one singular, but heavy slosh.

The 12-pack has receives its last shake, and the troublemaker gets their fireworks.

**BBBBBBbBrRbBbBRBBBooOOOOoPPPOOOOOOPPOOOBBbBBBB
BBPBPBBPPROOOOOO-**

Panic.

I hop off the bed, cover my nose and mouth, and inch backwards, to get as far away from Sasha without hurting her feelings. That doesn't seem necessary, as she's distracted causing a natural disaster via jean homicide. Her ass bucks with each peak in her gas, acting independent as her upper side goes limp, minus her potty mouth.

"Fuck! ENNNNNNUUuGGH! NNNGH! Fuck!"

**-OoPPPPPPRRPRRPBBBBbbBBbBBBRRRUUUUuUUuPPRRPROOUo
oUUUPPPBBBBBBBMBMMBMRRRRRPPPRUPRUUUUUAAAUAUpP
PPPBB-**

New horizons of what these bowels could do are opened as she blows past Taji's worst, and officially being the most vile fart I've been present for, and she has no sign of this ending. Her fog machine burps out the smell of a greasy diner, where each menu was used as a fart rag after a six course meal.

Despite being squished by jeans, her ass warps and warbles as if it was naked, to accommodate the massive amounts of dirty wind passing through the jiggly buns and taut denim. Both opposite forces, and the mighty gusts passing through both, made for a beastly display of the human body.

**-BBBBUUUUUURRRP-BBPPPBBBPPPPBRROOUUUPP-BRAB-PPRRPRPRR
RUUUUUUUAAAUAUPPPTT!!!**

"MMmMMMMGGH!"

After reaching a notable climax, Sasha uses her glutes and hands to wire her flabby butt shut. A look of dire worry and fear communicates that if this clench didn't happen, she would continue this onslaught. Her breaths are weak, but forceful.

Post-Sasha's bomb, the mood of the room is different. Alex is equally scared as me of the situation. Charis grips the sheets, trying her last metal guard before going feral levels of horny. Taji is humbled, in what she thought was her undisputed arena.

Taji sits down, somehow her drinks remain standing after the minute plus monsoon, and gets an expression of disgust, trying to embolden her resolve.

"Charis, you can go no-"

Taji trails off as deep, but soft thumping comes from Charis' corner.

Bum-Bum-BUM-BbBum-Bum-Bu-BUM-

Not unlike the sound of her boiling stomach, Charis shoves a wireless headphone in her ear, and what comes out is the most demonic, bass-filled techno on the planet, the music is only supposed to be for Charis, but it's nature and volume makes its aftershocks heard easily.

“Come on...Come on!”

Charis rolls her body with the beat, waiting for the right moment to strike.

Her booty swings back and forth, making a sudden stop, pointing right at Sasha’s rear melons.

“Go-GnNNNNnNfF!”

**PPRRN-PPPPRAAP-PPPPRRPPRNNNT-PPRAP-PRA-PPPpPPPpRRRRUUUMMMPP-PR
APAPAPAPPAPPPAPPPAPAPAP-**

In an eerily similar rhythm to her music, like it was a modern-day siren song, hypnotising caustic fumes out of her bum, Charis lets it rip with everything she has. While Sasha had tons of small movements, Charis is like a rock, putting all focus on her push.

“Kh-nNNyYUUGH-UgM-UGHnyUhH!”

**-PPRRRrrrrrrRRrRRRrrrRrRrRRuuUUuUrRrrRrRRAAaaAaaAAAAPPPPP-PRAPAPA
PAP-PpPPpPpPPpppPPpppprrrrRrrrrRrrRnnnNNNNNtT.**

“Ughn!”

PPPPPPPPRRRAAAAAAAAAA-

“That was a full stop there, your fart is over!” Taji places a hand on Charis’ midsection, which stops clenching her ripper out with her command.

-AAaaPpT!

“Fuuuuck!” She whines.

Her face reddens as she must admit defeat in this round, despite seemingly giving her best effort. She was going for length, because there was no way her tight ass was beating Sasha’s monstrous hole. Even just a slip in her rhythm made her stop ripping, making her waste more gas trying to cover it up with the start of a massive blast, which Taji’s knowledge of flatulence caught.

She snatches her fizzing cup and downs it in one.

A sucker punch of Charis’ scent makes me cringe, but the absolute plague that Sasha’s still smoking booty still reigned with dominance.

“Alex, your turn.”

Alex rolls her body, pushing around the mass of bubbles in her, before closing an eye, and lifting her glutes off the bed.

PPppPRRnnNT!

"I concede the round. Your go, Taji."

Wow.

It's clear that Alex finds this game stupid, but the superior smirk she sports tells me her competitive nature wouldn't stop her from getting the win. Alex looks at Sasha with a hint of respect and a flare of the nostrils for the nightmare fart she knew she couldn't beat at the moment.

"Hmph! Be like that! I'm gonna join Charis and try my best!" Taji turns on her hands and knees, pointing her rump right at Alex again, and going into downward dog. A mature hand wraps around her wine glass, with a long swig taken out of it.

"MmmMm~"

BbBBBBFFFFSSSSssSSBBBBBBRBRBBUUuuUUuUUBBMMMMM-

In a cruel parody of a classic movie moment, Alex's hair flutters in Taji's butt wind, making her tuck a lock behind her ear. The rump-focussed yoga pose was having the opposite of the stoic, zen effect on its user, as Taji twerks lightly and giggles at the immature prank.

"Eeehe-Hgn-heh..."

***-MMMBBMBMBMBBBBMMMBMBMBBBBBBRRRRRRUUUUUU
UMUUMRMPPPP-BBBBBBMMM!***

Taji's winds kick into the next gear with little warning. Showing off her masterful bowel control, a tornado blast rockets her sundress sky high, exposing her large rump in full, and making everyone, even Alex, flinch. It could be expected that someone as sloppy as Sasha would explode like she did, but healthy as they come Taji is ripping like she chugged a gallon of ice cream.

"AAaaaaAhh!" An exaggerated sigh comes out of the masseuse.

"Fuck.Of-" Alex curses before needing to stand off the bed to cough her lungs out.

"I think I got louder than Sasha at the end there, right, Arham?" Taji shoots me a wink.

"Wait, I'm the judge?"

"You've experienced all four of us farty girls! You're an expert, and the only possible unbiased judge."

I look at the four women, in different stages of pleading.

I can strike off Alex for conceding, even if it fucking stunk. Charis put her soul into it, but got cut short.

Taji had higher highs. Sasha's was a weapon of war.

"Sasha takes it."

"Haah." She exhales.

"Fine." Taji harrumphs, despite knowing her loss was fair. She reaches over to the notepad, and adds three of the same letter.

Sasha

Charis F

Alex F

Taji F

"We'll rotate the order counter-clockwise, so I'll go first now." Taji rubbed her hands together. Looking at the four corners of this toilet-trophy contest, all competitors were getting their game faces on, and what little of Charis' face I could see, her body is twisting the laxative down her system, while Sasha and Alex take smaller, but serious sips of their challices.

"This is *good* wine." Alex can't help but exclaim, the first mark of anything that isn't contempt this afternoon.

"Aged. Like me. You little girls may have your most active metabolisms, but I have experience. Arham, pay attention. Get nice and close to my fat ass for this." Taji boosts up to just her knees, and proceeds to abandon her age groups, if her college-girl antics didn't already, as her legs go on either side, and keep going, and keep going.

Pomf!

Some individual, cheeky cheek pops flourish her miraculous split.

"See what an older woman can do. HmMgGH!"

You're a judge. Pay attention.

bbbbBBbBbbrrrrRrrRRRRRNNnnNNNN-

"Oooh!" Her face scrunches wickedly.

**-BBBBbBBBbbBBBBBBMmbBMMBBMBMNnnNNNnNN-PRPRP-BBBBBbBBbBBBb
bBBBbBRRaAAaUuUUBbbBUuUUnnNNNT!**

“Ugh-AnnnNNGh! MMMhhH!” Her motherly voice growls in a way that in any other time would drive me wild.

The strange position makes for a new sound, like the world’s best musician playing a demolished trombone. She almost makes Charis’ error very early, saved by arching her back and putting it all into making the-

“18.5.”

-“short” fart into a marvel.

“Thank you, Charis.”

Her earthy stink flows freely through her transparent undergarment, lifting her dress less high, but more steadily.

“Phew! Smells so much worse. Right, Arham? It’s your go, Sasha.”

Sasha had been laying on her stomach, turned part way towards the rest of us, shrinking herself, as if it would make everyone forget about her turn, and her massive bowel rip, how it was more impressive, loud, and disgusting than the other’s.

Her hands massage her fake cat ears, and she beckons me.

GGgGggGGgggGgggGggmmMbB!

“Can you rub my tummy?” She hates saying it, but a constant grimace makes her pain outweigh her embarrassment.

“W-woah, woah! That’s help from a judge!” Alex rebuts...with a strange amount of aggression.

“Please-haah...hah...” Her stage fright voice from when she first bombed my sofa returns.

Gotta help her, fair or not.

I slide over to her. She doesn’t seem like she wants to turn over for the optimal position for this. I scoop a hand under her midsection, and am met by an endlessly gurgling stomach.

“I-ughn-need both hands. Just reach around!”

No.

My left hand is wedged in a position that my only way to reach around is to have her weapon pointed straight at me.

Like a reluctant bear trap, I shift to her other side, and begin digging my right hand into what will be the smelliest hug ever.

“Please, just move up. I d-don’t wanna knock you out! P-p-please...lay on me, or something!” She digs her face into the bed at the perverted idea.

“Ow-ow! This is really heating up!” Taji flirts.

Sasha grinds her head into her hands, flustered out of her mind.

Returning to a position I was very scared to revisit. My half-hard cock wanted to be between those cheeks once more, but I am not ready to have my sex drive destroyed on a new echelon. I flop my lower chest over her blowhole and assume the position, moulding the mass down her tract.

“Oh-uh-UNnNG-UUUUHHNNGG!”

**BBRRNNNNNNNNNNNUUuUUPPPpPPPBBBMnNNNMBBMBBBMMmMMNNBMMMBM
BMMBBB-**

Idiot. At least you had some experience with farts on your dick.

A new sympathy for daredevils who walk on planes awakens, as unknowable amounts of wind come from below. My ribs try their hardest to stop the storm, but the now death grip I have on her stomach outdoes their feeble effort. The fart fucking batters me, like a rollercoaster with no seatbelt, so you have to hold onto the squishy, smelly, sexy guardrail.

Her goddess-like ass roars out its dragon-like bad breath, permanently ruining this outfit for all time. In this moment, I was her chair, and it only took one blast to feel like I’d been sat on for a whole stream.

“HhH-HNG-hhHnnNNyyYa-Yes~!”

**-BBBBRRRRRRNNNNN-BBBRBRBBRRUBUBBBBBUU-BMRRrRRRuUUUAAAAMN
N-BRUB-BBBBRRBBBUUMMNNTT!!!**

Her jeaned tailhole desperately bellows out blows to my gut, the pain to my body overtaking the pain to my beyond exhausted nostrils, ending in a mythic burst that makes me attempt a leave, but her clenching gut kept me locked.

“UuuUUUgghhHnNYyaAAaAahhh...” Sasha’s feral instincts make a major comeback, letting out a mighty moan of relief. Her body unclenches, making me sink further into her ass.

“Charis...” Taji regards, biting her lip at the lewd and powerful display that just occurred. Charis looks over, and my head can turn just enough to catch her toxic bedroom eyes.

“Arham, could you rub my tummy, too?” Her command is more in jest, but with a hint of very much wanting it.

“What!?” Sasha’s shock at having her bit stolen lets me slip my hands into freedom.

