

Madame Flurrie cupped her chubby fingers together the farther she leaned towards the TV screen. Although she must have caught that episode a dozen times, the hellish, metallic screeching of the monorail grinding off course and the screams inside were enough to have her ghastly heart jump up to her throat. Several years in show business were enough experience for her so that every dozen or so of the sparks that flew off at her were enough for her to start squirming on her seat. Of course, she *lived* real adventures as daring as those created by a group of people every day, why else would she only now decide to return to acting after saving the world? She drew a deep breath from her plump crimson lips, then leaned her body forward until her belly sagged. The small wisp of her purple tail hovered graciously behind her, with your biceps tensing at every wag she made.

While her chest was fairly big in spite of her large head taking most of the attention, her body bloomed below the waist with a huge rump in the shape of a heart squishing against your head. Flurrie loved to sit on your face especially when it came time to watch TV late at night. You rested gently on the cool linoleum, quietly studying her moves in-between catching glimpses of the show. From all the reverberations jiggling against your face, she must have been nearing the climax no doubt. Not that you minded missing the action as through her wispy lavender figure laid the television screen flickering every so slightly. A bright yellow figure dressed in white leapt onto the tracks and jutted her arms forward as she clenched her teeth tight. The gears of the monorail grinded ferociously when the space around your head tightened further and you drew a harsh breath. So much for her ensuring your safety while using you for a seat.

“Hrngh, just, like, stay tight, citizens!” The femme fatale legend of the silver screen, Hemopop, grinded her golden paws against cold steel then shoved with all her strength. She arched her back outward and pressed her chest against the tip as her breasts parted between her milky bra. “Nobody’s gonna be leaving in crutches once I get the cushions out!”

Madame Flurrie raising her hand to her mouth had you curling your toes on instinct. As the hero on TV tensed her fingers, Flurrie wiggled her hips side-to-side, burying your face that much deeper into her fat ass until everything above your neck went pale. The gentle winds that flourished through her breezy body were as easy to breathe as real oxygen, that much you could accept. Despite being a wind spirit, her body remained somewhat corporeal enough so that when the two of you touched, you could pass through her massive butt even as it easily sandwiched your head and covered your ears. However, the occasional grumbles and the twitching of her lips were louder than any of the growls on TV. Even as water sloshed about with Hemopop’s bra snapping off her swelling chest, you heard a faint growl ringing incessantly and only rising in volume whenever Madame Flurrie leaned closer to the screen, only pushing her hips that much farther onto you.

The on-screen ripping continued with Hemopop groaning then flailing her head back once her

top tore in two and gave way to a large pair of breasts that swelled along the nose of the monorail. She leaned her chest forward, groaning as her skin caressed the backs of her hands still clinging on for hope. Hardened nipples shined past the bristles of fur that were pushed off. What little creases there were in the rapidly growing supple tissue on display disappeared the farther the camera pulled back. It kept to the side of the speeding train with Hemopop's boobs ballooning well past her feeble size, then engulfing the front before stretching past the head towards the second cabin connected to the lead engine room.

“Oooh, here comes the clutch darling!” Madame Flurrie pumped her fists to her chubby face and grinned when they sank an inch. “I can feel it right now! I can feel them just like those tacos I ate! ...unless that's something else,”

For a life spent working endlessly on stage, Madame Flurrie gave a dreamy groan content to live in front of her TV with her hands supporting underneath her chin. However for you, you couldn't help shaking your head when her gigantic cheeks tightened from another guttural roar billowing against you. Whatever happened on her show certainly couldn't have sounded like a bullfrog. The Boggly Woods you both lived in were bereft of most amphibians save for the occasional reptiles lurking in the water, and none of them dared to step foot near Flurrie's stump. Her mahogany living room was neatly dusted down to the last wine bottle on the rack; the purple checkerboard-patterned floor clean of any muddy footprints that a Puni could make. If a creature did manage to slip through the cracks past the gossamer curtains leading to her room, her flowery squeals wouldn't do her any favors in regards to scaring them off...

BRROOOOOBBBBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPPPPPBBBBPPPPPBBBBBT!!!

...but the monstrous roar she let loose certainly would.

As all four of Madame Flurrie's cheeks illuminated the darkness and her lips curled tight, your body rumbled beneath her, squirming at the hot, sweet ripper that blew against you. The smell of lavender mixed with musk filled your lungs down to the back of your throat. It gave way to the pine scent of the woods when Flurrie lifted her rump from above with the muted cheering on TV now growing crystal clear.

Standing at the very end of your feet, the screen flickered to a tall Japanese woman with a rounded, rosy face whose dark hair had been tied back in a bun. Her tresses ran past her shoulders over her purple jacket and pink kimono. She skipped side-to-side and flashed peace signs accompanied by a cheeky grin. Beside her were a skeletal Tostarenan couple that jumped no higher than her thighs, each dressed in matching red-and-black mariachi outfits while holding signs well above their heads. The purple veneer ahead blurred the commercial, but you briefly

read the words ‘STEPHAN AND LAYLA’S TACO STAND (FORMERLY WALUIGI’S)’ before Madame Flurrie leaned to the screen, still sitting atop your face.

“Oh! Oh my, I’m so, so sorry darling!” Flurrie’s ass wobbled against your head and spread the tinge of warmth towards your neck the faster her fat fingers clicked the buttons on TV. “L-let me get back to what I was watching, and you stay still and just... watch me,”

BRRRPPPTTT!! PPRRT-PPT-BRRBBT-BOOORRRPPPTTT!!

“Gah! B-but don’t sniff me, whatever you do!”

Bangs flew aside as she shifted even by a slight inch. You didn’t bother to hold your breath as the heavy musk that persisted however. Flurrie’s sense of smell already disappeared once she first entered the world as a wispy spirit, making it all the better for you to snort on her gas the louder her farts grew. Your nostrils were flared yet never indulged in enough gas while her roars were turning to cute sputters. It wasn’t like Flurrie farted terribly often, yet once her ass sprang to life, no force on earth could stop her. She swayed her hips across your lips while desperately flicking every switch she could, stirring the bubbles in her belly that much further.

You gave a harsh wheeze when a bout of pressure compressed against your chest and forced your mouth wide open, her shapely ass now reaching well below your neck. Against your better judgment, you slid your hand under her sagging belly then pressed on it while Flurrie pressed every button on the side of the TV to no avail.

“And don’t forget that all enchiladas are thirty percent off at the Otakon this weekend,” the human girl on screen pumped her fists to the sky as on-screen text flashed the name ‘Yuriko’ then vanished soon after. “So get your buns down here or we’ll kick you in the rear!”

“In more ways than one!”

A lively, Mexican jive played from the Tostarenan couple; the guitar player furiously strumming his bass while his partner held the edges of her dress and skipped across the terracotta floor. The performance would have been endearing, uplifting even, were it not for the rising bulge between your legs. It rose the farther Flurrie wiggled to the screen until it switched to static and she bobbing on top of your face, her ample chest heaving gradually, yet swallowing up however much air her body allowed. The calm hiss of white noise that filled the mahogany walls of her house rang like a whistle as your sweat-soaked body stilled alongside the world itself before the sound.

Laying above you, however, everything couldn’t have been moving faster for Flurrie, who’s eyes

were widening from the bulge that teased her, stretching out your pants and leaving marks across your waist as if it were begging her to help you undress you. The denim lump throbbed when she extended her arm above your crotch. Still though, Flurrie tensed her hand away with her lips pursed high. Damn her if the temptations weren't there, however, she refused to make any advances without lifting her ass high enough so that you could swallow all the clean air your gaping jaws desired.

