

CHRISTINA LOPEZ SPORTS STORIES

By: SellCon2768

CHRISTINA GASES THE TRACK

Christina felt her belly growl as she hauled her pretty ass around the track one bright spring afternoon at her high school. "Mmmm, Taco Bell sure does a number on me," she sighed to herself as she pulled around the far corner of the track to complete her 2nd mile of practice.

It was a bright spring afternoon behind Christina Lopez's high school. It was a comfortable 65 degrees as the red surface of the running track had started to heat up from the afternoon heating of the sun. Christina's high school team was preparing for a track meet against two other nearby schools from the Chinatown and Nob Hill neighborhoods. Inside Christina's stomach, her stomach had started to process the contents that she had given it just as she left the Taco Bell following school; everyone knew what was to come.

It had been a few months since Christina's bean experiment and resulted growth and Christina was now larger and more powerful of a person than before. All those beans added to her protein and improved her muscle strength, as well as added to her growth. The projections that the doctor's had made about Christina's growth were turning out to be conservative as she stood at a commanding 7'5 height, making her only a couple of inches shy of being the tallest woman ever. Still, she had hoped that her growth would calm down a bit. What Christina was more interested in was improving her muscles in her arms and legs that could help with her track and field events. Following her stunt with the basketball team, which resulted in her breaking every known record for girls' basketball in the state, if not the world, she returned to a springtime sport she knew well: track and field.

Christina had run track since middle school and was among the best in her various events, as expected with such an exception person. Early on, she was primarily a sprinter, running the 100 and 200 meter races, along with taking part on the 100 meter relay team. She was still of median build and was able to handle the sprinting just fine. As she grew taller through the years, her sprinting had seemed to improve remarkably, and she was now closing in on breaking some records in her events. But in high school, she had picked up another event, the high jump. As the tallest person on the track team, her long legs and muscles had given her the ability to jump rather high. The state's previous record for girls' high jump was 5'6; she broke six foot last year and wanted to improve. On her last event, relay running, she still did it, but the effects of running behind Christina were often too much to fathom for the unfortunate soul who did so.

That brought us to the other thing that was improving with Christina through her years on track, her farting. Of course, the stories of Christina passing gas in school and elsewhere were all too common. The school had to restrict her from the weight room for a couple of weeks following her bean fest to allow her farts to subside to their more normal, albeit still inhumane, levels. Christina started to eat fewer beans, not because she wanted too, but because Captain Parker had threatened to kick her out of

at track events, it was the stench that provided the most power. It was a hundred times stronger than the powerful fart that Jade had cut, and that was no insult to the magnificent beauty the 6'1 Asian had released, but merely a testament to the power that the 7'5 Hispanic had produced. It had stunk like a egg dump was being taken right there at the spot of Christina's ass and the bathroom odor, a horrendous bathroom odor, was the eye watering stench that started to grow as Christina began to fan the area around her ass to the sounds of Jade coughing up a storm. Christina's farts increasingly had nearly a 1% hydrogen sulfide content within them, far more than with anyone else's farts, even Jade's. Jade could smell the difference as she stuck her head down into the folds of Christina's tight track shorts, with her permission, and took in one huge heaping dose of her robust fart. What happened next didn't surprise Christina but did surprise Jade. Jade got up from her seated position and started hacking out parts of her lung that were being burned, literally burned, by the sulfuric content of Christina's fart. She was coughing up a storm for a few moments before running back toward the locker room to, presumably, throw up. Christina could only laugh up a storm while a couple of other teammates, male, had passed by. They started waving their hands as they moved away from the growing coverage of Christina's fart.

"Goddamn girl...you are one bad mother when it comes to letting them go." One of the teammates had replied. Interestingly, a lot of the guys were okay with Christina farting, it's just the sheer quantity and power that kept them at a distance from Christina. In this case, there was a 30-foot zone around Christina.

"It's a good thing you aren't doing the relay today." Another teammate remarked as she walked away from Christina. She recalled a 4x100m relay that Christina ran in earlier that year. As expected, Christina was feeling gassy and when this particular teammate was running up to Christina, she was assaulted by a barrage of silent but deadly wind from Christina's behind as she handed over the baton to Christina, who ran from her stink zone, allowing for this teammate to cough in the rotten egg smelling air that Christina had created for her. After having this happen a couple of times it was agreed that Christina should not do relay running anymore.

"He...he.....ain't I a stinker!" Christina said laughing as she took a stronger whiff of the growing intensity of her fart, even after three minutes of its release into the world, and she was forced to evacuate the scene of the crime, and to think...that was her weakest fart of the day!

The track meet began with Christina prepping herself for the high jump competition, along with Jade getting ready for the one and two mile runs. Christina started walking around the field as she began stretching her legs. She grabbed her right foot and brought it up against her generous back and out came a short but strong...BBBBPPPPPTTTTTOOOOOTTTTTT!!!! Christina's nose cringed as she felt the hot blast hit her shoe. Only seconds after the fart was released she could smell the stench of burning rubber against rotten eggs. It was only a three-second fart, but it was pungent. She grabbed her left foot and did the same thing, and again....BBBBBBPPPPPPPTTTTTTOOOOOORRRRRRTTTTTTTTTT!!! A slightly longer fart erupted out of her ass as she began to blow the hot wind away from her ass. Some of the teammates from the other team nearby saw what was going on and a few began coughing as the atrocious odor of Christina's two farts started to drift their way over. One of the taller black guys on the team, a high jumper himself walked up and approached Christina.