I begrudgingly slik across the bed to the jacket-headed degen, putting a weak hand over her bare navel.

“Don’t be shy.” ” Charis springs onto me, wriggling until she forces herself into being my little spoon. “That laxative is making me bloat like crazy. I need those caring hands of yours.” Her voice transforms into that scripted-sounding speech she has when she’s in control.

“So much smaller than that mega-booty you just helped, you only have to use one hand on me.” Exhales into my ear, and her butt grinds my groin.

“Such a tiny butt. Pitiful really, but you know what it can do.” She nibbles my ear. I say nothing, starting my tummy rub at the bottom of her ribs. She coos innocently.

At first.

“OooooooooeeEEEennN-UUNGNGNHH!!”

**PBpBPPBBBBrrRRRRrUuuUUppPP-RrRRrRRRAAAAAPPPAPPAPRRARRRAP
PPAAA-PPRRAPPAPPRRNNNNNNnnNNnNNNN-**

Before letting out a demonic explosion of sulphurous scent. Her banshee-like grunt made for a mythic fart. Her teeth push into the space between my chin and ear, just enough to hurt. Her legs coil around mine like vines, like she needed to syphon my life to get all of this gas out.

“Big farts make you cum, right?” She whispers a bit loudly. My hand doesn’t even try to rub anymore, just patting her hip, praying that someone would interpret it as tapping out.

“UHHhHNN!”

**-RRRNNNRNRN-PPRNNRNNNBPPPRNRNBBPBPRNNNRNNNRNRPpPPPrRRR
rRRrrrrAAaAAAAAAaAAAAUuUUUuUAUAUUuUUUNnNNNNnNN-**

Her abdominals lock up so hard that my hand couldn’t possibly help in any way. She just wants another opportunity to mangle my libido with her ear-splitting, lung-tainting poison.

**-NNnnnnNnnUUunNnNnnnnN-PPppPP-ppPpppP-PRPRPRAaaAAPppPP-ppPPppRrrrn
nNNnnuuuppPp.**

The final wisps of her fart hiss out like lost souls. Her body shifts back into its position before the expulsion. It was harder to notice with Sasha, considering the more direct form I took her ass in, but both bodies had clenched and shifted and twisted. They must be used to it, causing these pungent atrocities regularly for years, but they move with much more painful positions than what should be necessary for bodily functions. These women were not goddesses of gas. They were humans, with cruelly comical genetic defects.

“NnnNnNNyyyyAaaAAaa~” Her eyes track onto Sasha, flustered at the MethaNeko-like moan. She springs off of me with vigour not expected of someone who ripped a minute-long fart with gas to spare. She crawls, still basically blindfolded towards Sasha, probably guided by her having the most laboured breathing.

She grabs her phone, still open to her music app, she grips her hand around it, cranking its volume to the max, the deep thumping, and erotic female samples ringing true. I catch a glimpse at the name of the playlist.

MUSIC FOR CATGIRL FUCKING

“Tss-ts-tss-tsss...Come here, kitty. Don’t you want a smelly skunk to join you?” She sways her rump in an arc, the heat of her ass fog spreading in waves with her mating dance.

“Don’t touch mee...I’m gonna...burst!” Her face flushes, and she bites her thumb.

“Just like when you wrecked your fourth gaming chair last month? Uggh, that was so fucking hot. Moments like that are why your audience is convinced your butt is just a bit. Well, most of your audience. Just by sound, I guess you were wearing these pants in that stream?”

She spans her own ass. Hard.

A similar sound, a clap comes from Alex’s corner.

“Yeah, that’s great, Charis. It’s my turn.” She gives the condescending voice of a busy mother.

Charis lets out a sound somewhere between a hungry beast, and an exhale after a marathon.

Her stomach lets out a scarily similar sound.

“Pipe down, asshole. *My* asshole’s gotta talk now. Passing last round means I have to fart real fucking bad.”

Charis heels, knowing what would happen if she acted sinfully in front of the fighter in training.

“Alex,” Taji perks up, with a grin of someone about to tell a horrible pun. “I think it’s only fair if you get a tummy rub~”

Like a deer in headlights, Alex comes face to face with the emasculating new rule to this game.

She then winces, gripping her gut.

"I...would like a stomach massage." She changes to a more mature language.

She steps off the bed, and takes a frisking pose, palms against the wall. Her chest and arms puff up. While maybe not the intended side effect, her bottom also perks out, fully formed against the fabric of her shorts.

My relationship with farts may be tried right now, but I really wanna rub that body, no matter what bean-y, protein-y nightmares come out of it.

I hop off the bed, and take my position, standing awkwardly next to her like a middle school dance.

"Come on, could use some soft hand action right now."

I get closer, wapping my hands around her waist, making no other contact. My hands fall upon the sweatiest abs I've touched since...well, my last excursion with Alex.

"HMm." A stifled moan comes out of Alex.

While farts have become muddled to my sexual mind, hearing these women moan has not.

I trace my fingers in the gaps of her six-pac. My digits become knuckle-deep drenched in her sweat.

"Just...put your dick on my ass already so I can fart."

Oh, if only I was the one I wanted to arouse right now.

I side-hug Alex with all my strength, and start exhaling my warm, fart-soaked breath on her neck.

"Fuck. Sto...Oh, good-hhg-HHnnnnngh-"

**PPPpPPPPPPpppPPpRrRRPrrPPP-PPppPrrR-pPPPPRPrRPPrrpPRPRRRPPPPPRPRP
-PPprrrpRPPRUuurrRNnnN-**

With a redness to her face rivalling Sasha, Alex's intimidating exterior melted, and a tired, horny farter remained. There was still some fight, but my added body and mouth heat made her pronounced booty want to make this much larger space as hot as she made the blanket.

"Hah...keep...keep-Nnn-"

**-NnnnNN-PPppPPFPFPfFFffPPPppPpsSSpPPpPPPPPPFFPpPPpPPRPRRRRRrRRrr
NnNNNpPFF-**

Alex nestles her head against mine, but unlike Charis' form of PDA, Alex's aggression was out of a more innocent love, instead of a parlay to fuck Sasha. Her butt sputters with more power, but stays consistently stoic, like she was implementing a new core exercise for endurance. Her sweaty, wet ass yawn almost had a voice of its own. While Alex reacted passively to my touch, the fart was letting out a long, strong moan.

**-FFfFFrrrRRRRppPuUUrRRnnNNnnUunNNUUuuNnNNNNPPppPpPPUUUUuUURU
uNNnN!**

"Haaaaaah." Alex puts a soft elbow to my gut, telling me to step back.

"This round was a lot closer, and a bit steamier~. Who wins, Arham?"

Considering I was close to or touching them all, I'll go by mortal danger.

"Charis."

"Thank you, b-babe." Her eyes don't leave Sasha.

Taji scribbles three more letters on her pad.

Sasha F

Charis F

Alex FA

Taji FA

"Alex, you start us up!"

"Fuck." She remembers how the turn order works, not letting her have a break. She grips her gut once more.

ggGgGgGggggGggggGggggggggggggggggGggGGgGGGgGgggGGGGggGg...

The other three, seemingly through some combination of empathy and sorcery, enter an unending mass stomach cramp, leading all four to worriedly look at each other, in desperation, and, considering the game's reward, competitiveness.

I want these women to be in less pain.

I want them to fart.

“Let out a big one for me. I wanna hear you feeling alright.” I whisper as I resume my position as Alex’s servant.

“Mmh.” She turns away.

“I want you to feel good, Master.”

“Mm? Nnhm, just...keep doing what you were doing.” Alex’s hand flexes as she breathes out, finally letting herself feel relieved after last round’s fart. Her churning core forces her eyes to involuntarily flutter.

I take her hand, and rub my palm on her fingertips.

“Get all warm for me.”

“UgghhhH-”

**pPPPPPPPPRRRRrPPPPPPpPPPPPPp-PPPpPPPRPRRPPPPPPpPPpPPRRRRPPPP
PPRRPrrRrRRRR-**

A fart with similar rhythm, but much more power makes Alex stand up straight. I catch her eyes. She seems confused as to why I’m helping her fetish, and not succumbing to her farts. Her tongue scrapes a front tooth as she farts her restraints away.

**-PAPLAPpAPPPLAAAppPLLPLAPPppPPpPP-BBBPBPPBbbBMMPPPBBPP-PPR
RMMPLAPPMMpPPRPPRPpPPRR-**

It transitions into a fart more like Sasha’s gas, wild, and making Alex’s rump shift with each peak in gas expulsion. She holds my hand, gripping around the wrist.

-PPPPPPPPpPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRAAAaAAAAAAAAAWWWPPRPPRPPPT!!

“UuUaaagh...oh-ooOohh...” A true moan of ecstasy. It honestly sounded fake, but Alex seems like the least likely person in the room to fake something like this.

“Master’s got such a strong, smelly, sweaty butt~”

“Please...we can fuck after I win...have patience.”

That was...easy?

“My turn, please!” Taji claps her hands, eager to receive the service I provided to Alex twice.

Rising up from her split, which she somehow hadn’t left between rounds, she boosts herself off the bed and fills the new space between me and Alex, ramming her ass into my dick.

“Mmmm-OoOooh~” I moan and clench up in anticipation of the earthquake I’m about to receive.

“Only fair if Mommy gets some love, right?”

Don’t let the bomb explode in your direction.

“Turn around, I wanna see your face when you let this rip.”

“Okay, baby~” She twists around, her mighty rump pointing at Alex once more. Over Taji’s shoulder, Alex shoots me a glare of pure betrayal.

I reach and grab Alex’s arm, and bring her less loved hand to Taji’s ass, wedging it between her cheeks.

“Wha...Fucking gross.”

“You’re about to get so warm.”

Alex’s eyes understand my idea, but are reluctant.

“Alex! You dirty girl! Such strong hands...” Taji juts her ass out, opening her cheeks, letting Alex’s hand sink past wrist-level.

“Now where do you wanna be massaged, Mommy?”

“Oh, I think I’m more than owed a tummy rub...wouldn’t mind your hands exploring beyond that...”

I happily oblige, leaning a forearm into her bubbling stomach, and my other hand teasing one of her mature breasts. Her hands respond by reaching around me, running her nails down my back.

“Aaaahh Yeeeees, good boy...stir my guts~ Make me win this round by a mile. MmmMfff-”

Her tongue licks an imaginary ice cream cone in front of her, as she shimmies the mass of gas into a prepared state to burn Alex’s hand off.

“mMM-Come on-mmMM-MG-Big one-MmMMM-NM-mmMGH...HAH!”

BBBBBRBRBBRRRMMMmMMMmMMMpPPP-

Taji’s upper half leans into me, her left hand bravely grabbing my ass. Her rump brunts against Alex’s hand like they were having the strangest arm wrestling contest.

“Fuck...look at all these reeking girls, farting to win just a shred of their tainted dignities. Nothing beats that, look at how fucking embarrassed we all are-squeeze my other tit now

please...” Taji coos into my ear, my hands now the only thing keeping her tits from crashing into my chest.

-BBBPpPPPpPPRUuMMmPPPPPPPpppPBMMBMBPPM-

“Do you want it to be big and strong, or you wanna see how long I can go? I’ve yet to show the upper ceiling of my flatulence...They’re weak bowels lack the experience I do~”

-BBBBRBRBBBBRBRBUUMMP-BBRRBBRRNN-bbBBbbBbPPPBPBBPP-

I peek at Alex, and while it’s unclear if the methane-powered space heater is arousing her, her hand isn’t implying it wants to escape.

“Can you try to do both? I feel you’ve been sandbagging actually.”

“Oh-hohoho! That’s it! I’m making this something draconic.”

