

Return of the Congalala Curse

Trekking far from the safety of the hunting village was the last thing Dorian ever expected to be doing again. However, he couldn't deny that the thrill of roughing it in the wild didn't restore some of his former curiosity of his researcher days. Behind every tree and underneath each rock was a new form of life waiting to be discovered and studied. Lush vegetation held promises of flowers and roots that could be used to cure ailments and aid hunters in their tasks. Even the formidable creatures that dominated the environment out-weighed their danger with the mere thought of the wondrous things Dorian could learn about them. Then again, he didn't have much to worry about running into danger considering who was acting as his guide.

Effortlessly clambering up a pile of rocks allowed Maria to both survey the path ahead and take in the wonders of the wild she had missed for so long. Her time of being stuck in the village recovering from her previous trek had taken away the defined muscles she had developed over her multiple outings. Through sheer stubbornness she had managed to squeeze herself into her old set of Kirin armor, leaving her pudgy belly hanging between her thighs. Leaping off the rock pile, her breasts threatened to break free of her skimpy, white top. Reaching back to pull out the fabric of her loincloth from out of her plump butt cheeks, she waved about her pixie cut, silver hair as she gestured for Dorian to follow.

Maria's reassuring smile and energetic movements despite her less than athletic body were a sight to behold. Several months' prior, an encounter with a strange herd of Conga and a grove of odd fruit made it seem like their hunting days were over. Thanks to the efforts of various researchers, they were able to reverse most of the effects plaguing the hunting pair.

While their efforts had done wonders for Maria, Dorian found himself still dealing with the worst that the so called Congalala curse had to offer.

Having outgrown all of his old armor, Dorian's basic leather shirt and pants were anything, but flattering. The way the leather sunk into the rolls of his belly was almost as bad as the way his stomach nearly doubled over itself. Even with the extra-large size of the outfit, his belly button was left mere inches from popping out. What parts of his tunic weren't devoted to upholding a semblance of modesty for his gut went to keeping his sagging pecs from showing off how much they had eclipsed Maria's own bosom in size. With a grimace, he reached back to tug at his pants to try and make himself more comfortable. The act further sunk the tight leather between his ass cheeks and reminded him of the features that made sure everyone in the village knew of his condition.

Drawing his pudgy hand back, his finger brushed up against the ape-like, furry, pink tail seated right above his plump posterior. The bright pink appendage matched with the thick fluff adorning his arms and legs that stood out against the dull brown of the short hair on his head. His noticeable additions acted as a warning sign for the other villagers to keep their distance from him, especially after he ate. One wrong spice or a little too much food into his bulbous belly was sure to bring out his digestion problems that had plagued him ever since the day he had partaken of the accursed fruit.

"Get a move on!" Maria called back to the slow moving ape man. "At this rate, the sun will be down before we get there. I told you I can fight off anything we run into, but I'd rather not do it in the dark."

"You know I can't move as fast as I used to," Dorian called back, leaning his heavy form against a branch to catch his breath.

With an understanding sigh, Maria ran back to him at a speed unfitting of her chubby form. “Sorry, I’m just so excited. I’ve been getting cabin fever from being stuck in our house for so long.”

“I know how frustrating it is,” Dorian began, slowly regaining his strength, “but it was necessary. The researchers wanted to make sure we didn’t infect anyone else with our condition. Even with most of the symptoms cured, none of the villagers want to be around us. Not that I’m saying it was fun being stuck inside smelling each other’s-“

Dorian paused, unwilling to say it out loud despite both of them knowing what he meant. Shaking his head, he shook out his legs to loosen up and started walking towards Maria. “In any case, you still haven’t told me where we’re going.”

“It’s a surprise,” she said with a smile.

Dorian raised his eyebrow. “What kind of surprise?”

“It’ll ruin it if I just tell you,” she replied as she continued up the trail. “Just follow me and I’ll show you. It’s not too far from here.”

Having grown used to Maria’s unusual ways from multiple hunts together, Dorian could only let out an exasperated sigh as he followed her as fast as his chubby legs would allow.