“Don’t worry about it...I’ve heard about you and what you’ve done, so I wasn’t surprised.”

“Well...my tummy’s getting more gas ready, so you’ll be smelling more of it very soon.”

“And...um how soon will that....COUGH...COUGH!” The guy began coughing as he started to see a light yellow fog envelop the area. Christina had just dropped another fart, and it wasn’t just any fart, it was an SBD. The fart began as blistering monster that erupted out from the volcano of Christina’s ass and pierced through the tight cotton panties and silky shorts like a train through a piece of paper. In just a few seconds, the first wave of her ten-second fart was being thrust out from her rectum and into the air. She began giggling as she felt more of the SBD come out at a very fast but continuous pace. The stench from the fart was as atrocious as ever before. It smelled like a dozen dirty diapers being set on fire with broccoli and onions being mixed in to add spiciness to the fart. That spiciness made breathing in the stench more troublesome for the other high jumpers who had gathered there. The fart had the strength of a warm summer’s wind being blown at the speed for 40 miles per hour. The fart’s coverage zone multiplied tenfold per second as it was spreading as quick as the radiation from a nuclear bomb. The other competitors began to clear out from the site as they could not handle the deadly odor radiating out of the 7’5 Hispanic’s behind.

“You were not joking about that!” The guy, who somehow kept his composure this time around, replied to a laughing Christina who saw that the other competitors were looking at her. They weren’t stupid to realize what had happened.

“What did you eat this time Chrissy?” One of the other high jumpers, a white girl from Christina’s school had asked.

“Oh...Taco Bell...it does wonders to my stomach.” Christina said with another loud belly laugh.

“Yeah, no wonder. Is there anything that doesn’t give you gas?” She asked.

“No...not really. Hell I’ve cleared out a classroom by eating nothing but apples and bananas...I was rather impressed by that one.” Christina said over to the tall guy as she was remarking about what had happened.

“Not sure what that odor is...but we’ll restart the high jumps in ten minutes so that the air can clear out.” One of the judges, obvious to what Christina was doing, said as the other teammates went back into their respective camps.

“Ohhhh....now I can watch the mile race, my friend Jade is in it...you should watch this.” Christina said back to her newfound friend.

“Really...and which one’s Jade?”

“That tall Chinese in the Jade there...” Christina pointed to her friend, who really did stick out like a beanpole in front of the other runners there at the starting line.

“Wait...she’s Chinese...” The guy began as he saw the 6’1 Asian near the starting line.

“Yeah I know, sounds weird, but she can also kick your ass if you get on her bad side. She’s my protégé of sorts.”

“Protégé...of what?”

“Oh...you’ll see.”

“By the way...the name’s Roderick.” The tall guy said as he shook Christina’s hand in a sign of friendship. She replied back with her own name and the two began to watch the activities taking place on the track as the mile runners, about 20 of them got ready to begin the four laps around the track. The gun was then sounded and the mile runners started their first revolution around the track. Jade remained in the middle of the pack for her first trip around the track. Christina was already familiar with Jade’s methods and was watching to see what would happen as they passed the finish line for their first lap. It was as the group of runners went into the back straightaway on the second lap that Jade began to make her pass as she made her run toward the front. As she passed everyone cheers from the crowd could be heard as the runners made it around turn toward the front straightaway, that’s when a green fog started to appear, Christina was dumbfounded at what she was witnessing, Jade was farting.

It began as they turned down into the main straightaway and the plume of gas continued down the straightaway across the start/finish line. Nearly 15 seconds had elapsed as Jade cut what was clearly the worst fart of the whole meet. This was a powerful SBD fart whose power could not be underestimated, even by Christina. Out from the budding bubble butt of the Asian’s tall frame was a noxious green cloud that formed out of her ass and spewed out into the faces of all the other mile runners, giving them a blast of putrid egggy stench with a mix of vegetables that she had added into her meal. For anyone who had been in class with her that day, the fact that she was releasing this fart was not a surprise, but it was still a surprise to see *this* much gas leave the Asian’s butt.

The armoic assault from Jade was something of a growing concern as she passed the front straightway and continued to spew her toxic fumes into the stands and those around. The fart was a byproduct of eating several helpings of broccoli and of beans plus the eggs she mentioned. She just failed to mention the vegetable and beans part. The fart smelled like some of Christina’s worse and had a strong tint of sweat in the mix from the running that Jade was doing. The feeling of relief on Jade’s face as she passed this long, by her standards, SBD. The powerful stench was blasted into the faces of the other competitors at the same speed that Jade was running, stinging their eyes with a sandblaster-like wind that spread the deadly, sulfuric stench from the Chinese girl’s bowels and into their face. The rotten egg stench of her fart grew in coverage and power in the passing seconds as Jade continued to run around the track toward the back straightaway with her completion falling back from the horrendous odor coming from her fart. By the time Jade had ran past Christina and Roderick, they could smell a strong surge of fart gas come out from Jade’s ass, even though she hadn’t released another fart, the gases were still coming out of her ass. And as she made it toward the start/finish line for the third lap around the track, the unthinkable happened, she began to pass another violent SBD, going on for what seemed like 15 more seconds as Jade passed the start/finish line and went around the first turn toward the back straightaway. Now it was getting serious.

