

Depraved Derriere Drug

Sam was woken up from his Friday afternoon nap by someone ringing the doorbell. Stretching out and brushing his fingers through his short, black hair, he contemplated trying to go back to sleep. Peeking over to see a delivery truck roll by the window, he pushed himself to stand up. Brushing out the wrinkles from the pants and shirt he had hastily put on after work, he went over to the door. Opening up to his porch, he found a small, cardboard box waiting on the welcome mat. Picking up the package, he read the intended recipient and went back inside.

“Melanie!” Sam called out. “You got something in the mail.”

Upon hearing her name, Melanie peeked her head of curly, brown hair out from her home office. “What did I get?” she asked, fixing her glasses as she walked in wearing a black tank top and shorts.

“Not sure. It’s some sort of package from... Grow Co?”

Melanie put on a wide smile as she heard the name. Before Sam could ask any questions, she snatched the box out of his hands.

“I can’t believe it got here this fast,” Melanie commented.

“What got here?” Sam asked, looking over her shoulder to try and figure out what she was talking about.

“It’s a kind of... health supplement,” Melanie begrudgingly admitted.

Sam scratched his head. “What kind of supplement? Are you trying to lose weight or something? You’re pretty skinny as it is already. You’d be nothing but skin and bones.”

The comment led to Melanie unconsciously sliding the back of her hand across her flat rear. “It’s not about losing weight, it’s more about enhancing what I have.”

“I still don’t have a clue what you’re talking about.”

Melanie took a deep breath and turned towards Sam. Rather than respond with words, she used her nails to rip off the tape on the box. Reaching inside, she pulled out a bottle containing a collection of white and black pills. After looking over the container herself for a moment, she handed it over to him. Reading over the label, Sam looked back up with a suspicious look in his eyes.

“Gluteus Growth Maximus?” he asked. “What’s that supposed to do?”

Sheepishly dragging her foot across the ground, she eventually replied. “It’s supposed to increase the size of my... butt.”

“These little things can do that?” he asked, shaking the bottle in his hands.

“Supposedly, yes. I signed up for an experimental drug trial to do a test run for these. The scientists said I was a perfect candidate for it considering my... lack of curves.”

“Why on Earth would you want to use something like this?”

Yet again Melanie went silent, this time expressing her hesitation by fidgeting with her fingers. “Because I want a body that can satisfy you.”

Sam let out a sigh. “Melanie, we’ve been over this. I couldn’t ask for a better girlfriend than you. You’re beautiful as you are.”

“I appreciate the kind words,” she said, keeping an eye on the pills, “but you were there with me when I stumbled on your internet browsing history.” The words managed to both shut Sam up and make a red blush appear on his cheeks. “I realize that you appreciate what I do have, but that’s not enough for me. Since I’m not exactly rich enough to afford plastic surgery, this drug is my only option.”

“That’s still not a good reason to make yourself into a human guinea pig,” Sam replied. “Sure, you’re not some big bootied bimbo, but that’s fine. What you saw that day were just the

things my body wants, not my heart. I love you the way you are. Nothing is going to change that no matter-“

Sam was interrupted by Melanie leaping up to grab the bottle out of his hands. Before he could have a chance to stop her, she untwisted the cap and helped herself to a handful of the pills. Watching her swallow the mystery drug, he snatched the bottle back from her fingers.

“Are you insane?” he asked, frantically looking over the bottle’s label for information. “That dosage might kill you for all we know. You can’t be so reckless with your-“

“Wait!” Melanie said, holding out a hand. “I feel something moving around my lower half. I think it’s working.”

“No way,” Sam dismissed. “It’s not possible that your body is already-“

A rumbling noise drowned out the rest of Sam’s thoughts. Hazarding to put a shaky smile on her face, Melanie gestured for her boyfriend to get close to keep an eye on her backside. Giving in to his sense of curiosity, he got down on his knees and shuffled towards her butt. True enough, he could see a series of shivers going across the flat cheeks. At any moment, he expected her ass to come bursting out of her shorts to show off their new heft. Instead, all he got was a front row seat to a squeaky fart puffing out of her rear.

“Ugh, what the hell did you do that for?” Sam asked, waving his hand to get rid of the smell.