Several more minutes of walking led them to a peaceful clearing of soft grass surrounded by thick trees and bushes. At the perimeter of the area could be seen a massive boulder covered in vines and fallen leaves. Upon closer inspection, Dorian could tell that it was a fake. Beneath the clumped on foliage could be seen the seams that made up a camouflage tarp, similar to the ones hunters used out in the wilds. However, the presence of the elaborate hiding place wasn’t what got the majority of his attention.

Spread out in the middle of the clearing was a tarp that covered most of the area. Upon the tarp was a collection of various bundles and boxes held together by locks strong enough to stop most monsters from breaking in and plundering their contents. The thought of what could be lurking inside the containers was enough to make Dorian's stomach growl and his mouth begin to water.

"What do you think?" Maria asked, holding out her arms to present the makeshift picnic area. "Got up extra early this morning to get it all set up."

The multitude of urges that went through Dorian's morphed body were soon silenced by his logical brain. "Not that I don't appreciate it, but you know what food does to me these days," he said, running his fingers along his exposed belly button. "The doctors said I need to be careful what I eat or else I would...you know..." Again he trailed off, unwilling to bring up the least palatable features of his freak of a body.

"I know, that's why I brought you out here," Maria replied, grinning as wide as possible to try and dispel his dreary attitude. "That way you can eat as much as you want and don't have to worry about disturbing anyone."

"What about you?"

Maria's smile faltered a little. "It's fine," she said, turning around to avoid meeting him face to face. "We've spent so much time in the same house anyway, I'm used to it. You can go all out and not have to worry about me."

Dorian could tell something was up. However, he found it hard to reject the one person who was still willing to be around him after everything that had happened. A hungry growl from his stomach helped to make his decision. "All right, let's do it."

Turning on her heels, Maria looked at him with a wide grin. “Great! Let’s get started then.”

Running up to Dorian and bumping her belly against his, she dragged him over to the tarp. Sitting his chunky rear down, she went about the area unlocking the containers and putting out the food. In record time she managed to spread out a variety of dishes from sweet fruits, perfectly grilled fish, golden brown meat, and a plethora of roasted vegetables large enough to be meals all on their own. Watching her go about her business, Dorian clenched his fingers. Grinding his teeth, he attempted to keep himself in control, knowing full well what had happened the last time he gave into his urges. His internal battle was brought to a halt as Maria strolled up to him with a platter of food in hand.

“Go ahead, eat up,” she said, offering him the food.

“What about you?” he asked, his body shaking in anticipation of his upcoming feast.

“I ate before we left. I wanted this to be your chance to really stuff yourself after being subjected to that awful slop the doctors call food. Don’t worry about me, I’ll pick at whatever’s left if I’m still hungry.”

Dorian wanted to ask more, having a feeling that something was going on with Maria. Any leftover concerns he had vanished as his fingers subconsciously reached for a hunk of meat on the plate. Sliding it into his mouth, his taste buds rejoiced at the flavor of actual food and not bland medicine. As the tasty morsel went down the back of his throat, the urges he had been keeping at bay were finally let loose.

Snatching the platter from Maria’s hands, he held it up to his face and gobbled it up like a rabid animal. Madly chewing away at his mouthful of food, he graciously accepted the next dish Maria held out to him. Eating like he was on the brink of starvation, he shoved everything that

was brought to him without a second thought. The variety of flavors overwhelmed him with their exquisite taste, further egging him on to eat as much as his pudgy body could take.

Dorian's eating fervor began to slow as his body reached its limits. Even then, it was only after he had stacked dozens of empty platters around him. Grasping one last morsel of meat, he forced himself to swallow it down. Feeling like he was going to burst at any second, he made it a point to savor the last bit of meat's flavor.

"Thank UURP you Maria," Dorian belched, rubbing his taut stomach. "It was delicious."

"Well don't stop now," Maria said, hoisting up another platter. "There's still so much left."

