

One little minute ticked on the clock and rang in your mind as the nighttime streets around you blurred to form streaks of blinding lights that passed you by. A car blared in your ear when your feet dared to step too close off the sidewalk, yet you leapt away in a second, sprinting behind the dark alley between the towering apartment complexes above. Assholes, you thought. You sneered at the car disappearing over the horizon, then quickly glanced at the concrete floor whimpering under your breath. Small puffs of white air drew from your lips while you rubbed your arms over your wooly sweater, desperate to relieve the chill that festered each second you stayed put.

If the directions you were given were correct, you stood at the intersection between the Aragaki Chinese Restaurant and the local balloon shop where those that were unwanted had been cast aside. You never entered either of the buildings, but you stepped foot within that alley before; chest tightening as the walls seemed to cave in. A menagerie of dark-green tags littered were plastered over the right side of the alley, where the balloon shop sat. You didn't bother looking at them as you sauntered by before a slew of nearby garbage bags toppled over, and a pair of haunting golden eyes glowed several feet away. Only then did you freeze in the middle of the hallway, where the shades of yellow grew the closer the stranger stepped towards you, showing a lush head of short pink hair to contrast their gray skin.

You wanted this. Whether you would care to admit it or not, you wanted the slut approaching you more than anything else that holiday season. She wasn't terribly pretty as far as girls came, but her curves and especially that smile she flashed at you when she stepped into the moonlight were unlike anything you expected to see from an insect woman. Dressed in only a snug red sweater that hugged her chest so tight, the bare-bottomed fly lady rubbed her naked pussy with one finger and licked her lips. You didn't say a word as she stopped at your feet and brushed her bangs aside. That the humidity rose higher wasn't lost on you.

"So, you must be the guy that called me up?" the fly lady scanned your entire body, her hand shifting underneath her chin as she carefully rubbed it. "Can't say I'm impressed..."

"H-hey now, you said if anyone could handle your ass they were all yours." you stated. "And I mean, I've covered lots of girls before, babe."

"Pfft, babe?!" Putting a hand to her face, the fly lady choked back laughter while you kept one hand to your crotch, desperate to keep the flame below going. It wouldn't be until she took another step forward that you leaned back, now seeing your date for the evening flashing a nasty smirk your way.

"Let me make this clear: my name is Stinkette, and I don't do any of that pet name shit." she snapped. The smile on her face warbled and stretched as if she were repressing her anger, yet you

stood your ground all the same. “Second, if you think you can handle my ass, then get on your knees and beg. I’ll decide if you’re worth the effort or not.”

Stinkette spun until her back faced you, thrusting her ass to your face stopping just inches from your chest. There were rays of soft purple light that hit her gray ass cheeks so that they were practically sparkling before your very eyes. You couldn’t help blushing when your eyes drifted further below to find sparkling fluids already staining her inner thigh. All things considered, you sank to your knees until you were close enough to kiss her on the ass, now having remembered why goosebumps danced up on your spine hearing her dry voice tease you once again.

Whether you wanted to admit it before or not, you got a jolt hearing a woman remind you of your lowly place in the world, serving below them rather than asserting dominance like other men might have were they to hear what Stinkette told you. You kissed her right cheek once, then pressed your lips on it again and again, not stopping even as you heard a hushed growl ringing in the alley. Could a bear have stormed into the streets without either of you realizing it? Perhaps it might have been your brain clicking into place like it should be. You smacked your lips and relished the raw taste of body odor stuck to your tongue before kissing Stinkette’s other cheek with your eyes closed.

“Oooh! Eager to please, ain’t ya?” Stinkette brought a finger to her lips and snarled. She wiggled her hips right as you smooched her again until she brought her hand to her stomach, and her moans turned to groans. A fifty-ton weight coursed through her insides, down to her rump that squirmed when you clasped her hips. The pressure should have spiked when your damp palms caressed her thighs, but Stinkette never so much as budged. Her legs were twisted together shivering at the sensation, her pussy gently releasing thin fluids that spread to her inner legs, trickling to her feet. Your potential didn’t go unnoticed.