“Sorry,” Melanie said, her earlier excitement completely gone. “I guess the medicine doesn’t agree with my digestion. You were right. This is what I get for blindly signing up for a drug trial.”

“It’s fine, really,” Sam said, wincing as another fart slipped out of her backside. “I’m sure we can still call up the lab you got this from to reverse the effects. For now, how about we go sit down and enjoy our evening? I’ll even cook dinner for us.”

“I would appreciate that,” Melanie replied, putting on a small smile for both their sakes.

Trying to power through the small bursts of gas that continued to leak from Melanie’s butt as they walked into the living room, Sam couldn’t help feeling a dire sense of dread hanging over his shoulders.

Sam’s peaceful Saturday morning spent sleeping in was shattered as someone tried to shake him awake. While he would have liked to ignore the nuisance in favor of keeping his eyes closed, a familiar voice calling out to him forced his hand. Sitting up and wiping the grogginess from his eyes, he turned to see Melanie still in her pajamas, staring back at him with a wide grin on her face.

“You seem to be having a good morning,” Sam commented. “What’s up?”

“Come with me, and I’ll show you,” she replied, grasping his wrist to pull him out of bed.

Being dragged into the bathroom, Sam watched as his girlfriend excitedly stood in front of him. As she turned herself around, any lingering sleepiness affecting his mind was blown away. What he saw within the confines of her pants seemed to defy all logic. Enjoying the look on Sam’s face, Melanie proceeded to pull down her pants to reveal her new addition.

Without the fabric holding them back, Melanie’s buttocks were free to jiggle around. What used to be an almost completely flat rear had grown over night into a definitive bubble

butt. Eagerly shaking her hips back and forth to revel in her growth spurt, Melanie backed herself up to her boyfriend.

“You can touch them if you like,” she offered. “After all, this is what you wanted, right?”

Unwilling to reject his girlfriend’s offer, Sam got down on his knees. Shuffling forward, he grabbed at her ass cheeks to confirm that they were real. Squeezing his fingers into the soft flesh, he heard a pleased moan leave her mouth. Licking his lips as he continued to enjoy the touch of the curvy rear, he couldn’t help wondering how this was all possible. Spotting the bottle sitting by the bathroom sink, he recalled the previous day’s events.

“This is all because of that little pill?” he asked, continuing to entertain himself with her buttocks.

“That’s the only explanation I can think of,” Melanie replied. “And this is just the start. Think of what I’ll look like after-“

Melanie was interrupted by an ominous groan emanating from her gut. Perhaps too enamored with getting to feel up her bubble butt, Sam seemed ignorant of the unruly noise. That was until it grew much louder and his body shuddered from his realization. He identified the source of the sound far too late to avoid an abrupt BRRRAAAAAP from spurting out to gas his face.

“I’m sorry,” Melanie apologized as Sam backed away. “Like I said, it’s a side effect of the drug. At least it’s not as bad as yesterday.”

“Speak for yourself,” Sam replied, waving the foul air out of his face. “I guess it’s something we have to get used to.”

“I still feel bad about gassing you out like that.” Melanie’s eyes went wide as a smile appeared on her face. “Tell you what, how about I make it up to you?”

“How’s that?”

Grasping her pants again, Melanie pulled them past her feet to kick them away to leave only her panties around her lower half. Pressing her butt cheeks together, she made sure Sam was watching as she moved them up and down. “How about I do something that my formerly tiny tush had no chance of doing before?”

While Sam didn’t figure out what Melanie was suggesting at first, that changed as he felt the stirring bulge between his legs. Catching on to what his girlfriend was suggesting, he got back to his feet and made his way over to her. While he grabbed onto her hips, she reached back to pull down his boxers and reveal his rigid member. Placing his cock between her mounds, she waited for him to nod his head before she set to work.

Pressing her butt cheeks against Sam’s cock, Melanie began to move up and down. The constant stimulation brought on with each slide inevitably got Sam to release moans of ecstasy from his lips. In no time at all, droplets of precum began to leak from his tip to drizzle onto her rear.

The heavenly embrace of Melanie’s ass around Sam’s member was interrupted by the same, ominous gurgling noise. While Sam tried to retreat to avoid getting gassed again, Melanie clasped onto his hands to keep him in place. Any attempts Sam made to ask what was going on were drowned out by the rumbling noise coming from her bowels mixed with the cries of euphoria that came from the two of them.

