

Hey everyone! This story is inspired by some [Oddten](#)'s art. It's got farts and lesbians. Hope you enjoy!

Here's a version in [Times New Roman](#).

CW: Farts, Burps

I collapsed on the couch with a groan. "Fuck..."

"Same old same old?"

I nodded. "Yeah, that fucker at work keeps hitting on me."

"I told you to go to HR."

"And I told you they won't care. He's the son of the CFO, he's not gonna get fired or anything. Worst thing is he gets a rap on the wrist."

Ash sighed. "Yeah, you're right. You just need to find somewhere else to work."

"You don't think I've tried that?"

"Geez, sorry." She sat beside me, the cushion sinking beneath her ass. "I know it's been a rough couple months."

She collapsed on top of me, her weight covering me like a warm blanket. I could smell her sweat, her muscles pushing me deeper into the couch.

She kissed my ear and sat up. "Now, it's dinnertime."

I pushed myself to a sitting position as she brought out a tray table and flicked on the TV. "We're exploring my homeland tonight."

"What, Benin?"

"No, not my dad, my mom's side."

"But we live in Toronto."

"And, it's nice to have a taste of home, no?" She plopped a heaping pile of fries, cheese, and gravy on my plate, with a side of smoked meats and some pulled pork for effect.

I took a second to admire the scents as I let the day's struggles wash away. "Fuck, Ash, I don't know what I would do without your cooking."

"Starve, probably. I mean, really, you used to eat shredded cheese on a tortilla and call it the Wednesday Night Delight."

"Hey, don't knock it 'till you try it."

"No thanks."

I gave my mind a break as I devoured her food, the television's pining drawing all of my attention, though when I felt her head lean against my shoulder it brought me back to the present.

Occasionally she'd caw and nab a fry or stray piece of meat, but otherwise we sat in silence, watching a brainless rerun of The Office.

Finally, I finished my meal and went to clean the dishes. As the credits rolled, Ash wrapped her arms around me, pulling me close so that her breasts rested on my shoulders.

She leaned down to kiss my forehead, and I felt her crotch rubbing against my ass. I let the dishes soak and turned around, venturing onto my tippy-toes for a kiss.

I admired her taste every time I felt her tongue, even though we'd kissed like this a thousand times before. She grabbed my ass and hoisted me onto the counter so I was a little less short.

As she devoured my face, she burped right into my mouth. I felt my panties flood as the taste of her old food lingered on my tongue, but she pulled away. "Sorry, excuse me."

"It's okay."

"Maybe we should just cuddle tonight. I'm really gassy."

"I don't mind."

"You will. There's a reason I'm careful not to let you smell my farts. They're real bad."

I grabbed her hand and pushed it against my pussy.

"What-"

"Babe. There's something I've been meaning to tell you. And I guess now is as good a time as any."

She pulled away. "What is it? Are you okay?"

"What? Of course. I just... I like..." I took a breath. Even in the arms of the woman I loved so much, it was a hard secret to admit. "Farts."

She laughed. "What?"

"I like farts. They smell amazing, and they turn me on so much."

"You're kidding. Liz, you're messing with me, right?"

"Fuck, I knew I should've kept it to myself," I said, pushing away from her. "I thought you wouldn't judge me." I sniffled away my tears. "It's okay, we can just cuddle."

"Hey, come here." She pulled me into her arms. "If you're serious, I'm super down to try... something. I don't even know how that would work. Do I just... like this?"

She leaned down, focusing for a second, and burped into my face.

My knees buckled, and she caught me with one hand behind my back, the other one firmly on my pussy.

"Holy shit. I think we've found your kryptonite." She picked me up, so I was sitting on her pelvis, my legs wrapped around her. "Because of your honesty, I'll tell you a secret of mine, alright?" She leaned in, her breath hot against my ear.

"I like dick."

"Damn, my strap game's not good enough?"

"No, I want to see you take dick. An actual dick."

"You're into cucking? Damn, you are kinky." I leaned in for a kiss.

"No, I want to have a threesome with a trans gal."

"Oh, cool. Sure. Invite one of your friends over sometime." She blushed, and I got so hot staring down her shyness. Now we were both out in the open.

"Really? God, I've been worried about asking that for months. How about we just be honest when it comes to fetishes."

"Sure. So I'll tell you what I want: I want you to bury me under your stinky ass and gas me out with farts until I pass out and die."

She bit my lip, then pulled away. "I can do that."

She rubbed her stomach. "Oh god." She shoved me to my knees and pressed my ear up against her stomach. It gurgled and roiled with every passing second. "Hear that?"

She pulled down her sweatpants, standing before me in her black panties. "All that gas is going in you."

I shuddered as I listened, her rough hand stroking my hair. Her sweaty stomach pressed against my cheek, and I felt her groan as she pushed me away. "Come on." She headed over to the living room, and as I stood to follow her, she clicked her tongue.