The second SBD was as deadly as the first and the rest of the runners were now chocking on the track as they were trying to comprehend the horrendous odors coming out from the 6'1 Asian's behind. A larger, more killer wave of green gas blew out from Jade's rear end as a second helping of her broccoli and bean-powered gas emerged from her behind. For the people on the track who were already trying to get a grip on some fresh oxygen, this second reinforcement was more than enough to knock them out. The rotten egg stench from this fart was unfathomable by anyone other than Christina. Sure, Christina had released much worse than this in her past, but seeing Jade cut these two massive stinkers on the track, eliminating her completion and allowing her to lap around them at least once made her very concerned and impressed at the same time. Roderick's jaw was opened as he began to breathe in the potent beany smell from Jade's second SBD as she finished down the straightaway to win the mile run, by more than a lap of the second place. A green haze hung over the gas and began to filter into the middle of the track, meaning that the runners would have to breathe in the powerful gases from Jade's SBDs for some time. The teams both called their other competitors over as they were told to clear out from the stadium for a little bit, to give the area time to clear out. All the while, Jade cut a couple of ripe blasters out of her shorts as she received her time from the dumbfounded timekeeper who couldn't believe the gases coming out from her. The team looked at both her and at Christina, thinking that there was no way that Jade was the sole contributor of the fog of stink that now hung over the track and field area, but sure enough, the farts and gas were all Jade. But the rumbling in Christina's stomach meant that the farting action was far from over. She had been bested in the category that she excelled every living human in over the years by this Asian, who had dropped a couple of bombs larger than any she had smelled from Megan or Tim, and now her work was cut out for her, to cut an even larger fart.

Back in the girl's locker room, Jade was seated at the bench in front of her locker, all smiles with no one in proximity to her. Deep down in the crouch of her shorts, a small zone of green gas still hung around from the aftereffects of her farting. Christina had finally walked into the locker room where she sought out her friend. Finding her, which wasn't too hard, given that she was the second tallest girl there and the one where the scent of rotten eggs grew stronger as one got close. Jade's smile grew bigger as Christina got up to her.

"What's up Chrissy?" Jade said as Christina stood there over her, hovering over the tall but still-short Asian.

"What was that out there...I swear I can still taste it...you said you just had some eggs." Christina said with her hands on her hips.

"Oh, well I had a little more...hey, could you do something for me?" Jade asked.

"What's that?"

"Smell my butt...please, just take a whiff of it."

"But after what I smelt the last time...I don't know."

"After all those times you wanted me to smell your farts, you owe it to me...come 'on Chrissy." Jade protested as the other girls were looking at the two with a bit of confusion and worry. Contrary to

"I'd be she is proud of me now....pew Jade...that is the best one I've done." Jade giggled to herself as she navigated herself through the wave of SBD stink that she had generated. She sought out Christina as she was lying on the floor of the bathroom with bits of vomit still on her. She thought about waking herself up with another fart, but it seemed like she was running low on her gas. She took some water and filled up one of her water bottles as she poured the water on Christina's face, trying to get her out of the trance. After a couple of attempts, it worked. Christina woke up coughing as she got up from the tiled floor, only to smell the deadly stench of Jade's latest handiwork. She looked over at her Asian friend who was smiling but in a cautious way, this was still Christina we were talking about and Christina still had a tremendous size advantage, even over Jade.

"Hey Chrissy." Jade said with giggle as she saw Christina rise up from the floor, gagging and coughing as the smell from Jade's SBD, five minutes old, was still getting to her.

"Jade...that is the worst thing I have ever smelled...except from me...you are truly among the greats. My boyfriend can cut the meanest farts, but I think you have just blown him out of the water, I have taught you well." Christina, amazingly enough, wasn't angry at Jade. If this had been Megan, she would have kicked her ass, but this was a respective friend and Christina was more impressed by the power of this girl's fart than mad about.

"Thanks Christina...." GGGURRRGGGLEEEEE!! A loud rumbling noise filled the gas-filled locker room that originated from Christina's stomach. Christina grew a bright smirk on her face as she looked at Jade with a shit-eating grin

"What was that?" Asked Jade.

"My second wind...I had Taco Bell for lunch, and a lot more than you ate, you have done very well Jade, but there is still much for you to learn." Christina got up as she wiped her face clean and got herself ready to head back out on the track to hit the high jump event which was now getting started. The track was getting cleared from Jade's SBDs, but the damage was done and the smell wasn't going away any time soon.

It took a full half hour for the remnants of Jade's two deadly SBDs to completely go away and for the track meet to resume. Jade was to run in the two-mile race, but was urged not to by several of her competitors. Christina went back to the high jump area where she got a hold of Roderick once again.

"You sure weren't kidding about that one Asian chick; I swear I can still smell it." Roderick said as the dozen people there, seven guys and five girls got ready for their first round of high jumps.

"Oh no...that's me, she let another one off while I was in the locker room. But that's what happens when she trains off of me." Christina said as she started stretching once again, given that she had to get herself back into shape from the half-hour hiatus.

"You train her...and that's what happens?"

"That's right...and let me tell you, what I can produce pales in comparison to what Jade can produce, we should make a bet to see if you remain conscious before these high jumps are over."

“You serious? A bet with you over making me pass out.”