Sam reached his orgasm just as a reverberating fart rippled out of Melanie. He felt a strange mix of pleasure and disgust as his semen shot out to add its aroma to the atrocious fumes emanating from her backside. Satisfied with giving her boyfriend what he had desired for so long, Melanie finally relented in letting go of his wrists to allow him to stumble back.

“Why... why did you do that?” Sam asked, holding onto the wall to keep himself steady.

“I don’t know what came over me,” Melanie replied. “Just something inside told me to keep going, no matter what. I didn’t hurt you, did I?”

“No, I’m fine” Sam said, taking notice of the slight look of guilt on her face.

“Did you... enjoy my first butt job?”

Sam forced himself to suck in the air tainted with farts and ecstasy to put on a small smile. “It was amazing.”

Melanie grinned back. “I’m so glad to hear that.” Reaching for the bottle on the sink, she helped herself to another dosage of the drug.

“Is that really a good idea?” Sam asked.

“It’s what the label recommended,” Melanie answered, lovingly sliding her palm across her exposed rear. “I’ve already come this far. No telling how big and juicy this butt of mine will be by the end.”

While Sam wanted to bring up a variety of concerns, he couldn’t bring himself to say it to her face. “I guess using them a bit more wouldn’t hurt.”

“That’s the spirit,” Melanie replied as she swallowed the pills. “Anyway, I think I’m going to grab a shower. I’m a little sticky after that. Would you like to join me?”

“No thank you,” Sam replied, shuffling out of the bathroom. “You go on ahead. I’ll make breakfast and take my turn when you’re done.”

“Suit yourself,” Melanie said before taking off her cum-stained top.

Leaving the bathroom, Sam closed the door just as another fart came bursting out of Melanie’s rear. Getting a whiff of the awful flatulence wafting out from the cracks, he couldn’t help wondering just how far things would go. Telling himself that everything would be fine, he

made his way over to the kitchen to try to make something to fill their bellies and block out the smell of his girlfriend's gas.

Despite it being ungodly early on a Sunday morning, Sam was wide awake. As much as he would have liked to sleep in like he always did, his bed had become the last place to get some rest. While he was appreciative of the rapid growth of his girlfriend's backside, it wasn't as fun when it kept slapping against him during the night as she turned in her sleep. Adding to his torment were the constant farts that seeped out from her rear that did little to rouse her from her slumber. Subjected to the constant impacts and gas, he had tried to get some rest on the couch. Having stayed awake though the sunrise and beyond, his eyes eventually started to grow heavy enough to bring him to his much desired sleep.

Sam became wide awake as he heard a scream echo from the bedroom. Throwing off his blanket, he rushed over to see what the cause was. Opening up the door and pushing through the lingering cloud of fumes, he managed to see Melanie standing near the bed. Around her feet were the tattered remains of her pajama pants; their destruction bringing attention towards just how much her body had changed over the course of the evening.

The most obvious enhancement was Melanie's butt cheeks; each one practically double the size of her previous backside. So busy staring at the luscious mounds, it took Sam a moment to notice the muscles that had built up around her thighs to help keep her stabilized. The extra heft around her calves didn't seem to be enough as she wobbled around under the weight of her

own ass. Seeing her stumble around with the threat of falling over, Sam sprung into action to run forward and catch her.

Sam's valiant rescue was rewarded by getting an up close look at Melanie's rear as a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPP came rippling out. Though his nostrils burned with the thick scent, he tried to remain steady for her sake. Enduring through the onslaught of gas, he managed to carry her over to the bed and sit her down.

"Is everything okay?" Sam asked.

"I think so," Melanie replied, taking a moment to fix her messy hair.

"How did this happen?"

"Well, I was getting up out of bed and wanted to know where you went," Melanie explained. "I tried to slip into my pajama pants, but then these things," she said, rubbing her hands against her bare butt cheeks, "wouldn't fit. For some reason I thought I could force them in with enough pushing, but I guess those pants were a lot less durable than I thought."

"You're not hurt, are you?"

"I don't think so," Melanie replied. "Although, I think there's a bit of soreness on my butt. It's like it was slamming against something all through the night."