-BbbBBBBBBBPBPBPBPBPBPBPPRRRRRRUUMMRRAAAAPPAPAAA-

With a silent strain and a golden smile of pure pervasive jealousy, weeks worth of a regular person’s farts roast Alex’s fingertips. The sound goes from a yoga ball-sized whoopie cushion to a mighty wind roaring through a small gap in a window. Her grip on me doubles, fingers massaging me in ways that hurt so much they must be good for my chakra, locking me here until the fart could end.

-PPApPUUUPPUAUUUAPUPPABBMbMBPUAUPPPPBPBPBUAAAAPBPBP-

Her left leg rises until her foot is on her calf, making for the loudest tree pose ever performed.

“Nn-”

-BBbbbBbbbbbb-

Her facial facade falls, transforming into a mouth agape, sour eyes silent wail as her body crunches into the finale of her blast.

“Hmf-uuUa-”

**-bbBBBBMMMMBBRMBMRRBRMRBRBRRRMMRBRRUUURUMUMMMUPPPRRR
AAMAPPPMPMMMM!!**

“Yes! WoOOOoO!” Taji’s ladylikeness fails her as she pops off, pushing me away, letting Alex’s hand audibly schlik out of her rear cavern.

Alex shivers, as her now ass-sweat soaking hand is brought from Taji’s oven, to the colder, but still boggy beyond belief bedroom.

“Fuck...you got the round that’s for sure-”

“Ca-can I get a rule confirmation, please?” Sasha yells over to the gamemaster. Charis had, over the course of Alex and Taji’s turn, assumed a position one step away from eating her jeaned hole.

“Yeees, darlin’?”

“Can I-OooOuff-can I let out some small farts before letting out this round’s...submission?”

“Y-Uhhhh-sure! Just, call out your submission before you start blasting it out.”

Charis gets millimetres away from Sasha’s danger zone, squirming in anticipation.

“Thank youuUEuUghH!”

BBBbBBBBbbMMBMBBMBMMBMBmbbMMBMBRUuuUUmBMBBMUBUBUUMMP!

bBRBBRBbbBRBBRUUmMMP-PPPMMPBBPBPBP!

Both Sasha and Charis grip their sheets for very different reasons as Sasha releases her “excess” gas.

PPPPpPpppPPRPRppPRPRPRPPPPpRPRPRrrrRRruUUmmMmMMP!

BBbbBBMMBMMBMMBUUuMMBMBMRPP!

PPPR-PpPRppP-RpPPRr-PPppPPppp-PPRPRRMMMPppMRRM!

MMMBMBBBRRUUUAMMMBMMUMMBMBMMMMM!

Charis’ booty joins in the horrific, curtain-tossing room humidification, as she shamelessly begins wrenching her clit, the sleeves of her jacket flailing like caught in a warped windstorm.

GGRRrOoOOOWWWoOOW!

“Th-this is th-NNNGHGHN!”

***PPPPpMPpMPMPPPSRPPP-pPRPRPPRRRPPPP-PRPPRPRPPRPRPRM
MPPPMRMPR-***

Noise.

Sasha's body frees from its bubbling, lava-like depths a prideful, unruly demon, screeching its way into our mortal realm. Her frame shifts into a perverted arch not expected for a woman of her body type.

My body runs out of the room without any thought, truly fearful of the chemical makeup now flooding the room. Alex follows suit, wide-eyed, and partially mad at another definite lost round. Taji puts her shirt over her nose, moving slowly to the door, but eyes glued to the scene.

**-PPPUURURRPP-BBMMBMB-BBRBRBRRRPPpPPPPURRU PPPP-BBRPRPRPURRPP
UPPRPRP-PPRBBBRRUUMMPPUUMMBBPBP-**

Charis. In possibly the only situation I could ever feel sympathy for her, only sways her tail, as if showing off how well she could handle the heinous act being committed on her lungs.

-BBBRBRBBBGGLGLG-BBBBLUBUBUUBUBUMMBLBBMMBBRGLUBBBBBB-

Taji appears next to me, looking like she just had a world-shifting discovery.

"I think that they're internal lifestyles, constantly soaking in their own farting sprees, have evolved them into being more resistant to the high amounts of methane we rip out!" Her eyes switch between me and Alex, expecting some kind of response.

-BLAP-BAP-BBRBRBBBRRRRRRUUUM-BLAPPBBRRLAPPP-

Alex groans. "So them being shut-in losers is keeping them from dying?"

"Precisely! Speaking of, Arham, your lack of time with these farts has me troubled, are you okay?"

"No! Not really."

The words leave my mouth as nothing but the natural response to being privy to four butts spewing gaseous death en masse, but being in clearer air makes my brain rewire to its current position.

I know, by some deep intuition, that I wasn't going to throw up, but a spasm of dread inside my brain infects me with the very real concept that if I hadn't been with these women separately before, the minor twinges of breathing trouble would be something a bit more dire.

**-b-bbbBbbBbB-BBbbrbbrrrruummvpppPPpPPP-PPBPBPPBPRRUUUUUUUMmPP
PPPPBBBBMMBMMMMMRRUUBUUUULBBRUUPPP!!**

"SSstNNNGN!" Her gurgling detonation ends, and Sasha's body jolts into stillness.

BbbBpPBbbB.

“uUUuugghHn! UuUuUGH! HhUuUAAGH!” Sasha’s exhales become long, loud expletives. Her hand, specifically her pointer and middle finger lock themselves in the crack of her jeans.

PPPPPpPpppPPRRRRRRPPppPPRRRRPPPMMP!

Without a word from Sasha, who lays there slack-jawed and stunlock, Charis lets out a microscopic in comparison release with little fanfare. Its relative normalcy, despite effortlessly being the size I once thought farts could peak at, gives my twinges of fear something to latch onto.

Not a waft of her smell is detected over Sasha’s damp fog of an office chair after a year straight of the results of ethnically unfamiliar dinners, as Sasha’s gut somehow continues to growl the loudest.

“Sasha wins!” Charis concedes the obvious statement, her voice a mile more scraggly post this round.

“I-I-I...I won again?” Her voice stutters in the delusions spawned by her own digestion. Sasha’s body relaxes in her second victory, but the shame of having the crown of most unkempt bowels isn’t something she’s proud of.

Taji saunters back in, only slightly traumatised by the anal absolution witnessed, unlike Alex, who begins sweating out of fear. Of Sasha or shitting herself, I couldn’t tell.

Three more letters are added to the notebook.

Sasha F

Charis FA

Alex FAR

Taji FAR

Alex and Taji look at each other, very aware of their predicament.

“We could’ve been more even if you didn’t let Sasha pick her fart. Fucked over again by new rules!” Alex raged.

“I...wanted to hear her fart a bit more, sue me!”

“Oh, I’m gonna fart your fucking head off.”

“C-charis, baby, why don’t you start us off now?”

Charis, to make it blunt, looks similar to when I caught her on graduation night trying alcohol for the first time. Body only as structurally intact as it is to prevent falling asleep. Earbuds flung to the other side of the bed, yet still seemingly hungry for more Sasha-brand apocalypses.

“UuuggGh, I’m so fucking happyyyy...An S-tier face burner from MetaNeko herself...It’s only fair I return the favooooorr...”

Her limbs move not unlike a puppet’s, no longer hesitant as she climbs onto Sasha, using her jean pockets for leverage, and twisting, plopping her smelly ass onto the back of Sasha’s hair.

“MmmmNNmmMP?”

“Y-yeah...NnnNv-Oh, my tail is raising up~...Here it com-nnNNnNyyYYeeehh-”

PPRPRRRRT!!

“NnnNMMMMMMmMMH! NNNnYMMMHH!”

“Heh...Get my ruinous skunkgirl rips...”

PpPPppPpppPuRRppPPpppURRRprprpPPRPRPP!

Charis’ fists clench as she batters the flailing Sasha with horrid farts. Her semi-uncovered eyes flicker between Alex and Taji, and the game’s scoreboard, almost as a taunt. Not being on the block this round, combined with her delirium from huffing Sasha fart made her into the unhinged perv that broke into my room.

PppPPPPPRPpPPPPPPppppppprprpprrp..

“Get ready for my *big* submission...” She mashes her rump into Sasha violently, not giving her a moment to relax.

Alex rushes in, picking up Charis.

“No you don’t!” Alex grunts, rushing on the scene like someone knowing well what a full powered fart can do to a head. She wrestles her into her grasp, causing the jacket to fall off Charis’ head.

“Eeep!” She covers her head with her arms, as if no one knew her identity.

“You can’t fucking rip on people who don’t consent like that.” Alex lambasts.

“I-I just-look at her, she’s the perfect fart partner! She’s my fuck idol! Arham, she’s so plump and majestic, this is your ideal woman, right?”

What does my preferences in body type have to do with this?

"Don't bring me into this please..."

"We were having so much sexy fart fun, why stop now?" She asked like a spoiled princess. Alex had a look of death in her eyes. I imagine she realises the power she has over Charis now that she isn't in a maid outfit or on work hours.

I don't wish the best for Charis, but this may need to be settled.

"Maybe we should let the eldest of the group handle this problem?" I gesture Alex to Taji.

"Yes, give her to me!" Taji holds her arms out. Alex gives me a look of angered confusion at the less combat-trained potential punisher. Her grasp on Charis tightens.

"You're gonna break her. Keep your head in the contest." I raise my eyebrows in reference to Alex's promise.

"Fine." Alex practically tossed Charis over, landing her in Taji's embrace.

While not having Alex's might, Taji had a caring, breast-forward motherly lift on the taller goth.

"Am I a bad girl~?" Charis whines into Taji's ear.

Ugh.

"Ara~ Does someone need a face to fart in for her turn? Or a tummy rub to get this booty brewing?"

"I thought bad girls get punished?"

"Say no more."

Taji, with lightning speed, goes to her nightstand, which has been quaked to a near 45-degree angle via the ass blasts occurring this afternoon, she whips open the drawer, and only through peripheral vision, I know it's all sex stuff. A clear bottle here, a frayed end there. Not the stealthiest woman, this one.

She pulls out a short whip with a bunch of tiny plastic hairs on the end of it. She swings it in her hand like a trained professional.

"You wanna be a skunk? Playing around an innocent cat? You're going to need a tail~"

"Nooooo, I don't deseeerve it!" Charis pleads, already putting her ass on full display, the embarrassment from her jacket removal eroding immediately.

Alex sits on the bed, the proximity of her rump to Sasha's head makes the streamer flinch.

“Talk to me about this playing video games for money job.”

SMACK!

“MmmMMPPH!” The topless perv clenches her buns

“So I stream myself p-playing games, and people can donate money, either just as a tip, or to make me do...”

SMACK!

PPPPpPPPT!

...stuff.”

SMACK!

“Stuff.”

“Yeah, I-like I’ll do something dumb in the game I’m playing, they can make a video play in the stream...or I fart.”

SMACK!

“It was a way to hide my p-problems behind pretending it was a soundboard. I thought they liked it because it was funny-well-I-I was kinda aware that-”

SMACK!

“-some had a niche appeal...”

SMACK!

SMACK!

PPPpPPRRAP!

“Damn. I can’t trust myself to stay anonymous with gals like Charis around, but that’s a neat option. From one sex worker to another.” Alex put out a fist. Sasha is spooked by it.

“I’m not a sex worker!”

“You’re built like one. Damn girl, that ass is a life ruiner.” She elbows Sasha’s side in solidarity, dragging out the last of her wine.

“I-I”

SMACK!

PPPPpPPpPPEpPppP-PPpPPRRUuUURPPPPPPpPPT-

“Speaking of which.”

Charis blares out an ear-piercing splatter of gas, her tenderised butt tighter than ever. It drags on, spreading her trash smell slowly, but persistently.