“Darling... I can't apologize enough,” Madame Flurrie rubbed her arms and faced the floor while you laid your hands on top of her hips. You held them steady even as she ran hers across back, meeting yours when she came to a halt. “I knew I should have tried that fancy miracle pill some odd years ago. Now I've gone and ruined our night. Be honest with me: has my big behind gotten *that* big and bothersome to you?”

A lump swelled and traveled to your throat when Flurrie went quiet. She swallowed hard then sniffled even as her face remained dry as ever. Throughout the ordeal, she kept her grip on you, your hands sinking inches into her ass with your knuckles disappearing amidst the plush veneer of puce. You were smacking your lips incessantly as although her farts kept their sweet scent, they otherwise annihilated your taste buds so that you couldn't savor anything other than what poured out of her ass. It would be better if you were anyplace other than sitting directly in the blast zone, that is to say if Flurrie weren't putting your legs to sleep beneath her big butt. Then your gazes met and whatever nerves continued to fight inside stopped dead right there.

Twenty years had passed since the two of you met and yet she fluttered her eyelashes twice, the same way as when you found her in the woods. For all the weight she accrued below her chest, Madame Flurrie strutted towards you that day with her hips swaying and her lips puckered against your cheek. The wet embrace of her kiss practically embedded on your cheek. Now there she sat on the verge of whimpering when she once wailed. How the idea of her becoming genuinely embarrassed never crossed your mind you didn't understand.

Nevertheless, her woes were racing your heart rate faster than it ever beat before. So even as your head remained stuck up her ass, you gently gripped her cheeks, ran your tongue across your lips then planted them on the center of her butt and leaned your aching head as far as it allowed you to. Your body ached but your fingers only sank deeper. Small bits of drool wetted Flurrie's ass the longer you held your place while she kept her hands to her mouth. The blistering touch you gave complemented the wet embrace alongside her airy skin well enough that it rippled as you let go, just to squirm again the instant your mouth returned to her left cheek, smooching it no less fiercely than you had her other.

“Ah! Darling?!”

last two farts shaking the bottles of her walls, sending splashes of wine and glass shards throughout the corners of the room. Breathing out of her nose did little to alleviate the fire in her chest before she pulled her head high then spun momentarily with the world swaying nonstop.

“Ahhh, s-sweetheart! You’re just as kinky as ever, I see, hehehe!” Flurrie waved her hand to you and giggled. How could she ever have assumed you weren’t obsessed about her butt when now you were cleaning her crack? Of course, she couldn’t blame you for being so adamant about worshiping her when the light from the TV reflected off of your glistening pink crown. To think until then she only ever held it in her hand when it fit so perfectly diving through her mouth.

“You always know how to flick my switch, don’t you hon?” Flurrie patted your thighs then licked the vein on your cock, the moan in her throat practically tearing its way out. “Oh, that does it! I won’t quit until I make you squirt, you sexy little thing you!”

With your cum fresh on her tongue, Flurrie slammed her ass on your face, her jaw going slack when you sucked on her asshole by accident, perfectly forming your lips around her just as her stomach lightened. She shuddered as the pressure twisted her insides together before she took your dick in her mouth again. Inches upon inches of girthy, hot flesh filled her jaws to the brim by sliding back-and-forth. Her ass jiggled and shook from your relentless wobbling, desperate to feel however much of her that you reached.

*PPPPPPRRRRRRUUUUUUUMMMMMPPPPPTTTTTTHHHHPPPPPTTTTPPPT
TTT!!!*

*BRRRRROOOOOOOOONNNNNPPPPPTTTTT!!
PPRRRRPPPPPTTT-BRRRRPPPT!! BRRRRMMMMPPPPRRRRPPPTTT!!
PPPT-PRRRRUUUUMPPPT-PRRRPPPTTT!!!*

Flurrie’s chest heaved from every breath she swallowed. There were white spots wherever she looked and locks of hair drooping before her mossy eyes as her ass rumbled at the sheer force of her farts. She held your knees in her sweaty grasp while running her tongue to your lovely balls. If her friend Vivian were any example to go by, they would be the most sensitive part to slobber on, the sweet spot to have you burst. Feeling the rest of your warm skin was enough for her nostrils to burn drawing air, yet Flurrie kept her hold on you. She would do anything to get you over the edge, regardless of how much of your cock she could suck.