"You should know better. You disgust me. Liking farts? You're subhuman." I crawled over to her on my hands and knees, the carpet scratching my skin as I watched her ass sway. "That's better."

She pushed me onto the couch and sat on my chest, her pussy spreading its juices across my tits as she rocked back and forth. "Mmm." She leaned back, pressing her underwear up against my face, and kneaded my boobs with her hands. "God, you're hot for a degenerate."

I moaned into her panties, rubbing my nose along her slit. She tensed up, and I felt a warm puff of air hit my face, the silent gas coating my skin. I inhaled deeply, her rancid gas filling my lungs. The scent made me gag, like old eggs and forgotten cheese.

I jerked my hips up, and as my hands wandered down to greet my aching pussy, she pinned my shoulders with her legs. With her arms, she yanked off my pants, leaving me bottomless beneath her.

She leaned forward, using her legs to pin my face to her ass, and I felt a deft tongue dab on my clit. I moaned into her panties again, inhaling her musk until she let out another silent fart.

Her stench invaded my nostrils, and I pulled down her panties to get a better view. With crude fingers, I spread her lips and admired the shape of her pussy. Her asshole winked at me, and I gave her clit a kiss, bringing my nose back to her wrinkly hole. She let out another fart, this one able to speak, and I sniffed it up, moving my lips from her pussy to her asshole, and sending my tongue in.

I felt her head collapse on my groin as she moaned, and as another hot gust of air blasted me in my face, traveling straight down into my lungs, her fingers began to move again.

We stayed in that position for a while; me admiring her farts and occasionally tonguing her clit, making sure never to give her too much.

Finally, she sat up, right on my face. "Ooh, okay. I could get used to this." She rubbed her stomach as she pressed her weight against my face, sealing my fate beneath her. My tongue ventured up to lap at her pussy, and her asshole sucked at the tip of my nose as she

gassed me out. I resolved not to breathe through my mouth, but that wasn't an issue for long as she grabbed my underwear and gagged me.

I could taste my own juices as she farted again, our dinner finally having reached her colon. The cheese curds were so fresh and pungent it felt like I was still sitting in front of the tv and eating dinner. I reached up to play with her tits, but she moved her legs to pin my arms down again, pressing even more weight onto my face.

A pair of fingers pinched my left nipple, and I moaned into my panties, soaking them further with spit as I felt her tense up.

Her pushing yielded another rancid fart, this one giving away the gravy. I moaned, almost on the verge of cumming. This had been my dream for so long, and here I was, trapped under my glamorous girlfriend's ass, forced to use her farts as my only source of oxygen.

That thought sent me over the edge, and she kept me pinned, only getting up once I stopped writhing. I gasped for air, and as she took a seat beside me, I rested my head on her lap.

"I hope that wasn't too much."

I spat my underwear out onto the floor. "Are you kidding? We're going to have to clean the sofa because of how much I came."

She cast a glance over my pussy, and I lifted my head so I could see the damage. I'd practically sprayed the wall with the force of my orgasm, and I heard her giggling.

"Definitely found your kryptonite. Who knew it was my gas that would make you cum so hard? Fuck, Liz. I wish you'd told me sooner. You know how upset I am when I can't make you cum."

I was practically drooling, still coming down from my high. "I love you so much."

She stroked my hair. "I love you too." She looked down at me. "Now, you know how I love planning parties?"

I nodded, barely lucid.

"I'm sure I can put those skills to use to make you suffer even more."

"Fuck, you're going to make me cum again."

She reached down and stuck three fingers into my sensitive pussy. "Aah... careful."

"I am going to figure out exactly what foods make me the gassiest, and I'm going to spend hours with you as my throne."

"Stop, Ash..."

"I wonder if when I get home from work, I'll be able to plop down on your face and make my farts so stinky that you can cum just from one?" She stroked my hair again, her fingers driving into me furiously.

"Hmm... instead of our usual routine, do you want me to wake you up with a morning kiss from my ass? Say goodbye as I head out to work? Greet you when I get back without saying a word, just pulling down my pants and making you kiss my ass?"

"Ash..." my breathing increased, again and again. Her thumb was on my clit now. "Please... it's too much..."

She looked me dead in the eyes. "You're going to be my little fart slave. Maybe I'll find one of my trans girlfriends who's into farts too, and we can make you into a sandwich. I'll eat ham, she can eat cheese. And you've already tasted my buns."

"Fuck..." I came again, squirting all over her fingers. She cradled my head in her other hand, and I felt her stomach gurgle, which only made my orgasm last longer.

As I came down, I could barely move. Those were the most intense orgasms I'd ever had.

"I think... I wanna marry you," I said as my consciousness faded.

"What?" Her wide eyes were the last thing I saw.