PppPPpPPPRPRUUPPpPpUPUPPpPPPPRRPPRRUp-

“Alex, sorry for calling you off Alex, she wasn’t acting right.” I sit next to Alex, aware that this was going to be another conversation-length air breaker.

pPpPPpPPpMMMmmmMMffF-pPpP-PpmMpPPFFfpppPR-

Taji returns to her previous role, kneeling down and huffing, the much more developed woman getting real deep in Charis’ cheeks.

“Nah. I was probably breaking her spine. In my right for her actions, but the pain stays in the octagon.”

-PppPppPppppPRPrrrMmmpP-

“Nf, take my fucking skunk poison, Mommy.” Charis practically sits on her “Mother’s” face.

Taji does...that. Happily. The muffled, gasping moans send tingles through my bones.

“Just imagine the sweat happening between those cheeks...with all that farting and exhaling...” Half-talk, half-whispers come out of Alex.

“So...feral...” Sasha hiccups out.

-pmMmmmMmPPfpfpFffrRmmMpP!

“AaaaAAaahhh...” Charis smothers Taji with the remainder of her fart.

“mMMmMMF! Gud...Giiirrrr...” Taji feels up Charis’s skinny thighs in appreciation.

The MILF’s mature, well-dressed, thick body huffing on the paper-thin in comparison, topless stirs something in me and the other two bystanders.

“Alex, your turn.” Taji shouts through Charis’ ass.

“Sasha, you want to help me a bit?”

“I-I don’t wan-”

“You’re not digging into my ass for gold. You won’t even be in the line of fire.”

“Oh..okay.”

Alex stands, and moves her feet around as if getting into the starting position for a dance recital, ending with one foot perfectly under its respective shoulder.

“Little theatre of the mind here. Before I caved I started a home gym, my favourite feeling was having someone spot me while I powerlift, though it was the one place I was truly terrified of blowing my ass out in.” Alex squats down, grabbing an imaginary bar.

I take notice of how in this pose, her shorts-stretching glutes are pointed right at the Taji-Charis lovefest.

“Sasha, usually this process would involve you being behind me, making sure I don’t drop your body weight in steel on my body. But I’m not moving steel, I’m moving those fucking beans out of me. When I stand up, put a hand on each side of my gut and push a smidge. Got it?”

“Y-yeah.” Sasha is nervous like someone who was tasked with spotting a real world record deadlift attempt.

Alex lets out some very focussed exhales, hyping herself up for what might be her last fart before facing a very brown defeat.

Her fingers jostle, one hand switching to underhand as her body prepares itself for mass exodus.

“Come on! I know you’re lodged in my gut! Get out! HHHHHHhHgGGNN! HHGN! HuHhHHNN!” Her squat tenses up, and her hips lower, making her torso a perfect 45-degree angle.

Her teeth clench into a massive grin.

The “bar” begins to rise.

**PPPPPP-PPPRP-PPMM-PM-RRPPPPRRRRRRPRRRPRPRPRPRRRPPRrp
PPpPPP-**

A nightmare of wind booms out of Alex, firing all over Taji and Alex, making both heads of hair, and Taji’s dress flow wildly. The scent of a post-flamethrower gym soaked in sweat and shitcovers the room, barely overpowering Sasha’s monster brap from last round.

“Up! HHHhHhRrrRRRRnnN!”

PRRUuU-PRUUuUU-MPRUuURRUUURURUUuUuNNUuuUUPPPpPPPP-

Alex stands straight, and Sasha loosely hugs her abs. Her stomach contorts around her hands, adjusting the gas down and, assuming from her no longer smiling, strained face, keeping some stuff away from her hole. The change in stance causes Alex's drenched buttocks to latch onto each other, changing the fart from an open field of noise to a tight airhorn with a turbine worth of air to pass. Taji's centre is subject to much more force, and Charis' hair stops flowing. Taji has to stabilise herself as much as Alex is.

PPPppPPRPRRPPAAPAPARRAAAAAAPPRPRPAPAPuURPPPTPPT!!

It was an almighty ripper, yet competed with Sasha in deepness. Even Taji, who had just spent two minutes drowning in actively polluting ass had to flinch at the sucker punch barrage of a fart.

"UuUUUuUUuUggh...UUuuUUUgaAAaAAAHHH-" Her face relaxes more than I've ever seen out of her, going flush, with a shy smile of relief, a far cry from her wrinkling brow and loud exhaling. Alex's grunts of victory are cut off as she slaps a hand over her mouth as the grunt turns into a moan. She looks at me, trying to see if I noticed the feminine outcry.

Judging by her face, I had certainly noticed it. I feel an undeniable heat on my face.

Okay, maybe I'm not that into farts, but I'm definitely not...not into the reactions they can get out of the farter.

"Ahem." Alex coughs. "Thanks for that Sasha, your hands were a good makeshift weight belt."

"Thank you?"

Her muscles have a new layer of sweat, with her foul winds doing the same for Charis and Taji. It was obvious that Alex had beaten Charis this round, but there was still another competitor, one losing round from blowing the big one.

Taji stands up from her booty-sniffing sabbatical, and turns to regard Alex, not ignoring the direction her ass was pointed.

"Charis, I need one more thing out of you to prove you're a good skunk-girl..." Taji sways her hips, hypnotising the relieved Charis.

Alex turns around to watch Taji's rebuttal, and I get a front row sight to the giant, tinged sweat mark going down the crack of her shorts

"Yes, Mother...I'll eat all your filthy m-MILF ass while you destroy my t-throat with your-"

"Uh-uh-uh! That's the reward. You gotta help me perform a feat of gastronomical wonder like Alex's power booty just did. Of course, I must prove to be the rightful queen if I'm the one to take my worldshaking dump on the throne. But I will not stoop to brutish acts of strength, or

sheer libido and desperation like you and Sasha.” Taji brazenly rubs her ass on Charis’ willing cunt, sensually grabbing at it as well.

“Reach under my dress, and trace your fingers up my torso.”

Charis goes pale, then charges her hands end of the dress, tongue running over own teeth in resistance to not go all in on the debaucherous act.

“Feel free to touch wherever, my pet~”

Charis’ arms travel, feeling up Taji’s voluptuous body. Her arms are covered by the dress, but it could be presumed that she did not have much experience with this type of action beyond Alex.

For a split second, Taji’s plump booty is on display, and the part of her pantyhose that covers her lower butt crack is noticeably tattered, but not sporting a significant hole.

While eye-fucking and grazing Taji’s legs like it was fine china, Charis suddenly stops right after the curve of Taji’s rump.

“Hm?”

“Now Charis baby, you’re gonna see two strings dangling there, do you see them?”

“Y-yeah.”

“Don’t! Don’t pull them yet, baby. Just have them in your hands and stand back up.”

Charis stands straight, with two strings in her hands. Those strings seem to be attached to Taji’s back, making her dress lift, exposing her bottom, and...a corset.

Oh...oh no.

“When I say go, pull at full strength until you can’t anymore, or I yell. Then you get to plant your nose right up against my gaping windhole. Got it?”

“Yeah.” Charis is, to put it bluntly, fucking terrified at the potential this winning plan has. But her core of fart-based uber-sleaze keeps her grip tight on the corset strings.

“Alright. Ladies, we’ve been privy to some nice, even dangerous girl toots.” She turns, giving the other three of us a profile view of the operation. “It’s time for *women* to start farting.”

Taji rubs her lips against each other. She cracks her neck. She swivels her hips.

“She’s not...fucking hell.” Alex watches, stressed, aware of the honest chance that her shorts might not be white for long.

“Uff...”Sasha massages her gut, scared of the more physically fit competition despite being ahead.

“Now!”

Charis pulls with everything she has. Her lack of fitness experience causes a strange form, tugging out and up, eerily similar to a wedgie. The continued raising of the dress reveals Taji’s purple corset, tightening and tightening her midsection.

Taji puts a hand over her heart, her face trying to reflect her mature age, but the amount of gas and probably shit barrelling down her bowels made her profile crack in small tics. Her rump quivers and flexes, preparing the walls of flesh for the upcoming war on oxygen and olfactories. For such a zen-based woman, it seems like her perverted competitiveness had corrupted her already stormy stomach.

**BBBBRBRBAAAPAAPPAPBBMMRRUAAAPPPPP-PPRMMM-BRRABABAAAA
AUuuUUUAUAUaaAAA-**

“UuUUUUuAAAhHH!” Taji’s stoic act fades much more easily than Alex’s, as she bends a bit, and her arms spasm, grabbing the front of her dress. Any facade of anything other than exhibitionism was shattered. With previous rounds, she could hide behind yoga poses, but this was just booming out farts for the world to see.

Charis, unsure that she could ever hear the go-ahead over the gas catastrophe, drops down, gets hit with wind that would knock over an unaware target, and bites the bullet, fighting the current until her head makes contact between the hurricane cheeks.

**-APAPPpPRPAPM-MMMMMMMUURURMMMMMMmMMBLUBMMBMBBBBMMBMMM
MM-**

“Good-nNf-girl!” Taji lols her tongue out, and lifts a leg to keep her anus’ wrath at a destructive level with the new head-shaped obstruction. The back of the dress soars up, exposing the debauchorous act for all to see and especially hear. The polite, sex-positive, cool mom-type adult has now turned into a nympho with an atomic ass, a culmination of the discoveries she’s made today. Her free hand unapologetically performs a harp solo under her dress, flicking her clit with controlled force as she fondles her breast.

“UuuUUUUUnNNGH! CooOmmMME on! NNNNNff!”

-PPpPPpPMMMmPPP!!

MMMMMPPPMMPMPRRPP!

“MMmm.”

BBBMMBMMMBMB!

PBPPBMMmMMMPRPRMRMRM!

“Uuugh.”

bbbBBBBbBMmMMBBLBMBMmMm...

“Yes...”

MMMMMmMMmBB!

Despite finishing its goddess-like submission, Taji’s rump wants extra credit. The yogi had made a demonic pact by choosing tlayudas for lunch, as could be heard obviously by anyone in the surrounding acre, and Taji is now starting to pay for it.

PpPPpPPpSSpPSPSMmB!

“Oh...”

PpPPPPRPRRRuUUUuuUuPpPmMMP!

“Ee-OooUuoO-AH-”

PPpPpPpppp...PpPRUuUuuuuUunMmmMBBUuUBuuLBUB....

Like a grilled cheese stuck to the pan, Taji’s less pure hand pries Charis out of her hotbox ass, covering her hole after a final fart with a disturbing deepness.

“OooOOhhh man...Thank you, Charis, stuff could have happened if you weren’t up there.” Taji shivers in the delight of giving Alex’s max strength fart a run for her money.

Charis seems to have gotten karmic justice for violating Sasha’s space, even if there was a hint of sexual stamina still in her. She doesn’t look like she’s getting up soon, but an undeniable look of validation for her fetish is splayed on her face.

“Sasha, wrap us up!” Taji shouts with less gung-ho, a hand still wedged up her ass for support.

Sasha...is not doing great. Getting skunked by Charis sent shocks through all systems, and that’s not good for the digestive one in particular. She breathes deeply, a horrible idea in this ecosystem, as her bulbous behind turns back and forth from jelly to steel to help her weaker, less trained rectum.

“Come on, game girl. Toot a bit so Taji can shit herself.” Alex makes a schoolyard-level threat for her apex body.

“Mmgh-” Sasha groans into the mattress.

“Woah, woah. Honey, I’d start getting scared about pooping a giant hole in those shorts.” Taji rebuts.

“G-guys-”

“Well you’re the one who prepared the meals, that give you an-”

“Sasha, what is it you have to say?” I attempt to ease the tension, shifting the attention to the bashful Sasha.