Another deep roar echoed as Stinkette placed her fingers at her crotch and gently rubbed her outer lips. You inhaled the rank smell of her ass as the shadowy walls surrounding you caved in further. Stinkette’s stench had an oddly heady vibe to it, with the world growing lighter and your head seemingly shrinking in Stinkette’s cheeks. No longer willing to hesitate, you smushed your nose against the surface, which rubbed along Stinkette’s puckered anus before trailing down to the ends of her ass, where her fingers pushed past her lips to the opening.

Sweat trickled down your forehead the further your lips smeared against the tightening puckered anus that lay point-blank. You gagged in its presence, then exhaled sharply knowing it would only be a matter of time before whatever clean air you had would cease to exist. So rather than continue to sit and stew in her stench, like how your lover expected you would, you ran your tongue up her ass crack savoring the taste of raw acrid honey that spread to the back of your tongue. God, you forgot how sweet a fat ass could be. Obviously, you never dared to venture

deeper between Stinkette's cheeks, but you were no less happy to pleasure her sweetest spots. It was a matter of tickling her softest orifice and bobbing your head along, thereby ensuring you didn't miss an in-

*THHHHBBBBBBRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPLLLLLLLLPPPPPPTTTT!!*

The pulses that followed you when you entered the alley returned. All at once, your breathing stopped and your eyes watered as hot winds blew against your face, rustling your hair back to Stinkette's cries. You shook your head gagging at the rancid winds, but couldn't leave. The action was unmistakable in and of itself. You knew what farts were and Stinkette's stunk no less. That your ears couldn't stop ringing might have been preferable if you didn't cough up her gas - not her juices nor her own sweat or anything else if you were lucky.

"Gaaaah! Oh God, I held that in for too long!" Stinkette's tongue fell over her mouth; drool running past her chin. "You better have enjoyed sniffing it up as much as I did letting it out, loser!"

Keeping her left hand positioned in her vagina, Stinkette ran her other hand behind her back until she found the scruff of your head, then burrowed her fingers in your hair, shoving you inside and cutting off any fresh air nearby. In an instant, you were swamped by a blast of hot air traveling through your nostrils and spreading to your throat, thanks in no small part to your mouth staying wide open while she let loose.

Yet in spite of the sour taste, you didn't dare to close your jaw. Stinkette's stench hit the back of your throat as you drew a long breath and rubbed your nose against her anus. The moan that escaped your lungs had you wheezing when she farted again. It should have been pure hell for you considering you were sitting at the source of the smell, but inside, you were begging for her to keep going. This was your punishment and you would be damned to deny it after lusting for her so long. So you ran your tongue up her crack right as Stinkette shoved your head further, and your whimpers turned to gasps - gasps that saw you drawing in whatever amounts of filthy air she could offer you, all the while the few glimpses of pink that you could see before disappeared.

Pressure strangled you around your head the harder you huffed in her gas. You snorted the next of Stinkette's many farts, savoring one that rang for several seconds until you heard what must have been a duck's mating call echoing even after it ended. The heady aftertaste, thankfully, didn't leave either. When Stinkette clenched her cheeks and ensnared your head so that you couldn't leave, you pawed at her ass desperate to milk her for any other farts left. No longer was this about pleasing yourself, not when you flicked your tongue around her anus, wriggling down past the outer rim towards her anal cavity.

It was only then that you came to a halt, and your shoulders tensed at an all-too familiar warmth gradually enveloping them as it did your head. Before you could reel your tongue back, Stinkette swerved her hips down on your body in one swift thrust. Your feet shook beneath her huge ass; pulses ringing in your ears when your feet left the ground. That they touched the concrete again seconds later did little to relieve you of your worries as you were then quickly hoisted back in the air. As your arms slipped away from Stinkette's hips, so too did they slither past her inner thighs and vanish behind her butt along with the rest of your head.