The aching that staved her throat settled when she bobbed her head to the tip then returned to the end where your nuts were. As she reached the crown again, Flurrie released your dick and gasped before she licked your scrotum down to the edge of your inner thigh. Her chubby palm caressed your crotch just as you squeezed her waist, groaning at the light, fluttery jolts dancing

across between your legs, knowing the fire rising would be broiling you soon.

*PppppppPPPPRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAABBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPBBBPPPTTTT
HHHHTTTT!!!*

Very soon indeed.

The juicy farts had tears streaming past your cheeks until your vision blurred. Your tongue retreated from her asshole briefly as you clenched your teeth, unable to resist letting the first of your many thin juices from leaking down your cock and joining the drool below courtesy of Flurrie. Her brow rose to the roof before she gently rubbed your dick then swallowed your mushroom-shaped head. It dipped to the far end of her throat as her belly squished against you; pulses ringing in your ears while animalistic grumbles quickened. Calling Flurrie's big frame soft didn't do her justice when her love handles were still spilling onto you. Your best efforts were to cup them gently like how she kept you steady.

Flurrie shoved what remained of your cock into her mouth as her ruby lips coated it in hot saliva. The gossamer curtains fluttered madly like they were caught by a windstorm. Her bowels burned pushing out deep bouts of gas that washed over your eager face but she refused to abandon you at your most sensitive. Be it the fingers at her belly kneading her or the torque stewing from her ass, Flurrie swallowed hard as the first of the hot load filled her jaws to the brim, with her cheeks relaxing ready to fill yours in return.

*BBBBRRRRRRROOOOOOOONNNNNNPPPPTTTT!!
PPRRRRUUBBTT-BRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRPPPPPTTTTPPPBBBBT
TTTTttt...!!!!*

Your head collapsed and your body melted to the hot linoleum; arms limply peeling off Madame Flurrie before splaying outward. An ocean of sweat coated your entire beet-red face as her ass rumbled across your head at a maddening rate. You went completely limp, tingling all over, the crown of your cock thumping between releases, spraying your loads down her mouth and to her stomach. It drenched her tongue and painted the back of our mouth white once you came a second time. And yet you were totally numb to the otherwise euphoric feeling while the rumbling of Flurrie's ass gradually drifted away, alongside the roar that persisted.

The few glimmers of her glowing cheeks quickly dimmed until they went dark. Lust vanished from your heart as you surrendered to the weightless world that greeted you. It would be a matter of time for when you might wake up, but for now, you could only hope for dreams more pleasant than reality.

You also hoped that at the very least, Madame Flurrie enjoyed sucking you off as much as you did sucking on her ass.

Flurrie gulped again and again before the last of your cum entered her stomach. Swallowing the full load had her shivering momentarily. When she withdrew her swollen lips at last, she shook her head and coughed at the burning, salty flavor. Clearly, you were saving yourself for tonight like the loyal lover you were and she couldn't be more grateful.

As she lifted her cheeks inches off your face, the expression on your face spurred a tint of red on Flurrie's face. You never looked so peaceful when you were asleep, let alone by her presence. Perhaps it wouldn't hurt to let you sleep a bit longer which was why she giggled upon setting her ass back where it belonged, sandwiching your nose easily.

"Good gracious me, you smell like a million of my butts sweetheart," Flurrie bobbed her hips then smacked her left cheek before turning to the TV now settling on an astronaut wandering through a metallic hallway, holding a vorpal laser gun by his chest. His chiseled face morphed into that of a furry orange cat as Flurrie folded her arms beneath her large breasts and smiled.

"I'll wake you up when it's time to wash off. Until then, sleep well darling. I can't wait for us to do this again soon."