"Couldn't imagine what," Sam remarked, wisely holding his tongue as he climbed up onto the bed. "Let me take a look to make sure nothing got bruised."

Shuffling across the mattress, Sam positioned himself right behind Melanie. Thankfully there didn't seem to be any outwards signs of physical trauma to the chubby backside. Just to be sure, he grasped each of the cheeks between his hands and lifted them up. Perhaps a bit too focused on looking for any issues in addition to his lack of sleep, he failed to see the drawback of his examination as he heard her moan out in pleasure.

“Sorry,” Sam said, pulling back his hands. “I guess you’re still a little sensitive from the medicine.”

“It’s fine,” Melanie said, sucking in air between her teeth. “Keep going.”

Judging by her heavy breathing, Sam could tell that Melanie was far from uncomfortable. If anything, she was using this whole ordeal as an excuse to further enjoy her new butt. Still just as eager as she was to enjoy the enlarged backside, Sam once more sunk his fingers into the abundant ass flesh. While the resulting moans did come with a few puffs of gas in the process, he was too enamored with the soft feeling to be bothered. The only reason he stopped was when Melanie reached back to grasp his wrist.

“I need you,” she said, looking over her shoulder to look him in the eyes. “Now.”

“Don’t have to tell me twice,” Sam replied, climbing off of the bed. “What did you have in mind?”

Picking herself up, Melanie turned around and leaned against the mattress. The position left her in the perfect position to display her enhanced features. Reaching around her widened hips, Sam managed to grab onto her pair of overburdened panties. Ever so slowly he attempted to pull down the undergarments with the intention of making the foreplay last a little longer. While Melanie seemed to enjoy the buildup, the act only lasted until the undergarment met the peak of her rear and it snapped apart.

Left holding the remnants of her panties between his fingers, Sam remained undeterred. Pulling down his boxers, he guided his cock to slid down the length of her taint. Feeling his tip glide across her wetness, he let his dick linger at the entrance while he got into position. Getting a good grip around her waist, he waited for her signal before pushing inside.

The first penetration was accompanied by the sound of Melanie's butt cheeks slapping against his mid-section. Motivated by the resulting euphoric cry from her lips, Sam proceeded to jolt his hips back and forth. Each repetition brought with it the satisfying sight and sensation of her ass cheeks clapping together. While he felt a sense of pleasure greater than any previous session of intimacy with her, it came at a cost.

As Sam increased his speed and efforts, the gas that lurked within Melanie came pouring out. One after another, Sam was subjected to horrendous farts that blew back his air and sunk the smell into his clothes. As disgusting as it was, he was too far in to stop now, and Melanie didn't seem to mind the barrage at all. Making sure his grip was tight around her, he pushed himself to his limits to finish moments after she reached her climax to the sound of a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPP erupting out of her rear.

Sweaty from the exhaustion and the warm air assaulting his body, Sam slouched forward to rest atop Melanie's body. Smelling like he had just ran a marathon, he was regardless appreciative of the chance to be with a woman with such a curvy rear. His intention at the time was to linger there to rest and recuperate. However, this was cut short as Melanie lifted him up and rolled aside to let him fall onto the bed.

Before Sam could ask what was going on, Melanie returned to lean down and leave a kiss on his forehead. While the sign of affection was appreciated, he couldn't help noticing a certain look in her eyes. In her vision, he could feel a sort of hunger that was far from her usually reserved nature. Before he could further explore what was going on with her, she pulled him into a hug.

"Let's do one more," she suggested, seemingly unaffected by her earlier distress in favor of giving in to this new sense of desire.

“Yeah, just... maybe after I have a nap,” Sam replied, letting himself lean back on the bed for a well-deserved rest.

It had been an interesting conversation to say the least when it came time for Sam to call up his work. Enduring the onslaught of insults he heard from his boss, he managed to fabricate a story about having to take care of his sick girlfriend. While what he said was technically true, he made sure not to mention the exact nature of her condition. Managing to make his boss believe the flimsy excuse, he hung up his phone and turned his attention back to the bedroom to readdress a pressing issue.