“Sure, I’ve already done it. Put your hand on my stomach for a moment, come’on I’ll let you.” Christina then stood there as Roderick took his head and turned his right ear and planted it on the taunt stomach of Christina. There, he heard the large gurgling and grumbling noises that often originated from the bowels of Christina.

“What you hear is the sound of more gas...much more gas being formed in there than that Jade can ever produce. My diabolical Mexican meal gave me the fuel to produce an ungodly amount of flatulence that will, at any minute, start rushing through my intestines to my rectum, where I will open up my anal gates and allow for it to be released into this world...all that gas. My weakest fart is many times greater than most people’s greatest farts. That’s what I have forming, and high jumping makes me really gassy.” Christina giggled up a storm as Roderick slowly turned his head away from her stomach and started to worry for himself about the seriousness of Christina’s rant. She loved to use the parts of the digestive anatomy, things that Tim had taught her, to give more of an intelligent viewpoint as to what was going on within her, it made the whole thing even worse that she knew the parts of her system that were doing what.

The guys were first to go in the order of high jump and each of them began their first jumps, up to a height of 6 feet. Roderick was most impressive in his jump but the others were just as well. Following the guys, the bar was lowered to 5’5 and the girls were able to make their attempts. Christina made herself go last so that she could see how weak her completion was. After those four went, clearing the bar on each of their attempts, Christina started her run in a J-shaped path across the black asphalt of the high jump area and she leaped her body up in the air, rising her legs up as she hurled her body over the bar, nearly a half foot higher than the position of the bar, it was the most impressive jump among the girls. After landing on the pad, she released a little exhaust...PPPPFFFFFFBBBBBBBBbbbbsssssttt!!!

Her fart was among her weakest, but the three-second silent pusher was enough to fill the mat with a satanic scent that smelled like pure rotten eggs that had been dropped on the mat and allowed to bask in the afternoon sun. Roderick could smell a little of the fart as he began to make his second attempt on the pit, now jumping at a height of 6’2. Roderick was among the best high jumpers in the state and regularly made up to seven foot in the high jump, higher even than what Christina was typically capable of. But his second attempt was not as successful as he should have thought. He began his run in a similar pattern as Christina but was stopped by the small but growing power of Christina’s very small SBD. He went ahead and made his jump anyway but his body hit the bar and the jump was disqualified. When he landed on the mat, he could feel the heat from the small fart and felt the eggy stench and residue get all over him; he was starting to understand the impacts that Taco Bell had on Christina’s bowels.

“Good Lord Christina...that was a doozy you left there on the mat.” Roderick said out loud as he walked past Christina, who was getting lined up for the high jump.

“A doozy...that was weak and pathetic...here is what a real fart sounds like.” And out of Christina’s basketball-sized asscheeks, protected only by the tight silky fabric of the gym shorts and positioned high enough where the butt was at the same level as the stomachs of the other female

competitors, started opening up as a surge of flatulent wind began to erupt out of her asshole.
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Unlike some of her previous farts, this one had sound, a lot of sound to it. It sounded like a long horn being blown out onto the field. The fart fluttered up and down in pitch as it continued as one purely nasty explosion. Unlike some of her other farts, there was no constant pitch to the fart, but the sound remained loud nonetheless. For 15 seconds, the other people there at the high jump area stared at Christina with the looks of curiosity, fear and repulsion as this bubbly fart rocketed its way out from Christina's plump rear end. The look of the fart being passed through the silky shorts that were becoming moist from the release of this fiery beast of a fart from her deep septic furnace was that of wonderment for those who found it that way and fear for those who were worried about the insides of this girl and what it was producing. The fart could be heard all throughout the field area and people began to moan as they heard another massive fart, this time coming from the biggest person there.

Then there was the gas itself and the scent that it produced. In only less than an hour, Jade's two horrific SBD farts were blown away by this latest fart from Christina's bodacious behind. The best way to describe it would be to drive through a farm field with the powerful smell of manure, created from the crap of the livestock, being contained within the bowels of an 18-year old Hispanic teen. The gas had the power of ammonia along with the hydrogen sulfide that was well-known and even Christina was caught off guard by the tremendous stench that her fart was creating in the bright yellow gas that was being emitted from her ass. If 20 cows had farted right there in the field, the smell would almost be right up to what Christina had produced. The other competitors were started to having burning eyes as they began to inhale the appalling odor. Christina began laughing as she started waving the air around her behind as more of the yellow haze was seeping out even after the initial eruption had taken place.

"Pardon me....that was a doozy! But no time to scramble, it's time to raise that bar!" Christina said laughing as she began to cough a little from the potent aroma of her latest bout of flatulence. A couple of the girls nearby were already knocked out as others were throwing up on the side. The guys weren't faring much better, but they were shocked to hear what Christina said next. She quickly directed the high jump pit crew to raise the bar of an ungodly height of seven feet. That height would break an international record for high jump among woman, and prove to Roderick that Christina had what it took to compete at his level. Still, she was only a couple of inches away from being the tallest woman ever in America, so they took the order from the tall and commanding girl seriously.

The powerful fart that Christina had laid continued to spread in its rotten glory as Christina got ready for her second and most-likely world record breaking jump. Christina could feel it in her legs as she stood there in the fog that her previous fart had created.