"Sorry, I'm just BWOOOORP too full," he replied, waving his hand to shoo her away and disperse some of his rancid belch. "Give me a moment to rest and I might--"

An unruly groan from Dorian's bowels filled him with anxiety. He knew what the sound meant and what it heralded coming from his monstrous form. Try as he might to hold in the pressure building up in his intestines, he knew it was a frivolous battle. Leaning his body to the side away from Maria, he let his gas loose in a prolonged PHHHRRRRRRRTT that echoed through the forest. As the last of the fart petered out, the horrendous smell that Dorian had been dealing with for months reared its ugly head. Despite being gassed so many times by his own body, the burning sensation of his nostrils never truly went away.

"I'm BWOOOOORRRRP sorry," Dorian belched.

"It's alright, that's why we're out here in the first place," Maria answered. "At the very least, that should have emptied out some space for some more food."

Gently resting his pungent rear back down, Dorian shook his head. "That was just the start of it. I'd prefer to let my body get rid of all of its gas before I even consider eating anything

else. We should just let my digestive tract air out and then head back to the village before it gets too late.”

Maria adopted a disappointed frown. “Well...do you at least have some room for dessert? I’ve got something special for you.”

Unable to resist Maria’s puppy dog eyes for more than a few seconds, Dorian caved in. “I suppose it wouldn’t hurt. Just a small taste at least.”

“Great, wait right here,” Maria commanded as she ran off toward the fake rock.

Dorian watched Maria duck underneath the tarp and heard the sound of several locks being undone. After a few moments of watching her figure bounce against the fabric, she reappeared with a small fruit in hand. It was a smooth fruit the size of her palm covered in a shade of shimmering gold that tapered off into a pale white. While Dorian couldn’t identify what it was, the delectable smell that permeated off of it as Maria approached made his stuffed stomach call for him to take a bite.

“What is this?” Dorian asked, accepting the fruit and holding it up to his eye for a better look.

“It’s a special fruit I got from one of the researchers,” she was quick to reply. “It’s supposed to help you with your stomach issues. Not to mention, it’s pretty tasty too.”

Dorian had his questions quelled by her expectant gaze and his needy tongue. Grasping the fruit between his fingers he sunk his teeth in. The sweet juice spilled down his two chins and filled his mouth. Instantly, the fullness that had been plaguing his body began to dissipate. Without a second thought he took a second, much larger bite into the fruit to relish in the exotic flavor and help ease his digestion. Several bites later, he was left with only a core and remaining droplets of fruit juice hanging from his hands.

“Pretty good huh?” Maria asked, watching as he sucked the remnants of the juice off his fingertips.

“Quite the BWOORP extraordinary taste,” he said, wiping a few stray drops from his lips. “I’d be interested to see what kind of plant-“

Dorian interrupted himself with a rumbling in his gut. At first he thought it was just more gas, until he felt an intense hunger pang. Clutching his stomach, he tried to quiet it by letting out controlled bursts of gas from his mouth and rear, but that only seemed to exacerbate the problem. Clueless as to what his body was doing, he just let his urges take hold in an attempt to solve the problem.

Scrunching up his fat rolls, he reached across the blanket to continue feasting on Maria’s spread of food. Just as before, the flavors that rolled across his tongue as he ate were exquisite, but they were gradually becoming an afterthought. Driven by a growing hunger he reached further across the blanket in hopes of filling his ravenous gut.

Extending himself too far sent him belly flopping onto the blanket. The act of pressing his overstuffed gut into the ground filled the area with a thunderous fart that was sure to scare off any creatures in the area with its sound and smell. Powering through the foul air surrounding him, he dragged his belly across the ground to reach the rest of the food. He lost track of time as he finished off the entirety of the feast, only pausing to let out a gnarly burp or wince at the aroma of his pungent flatulence.

Dorian came back to his senses as he swallowed the last platter of food. Rising from his position in the middle of the blanket, he heard his already strained outfit begin to tear. A rip formed down the front of his shirt to show the enlarged cleavage of his man boobs. As he tried to pull together the ragged top, he felt a breeze of air against his pudgy rear. Looking over his

shoulder, he caught a glimpse of a rip in the seat of his pants that allowed his bare butt to stick out onto the blanket. Brushing his tail along the plumped up butt cheeks, he could feel the extra padding that had come from his intense eating.