On the other side, Stinkette hollered at the moon, practically drooling with every passing fart that escaped her ass. Her fingers were so far into her vagina that she saw stars swirling in her sight. And with her juices already staining her sneakers, she saw no reason to steady herself further. She could feel your arms slipping through her anus; hands wriggling by her ass cheeks, feet kicking in the air. Not that it would do you any good, as Stinkette pushed down on her stomach relieving her chest of the tension that swirled within.

*PPPPPTTHHHHHHBBBBTTT!! PPPLLLLPPPPTTT!!*

“Ahh! C'mon, you aren't done yet!” Stinkette stopped fingering herself to stomp on the ground and arch her ass to the opening of the alleyway before immediately returning to her vagina. “I'm not gonna stop farting until your filthy little body is in my asshole!”

For a moment, Stinkette's voice cracked and her thighs trembled. Her index finger flexed against her vaginal passage, now drenched in gallons of cum that ran to the palm of her sweaty hand. The toys she left at home couldn't get her to climax so aggressively, yet it wouldn't be enough if you weren't slipping deeper into her butt.

The constant wheezing in her ass coupled with the steam that billowed swelled when another rippling fart escaped. You could only bear to shake your head before taking it face-first. Sweat trickled down your forehead and stained your now slime-covered sweater whose small furs nuzzled Stinkette's rectum. Whenever you so much as moved, another wet toot washed over you point-blank followed by Stinkette's muffled groans ahead. At least, you assumed them to be her wailing? Between the mounds of supple tissue pulling you in and her farts rising in volume, your brain lurched struggling to pay attention to anything Stinkette said as your legs slowly slithered into her stretched anus.

In your mind, there couldn't be any other fate more embarrassing than what Stinkette let released upon you. The expression on your stone-like face didn't change in the slightest. You were completely out of it. The back of your throat went dry, but the hot winds blowing in your melting face were enough for you to cling on as you gave in to the sauna, going limp within Stinkette's butt. You breathed in the humid air and the hairs on your arms turned to needles. Without any

control over your body, you festered in Stinkette's butt before a guttural roar bellowed in your ear. A sharply distinctive "FUCK!" could be heard outside, prompting you to embrace the force that followed soon after.

*PRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOMMMMMPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRTTTTTT!!!*

Stinkette's anus spread apart and for the next ten seconds it relaxed against the fetid winds that accompanied her climax. Hot gas and thin fluids stained the alleys, all set to what sounded like a duck's mating call blaring in the distance. When her fart reached its peak, Stinkette clamped her cheeks shut then wiped the glossy sheen of sweat off her forehead. She dared not take in the air, but she did wriggle her arms, mewling at the weight in her ass that dissipated into nothingness. A quick glance over her shoulder saw the cheeks edging out to the empty sliver of the streets behind her, as if it were dough swelling in an oven. In turn, Stinkette lovingly patted the top of her rump now popping her shoulders in rapid succession.

"Mmmm-hmmm-hmmm! Another loser to add to the mass!" Stinkette swung her arm across her rump as it wobbled sporadically. Bubbles popped in her stomach before another monstrous fart swept the alley and bags of trash were thrown to the streets.

"Don't feel too bad, you tried your best anyway." Stinkette said to her butt. "Still, I wouldn't hold out on trying again so soon. You're just gonna have to get mighty comfy back there."

Stomping to the opposite end of the alley, Stinkette's brow jumped when her bloated hips hit the corners of the walls, stopping her dead in her tracks. It was a matter of shifting each of her individual butt cheeks, watching as they rose up then back to her puny thighs (her ass needed to take space somewhere!), before a soft *pop* could be heard as she escaped. Her anger turned to mewling as she sashayed her way back home, hypnotized by the round of applause that accompanied her and the events of the night. The image of her ass growing would never leave her mind, much like you would never escape from her bowels. Not that you minded, of course. At least now you could go on finally becoming part of something bigger than you always dreamed of: extra tissue dedicated to flowing past the musculature in her massive butt for the next gut stupid enough to praise her.

And you personally couldn't be any happier.