“I-I don’t think it’s necessary to judge who did better b-between you two...”

“Why’s that?” Taji places a hand on her gut.

“I’m about to beat both of you badly.”

GGgGRRgGggGggrgGGGRGRRR!

What would be trash talk is backed by a painful growl from Sasha’s core.

“Ooh...ow...Alex, help me!”

“I-wha-how?” Alex almost takes offence to the favour being returned.

“Just...hah. Like Charis d-”

“No. No fucking way, I’m not doing that!”

“But I’m gonna-”

“Alex,” I interrupt Sasha.

Sasha’s gonna fucking blow, I need to find something.

“I’m not taking that dweeb’s shitter to my face!”

“I saw how much you like getting your hand warm...”

“I’m not getting that close again.”

“Maybe the foot?”

Her left left leg flexes on instinct.

“I’m having the worst day, you know that?”

“I’ll put extra consideration for you beating Taji this round.”

“Fiiiiiiiiiiiiine. Ugh.”

Alex leaps onto the bed, making Sasha’s mouth force open to hold in her back with the sudden quake.

A socked foot performs a slow motion stomp into Sasha’s crack.

“Eugh...” Alex has disgust on her face, but the warmth of the molten jeans is making itself known, as a subtle run of *sweat* starts at her ankle.

GMMGMMGMGMmMMGMMmMmmmMMmmMM!

This wasn’t a stomach sound. A volcano is about to erupt.

“No-I-ngn-this-N-”

A volcano’s main export isn’t gas.

**BbBBRBRrRRAAASSMPPLLAAaCK-PPRT-SppSPSLAAPLAPAIpPPpLAPAPLAap
APAPuuLippPP-pPPLAAPALAPAPpPpPPACK-**

Roaring. Torrential. Lava.

“NNnnNGHHHG! NO! N-nnNNOO-”

A mass within the jeans expands, enveloping Alex’s foot at such speed that the fighter in training couldn’t pick her foot up until it’s in an inch-deep indent.

“Fuck!” Alex’s knee lifts with enough aggression to break any jaw, her fight or flight kicking in, backing off the bed, eyes keeping watch on the caustic waste accident.

Uncovered by Alex’s foot, Sasha’s jeans show off what it means to lose control. A constant geyser paints the seat of the pants.

**-BbMMbMmbbmBBLAPPaILPAPSPSPsPPAAPAPAC-BBBMMMBMMMSSSBbBLU
LAPAPSPUuURPPpPpPpPpLPLPpPAAPL-**

“Uhhuh-UunNN-NOooO-”

**-PPP-PLUT-PPPRRrRUuPpPpPP-PpLAPaaAPP-PRuURPMmUuuuRUpPuPPPR
UpPpP-**

Her bottom is now split, as all clenching is now futile, and the anus must gape to accomodate for the mass delivery. Her jeans make a valiant effort to stay in the shape of an ass, but the force and sludgy viscosity of her crap made them balloon out, and spread down to her thighs.

“No-no-no-no-No!”

-PPRPRrUAuaaUaUUuAuAPSPsSpPpPPuUuAuuAUummMpPPLApPPRUTTPpPpTAApPp-

Her poor whispers can barely be heard over her squirting, sharting ass, with the sounds of wet cement being fired out of a cannon again and again overpowering any other. Sasha’s worst nightmare is realised as all we can do is stare at the spectacle. She leans forward, covering her face with her hands and the sheets, hiding as if this isn’t being burnt into our memories, for various reasons.

-PPPBLUbBUbBbUUBLUbBRBRBRUbBLUbBbBB-

“Nnn-”

BLUG-PPpPPpPRRgG-BBUURURBLPPPpPP-

“GgGgrRAaaaH!”

SPPLAAPAPAAPP-BRUUMPPTPPpPBbBLuBbMMLpPUuUuuUUUMM-pPppPRRUUT-

“Uuuuhuhuh-aaaaaaaa...”

Put-PbpBbBUuURBbLUuUURBbBBBBbBPpPLURRRBPRPPRPp-PpppppPBbIBILpPppbIL...

At two minutes of nonstop explosive shit shooting, her diarrhoea slows, ending with a hovering pool that went from each of her knees, to almost a 2 inch dent at the asshole-level of her jeans. She kicks her legs up to prevent the flow from leaving her pants, but the exerted energy-

...PPRRrrNNnN-SPPAPAPAACCK!

“NNnN!”

A visible chunk of shit smashes into the back of the jeans, making the first notably brown mark into the undergarments, with the rest of the jeans slowly converting to a much darker green.

“Fuck. Game over, Sas.” Alex chides, holding a hand over her nose. Slow dread takes over her face.

Neither Alex or Taji deserves to lose.

“Man, I can’t believe Sasha’s out *instead* of either of you...” I imply a rule change.

“Um...I guess that means...yeah...cause Sasha broke a rule...neither me or Alex are out...”
Taji makes 3 letters.

Sasha FXXX

Charis FA

Alex FAR

Taji FAR

The three remaining contestants look upon the scoreboard. Alex and Taji are glad of the ruling audible, still scared of the wobbling brown bubble they lay on, while Charis is fueled by delirious, sexual id.

bPLuBBRUbBbbbBL...

PBbBbrRruUAbBbb...

“UuuUuhhhh-HhuHUUUuUUuhhh...”

PBBBBpMMMMPT!

BbBBbBBRRrUUUBBMPPpPT!

BbBUbBUbLUbBbBRAAPPP!

Sasha couldn't make the stakes more clear. Her protection-less pants grow yet darker.

“I went last before Sasha. My turn.” Taji gives her gut a collection of escalating gut pats, angering the controlled monsoon within her. A dangerous strategy considering what's been witnessed, but possibly the only chance for survival.

Her legs spread just a bit, in a much more spartan technique than her usual.

“Come on, Mommy wants a new pair of...NNn-”

PpFffFfFFFSFSPPPFpFFFFF-

“Pants-shitters NngGUGH!!”

-FfFFPPPpPPPPRRPRPRARARAAAAPAPPARRAAPPRRPPRPPARAPAP-

Her eyes don't leave the scoreboard, even after the fart begins. Her eyes glaze over it, the fart reflecting the new found relaxation in the face of ultimate defeat.

“Ooh-uhn-”

**-ppPPpPPRRRpPPAAP-PRUB-pPpPuBBpPPpPppPRrrrrRruuUuUuuuuUussusuuUun
nNnpPb...**

Her face goes dire with silent straining, lips pressing together. The fart teters, going near silent as her eyes and hands flinch towards her bottom.

“Breathe, Taji.” I place a hand on her shoulder, closing it to just about the level of force Taji had with my body.

Her eyes, deep in dazed concentration, look at me, and close. Her whole body stops tensing.

**-PrRrRRuT-PRPRPAPAPAAAP-PRPRAAPP-PROP-PPRPROOPPpPpOPOPpPpPPP-P
PpPSssSssP-PPRPRPRRRRAAAAAPPRAAPP-PpPPpPRROoOouUUPP-BBBR-P
RRPUuUUpAAPPPPAPAPRUUUUUUAAUAAAAAPT!!**

A disgusting barrage makes Taji’s wide cheeks move more violently than anything her own movement could. A fireworks show shooting into a rotting garden dominates the room, amazingly taking over Sasha’s dirty explosion. Unlike everything other than Sasha’s last round, this felt like something was truly being emptied, like Taji didn’t need to drop six more years worth of beans through her anus. Her face still has some libido in it, but her glassy-eyed bliss told me more. She doesn’t even moan, she only has relief.

Her dress, the true victim in all of this, is spared from an accident, but the atmosphere under there is now in a state I’m not sure even Charis wants to take a stab at. The bottom and back of the dress’s fabric appears much less even and opaque as the front, though.

“Mmm...” She exhales with a quite literal inner peace, feeling up her rump and thighs, squishing the soft meat with humble pride.

I puff out my chest, taking my own bit of pride in possibly saving the room from two consecutive splattering, muddy makeovers.

“Thanks, Arham. I might’ve blown the big one there.” She taps her gut, mildly scared that “the big one” may be the only occupant left in there.

“Charis.”

The new front runner had spent the whole of Taji’s turn burning a hole looking at Sasha’s...hole. She saunters towards her target.

“Don’t worry, MethaNeko, you won’t be alone in embarrassment for long.” She grabs a wad of her midsection.

BRBBWwwWUuPpPpPBbBBBRBRPBuuUuUBP!

“UuuGghHuUuU...stnN-ngh...” Sasha is powerless to halt the bastardization of the care I gave her.

“Don’t worry, I’ll show you how to make pants r-reek forever without ruining them.” She hooks a hand in Sasha’s waistband for leverage, and points her weapon at Sasha’s head again.

“Charis.” Alex’s eyes are full of murder, but she holds a hand towards me, easing my fear of her intentions.

Charis returns the look. “C’mon, Sasha, you haven’t said ‘no’ yet, but I’ll give you a chance to properly give you the say.”

“What! I-uh..I don...that’s...” Sasha stutters, coming to a sudden full stop without giving a concrete answer.

Alex’s eyebrows go up at the ambiguity.

“Good enough!” Charis’ loaded ass shifts an inch closer to Sasha’s face, which turns towards the danger zone.

?

“GgGGGggnnnUUuuuuGH!”

PPpp-PPP-PppP-PpPP-PNNpPNn-pPruP-POP-ppPPpprrnn-PPpPP-PpPPRubBB-ppppp PPpPPRRROP-

It’s not loud, not even very forceful but the fart just sounds mean. Her lips curl and twist to show the intentional evil being put into this scorcher. Each individual bubble pops into Sasha’s face with the most unhealthy stink a wholesome lunch could manage, like Charis had the ability to concoct a vile gas pocket every second.

PrrRrrrRRn-PruBbbUPpPP-PpPPPPRn-PRPRPRRAAAP!

Charis finishes a lukewarm, still fucking nightmarish, but still below average methane burst for these four, with some real shit-smelling bubbles, spraying her mist into her idol.

“Mnnyeh...” A sound of indeterminable emotion comes from Sasha.

BuUBBbBbBbBluUbBBRBRRRUB!

A sound of slightly less indeterminable emotion comes from Sasha.

Charis takes beyond brave whiffs of Sasha’s latest shart, wiggling her own in Sasha’s face as a mark of appreciation. Charis’ scent of a garbage dump on fire, combined with the gasoline used as fuel mingles with Taji’s rotting egg buffet and Sasha’s shitty waste landfill

makes one of two things clear, either these girls are really on their last stands, any moment leading to a double browning, or there are yet undiscovered lows these women can go with the sheer terror odors they constantly produce.

“Hnf!”

There’s one person whose smell isn’t sending me over the edge, mostly through it getting shoved out by even more dire forces, and it’s the most desperate to win that’s still in this.

“MmmMnNNGG!”

Alex shifts her body around, grunting her sweaty gas down her pipe, also keeping any of her hopefully more solid stool from costing her dignity.

It’s a rather cartoonish affair, as the wine turns her from an elite specimen, to a haughty farting savant meeting an even match for the first time, as her her eyes frantically go from straining her gut into balloon animals, shooting murder eyes at Charis, and Taji, the woman who she needs to make shit her britches lest she succumb to that fate herself.

“Arham. Hgn...Hold my hand. For leverage.” She extends her hand, and turns her head in sync with another twist in her body, but also to avoid seeing my reaction to the romantic act.

“O-of course, Alex.”

I reach out, and lace our fingers-

She yanks her arm away.

“No. I’ll crush it.” She looks at Charis, who gives her a smug grin, still in the only state of advantage she could get over Alex outside of her maid escapades. Alex shakes her head, putting all focus into her glare of competitiveness at Taji.