As he looked over his ragged set of clothing and wondered if he could create a makeshift patch job from the nearby bushes, his eyes wandered over to his gut. The sight of the mound of fat and blubber further pushing his thighs apart wasn't what gave him pause for thought. Reaching as far as his pudgy limbs would allow, he traced his fingers along his belly button. His eyes went wide as he confirmed that the white scales centered around the deep hole belonged to him.

“What kind of UUURP fruit was that?” he asked, turning to Maria.

“Like I said, something to help you with your digestion problems,” she replied with a coy smile. “By the sight and smell of it, it seems to be helping already.”

“This is BWOOOOOORRRP helping?” he asked, shaking his gut and inadvertently forcing out another fart.

Maria lifted up her head and deeply inhaled the noxious cloud of flatulence. “Yup, it's going just the way I planned.” Disregarding the look of confusion on his face, she began strolling back to the fake boulder. “That fruit did come from the researchers, but it was because they were studying a similar case to ours. A couple of months ago, a group of hunters were sent out to investigate a strange fruit grove that had popped up around a Jagras den. When a few of the hunters took a bite, they began to develop extreme appetites and their bodies changed to mimic that of a Great Jagras.”

“And your plan was to feed me one of those things!?”

“Of course,” she said, ducking underneath the tarp. Moments later, she poked her head out as she dragged out a barrel. “Over the course of our recovery, what you’ve considered a curse I’ve learned to love. The researchers may have been able to bring me back to normal, but I’ve grown to miss being a gassy ape woman. All of the adorable chub encasing your form and the magnificent odors you put out from both ends has become...addictive to me.”

Dorian couldn’t believe what he was hearing from his trusted partner. “Have you gone insane?”

“No,” she replied, tossing off the top of the barrel. “I’ve just been enlightened to a part of myself that the doctors have been trying to repress. You have suffered the same fate and I plan on fixing that problem.” Dragging the barrel over to the edge of the blanket, she knocked it over and let dozens of the Jagras fruit come spilling out. “Eat up!” she announced with a wicked smile.

Knowing full well what his partner’s plans were and how the fruit would further change him did little to stop Dorian from crawling on all fours towards the toppled over barrel. Picking up two fruit at once, he resumed his feast by swallowing them both whole. The delectable taste was an after thought to his rising appetite, pushing him on even as his body fattened up and his bowels grumbled with awful noises. He paid little mind to the way his form was weighed down with more fat and how he freely let gas pass from both ends. It seemed like any coherent thoughts were lost over his instincts to stuff his face.

Letting a particularly nasty fart come spurting out, Dorian’s felt something brush up against his tail. Peeking over his shoulder, he saw Maria walking directly towards his gassy posterior. Hearing another fart begin to blast from his rear, she embraced what she could of his plump butt cheeks and let herself be encompassed by the awful gas. Sucking in the rancid air, her

expression of complete bliss was lost on Dorian as he turned back to continue his feast and unknowingly stray further from his human form.

Dorian's nipples on his further sagging pecs were covered up with pale white scales that extended from his gut to cover his entire chest. The growth of scales continued down his fat rolls to encompass everything from his wide hips up to his three chins. Strangely, the scales stopped at the part of his legs and arms where the Congalala fur remained, allowing his pungent odor to cling to the mangy hairs. While his changes kept his appendages furry, they started to lengthen and brighten up his brown hair. Around the time another fart came spurting out to make his pudgy cheeks quiver and delight Maria, his mane of golden hair became long enough to wave about in his next earth shaking fart.

Sinking his elongated, fang-like canine teeth into the last of the fruit, Dorian gobbled it down as fast as the rest. Left with only an empty barrel and juice clinging to his sausage-like fingers, he massaged his scaly belly as he licked his hands clean. For his efforts, he was rewarded with the feeling of a gas bubble rapidly rising up his throat. Just as he opened his mouth to let it out, Maria leapt onto his belly to give the burp the final push it needed to come blasting right into her face.