"Are you mad Christina...after that last one....it burns my throat." Roderick said in between coughs as Christina had the area cleared out with the others trying to avoid the stink zone that Christina had created. The lone remaining judge urged her to hurry up so that he could get out of the way and get

some fresher air. Christina was willing to oblige and got into the stance to prepare her for the jump. As she got ready, another powerful bubbling sound could be heard from her anus...PPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!
An 8-second monster bubblier rumbled out of Christina's butt as she immediately began her approach toward the high jump. As she ran in the J-shaped path toward the mat another rush of sulfuric stench was released from her butt, being pushed out by the movement of her sharp and long legs and into the air of the trail that she was leaving. The yellow gas was first formed with the J-shaped path as she ran toward the mat. That J-shaped yellow trail of putrid gas started to spread as Christina pushed up on her legs and started to bend them as she started to raise her body up in the air to flip over the bar. To any girl, the bar at a height of seven feet would be an imposing task, but Christina was no ordinary girl, she was a tall girl, she redefined what tall girls were and the bar at that height was nothing new to a person like her. She had worked all four years on high jump as she began a 5'5 and worked her way up to this. As with her basketball playing, the smelling of her killer gas made her perform at a higher peak.

But, as with anything else she had encountered, Christina made jumping seven feet her bitch and she lofted her body over the bar to the astonishment of all the spectators who weren't being gassed out. As Christina got herself over the bar, she failed to knock it off and made a safe landing on the mat to the clapping of those around her. Everyone had their jaws dropped as Christina made her landing. With her massive body pushing down on the mat she felt another gas bubble exit her asshole, passing gas once again on the vinyl surface of the mat.
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"Oh my!" Christina said laughing as she started to feel the yellow gas rise from her butt as she vibrated the red mat with the force of her latest fart. The stench was overwhelming over her as the judges were still trying to get over her jump of seven feet. As she got up from the mat and started walking away she walked through a blinding fog of her flatulence. It was the equivalent of spraying chemicals around a small room and having Christina wonder her way through it without much consequence, except she was feeling the stinging sensation of her fart as she passed through. Her butt had the feeling of fire as it was trying to recuperate from the farts that she had just released. Coughing her way past the high jump area where she was awed to see just how many people were now passed out from the dreadful stench of her gas. She walked past the judge who was as scared as hell of her after seeing her gas. The judge was about 5'7 and was lower in height than Christina's bountiful breasts, and having Christina, this gassy monster walk up to him didn't make things any better.

"So...did I make it?" She asked with a girlish playful tone. The judge looked at the clipboard for a moment and then looked over at the bar being suspended by the two supports on the edge of the mat. The bar was still there, not knocked over or anything.

"Yes...you made a jump of seven feet, you win this match, and if I'm not...COUGH...COUGH...COUGH...the world record too."

“That’s awesome!” Christina yelled out to the worry of the judge. He looked as the 7’5 giant started to concentrate her face as if she was about to release another fart. The judge yelled out in horror, begging her to release it somewhere else.

“Ha...ha...ha...ha....I’m just kidding! Bye.” Christina blew the coach a kiss as she began to walk away from the high jump pit. For a few seconds, the judge had thought that he had avoided the worst and was able to go, and then it attacked. A pungent, ripe fart was blown in his direction as he felt the heat from this latest rotten blast envelop him. A light green gas could be seen in the air as fart particles hung around the judge. He was now in trouble; a growing aroma of sulfur grew in his presence as he began to breathe what smelt like raw shit. On a lesser person, the fart would have likely caused the individual to blow their guts out, even at its silent state, for Christina, it was a minor explosion. The stench flared in his nostrils and burned everything within his insides as it was a very potent gas that was not meant for mortals to breathe. Contrary to everything that Christina had released, this small SBD was much worse than what she had let out up to this point. If a million eggs could have been left on the black asphalt of that high jump pit to simmer in the sun for several days, the stench from those eggs would be about the equivalent of the fart smell that the judge smelled. He started stuttering around the area before he finally collapsed on the grass.

She passed by the head coach who only shook his head after seeing the cloud of gas that enveloped the area.

“What did you eat today?” He asked.

“Oh...nothing big...just Taco Bell. With my protein shake and milk I have been pretty gassy today.” She said giggling as the coach placed his hands on his hips and started at the ground.

“Well...are you done?”

“Um....probably not.” She said with a small smile on her face and a shrug of her shoulders.

“Then you better finish up before it’s time for you to do the 100, you obviously won the high jump today, but if we can get you to win the 100 like always, our team should be in position to win the meet. Especially since Jade killed the completion in the mile.” The coach remarked on the meet’s events up to that point.

“I am proud of my girl...she’s a stinker.” She said with another laugh.

“Just don’t do anything too...smelly.” The coach pleaded as he walked away.

Christina smiled as she walked back toward one of the locales where some of the girls were seated. They saw Christina walk up and were going to ask her about her breaking the high jump record.

“Is it true...did you break the record?” One of the girls asked.

“Yep.” Christina responded as the smell from her latest series of farts began to spread further around the track and field site. Fortunately, the smell was dissipating so that it wasn’t as bad, but right

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TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTSS!!!!

FOUR, GIGANTIC FARTS rocked their way out from Christina Lopez’s butt, all creating gassy explosions that went on for a full two minutes with only a short gap in between. Jade watched in disbelief as her chances of winning the farting contest were deflated. Each fart had enough power that the wind blew the blades of brown grass from underneath Christina’s ass to the point that dirt was being blown off as if a tornado was touching down. Each fart sounded like a goodness-to-honest crack of thunder that echoed off the walls of the track area and the grandstands. Everyone was now involved in this farting contest whether or not they wanted to.