“I’m gonna beat you at your own game, grandma.” Alex gives a hearty dose of fighting words to the far from elderly Taji.

Alex’s legs spread. Her legs continue spreading. They very suddenly stop spreading, as her pelvis is more than a bit above the ground.

“Fuck. Okay, you got me there.” She shimmies her way back to standing, giving up on outdoing Taji’s split fart.

“That’s very impressive for someone with as little experience as your form shows.” Taji delivers a back-handed comment.

“Well maybe I could’ve got a training partner if I knew there were non-freaks with asses that would get them kicked out of any well-meaning establishment.” She points at her glutes, her internal struggles converting into an anger displaying both in her words and her bowels.

“Considering the lot I’ve met today, I’m still not sure that’s true.”

Taji takes offence to the insult but understands, given the sexual spin she had taken today's problems on.

"It might've been a stretch but it's likely we all could've used the bathroom in the time we've spent playing this stupid shity game, and for that, I take pleasure in what I'm about to do."

Alex points her ass right at Taji, and bends as far as she can, her arms clamped around her calves, folding herself in half in under a second.

GgGGGGGRGRRROOUOORUrRRgGG!

Her body does *not* like this motion. Alex wants to end more than Taji's time in the game with this one.

"mmm-mMGGMGMF!"

**PPRPRPRPRRRRRRRRARARAAAAAPAPAPUPAAAAUUAAPPPPP
APAPP-**

A monster bulge comes from Alex's bulbous muscle rump, bending the tight fabric far more than what should be possible while already packing such an almighty ass within it.

I rush of adrenaline courses through me. Sasha shitting herself was bad, but Alex adding onto this!?

My fears are washed just a bit, when I listen to the sound of what's causing the shorts to bulge.

**-PPPRPRPRRRUUUUuUUUUUUUAUAUAUAAAAUUUAUUPPPPP-PPPRPRP
RRRRUUOOAOAAAUUAUAAA-**

This is just her farting.

A horrible sound, like a crowd of vuvuzelas after a clinching goal tears through the hole in her shorts.

The hole in the shorts?

A small, pinprick hole at the bottom of the crack in her shorts is blown through with a tempest of methane, a disgusting roar with no end in sight. While this may be the most force put into any of today's farts, Alex has her head in the game, taking deep inhales of her own poison, letting the world know that such destructive acts were her daily troubles.

"HaahhHnNNg...HnNnnaaa.."

**-AAAAPPPAPAPARRAAAPPppPNNnNNNUuUuuUUUNNpPPPPPPRRRRRAA
APAP-**

As her fart shows no sign of dying, other parts of her do.

The flexing of her ass needed to deliver this calibre of gas, in addition to the hair-blowing gale at the core of it, begins to take its due on the humble, white shorts she dons. With how much exercise and protein mega-farts they must have dealt with in their unlucky lifetime, even this is unforeseen.

**-AAAaAAaaAFFFPFFFFFPFPFPPRRRAAPAPFFFRRRRAANNPppPpPPPPSP
SPPP-**

Like a portal to another world, the miniscule hole becomes a dime.

Then a quarter.

A bottlecap.

A soda can.

“nnNNf...UuuuNNng...Aaah...”

**-PPPRRRRRRAAAAAApAPAAAAOAOoOPAPpPPPPAPAPPPRRRRREPEPE
APAPAPBBRBRRRPAAAA-**

The circle metaphors become useless as the rip starts burning up the threads along the seam, doubling the growth of the hole. It climbs halfway to her tailbone, and crawls downward until it's nearly possible to see her vulva from her bent over position.

By the sheer power of her gas, she had put on a pair of assless chaps without changing. Her sculpted cheeks openly jiggle and thrash as gas parts them. The tremor-causing fart continuing without falter makes Alex's lack of awareness to this fashion do-not heartbreakingly clear.

APP-PPRRRRRAAAFFAFFFPFPFPFPPRRRRrrRRRRPPP!!!

“Fuck. Fuck, that feels so fuuucking good. I think my-uuUgh-ass is on fire.” In her final moments of naivete, she unbends with this look of ugly, shameless bliss, her glistening hair arcing like an overworked movie star. She looks at me, even with her very understandable aversion to farts, expecting a sort of congratulations for her 10/10 performance this round.

Alex takes a whiff of her shorts-eroding bomb, coughing heavily for a few seconds.

“Damn. You girls really had me thinking I might not be the worst farter in the world.” She sighs with faux-embarrassment at her abilities. Her hand makes exaggerated waves behind her ass, each swing getting closer and closer to the problem area.

Any second.

“But no, I’m still that unlucky-”

Smack!

“Ugh, who the fuck-how-I...” Her hand, in a fit of morbid curiosity, clenches, making her fingers sink into her swamped crack.

“The fuck!? Oh, shit. Fuck. No!”

It’s an emotional process of grieving not dissimilar from Sasha’s clothing casualty, but where Sasha is an already pretty pathetic person, Alex carries herself like a grown woman, and this is the silver bullet to reminding her of the gross and unladylike reality at hand.

BBBRBRROONnPpPPTT!

A crude honk involuntarily comes out of her in shock.

“...” Alex does not go quiet out of shock or shame. She *seethes*.

I step slowly in front of Alex’s exposedness, providing quite unnecessary privacy. The change in temperature from the side of the room to Alex’s strike zone is vast.

“Uh.” Taji perks up, sounding like she got hit with a tornado. She looks...not fantastic, physically. Being the direct target of such a force made her hair into a scraggly nest, and her glasses rest on her forehead despite her not moving them with her hand.

“Alex wins the round.” She states flatly, like if the concussive blow knocked the memory of what that means out of her.

“Wha-I have a fuckin’ hole in my shorts, can we call this off now.”

Taji wordlessly, shakily scribbles her own demise.

Sasha FXXX

Charis FAR

Alex FAR

Taji FART.

Alex exhales, trying to hide her very clenched fists.

"I guess that's some victory." She shouts over my shoulder.

"Darn. I was so confident that my cooking would make me the windiest." Taji has her usual whimsy, but the blunt force she received is taking the...well wind out of her.

Taji's eyes close as she admits defeat. Her closed eyes squint a little, as a low crackling enters the room.

PRACK!-PpFfffFRrRAcCKpPPPPppPPrRRrbBBRrrRACcCC-

Even her experienced body couldn't hide the absolute rock that is being passed, as her face contracts and her body shifts subconsciously. The smell of pure shit emanates through the room as Taji's dress blooms outwards at a frightening pace.

With bravery unbecoming of me, I walk around to get a better view. Taji lifts the dress for all to see her work.

"Mmh..."

Her eyes follow me, her face one of crushing defeat, physical exhaustion...and exhibitionist pleasure. I decide to look at the only thing that could make me more uncomfortable, what she's currently outputting into her pantyhose.

It's something superhuman to say the least.

A turd the width of my wrist snakes down the pantyhose, slowing its descent halfway down her thigh, before it begins folding on itself. It is almost cartoonishly smooth, with only small cracks to confirm that it came from a real person, and not an ice cream dispenser. She just keeps pushing, her face turning from zen straining to ecstatic relief over the course of 90 seconds, with her unbroken shit ending as a frighteningly perfect butt padding.

Taji lets her dress fall, the tight undergarment smooshing the waste to the point that, sans the smell, as her dress falls over what appears to be just a larger rump.

The other three watch this in silence, minus Sasha occasional aftershocks, as Taji ties, maybe outdoes Sasha's shit with a tenth of the social trauma and pain.

Taji is now awash in pleasure, as even though she lost, her game is about to reach its natural conclusion.

"Sasha, why don't you use my shower while I help with the final round?"

"Y-yes..." She tries moving her body, but stops when she realises there's little way to get to the bathroom without her shit flowing out her pant legs. "Uh-"

"I'll clean it all up, just get all wet for me, baby."

“Yea, ma’am.” Sasha rolls off the bed, a definite stain already present from where she lay, and takes a walk of shame to the shower, holding the water balloon of waste.

“Okay, let’s see who you pick as the winner, Arham!” Taji claps her hands together.

I look at the two remaining contestants. The woman who spurred this phenomenon in my life, and the woman who made it take four women blasting at full capacity to take it away. They both have faces that imply that they are still packing dangerous winds, but are on their last legs, having held their shit back for however long this hellish contest has lasted. Even with Charis’ hard fetish, and Alex’s torn bottom, they both clearly want to win, as they look at me like one would...a trophy.

Charis gives me straight “fuck me” eyes, seemingly knowing that even against my better judgement, I would say yes if she asked for another round with her. Alex gives me stone determination, as if I was a damsel in distress who needed saving from Charis’ corruption.

I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t into this part.

I want to be Charis’ plaything.

I want to be Alex’s medal.

I want to be Sasha’s chair.

I want to be Taji’s massage table.

Why is my heart beating so fast...?

Breath, idiot.

Air in, air out.

Why don’t I feel like I’m getting oxygen?

Air in, methane out.

Fuck.

Methane in, faeces out.

...Run.

Stars flash over me in incomprehensible patterns.

The smell of shit and everything toxic isn’t a smell, it’s the only thing in my lungs.

Black.

...

I awake, the stars fading out, with a plastic device over my face.

I take the biggest breath of my life, as a smell like an over-cleaned pool enters me, a reminder of so many birthdays I had planned at the start of my career.

The end of my breath makes my brain aware that I am still in the same room I fainted in, and now that my lungs are working as intended, I get the true smell of this room for the first time.

I lurch.

Every cheap hotel room I've ever been in in my career. The unwashed sheets. The unflushed toilets. The mold actively eating the moisture in the vent.

A 40-person sorority I had to corral into playing drinking games, the aftermath of which was everyone who had drunkenly vomited passed out, and a dozen porta-potties tipped over.

Having to give a pep talk to a blasted couple at a gender reveal party, right next to an overflowing fast food place's dumpster.

My brain ran through these dark memories to cope with the infinitely worse plague only four attractive booties can put out after a light lunch.

"He's good!" Taji's voice celebrates.

"What happ..." I cut myself off. I know what happened, but the circumstances were so uncouth that innocence is my only way to be a polite host about this.

"These happened."

BBBbBBbBBRRrAAPpPPLAP!

Taji lets out a fart, vision clears up just in time to see the relief in her eyes as she bombs into what sounds like her monster wad of shit.

"How long was I out?"

"Under 2 minutes. I knew I'd have to break out the masks for you eventually. You lasted a lot longer than I predicted!" I feel the mask, which was a makeshift gas mask made with some plastic, soda cans and some kind of air purifier.

"So the final round-"

"You didn't miss a thing!"

"Yay..." To be fair, I was quite excited to see who would win, and I still am, but the throbbing in my head might say otherwise.

"Is there a..." She looks at the general state of me. She looks maybe a bit too hard at my crotch. "I can judge since I'm out."

"Please, and make sure their butts are pointed away."

"Don't wanna be downwind, I understand."

"No. I want to see their faces."

"Mm...Okay." She waltzes away, and two things come into my senses as I wake up. First, Charis and Alex are both knelt on the edge of the bed, looking very guilty for what they did to me. Even if I was put through hell, maybe because of it, this moment of regret in their eyes made me want to make love to them even more than before.

The second thing I notice is much less subtle.

BBBBMMBRRMRRRBOOPPP!

BbBBbBBMMBBBBBBBRAAPPAPAP!

BBRUP-BAP-BBRBRRRUUUMMPpPPPPMMP!

BBRUM-BBRROP-POP-BRBRRRBBMMmMMMMRMRRMRBRRMRRBM-BRRRMP!

Waking up, my brain must have assumed it was white noise, but it clears itself, revealing the combination of running water, and an overpaid brass band. Gasps of pleasure, drowned by the two other sources of noise wail behind them.