"This is better than I ever could have hoped for," Maria said, letting the rancid burp wash over her. "What do you say, big guy?"

"UUURRRP moooooore," Dorian belched, his feast of tainted fruit having sent his appetite into overdrive. "I'm so BWOOOORP hungry," he added, punctuating with a squeaky fart.

Maria held her head up and let the lingering fart sink into her nostrils. "Don't worry, I've got just the thing for you."

Groping Dorian's barrel-like gut one last time, Maria rolled off of his body and ran as fast as she could towards the false boulder. Grasping the edge of the tarp, she flung it off into the trees in a single tug. Beneath the camo cover was a large, metal structure big enough to house a sizable monster. What remained of Dorian's logical side recognized it as a modified version of the cage they had used during their fateful encounter with the gassy Congas.

While his memories of those days were a haze, he could tell that the cage had gone through major renovations. Planks of wood had been placed between the bars, creating a makeshift shed. The only way into the cage was a hatch at the entrance that Maria effortlessly lifted up. Leaning inside the enclosed structure, Maria held up a hunk of smoked meat and waved it in front of Dorian's hungry gaze.

Exerting the meager muscles that hid beneath his fat, Dorian managed to get himself into a standing position. Stomping his hairy, pink thunder thighs about, he waddled as fast as he could towards the cage. His belly's constant jiggling forced out more gas from his rear end to leave a noxious trail as he stampeded towards his next meal. Watching Maria toss the meat into the cage made him move along faster, his bouncing man boobs offering quite the show for his tormenter. Squeezing into the entryway, his ass got caught on the door way. Pushed forward by his appetite and a helpful shove from Maria, he fell face first into the cage.

Scrambling into a sitting position, Dorian's eyes went wide at the sight of dried meats and various other non-perishable food strewn about. Drool dripping down his chins, his hunger riddled brain struggled on where to start. Lost in thought deciding on what to sink his teeth into next, he failed to notice Maria slip in behind him. Slamming the gate shut behind her, Maria let out a childish laugh as she looked upon her creation. With the gate closed, very little air flow remained in the sealed off space, save for a few beams of light that snuck through to make

Dorian's scales glimmer. It was the perfect place for her to enjoy a hotbox of Dorian's awful stench.

Grasping a handful of the nearest clutch of food, Dorian shoved it into his waiting maw. Pausing to let out a single belch, he was already scrunching up his belly rolls to reach out for his next portion. The remains of his clothing were ripped into tatters that became buried underneath his encroaching fat. As the remnants of his outfit slipped between his fat rolls, any extra thoughts besides eating, burping, and farting were pushed out his mind in favor of animalistic instincts.

Watching in awe as Dorian tore through the surplus of food she had been saving for an entire month, Maria got ready to reap her rewards. Placing her body against the center of his deepening butt cracks, she let his gas wash over her and embed into her clothes and skin. The lack of proper air circulation let the foul air build up in the enclosed area, letting every rancid burp and explosive fart grace the pair of them with their wonderfully awful odor.

Reaching a size akin to the giant ape that had been the main cause of his transformation, Dorian's feast showed little signs of slowing. The pungent air surrounding him began to delight his bestial mind, rewarding him for his barbaric eating habits. Each blast of gas freed more room for his gluttonous gut and burned his nostrils with the strong stench. Left inhaling his own gas might have had something to do with his blatant ignorance that he was starting to outgrow the cage.

Letting herself go limp against Dorian's constantly spouting anus, Maria didn't even lift a finger as she was pushed against the wall of the cage. The various ripped open containers that used to hold Dorian's food were swept up as his blubber expanded to meet his ravenous appetite. His legs became pinned underneath his stomach, left as little more than tree-like logs of adipose

and fur. Undeterred by the mangy fur ripe with his gas clinging to his arms, he still moved at a rapid pace to finish what was left of the feast. The flab dangling from his arm constantly slapped against his scaly moobs, each one large enough to fit a person inside of. Just as his love handles pressed against the walls and his gut was pushed into the bars, he managed to finish his meal with a single piece of fruit.