I blinked myself awake, still feeling peaceful after my orgasm, to a pitch black canvas. Despite the darkness, I was warm, and everything stank. A soft brap called out to me, and I realized I was in bed, my face nuzzled against Ash's ass. I sighed, letting my worries and anger about my work fall away as I listened to her breathe and occasionally fart out at me.

I realized she'd tied me up with our shibari ropes, and imagining her coming up with that plan made the ropes slightly wetter, beneath our combined sweat. I let my face fall forward, using her ass as a pillow as I drifted off again.

The world slowly gained colour as I came to, groggy from waking up a few times throughout the night just so I could smell her stench. Ash was nowhere to be seen, but I could hear her humming from the kitchen. I followed the scent of food to see a pile of dishes in the sink and two plates nicely decorated with eggs and toast. "Morning, sleepyhead." She walked over to me and hugged me tight, pressing her boobs into my face. "I hope the ropes weren't too tight."

I shook my head as she pulled away and sat down. "They were perfect."

"Good. I, umm... thought about what you said."

"Hmm? What was that? The trans girl thing?"

"No, y'know... the marriage thing."

"What? When... what?"

"Right before you passed out... do you not remember?"

"Oh my god, I'm so sorry. What did I say?"

"Well," she smiled. "You said you wanted to marry me."

I turned as red as the jam she spread on her toast. "Umm, well... I was love-drunk, okay? And... I was joking? And-"

"Liz I'm not mad. Have you really considered marrying me?"

I took a bite of omelette and swallowed, painfully. "I guess. I just... I don't know. I really like you. I've never felt this way about anyone. And we've been dating for three years, so..."

She nodded. "Then I accept, if you're serious. We don't have to get married right away, but... I do have a gift for you, my fiancée."

"What is it? Also, fuck yeah. I love you, and I've wanted to get married to a tall, muscular hottie since I was like ten."

She smiled. "This is a very specific kind of cheese, in the omelette. I went out and got some this morning."

"Already? It's only..." I looked around. "...10:15. Holy shit I slept in."

"Yeah, anyways, want to know what's special about the cheese?"

I nodded, hesitating to give it a bite.

"It gives me the worst gas. It's kind of crazy. My normal farts are room clearers. These might make the neighbours on the first floor cringe."

My head fell to the table, and I banged it twice. "I didn't know it was possible to love someone so much."

"Now, before you go getting all sappy, my little squirt, I've got a plan for today, since it's Saturday and we're both off."

"Yeah?"

"Finish your eggs."

I scarfed down my meal and looked her in the eyes. She smiled one last time and came over, picking me up with one arm.

She tossed me onto the couch and I watched her head to our bedroom, emerging with a pile of blankets. "I'm gonna put on the Lord of the Rings extended edition, and you don't get to come up until I'm done. Got it?"

I nearly fainted on the spot from how horny she made me. Having just woken up, I was still groggy, but that didn't stop my pussy from flooding even more than yesterday. I pulled up her shirt and gave her abs a quick lick as she tucked me in under the blankets. "How about tomorrow you invite over one of your trans friends with a fat cock and she can rail me while I eat you out? Gotta make sure to use condoms, though." I paused. "Never thought I'd say that."

"I came up with a better idea for tomorrow." She went over to the cupboard and pulled out a bag of nuts. "But first, you know why I never eat nuts? It turns out certain fats in them do not sit well with the protein powder I take."

"Well, I was saving these for your birthday, but... I think a premature birthday gift is in order for how much of a good girl you've been recently, so they're mine now." She ate a handful. "Face up, bitch."

I obliged, watching as she ate a couple more handfuls and set the enormous jar down on the coffee table, next to her omelette. She peeled off her panties, the sweat sticking to her ass, and spread her cheeks. I could hear a gurgle, and with that, she cut off my air.

Shortly after, I felt the blankets cover the rest of my body, wrapping me tight. "I don't want to smell anything, or you'll be sorry." I licked her asshole to signify I understood, the sweat and grime sticking to my tongue, which I devoured happily.

"Good. Y'know, I have a trans girlfriend who's really into sadism. I might be able to convince her to fuck you while I sit on your face... and do this."

She shifted her weight slightly as a loud punch of air hit me in the face. I sucked it up in an instant, already on the verge of cumming from her scent.

I couldn't help myself. As the opening theme of Fellowship played, I stuck a finger into my sopping pussy, surely soaking the couch beyond repair. I heard her crunch on some more nuts, and her stomach gurgled again.

She sighed, and let her full weight press down on my face.

"Mmm lmmff mmou," I said, my words muffled.

"Shush, I'm trying to watch the movie. Ooh, get ready..."

As her stomach gurgled again, I realized I could now die happy, under my girlfriend's sweaty ass.

Thanks for reading! Might write a sequel to this depending on how you all like it! You can find my website and all my other work [here](#).