Taji notices my eyes wandering.

"These two were pretty lucky. Sounds like Sasha could blow us all out of the water if she didn't have the most aggressive poop I've ever seen. Dang, can that girl rip. She's polluting that shower right now!" Taji quivers in arousal, her thighs tightening.

"C-can we start? That toilet ain't getting any emptier..." Charis sweats, the laxative she took ready and very willing to push out more than enough gas for the win.

"I thought that me going last last round meant I go first?" Alex asks, a dominant grin eking through her sorrow of my position. She swings her hips, her tattered booty giving Taji a grand eyeful.

"What are you ev-you g-gassed so hard your pants dissolved! Why do you want to win?" Her voice implies dominance, but her body flinches inwards, like it's preparing for a gut punch, which I guess it is metaphorically, said otherwise.

"Your loss is my gain, Chary. I know you're terrified of these fucking godly farts to crown me the winner here." Alex's whole body flexes to intimidate her opponent.

“Well...” Charis has to take in purposeful breaths of the damp, wet poison around us to finish her comeback. “...at least I fucked Ari.” She darts her eyes at me for a bit, then at Alex.

Woah.

A deep exhale comes from her opponent, who, antithetically, wipes the sweat from her forehead. Alex’s flexing intensifies, each muscle seemingly rejecting the fact that Charis could have more game than her.

“Taji, get your judging pants on, I’m about to blow a hole in this bed.” Alex cracks her neck, and sucks her abs in and out.

Taji silently watches over Alex, holding her hands out, possibly to console and massage her through the upcoming dire passing of gas, but keeps from touching her, either through fear, or...no, it’s fear.

Alex’s gut bubbles and churns as she twists and turns, grinding her bare, drenched ass into the mattress, the sheet visibly wedgieing into her crack. Suddenly, her chest lifts, and her muscles become as undefined as I’ve ever seen them. I swear I could see the anger and annoyance that had come to her via the events of today had shot out of her.

In the moment of mental resetting, her body must be free of all excess.

**PPPPRRRRUUUAUAPPPRRPRRR-PPURRT-PPPRPRPPRRRRRPRPARRPPP
AAAAAA-**

Everything’s shaking.

“Uuoh-UuUNH-uuUUUuUoonhH-Uuu-”

I force myself to sit up to look at the source of the sound of a distant explosion.

**-PPPRPRPRRRRAAAP-PPRRAAPPPRPRRRPPPPAAPPUUURN-PRRRUUNNT-P
RRRAAAAAPPAAAPAPARRRRNN-FffffFPPpPPPFPPFFF-PRUUBBPBP-**

Alex’s posture is immaculate, with an arched back and a hand on each thigh, but that might be because something might break if so much force was occurring in and outside her body and she wasn’t supporting her own body as much as she could.

-PPPMmmm-PPpPPPMRRAAAAAPP-PRAP-PRAP-PRROOUUAAPPP-

Her face is less immaculate, and much more of a giveaway of her being the culprit to this disaster, blinking fast, nose crinkled, and mouth opening just enough to let laborious breaths out.

**-PPRRRUUUOOONT-PuBP-PPPLAPPALLAPPPRBBRROPppPPPPppPP
POBPPPP-PPRRUUGuPPpPPPBOPPRUUTT-PRat-pppTPpp...**

“Fuck.” Alex belts out a dry tone.

GGGGgGGggGgggGGubBIBbbbGBGbbBBGBbGGgg...

A tumultuous gurgle sounds, and Alex’s body leans to the side, a cheek lifting and spreading itself from its sister. Alex looks at me with all the fear a woman of her stature could. She exhales once more, and even from my front view, I see her glutes flex.

-PfFFFFFFFrRRRrRRRPPPFPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPppPPPPFRT!!

The driest sounding fart I’ve ever heard. Alex’s pupils dilate at me.

Her body convulses.

“OOoooOOHH, FUCK yeah! UuUUuuugH! MmmMMmmmnNnnyYAAAAaash!” In both heavenly relief, and victory appearing on the horizon, Alex’ exterior melts as she moans like nobody’s watching.

Taji breaks in with polite applause.

“Bellissimo! A fart that controlled in pitch could only come from a highly trained sphincter. A beautiful sound, reminding one of a masterful symphony, tragically muffled through layers, but you feel its melody in your bones. You’ve given my bed frame its hardest shellacking since the time I slept in after trying vegan spicy ramen. Your bottom has brought this room a deluge of scents recalling protein binges and long working days worth of farts blowing out in rare moments of privacy. A-”

“My. Turn. Please.” An interruption to Taji’s tributus soliloquy sounds out. Charis shakes, laxative guts proving stronger than her untrained form.

“Oh...yes.” Taji scoots left, now sitting behind Charis. Her nostrils expand, prepping for the second half of her duty.

Charis clearly has a lot going on. Something is possessing her, as if this fart is going to be physically bigger than her, as she squirms and twitches and snatches the sheets in her hands, her topless midsection moves with little resistance from Charis’ will. Where Alex had to hold back a boulder of shit, Charis is packing a bullet train.

Alex, as opposed to Charis’ smack talk, sits there, loopy but stoic, confident in victory.

PPPRPRRRRRRPRPRRRprprpRPPPRPRRRPPRPPppPPRPRAOoOuuUUPP-

“UhHAhhhH!”

Without any consent, a mass of wind fires out of Charis, inflating the sheets that had been coincidentally placed above her rump.

ppPppPPRRrROoPPppPRUuOOUmPPPTTpPPPpPPPppRPrprprRAaaApPP-

Charis face has all the focus in the world, body betrays her, bucking with each of the many peaks and valleys of this wildly pitch-shifting fart. Taji keeps a watchful eye, her ability to judge such a strange act befuddling an onlooking Alex.

-PPppPRRnnNT-ppPPRAPAPpPP-PPRoOppOOppPoPPPRPRPRREPPPPREEPPppPPP-

A face not of fear, but deep foreboding spans Charis' face as her fart becomes whistle high in pitch, and only slightly less powerful.

-PRpropPPPRPAP! PRRAAPPRP-

"TwennnnHhnN..." Charis tries to form a word, but it turns into a groan as she continues pushing.

Alex's eyes light with fire.

"That was a stop! Stop!"

PppPRPRAaAapPPppPPpUuuuuUururupPpppPPpPpPPP...

Charis' fart slows but purrs with enough vigour to keep the sheets hovering.

...pPpPPRAssPSPSpprpPRpSRppppPPpUpPppPpp...

"Nooooooo...Twenty-one point eight..." Charis officially categorises her submission, while continuing this current fart.

"I'll be honest," Taji perks up, shaking her head like the disappointed judge she is. "You really had something there."

-PpPPUpPppPRuUppBluPPpP!

PRuUUT! PPpPRAbbBBIApPAbBRM! pRRnN! PPrrpRrrAAPpPPppRRT!

"HggGggNNnn...HhaAAannNNnH..." Even with her imminent defeat, Charis grunts like mad to stop the upcoming laxative-sponsored bomb, letting out an endless stream of gasping toots.

Alex stands, eyes awash in victorious swagger, but stomach far from the end of its battle, props of the bed. Her hands are behind her back, buffing her buffed chest, and putting some ego to her strut, and she walks to the bathroom.

GGGRROOWWL.

And then she jogs to the bathroom. Her hands are rammed between the valley of her exposed behind.

“Oh, she really needs to shit.” Taji smiles with fear. “I know that face. She’s embarrassed herself a lot today, but this is her worst nightmare.”

I hear steps.

“Fuck! Fuck, dammit, ggnnNNnNNuuAAhHH!”

Plop!

I hear an ass crash into porcelain.

“N-”

**PRROOP-SSPPLAPPpPLAPPPpP-SpPppPACCC-PPRRPPRRRRMM-PPRRRRpMMm
MBRACCK-**

Nightmare was apt. A near-indescribable sound begins as a parade of solids and gases meet their new liquid home. It sounds like a weapon is being shot. Visible steam comes from the barely opened bathroom door, likely not because Sasha likes her showers molten.

BbLuBbBMmMbbRRpPPuUbBbbBMmBMLAbBuUMMpPPT!

**-PPRRACCK-SSPPAALPPpPpp-PPRPRPRPAAApPPRRrRApPPAAPPp-SMpPLLAaOOp
PPPpPp-**

PRoT-PpPRREPPpPppppPPprp-Pprt-PpRPop! ProPpPP-PrRRrrRaPpP!

Sasha’s shower mud and Alex’s trophy dump create a toxic haze, and Charis’s endless pre-shit gas trots on.

“NnnN-UuuNNnng-hhHHNNnNyeEehhHh...” Charis wracks her body into being upright, and stumbles in the general direction of the bathroom, stopping to take a knee and drop more gas.

The bathroom’s noise becomes melded together, max-strength farts and sharts and shit and moans coalescing into a haunting reprieve of shameful release.

“Well, if no one else is gonna, I’m gonna check it out!” Taji, with a face less of perversion, but honest concern to her plumbing and the two bullying it, makes a stride to the bathroom, her obscene shit rock making the back of her dress swing more than it should.

Taji flings the door open, and I instinctively nod my head to look inside Pandora's Box.

**SPLAAPP-PLAPAPpappPPLAPP-PUUuRRrUURRNN-PRRRAAApP-SPSPSSSPLAA
AACK-SSPPPUURRRNT-**

**BBRRRUuUUuSBbsbBB! SHbBbbBuURRShUuULbBBRMMmMM!
BBRBRAPAppPRRSSPpLAbBB!**

Alex is currently catching up with Sasha in the post-farting contest shitting contest fast, as her glutes wobble and expand, and she grips her abs like stress balls, as she makes explosive plopping sounds that travel upward at a worrying pace. Sasha, thanks to a practically clear shower curtain, can be seen gripping the lip of the tub with one hand, her rump pressed hard onto the shower wall, causing a resonance to ting out with each wet blast, dirtying the water each time it gets washed down the drain.

"I'll handle Sasha, you got Alex?" Taji shouts over the two rebellious booties.

"Yep!" I answer back before really knowing what is being asked of me.

Taji walks over to the shower, as I make my way into the room, and Alex turns her head away as she shoots more shit with involuntary grunts.

"Get it all out, Alex." I hover my hand over her thigh, before laying my hand down on it. That knee jerks up.

-PPPRRAACCK-PPRAPpP-SSSPPELLACK!

SSPPPLUURRP-SPPRRRT-SSPPLURRUUAUUPpPPLAPPLAPpPP-

"UuuUUuuggGHhhh..." Alex groans, as her body makes her do things she clearly doesn't want to do in front of others. Her knees knock and buck, as her lack of control increases as her will to keep her dignity decreases.

BBBbBBbRRrRRRroOOoOAaAAaAAAaAAAaAAPPpPT!!

The particularly noisy blast forces my eyes to the source, as I notice that Alex hasn't even removed her shorts. To be fair, the hole she created was more than big enough to fit her entire ass through. The ghosts of her shorts' tattered ends erupt outward with each burst.

In a brief reprieve from the porcelain violence, her eyes look forward, grimacing at the massive next wave more than ready for liftoff. I take the opportunity to catch her eye.
"Stop looking, this-Ngh-"

PPRRRRrRRrRAAPT!

PpPPPPLOoOoPpPP-PIOpPPLOpPPpPRPRPOoOPPPpPP!

Her eyes widen with the obnoxious fart and subsequent shits, then squint as she clenches.
“We’ll fuck later, just leave me-”

“I want to see you feeling alright. Holding isn’t helping. I don’t care about sex right now. You need to shit.”

PPPPpPPPpPPRUURUURMM-BPRRPPPRURURUURRRNNNTT!!