And it wasn’t the loud sounds that were keeping them alerted to the contest, it was the authoritative stench that came with *each* fart. You see, each fart had more power and stink in them than the accumulation of farts that were produced by any other person there save for Jade. And even at that, each fart was stronger than three of Jade’s best farts put together. As it turned out, Jade’s gassy SBDs during the mile run and in Christina’s face were mere showers compared to Christina’s thunderstorm-like farts. These murderous swampy thunder farts produced the vilest of odors that Christina had ever released at a track meet. Only a few of her farts had been as deadly in their stench as the four that Christina had released. This was the kind of fart that would scare away a skunk and show it who was boss. The green gas was thick and very eggy in its content, it had another aftertaste of shit and the dampening panties underneath Christina’s shorts were another tall-tell sign of what was about to happen. As the brown cloud enveloped the field, Jade remained more defiant than she probably needed to be. She went on her knees and pointed her butt over in Christina’s direction and began to let loose. BBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPLLLLLLLLLLLLTTTTTTTTTTTTTOOOOOOOPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!

“Uh oh...” Jade thought as she felt something else exit her butt as she finished her fart. True enough, her fart was marvelous and it spewed out even more septic, broccoli-smelling gas than it needed to, but her bowels were opened a little too much and she crapped her shorts, filling it with a liquid shit that quickly got her attention. As she sat back down, embarrassed by what was going on within her pants, Christina took the opportunity to pin her to the ground and plant her ginormous asscheeks on her friend’s face.

“I thought you have learned your lesson the last time Jade...I win these contests! Now, why don’t you smell my butt!” Christina cried out as she moved her asscheeks around on Jade’s face and grind her nose further into the folds of her humid and musky track shorts. It smelled like an outhouse

As the smell was starting to wear on her, making her eyes water and causing her to gag, she left the sight and saw in astonishment the brown grass that now filled half the football field. Christina, as if nothing had happened, walked up to the track where she saw all the competitors passed out on the surface from having to breathe in her fart. All around her, not a soul was up, her farts had truly done a number on them and even Christina was getting weary as she smelled her proud creation. Feeling the heat in her pants and with the biggest smile of the day, she walked toward the starting line.

“I’m ready to race.....” PPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRBBBBBBBBBBBRTTTTTTTTTTTT!! She ripped out another four-second anal blast as she tried to get the rest of the eggy gas out of her system. Breathing in more of her inferno stench, she felt that the track meet was likely over. The air would eventually clear and all those involved would be fine, but as of now, they had fallen victim to her flatulence. Feeling proud, she trotted down the track and out the gate, a last couple of blippy farts squeaking out of her sweet cheeks.

CHRISTINA DOMINATES THE VOLLEYBALL COURT

There was a big difference between Christina's role in track and field and in basketball as compared to her role on the volleyball team, she owned the volleyball team. And not just in a metaphorical way, she completely dominated every aspect of team life on her volleyball team, controlling the decisions the team would make and making every teammate and coach subservient to her needs and to her farts. Ever since she walked on the team as a sixth grader had she had such control of the team, and with her farts increasing in power each year, her control over the team grew in power as well.

Christina had always liked volleyball, which went well for her large stature even at her age. It was the kind of sport she would play on a repetitive basis with some of the workers at Section 26 and on the beaches on the west side of San Francisco. Bill knew that volleyball was Christina's calling and was supportive for her to join the team. Her elementary school had volleyball only in physical education classes, but there was no actual team to join. So, Christina's foray into volleyball began in the 6th Grade in middle school. She was 5'8 at the time and started to play as it got her interest. She was easily the tallest girl on the team and a dominating figure for her age, that and she was tough on the play and was able to make a habit out of playing volleyball. Of course, the middle school students soon found out about Christina's gas problem, which was just starting to manifest itself into something far more sinister than just a child's gas. As Christina grew in middle school, her farting increased in strength to the point that by the time she began the 7th Grade, her farts were deadlier than most adults, and from there her farting prowess grew. But even before they were completely deadly, she found that her farts were rather fierce, as evident in her first day on the volleyball team in the 6th Grade.

That afternoon, the young Christina dressed with a pair of blue shorts and a yellow T-shirt with her black hair pulled up into a ponytail. Her 6th grader butt was nothing to frown upon, and for a kid her age was very well-formed, both cheeks together were as large as a basketball and they were firm and muscular. For an adult of course, the sight of her would have been repulsive, but to a kid in middle school, she was a looker. In the coming years, that looker status would get overshadowed by one of her other unique traits. She had a couple of tacos for lunch plus a small helping of beans and her stomach was grumbling with a fierce storm that was making her giggle at the incredible feeling in her stomach. For one of the first times, her stomach was showing off its incredible strength and power in processing that food and producing the insane amounts of gas that she was not yet known for. As the coach of the volleyball team began talking with the girls, explaining the rules of the game and how the girls were going to try out and practice, the rumbling in Christina's stomach grew to a head. She hadn't yet figured out what impact her gas would have and she wasn't the kind of person that was willing to share, but in any case, she had to fart, now. Christina started to lean over to the right and began to push on what she had thought was only a little gas.

PPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRBBBBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTT!!

A five second blaster of a fart rocked out of the 13-year old's behind and it shook the wooden floor that she was seated on. The fart was among the biggest that anyone in that room had ever heard and it was surely the biggest that Christina had ever cut. The power behind this fart was something that

from the dreadful stench that was being produced. At that moment, the smell and the power of the fart had horrified Christina for a brief moment. But after only a few seconds, she began to take in a healthy whiff of her gaseous creation, she started to like it. The fart, a small one by her future standards was a powerful one by the doctor's standards who began coughing on the gassy smell that came out from Christina.

"Good God Christina...what did you eat?" The doctor asked, Bill waved the air around him as he wondered the same thing.

"I had broccoli and cheese...why?"

"No wonder, that is a very potent fart, and those foods would give you that kind of gas, but that was a rather big fart even for a person like you." The doctor said as Christina began giggling quietly to herself.

"What's that about?" The doctor asked about the girl's giggling.

"I gotta fart again." BBBBRRRRRRRRRAAAAAUUUUUPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!! A bowel blaster ruptured itself from underneath her gown-covered butt onto the plastic surface of the bed as more of Christina's broccoli and cheese powered gas started to flow out of the room, gassing out the doctor and Bill who both had to leave the room for a minute. Christina had always been a prolific farter even in her younger years, but this was the point where it really started to develop into something more powerful. It was as if her going through puberty was the impetus to bring her farts from an "as bad as a drunk man's after eating Mexican" level to a "Holy Shit...that's bad" level. Christina began to laugh as she saw the impacts of her gas; she was beginning to realize her new weapon, one the world would slowly begin to have to live with. Little did she know at the time that her gas would be used as a weapon to control others and to get her way. As the girls at that first volleyball meeting in 6th Grade soon found out a few weeks later, Christina was going to get her way and her farts would be the way that she enforced that.

The transition to a newcomer on the team to a captain wasn't as quick as others had thought it to be, but by the time the first match was over, it was clear who the power of the team was. First of all, her play was inspiring, simply put. She was born ready to play volleyball and hustled her way to get the ball as often as possible when it was volleyed to her team's side. She worked the court from her position and already impressed the coaches by her tenuous style. The way the developing girl moved around the court as well as eye candy for middle schoolers who would watch the match. Sure, her creamy bubble butt and taunt legs weren't anything for the eyes of the coaches or adults watching, but for the kids her age, she was dreamy in their eyes, at least until they heard the blasters that started to come out of that thing.

Their first match of the season approached versus a new rival. Christina stood on the court as pretty as ever, for an 13-year old that is. She wore a red volleyball jersey with a pair of tight yellow shorts. Even as a young-un, her butt was already protruding by several inches from her backside, her breasts were just starting to develop and were nearing B cup status and her arms were starting to get a little muscle from the working out she had done back at Section 26. Christina quickly got herself into the

around, coughing at the foul stench that was slowly spreading its strength across the court. Over time, Christina was finding out just how powerful the coverage of her farts truly was.

“Dear God Christina...that is bad!” The teammate to her right complemented as she gagged a little from the rotten egg odor.

“Nothing like it is back here...I can feel the heat back here when you let it out, it felt like an oven door being opened.” The teammate to Christina’s back, who was first to receive the dreadful stench from Christina’s butt blast, commented.

“Sorry...must of been the chili I ate earlier.” Christina shrugged with a quick giggle as the person serving the ball made the serve over the net, and watched in amazement as it was not hit back from a member of the opposing team. They were just getting the first wind from Christina’s rotten egg silent fart and they couldn’t believe the smell they smelled. The smell had destroyed most of the oxygen out from the court and it kept the opposing team distracted as they were waving their hands around, trying to get around the foul odor from Christina’s fart. After another serve went by, with the opposing team hitting it once over the net and a quick spike from Christina returned it for another point, the opposing team requested a few minutes off to recover from the raucous fart smell they were suffering from. Christina’s team was fine with it was well, as they were used to the fart, but not *that* used to it.

The first set ended and the second began with the effects of Christina’s fart finally wearing away. With the movement of volleyball players around the court, the gassy remnants of Christina’s fart had circulated around the court long enough that it eventually dissipated into the air that still was recovering from being chemically changed from Christina’s silent flatulence. The various players who had occupied Christina’s spot there in the middle of the front row were each trying to push on after feeling the warm gas over them even as they had moved in the rotation. Christina held in her gas some more as she didn’t want to cause too much of a problem, but that came to a forefront anyway as the ball was coming across the net, she had to make a move, and when she did so she started to dive down to dig the ball back up across the net, as it happened, she broke wind again.

PPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!! A steamy, hot fart, lasting a full five seconds erupted out of her ass after she had made a dove down for the dig to hit the ball back up over the net. As she fell on the floor on her front, the bubbly fart ruptured its way out of her ass. Slowly, a spewing cloud (invisible at this time) started to encompass the entire volleyball court, gassing out the girls on her team. But a strange thing happened with the teammates that were with Christina’s team, they were okay with the fart. It was one of the most vile things they had ever smelt, but they were already getting used to it. The girls on the other side however were coughing up a storm as they couldn’t believe this rotten stench that was overcoming them. As Christina got up, at her height of 5’8, looking through the crosshatched volleyball net, she could only smile at the opposing team.