Wiping the juice from his plump cheeks and five chins, Dorian let out a satisfied belch. Lazily swiveling his head across his heavy form, he searched for any leftover crumbs he could have missed. Running his fingers along his scales, he gave up on his search as a loud rumbling noise emanated from his stomach. After finally achieving the feeling of being full, he was left confused until he felt the pressure begin to build in his colon. Lifting up his tail, he let loose with one last, prolonged PHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTT that shook the cage and ensured that no fresh air was left in the enclosed space.

The feeling of a comparatively small set of fingers grazing his butt cheeks got Dorian to recall that he wasn't alone. Forcing his fat face to turn as much as possible, he managed to get a glimpse of Maria's limp body resting across his right butt cheek. The sight brought back some of his old self, enough to make him understand what they had just done.

"Maria!" he shouted, waving his tail across her to try and wake her. "Maria please wake up!"

Seeing his partner laying as still as a corpse, Dorian raced to find a solution. Grasping his belly, his pudgy hands shook it about to summon another gas bubble. Using his tail to press Maria's face as close to his anus as possible, he used one of his farts as a makeshift smelling salt to try and wake her. The sense of relief he felt upon letting out the gas was elevated by the

feeling of Maria sinking her fingers into his ass and the sound of her deeply inhaling his flatulence.

“Mmmmmm, that was better than I could have ever hoped for,” Maria said, lazily lifting her head up to meet Dorian’s gaze. Immediately her good mood was soured as she recognized the accusing look in his eyes. “Dorian I-“

“Is this really what you BWOORRP wanted?” Dorian asked, his burp blowing back her hair.

Maria looked down, her fingers sinking deeper into Dorian’s butt cheeks. “I’m sorry, but I didn’t think you would agree otherwise. Some teammate I make huh? I go and turn you into a colossal monster of a gas factory for my own enjoyment. I don’t know how I can really make amends, but I can try to find an actual cure. After that, I’d understand if you didn’t want to be partners anymore.”

Turning his head back, Dorian glanced down at his massive, scaly gut. Letting his finger grope his sagging pecs and countless new fat rolls, he found it hard to deny that the feeling of so much weight on his body wasn’t somewhat enjoyable. Lifting his arm to his face, he inhaled the lingering smell of his musk and something in his brain clicked. Pulling away his flabby arm, he started to understand some of things that had been going through Maria’s mind.

“Hypothetically, what happens if I want to stay like this?” Dorian asked, turning back to see the curious look on Maria’s face. “Would you be willing to...help me stay like this?”

Maria’s typically over excited smile returned. “You mean it?”

“On a trial basis at least,” Dorian explained, trying to retain some of his former dignity as a researcher.

“Of course, I’d be more than happy to,” Maria replied, running her fingers along his buttocks.

“Great, then could you get me out of here? Loosening the bolts on the cage should be enough to bring it down.”

“Sure, but can it wait a while?” Maria asked, nuzzling her face into Dorian’s butt crack. “I want to stay here a little longer. Feeding you takes a lot out of me.”

Before Dorian could say another word, he heard Maria’s telltale snoring. Shaking his head in disbelief of what he had just signed up for, he got as comfortable as possible in the enclosed space. Closing his eyes, he wondered just what the future held for the two of them.

Dorian’s peaceful slumber under the mid-day sun was interrupted with the sound of something off in the distance. Lazily lifting his body into a sitting position, he scratched at the scales along his belly and opened his mouth for a wide yawn. Turning his six chins towards the source of the noise, he had no fear of incoming danger. His month spent living in the wilderness had shown him that no man or monster were willing to come within any distance of his gassy form. The only ones that could stand his overpowering, musky scent were himself and the woman who had made him like this.