Another brutal ripper, as her bowels answer to my command more than her own desire.

“I don’t-you’re a fart freak, why should I take...” She trails off.

“I think after today, I’ve lost the taste for gas. I’ve had my share and more.”

“Wh-”

“Right now, all I’m *into* is getting you empty of your stomach ache. May I help you?”

“No-n-yes-Yes, I want your help.” Alex’s instinctual walls crash down as I offer assistance.

I press right where her top ends, firmly massaging her exposed abs.

**SPSPpPPPIOOpPPLOpPLOoOPpPPpPLAPPpPPRAAPPPPpPPFFFFFffppPPP
RLOP!**

“Fuck.” Her legs spread to release the sudden sludge wave. “AaaAAaahHHnnNG!” Her moans, still stilted, come out with much less resistance.

“This isn’t about me getting a kick out of all of this, in fact, it’s quite the opposite. You won. What else can I do to help you?”

Her eyes flutter, and her mouth forms an unabashed smile for a moment.

She slaps her thigh, a gesture that looks like preparing to strike a pose for more shitting, but she smacks her leg two more times, the third one using both hands to hit both thighs.

I can do that.

I spread my legs around hers, and sink myself until I’m sitting on her lap, our chests just barely touching. The not so sudden stop causes my mask to slide off my face, as it was stuck only by my sweat.

My sweat.

I tuck my face under Alex’s chin, my unbearable heat spreading across her neck.

PpPPppPppPpppPPrRRrrRrrrRRRRnnN!

“MmMMmnn~ Fuc-”

“Try to express your feelings without swearing, for once.” I poke her side.

PFRPFRPRPRPFRAAUUAUCCK!

“I-nNnnng...Fu-I...this is so gross, but your body feels so good on mine. I just wanna grab you and pull you in, but I don’t want to crush you. My muscles get-”

PPFPpPPpPPpUUuUUUFfFURRRpPPPpPPP!

“-spasm-y when I take crap...*dumps* like these.”

“Well since you asked so nicely, unlike some people...” I scoot up to where our noses just touch. Her nostrils flare in surprise, a subconscious sign for me to take in the full brunt of the bathroom’s caustic arom-

No. More important matters.

SPPPPpPPLOPpPP-SPSPpPPpRPRPAApPPLApapPPppPP!

“nnNNnnnnnn...” The view of her face is stunning up close. Her shadowed eyes flutter in release for each length of anal discharge. Her mouth, less locked than before, still tries to contain her moans from getting louder than they are. Her hair is slicked, matted against whatever skin it can latch onto, only broken free when the updraft from her gas pries them off.

“Wh-what was that about ‘unlike some people’?”

“When Charis-” I lean in to share more of my heat, but the serious topic holds me back.

“When she fucked me, I was half-awake, so I could only really give implied consent. She broke into my apartment, also.”

As I describe the event, Alex’s...jealousy, maybe, subsides for a quiet anger. She looks just behind me.

“Heeeeeeyy, Ariiii!” Charis’ voice shrills closer and closer.

PpRuuT-PRRpPT-PpPRRpP-PPPPpPuUuRRT-pppPpPrT-

And so does her endlessly puffing ass.

I don’t turn to regard her.

“You’re still on this teasing act? Come on, you need another round of good-” Her voice tracks onto my ear, stopping suddenly.

“MM!”

**SsspPPpppPPuoPPPooPOpoAaAAAOPrRrOoOPpPpPLUuuPppoOOPpPRRoAAo
OoOoOOPPPpPT!!**

A fist from Alex strikes Charis’ abdomen with the force of a truck, and her tortured bowels roar out in protest in the form a monster shart.

BMm!

BbBbSPpLLUbBUBLUbBBSbsSsSUBbBLUbBSBbBUuuuuUBbBuBUILuBb...

She falls hard, letting out her shit in a consistent bubble.

At least those are the events I could assume were happening, as my eyes never leave Alex’s.

“You’re so *fucking* hot.”

“What happened to no swearing?”

“Well, I didn’t think you’d do something that cool.”

“Hm...I’m gonna need someone to cover my ass on the way home...”

“I have spares!” Taji cuts through the mood. Looking over in curiosity, I see that Taji has joined Sasha in the tub, rubbing her stomach, and, judging by how much the scent changed just by turning my head, they had both been having more gas and shit I’d been distracted from seeing.

“Thank you, Taj.” Alex regards, her stare still piercing my soul.

Her arms wrap around me, and the teased embrace completes. The first thing I feel is a gross, silent vibration in her stomach.

**PSSPpPPLOOpPPP-PFFfFFrR-PPFPFFfF-SPSPLLAAPAPAPoSPoPo-PRPRPRRR
RRARRACCKCKK!!**

Her back arches, and her grip tightens, but doesn’t crush me, as she drops the hammer on the toilet, as the sound of a massive, wet pile of shit falls into a bigger pile of shit. An act like this didn’t deserve flowery language. The shocks tremble the toilet and us, but it miraculously doesn’t shatter.

“Fuck! AhhHHnnNNNn~ OoooOooUuuuUUUggGHH!” Her uncontrollably moaning mouth touches my lips, with not enough purpose to technically be a kiss, but not enough distance to qualify as anything else.

“So dignified.” I rub the back of her neck with one hand, and the beautifully bumpy arm that just put Charis out of action with the other.

“UuUUuH-shut the-HhhHHHuuUUUGH-fuck up. HhhHHhmMMmmnnnnNNaaAa...” She tucks in on me, her mouth blessing my ear with her expletives from millimetres away.

“Was that the end of it?”

“The shit? Probably. Gonna have some farts left in me.” There’s no attempt to make this sexy, but the blunt statements of such a powerful woman’s most shameful acts riles something in me.

“A woman as big and strong as you shouldn’t be going through so much stress. For a maid, you sure seem like someone who needs one...” I wiggle my hips into her lap.

“Yeah...yeah.” She bites her lip, and gives me the look of someone who knows the power they possess. “We can work out the details there at a later date.”

Two strong hands latch onto my ass, and I’m brought into a kiss that is of some sort of love, but it couldn’t be farther from romantic.

“How dare you dress so nice. I’ve been wanting to grope you all day.”

“Thanks for being so patient-.”

We plant our lips on every neck and above part of the body except the other’s, while the terrifying conclusion to this four-part symphony plays.

**PpPpPPpPPPPppuuUuurrppPPppPPPPrRRPPppPppRPRPRRRPpPpPpppPPP
pppPpppppprrrprprPPPRPRPpPPRPRPppruuuuuPppPpPPRPRPPP...**

A whining explosion rips in the toilet as Alex’s grinding correlates with her fart.

**BbBBRrrMMT-SPLUuUAaAPpPPLUuUUAAPPp-BBbBMBMBMBBMMMBRRMMMBRR
MMBMBM-PRrRAAaoOOuUUuAACK-SpPPLUuUrrRAACK!**

“nNyAahh!”

**PRrPPRRMmmMMpPPRRppPMMmMRRPPppPp-SPLAaPpPAAPPpP-PPRrRRUuuFf
RRrPPPTT-THUNK!**

“Oh, baby~”

Taji and Sasha sit in the tub, legs hanging over the lip, and let out more disgusting noise out of their quaking tummies.

ppPfFFrRrRt-SPLAaApPpppppRrrRAAaCcK-PppPpffFrRAAaAAaAACKK!

Charis, holding her gut for multiple reasons, slips into the tub still wearing the clothes she had on, falling into Sasha's lap while inflating her pyjamas with crap. They both seem too delirious to do much except cuddle, mumble sounds that might be words, and expel their waste.

"How about we leave these weirdos to their vices and walk home?" Alex asks, tapping my backside.

"Anything to get away from this haze." I waft my hand in front of our faces, separating our kiss.

"Where are the pants, Taj?"

Taji shifts her gaze from the Sasha-Charis pile. "Dresser in the hallway, bottom drawer, dig until you find something that fits." She resumes her watch session.

"Thanks, *Mom*." She stands from the toilet, carrying me, only wobbling a bit. She doesn't even suggest an attempt at flushing. A crude lift in her leg also makes this clear.

**SSPpPPLAAaAAaAAPpAaAAaPpPAauUPpPPpRRrRUuUAaaAaaAAUUuUURR
RRrRRTT!!**

A violent shredder with wetness that I could only comprehend coming from Sasha blares out of Alex, the swagger in her lift crumbling as her face contorts in twisted, yet inevitable relief. Her eyebrows twitch, her face regains any flushness she might've lost in the past few minutes, she bravely bites her lip. She tries to fight it but a very pleased smile flashes on her face for just a moment.

"That's the last of the shit." She goans, looking back at her work. "Damn, that toilet is impressive."

"It was worth all of the awkward plumbing questioning it took to get it there!" Taji shouts, her hand now between her legs, spectating the development between the two others in the shower.

Alex does some mental calculus, and frowns. "I think I'm good with one normal person knowing about my shit." Her fingers make indents in my back as she carries me away from the bathroom.

I nuzzle into Alex's shoulder as we travel down the hall, and she keeps me supported as she bends over to scavenge the dresser drawer. She looks annoyed as she searches and searches, shaking her head as she yanks out some blue yoga pants.

"Okay, there's no cool way to do this, get off." She gingerly lets me down from her grasp. Having fainted less than 10 minutes ago, my legs put me into a crouch. I watch Alex's bare, practically steaming ass protrude as she bends over to put on the pants. Her sculpted glutes

shimmer with sweat, and perform tiny flexes, probably due to the numbing work they just put in.

“Hm!” I flinch, the memories of any of these butts, but especially Alex’s rearing towards me fills me with fear.

“Huh? Oh, babe, chill out. Unlike those losers, I know the weapon this ass is, and I’m sure not gonna use it on people I wanna fuck.”

My ears pick up the seemingly endless sound of three girls absolutely ripping ass and moaning at volumes somehow outdoing the running water.

I’m with the safe option, somehow.

She yanks the pants up, and my view of her ass goes from high definition to low resolution, as the pants somehow accentuate her leg muscles more than them being exposed, and a very wet patch forms in her crack.

“Did you...?”

“No. You think I’m gonna treat her possessions right after today?” She reaches a hand to me.

I grab it, and fall back into Alex’s grasp.

“So this is how it’s gonna go. You’re an event plan guy, right?”

“Ye-yeah. I host also.”

She guides me out of the house, despite it looking like we both had an hours-long fuck session. “So you’re gonna be my fight manager, do all my boring shit, and I beat the breaks off anyone who looks at you wrong. We fuck, and I try not to kill both of us with my flamethrower ass. That sound like a good relationship?”

“Uhh...uh-eh-”

“Ugh, stop being so fucking cute. Dressing all good just to get shit on. Literally. Trying to help people who clearly just want you to fulfil weird fetish nonsense.”

“Taji and Sasha are fine.”

“I’ll take your word for it. Not the best first impression.”

“You’re the one who threw the blanket over us and masturbated.”

“...Sorry.”

"Hm...heh, you are really hot when you make those faces and moans...ha...when you let-hehe-when you let out those real monster farts. Are you sure sweat's your fetish?" I giggle.

"Hmn...I'm not gonna do anything without your consent, but I really wanna pin you down and make us both cum buckets."

"What a way with words...you can walk me to your place for a bit, but I'm not sure I'm able to stand."

"You won't need to."

"You know what I mean." I weakly tap my nose.

"I'll rip some ass before we get there. I'll be...almost empty by the time we get there."

"But we're in public."

"I know a pretty empty route, and I'll just block the sound by planting my ass on a brick wall."

"Didn't know you worked in demolition..."

PpPPppuuuRrrrRrpPpPppPppprrrrrRrrrRooOooouuuuUuuppPptt!

"Fuck off."