On his approach towards Melanie, it didn't take long for Sam to be subjected to a stench that he had become quite accustomed to over the last few days. Though initially his girlfriend's gas had been enough to bring him close to passing out, he had started to gain a resistance to the smell. Fearing that this would become just another part of his routine, he entered the bedroom right as another bout of gas finished petering off.

Sam found Melanie just where she had left her, seated on the edge of their bed. Half of the mattress was taken up by her massive butt cheeks, their size the main reason why he had had to sleep once more in the living room. Aside from the obvious addition of her sizable rear, it appeared that it wasn't the only thing that had taken on some of her added mass.

The only reason that Melanie was able to move her gigantic rear at all was thanks to the added bulk around her thighs. Despite not having left her bedroom for the past few days, her legs had thickened up to be on par with an athletic runner. The added muscles were especially helpful considering how she had managed to put on a tiny potbelly over the course of the weekend.

“So,” Melanie began, pausing to inhale a fart that erupted from her backside, “what did your boss say?”

Cataloging the strange act as a trick of the mind, Sam answered. “He started with the usual threats of firing me on the spot until I brought up the HR department. After that, he was pretty reasonable when I said I needed some time off to take care of you.”

“That means you’re free all day, right?” Melanie asked, her eager smile unfitting for her current situation.

“Yeah.”

Melanie grin grew wider. Reaching behind her, she gave her ass cheeks a smack to jiggle them around. “Then why don’t you come back to bed for another round with this sexy thing?”

Sam’s eyes went wide from what he saw and heard from his usually reserved girlfriend. His gaze did drift towards her jiggling assets, but he was brought back to reality with a loud PHHHRRRRRTTTTTT emanating from her. “Melanie, we shouldn’t be playing around like this.”

Melanie’s smile faltered. “Don’t you find me sexy? I thought you wanted a girlfriend with an enormous ass.”

“That’s not it,” Sam replied. “I won’t deny that you’re everything I’ve dreamed of, but that shouldn’t come at the cost of making you live with this kind of body. We need to focus on getting you back to normal. Where did you put those pills?”

Despite her earlier energy, Melanie seemed to go silent. “I... lost them.”

“How did you lose something like that?”

“I don’t know,” she said, venting her frustration with another bout of gas. “My brain has been feeling fuzzy ever since I first took the pills. Besides, my mind has been on other things lately. Like how I can get you to touch this big, meaty, sensual...”

Melanie drifted off as she sunk her fingers into her backside. Any sense of her former meekness was lost as she freely let out a moan from the release of a rippling fart. Clear as day Sam watched her sniff up her own flatulence with a hungry look in her eyes.

“Hey!” Sam said, getting her attention with a snap of his fingers. “We need to focus. If we can’t find the drugs, we’re going to have to take you to a hospital for treatment. Let’s try and get you in the car. I think you should be able to just barely fit on my backseat.”

Broken out of her stupor, Melanie begrudgingly held out her arms. “Mind helping me up?”

Grasping Melanie’s wrists, Sam proceeded to pull. Though it was a strain, he did manage to get her to her feet. Standing her up made him notice the extra few feet in height she had gained to have her loom over him. From there, her bulkier legs took over to get her to slowly waddle her way over to the door. Her gradual progress came to a screeching halt as she reached the entryway and her hips got caught. Try as she might to pull herself through, her ass cheeks seemed determined to keep her in the bedroom.

“Sam,” Melanie said, looking over her shoulder towards him. “Would you mind giving me a push?”

“Sure, let me just-“

Melanie let out a moan as Sam placed his hands against her buttocks.

“Sorry,” he said, backing off. “I don’t know what else I’m supposed to do.”

“It’s fine,” Melanie said as she chewed on her lips. “Just keep going.”

Trying to ignore the way her body shook with lustful intent, Sam proceeded to shove his hands into her butt fat. Each push made minimal progress while further exacerbating the issue. As much as Sam tried to focus on freeing her from the doorway, it was hard to concentrate with the constant cries of euphoria that left her lips. Adding to the challenge was the barrage of gas that leaked out with every shove. Regardless, Sam kept pushing; determined to give his girlfriend the help she needed. Unfortunately, it wasn't the kind of assistance she wanted.

Sam's efforts came to a halt as Melanie bumped him away with her butt. Stumbling off of her rear, he looked back to see her continue to shudder from her overactive libido. While one of her hands busied itself with squeezing and groping what little she could reach of her gigantic behind, the other flung back her hair so she could turn around and look him straight in the eyes.