Single-handedly pulling a cart laden with food down the rugged path, Maria slowly approached Dorian with a friendly smile on her face. The multiple trips back and forth between the village to keep his hunger at bay had shaved off some of the fat that had been plaguing her form. Long hidden muscle definition could be seen on her bulky arms and legs and her belly seemed to have shrunken back to make moving around the forest that much easier. Her smaller size and seemingly boundless energy was a stark contrast to the slovenly giant he had become.

“Hope you like fish,” Maria said as she dragged the cart up to Dorian. “There was a huge haul of the stuff so I bought it in bulk.”

“I hope it wasn’t too expensive,” Dorian commented, pulling the cart with one hand into the middle of his clearing.

“Nah, nothing too bad,” Maria answered, stretching out her arms. “Besides, the researchers paid me more than enough in exchange for my notes about you. Like I’ve said, they’re crazy to learn everything they can about your condition even if they can’t stand being near you.” She paused as she noticed the drool forming on the corner of Dorian’s mouth.

“Hungry already?”

“Sorry,” Dorian replied, wiping away the drool from his chubby cheek “There’s only so much I can scavenge to keep my hunger at bay when you’re gone.”

“Yeah, yeah,” Maria said, waving him off. “You can eat as much as you want, AFTER I get in position.” Maria tilted her head up to shoot Dorian a mischievous smile. “You haven’t forgotten our agreement have you?”

“Of course not.”

“Good, then haul the cart over to the cage and let’s get started.”

Walking off towards the edge of the clearing with Dorian and the cart close by, Maria approached a makeshift hut made out of wood. It was a scrappy little shed, created from the remnants of the cage she had used to fully transform Dorian. Dorian was far too large to even hope of fitting through the door, but he wasn’t the one intended to be trapped inside. Tossing off her clothes to leave them in a somewhat useable condition once their session was over, Maria gave a final once over of the food cart and entered the hotbox.

“Do you have the bell?” Dorian shouted out, getting his hefty form into position in front of the cage.

“Yeah, not like I need it,” Maria called back. “You know I can handle anything you can dish out.”

“Okay, but be warned,” Dorian said, planting his plump rear right in front of the shed, blocking up the entrance, “it’s been pretty bad lately.”

Dorian felt a small hand give his butt a friendly slap. “Let it rip big boy.”

With everything in place, Dorian let go of the restraints in his mind. His calm demeanor gave way to a more bestial mindset that was a better fit for his freak of a body. Grabbing as much food as he could in his hands, he shoved it down his gullet. The unmistakable taste of fish mixed in with various fruits and meats to further tantalize his overused taste buds. Shoving another stash of food in his mouth with one hand, he used the other to grasp his gargantuan belly and start shaking it around. A low rumble from his bowels let him know that it was time to pay Maria back for all of her hard work.

Pressing his butt against the doorway to ensure it was as airtight as possible, Dorian let the pressure inside build until it was at its peak. Entire body shaking from the brewing storm, he slapped his tail against the side of the hut to tell Maria to get into position. As soon as he felt her body press up against his ass, he let loose with a fart that made both the structure and the nearby trees shake as wildly as his blubber.

Inside, Maria let the familiar, rancid stench encompass her body to surround her with the irresistible odor. The pungent smell that had become an addictive drug burned her nostrils and filled her lungs. Her sense of hearing was overcome with the echoing sputters of several smaller farts following the initial blast. Warm air swirling around her body brought a comforting,

tingling sensation to her nude form. While Dorian made a glutton of himself on a variety of flavors, Maria's tongue was graced with the foul air that was luxurious cuisine to her gas-addled brain.

Not content to simply stew in the enclosed hot box, Maria pressed herself deeper into Dorian's butt crack. Leaving her mouth wide open, she graciously accepted every horrendous fart that came rumbling from her partner's overactive colon. She was in complete bliss, satisfied in feeding into both of their strange needs.

As Dorian took a break to gather up more food, Maria extricated herself from between his butt cheeks. Waving her hand across his long mane of blonde hair and black flab, she marveled at what she had created. As she heard Dorian gobble down another load of food, she got back into position to fully embrace her monster of a friend and all the gifts he could bestow upon her twisted self.