“Sam... I need you to fuck me,” she said between heavy breaths.

“Melanie, this isn't really the time-“

Sam was drowned out by a billowing fart. “I need you to fuck me, NOW!” she replied. “I don't know how much more I can take it.”

“Absolutely not. There's no telling what else could happen if we keep-“

Vigorously shaking her hips, Melanie shut up her boyfriend by wriggling around like a toddler throwing a temper tantrum. Her constant calls for sex were hidden behind the various farts that seeped out of her rear. The side of the doorway began to crack, threatening to tear it down if she didn't get what she wanted.

As much as Sam wanted to refuse Melanie's animalistic desires, there were several compounding issues. First and foremost, he still considered himself responsible for her current state. Moreover, in spite of his concerns, his physical body was still urging him to satisfy his own urges to make the most of her modifications. Rationalizing his decision with the thought that

Melanie would be easier to move if she was calmed down, he took off his pants and approached her.

It was a little cumbersome for Sam to try and maneuver his cock where it needed to be. The immediate downside of the massive ass cheeks was the inability to see where he needed to go. Eventually he did manage to slide his tip up against her dripping womanhood, but he was stopped from going any further as Melanie bounced him away once more.

“What the hell?” Sam asked, barely able to stop himself from tripping over his own feet. “I thought this is what you wanted.”

“Not there,” Melanie clarified. “I want you to shove your cock into my ass.”

Sam stared back at her sizable rear with hesitation. “Are you sure? We’ve never done anal before.”

“I’m more than sure,” she replied. “Hurry up. I don’t think I can hold on for much longer.”

Quickened by another moan parting Melanie’s lips, Sam once more approached her and slid his cock along her taint. He knew he had found the right place once he felt a puff of gas blow past his tip. Sinking his fingers into her ass fat, he tried to prepare himself for what he was about to do. Looking back towards his girlfriend to make sure this was what she wanted, he took a deep breath and shoved his cock inside.

The act of penetration filled the room with another one of Melanie’s euphoric cries. Keeping a tight grip on her butt, Sam proceeded to jolt his hips back and forth. Each successful push brought the pair a wave of ecstasy, but it came at a dire cost. Despite having his cock shoved inside, Sam still had to endure a barrage of farts leaking out of her anus. The resistance he had thought he had built up over the course of the weekend faltered as he was subjected to the

full brunt of the gas. Even still he persisted, pushed on by the cacophony of moans emanating from the both of them. Giving himself fully the primal urges, he reached out to give her ass a smack as a final push to bring the two of them to orgasm.

Drained from the experience, Sam managed to stay standing just long enough to fill her up with his seed. Stumbling away from her, he watched his cum spray back out as a loud PHHHHRRRRRRRTTTTTT sputtered out. Equally tired from the ordeal, Melanie fell back onto the floor, undoing any progress they had made trying to get her out of the room. While this was a net loss, Sam didn't seem too disappointed. Especially when Melanie managed to pick herself back up to waddle over and embrace him for a kiss.

"That was fucking amazing," she said, holding him close to enshroud him in another blast of flatulence. "Let's go again."

"Y-yeah," Sam said, extricating himself from her grasp. "I'll be right back, I promise."

Making his way into the adjoining bathroom, Sam closed the door and approached the sink. Splashing water onto his face, he tried to rationalize what he had just done. As he fought against conflicting voices saying that he was both hurting and helping Melanie, he spotted something out the corner of his eye.

Looking into the trash can, Sam spotted the bottle of pills that had started this ordeal. Picking it up and unscrewing the top, he found that it had been completely emptied out. Thinking back to what Melanie had said, it was obvious that she was lying. At some point, she had taken every last pill. The worry he felt at the thought of how much further she would degrade went on hold as he noticed a phone number on the back of the bottle.

“Sam, where are you?” Melanie called out. “While you’re up, grab me some food from the kitchen. We’re going to need the extra fuel and I don’t want you passing out on me before I’m done.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Sam said, holding the bottle behind his back. “I’m on it.”

Making sure to keep the empty container obscured until he entered the kitchen, Sam took a moment to dial the number. Any hopes he had of finding a solution to his problems were shattered with a voice mail answering back saying it was full. Hearing Melanie shaking around in frustration from the next room, he conceded to leaving his phone behind for now. Quickly grabbing an armful of snacks for the upcoming ordeal, he tried to hold onto the one lifeline he had for ending the madness brought about by his girlfriend’s massive derriere.

“There’s really nothing you can do to reverse the effects?” Sam asked over the phone.

“The drug is experimental for a reason,” replied the Grow Co representative on the other side. “While it is regrettable that we have yet to develop a cure, what you’re telling me is doing wonders for our research. We’ll send one of our scientists over within the next few days to do some more extensive testing.”

“And that’ll change my girlfriend back?”

“Er, not exactly. We may still be a sometime away from that, but it’s a step in the right direction. Of course, we’ll also offer you sizable compensation for the information Melanie’s participation has given to us. It should be more than enough to cover any expenses accumulated while she’s indisposed.”

As much as Sam wanted to hang up the phone, he begrudgingly reminded himself that he needed the lab's help to get things back to a sense of normalcy. "Make sure you get here as fast as you can. Otherwise--"

"SAAAAAAAAAAAAAMMMMMMM!" Melanie called out from the bedroom. "I need you."

A shudder went down Sam's spine as he realized what the call meant. "I'll talk to you later," he said before ending the call.

Putting away his cell, Sam prepared himself for whatever came. Forced to inhale the noxious fumes that had spread throughout the apartment, he made his way over to Melanie. Walking past the crumbling doorway that he had tried many times to push her through, he still found it unbelievable that all of this had been caused by the little pills.

The entire mattress was covered up by Melanie's backside as she sat at the foot of the bed, each cheek capable of smothering a person without much effort. Equally impressive were the set of bulky thigh muscles that made it possible for her to waddle her pear-shaped figure around the room and visit the bathroom after Sam had spent the better part of the previous day breaking down the doorway. This lack of activity mixed with the effects of the drug had further bulged out her belly to better hold the gas lurking within her guts. Even the slightest nudge was enough so send an errant fart rippling out to further stink up the house and jostle around the ass cheeks that she had come to adore.

"You needed help with something?" Sam asked, already knowing the answer.

"I heard what you were talking about in the living room," Melanie replied as her fingers tapped against her backside. Finding her preferred spot, she brought her hand down for a smack

that made her hiss with pleasure. “If we’re going to be getting a visitor, I want to make sure I’m good and satisfied before then. Let’s fuck.”

While Sam’s member was more than ready to go, the rest of his body was a lot more reluctant. “I’m sorry Melanie, but I don’t think I have it in me,” he said. “I’m still worn out from the morning’s session.”

Melanie voiced her displeasure with another blast of flatulence. “You can’t even do a little bit? It doesn’t take that much effort. You just need to shove it in and start thrusting.”

“It’s a lot harder than it looks,” Sam explained. “Just getting it into one of the holes is a challenge itself. I’m exhausted by the time I manage to squeeze between your cheeks.”

“Well what else am I supposed to do?” Melanie asked.

“I don’t know. Maybe get a vibrator or something?”

“That’s not nearly as fun as doing it with you,” she replied, picking up her hips to slam her ass down on her overburdened bed.

“Like I said, I’m tired. My legs feel like jelly. If you want an orgasm, you’re going to have to find some other way.”

Rather than be discouraged, a wide grin appeared on Melanie’s face. With a grunt and another puff of gas leaving her ass cheeks, she heaved herself into a standing position. Mesmerized by the way her butt wobbled about with each step, Sam merely stood there as the wide woman approached. Swinging her hips to the side, she slammed her ass into him to send him sprawling to the ground. Before he could get back up, she moved herself to stand above him with her ass hovering over his head.

“Melanie, what are you doing?” Sam asked as he cowered in the shadow of the gigantic derriere.

“I’m doing what you said,” Melanie answered, pausing to let a sputtering fart leak out right onto Sam. “I’m taking matters into my own hands.”

“Wait, Melanie. Please be reasonable. You’re not really going to-“

Sam was silenced as Melanie brought her backside crashing down on him. Her landing came with a new fog of noxious fumes to overwhelm his senses. When he managed to open his eyes, it was only to be met with the darkness brought upon by being stuck beneath her rear. Pinned to the ground, he could only wait there as she shuffled around to have a certain something press up against his face.

“See, this is much better,” Melanie called out, her voice muffled by the butt flesh around Sam’s ears. “Now all you have to do is use your mouth. You remember how, right?”

Unable to reply with the massive weight pressing down on him, Sam set to work to try and appease his girlfriend. Opening up his mouth and leaning forward, he dragged his tongue along her labia. His efforts produced a moan from Melanie’s lips as well as more gas to enshroud his face. Feeling her body tremble in anticipation, he continued to move his mouth across her womanhood to try and please her. Each successful suck and lick brought out more of the woman’s euphoric cries to coincide with her gas. Though he was left as a sweaty, foul smelling mess from the constant barrage, his body went through its own trembles of lust as he focused all of his attention on her clitoris to bring her to her eventual finish.

Melanie’s climax sent waves of ecstasy through her behemoth buttocks. Still stuck beneath her, Sam was forced to endure the barrage of her ass cheeks shaking against his body. Managing to stay cognizant as a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPP echoed in his ears, he remained still as she picked herself back up. Any hopes that this would be enough to fulfill her needs were dashed as he felt her lean down to press a finger against his rigid cock.

“You say you’re tired, but your little friend here says otherwise,” Melanie pointed out, teasing him by pressing down on his member. “For doing such a good job, how about I give you a turn for pleasure? There’s a position I’ve been dying to try out ever since I got this thing,” she said, giving her rear another slap. “Think you’re ready for this cowgirl to take a ride?”

Without needing to ask, Sam knew what Melanie was suggesting. His logical side was screaming at him to stop. After all, he wasn’t sure if he would be able to take the massive force about to be thrust upon him. However, these more rational thoughts were dismissed by a mix of his own desires and the look of unbridled lust he saw in Melanie’s eyes.

“Do it,” Sam called out, taking a deep breath of Melanie’s lingering flatulence to prepare himself for what was to come.

A giggle leaving her lips, Melanie took a deep whiff of her aroma and shuffled forward. Squatting down allowed her to both glide Sam’s tip against her pussy and let him take a gander at her luscious lumps. Sinking herself down onto him triggered his turn to let out a moan of pleasure. Once she slid herself all the way to the base, her ass had almost completely covered up his torso. In a strange paradise of flesh and flatulence, Sam gave the okay for her to let loose everything she had.

Putting her leg muscles to good use, Melanie began to rapidly gyrate up and down. Each repetition had her ass bouncing against Sam’s body with a loud slapping noise. The sound was soon joined by a deluge of farts erupting out that seemed to have been waiting for this exact moment to unleash themselves upon the couple. The two of them were overwhelmed by the sound, smell, and sensations of their moment of intimacy, both becoming more obsessed with Melanie’s enhancements as it went on. Pushed forward by adrenaline, Sam managed to summon up the last of his strength to reach out and grab what he could of her hips. Kept steady by her

boyfriend's grip, Melanie managed to push herself just a little bit more to bring them to their release to the sound of a PHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT erupting from her rear.

Drained of her strength, Melanie wobbled back and forth on her feet. She managed to stand for just a few moments before her exhausted state sent her crashing back down to the floor. Practically immobilized, she leaned back on her meaty rear to try and catch her breath. As she took a deep breath to bask in the lingering gas and ecstasy, she watched as Sam shuffled his way over to her. Having to tilt his head up to reach her face, he managed to lock their lips together for an affectionate kiss.

As they pulled away from each other, Melanie asked, "How long did that scientist say it would be before they arrive?"

"A few days," Sam said. "Did you want to go again?"

"I think I'm good for now," she replied. Reaching back, she gave her ass a few gentle pats to signal Sam to come forward.

"Looks like you finally reached your limit," he replied, accepting her offer to spread himself out on her butt to use as a makeshift bed. "Guess that's something we should tell them when they arrive."

"That's all for later," Melanie pointed out. "For now, rest up. There's still so much I want to do while I have this body."

"I'm looking forward to it," Sam replied, nuzzling himself up to the gigantic, gassy rear that had led the couple to a state of complete depravity that they weren't willing to leave anytime soon.