“Sorry girls...I got gas.” PPPHHHHAAAAARRRRRTTTTT!!!! A short, two-second blaster erupted from her tight yellow shorts as she started to wave the air around the back of her shorts. She was starting to enjoy this a little more, waving the air as the smell of onions and beans from a bowl of chili she had consumed before the match was added to the rotten eggs they already smelled there on the

court. The coach had asked for a five minute break to get his girls off the court and the line judges had allowed it, they wanted to leave too. The gas that roared out of this 13-year old were out of this world for all those concerned, but they left Christina with a bright smile on her face, even better was that her other teammates were becoming accustomed to it.

Christina's team had to only go through three sets, winning each of them by the required 25 points, it was the most dominating game her middle school had ever had, and it was for one reason: Christina. As the girls left the court, the coach was looking at Christina with a sense of pride. The middle school team had not been that good in previous years, mediocre at best, but with Christina around, that may have all changed. As they arrived back in the locker room, Christina was farting again a couple of times as the team was discussing what had happened. That is when the coach of the team made a stunning announcement.

"Well...let's all admit it...Christina you did a phenomenal job out there today. Our strategy paid off and you were as dominant as ever. Even with your rampant cases of bad gas...we did a great job today. Therefore, after everything I've seen from all of you...I am naming Christina Lopez here our team captain." The coach's announcement was a bombshell for the rest of the team. It wasn't like everyone knew that Christina was the most talented player out there, they knew she was. But most of the rest of the team was older than Christina...only Christina was taller and gassier than them. But despite the age difference, she was now their team captain, and as it would be noticed later, she began her dominance on the team. This began by a leaning of her 13-year old behind against the wooden seat moments afterwards to fart once more. BBBBRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAPPPTTTTTSSSS!

The five-second fart had a powerful bassy effect with it, one that the girls hadn't heard before, it was actually larger than any fart that they had experienced earlier during the match. It was the culmination of the farts that Christina was releasing. And the odor for it was as pungent as ever. It was like smelling a dead animal that had eggs stuffed into its rotting corpse. It was a hot fart that burned out from Christina's butt and burned her nose along with the others on the team. In the confined space of the locker room, it took far less time for it to travel off the walls of the lockers, filtering into those lockers and gassing out all the articles left in them, and travel back toward their originator. But there was something else that was sinister about this fart, it was a very wet fart and once it was finished, the look on Christina's face had gone from gleeful to worried, she had gained a small wet spot on her yellow volleyball shorts, she had to make a quick dash to the bathroom. As she did this, the other girls started to moan as they quickly got their stuff and made it out of the locker room into the some cleaner air.

While she sat her cute butt on the toilet seat and began to evacuate her bowels, a thought entered her head that would dominate her actions on the volleyball team from here on out.

"This day couldn't be getting any better....PPPHOOORTTT!!!...to think, that my farting was able to cause so much problems during the match...it's great....BBBBLLLLLASSSSSSSTTTTTT!!!...and now they made me captain...oh boy....PPPPPPPPHHHHHAAAARRRRRRREEEEEEELLLLLTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!"
Several bricks of crap made their way out from her body and into the toilet as she started waving the air around her, caught off guard by the terrible stench.

“Gosh Christina...that’s horrible!” One of the seventh grader girls...who was slowly coming over to Christina’s side had complemented as she was washing her hands in one of the nearby sinks, where the mirror was being fogged up from the humid fumes of Christina’s dump.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRLLLLLLLLLLLLTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!! A powerful rumblie came out from her bottom as she unloaded some liquid crap into the toilet, to the disgust of the girl washing her hands. As Christina felt the burning crap leave the bowels and enter into the steamy septic tank of a toilet, she noticed something wrong...there was no toilet paper.

“Hey kid...you still there?” Christina asked as she heard the water in the sink turned off.

“Yeah.” She said following by a string of coughs.

“Could you get me some toilet paper...please?” Christina asked as the sound of an airy SBD could be heard leaving her ass like the sound of air being let out of a balloon. The silent fart pushed down on the watery grave below her in the toilet and left a monstrous stench in her stall. The kid left the bathroom and left Christina to wonder if she would return with the roll.

“That was amazing...” Christina thought as the girl left the room in search of a roll of toilet paper. “...I was able to get her to do what I said. Maybe these farts can be useful...I could control the team, I could be in charge, and I can have them do what I want....PPPPPPPPPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!” Another vicious explosion left her ass as she felt more of her flaming hot crap leave her bottom. “...no, I WILL have them do what I want. THIS IS MY TEAM!” She said with a strong confidence as the air got thicker and thicker with her pungent gas and crap stench. Things were looking up for her, as she found out later on.

After another few minutes of more sound and fury from Christina’s bottom into the toilet, the kid returned to bathroom to be assaulted by several new waves of eggy stench that had filled the bathroom with a toxic fog of flatulence and shit. She knocked on the door to the stall and felt the heat from Christina’s bowel movement on its metal body.

“Oh...you’re there...did you bring a roll?” Christina asked as she began grunting again. BBBBBLLLLLLLLLLOOOOOOOOOOOPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!! A wet fart emerged from her rectum as another few pieces of crap left, to the disgust of the kid who was holding onto the toilet paper, smelling the strong odor of Christina’s digestive processes.

“Yeah...I got...you want it?”

“Um...yeah. I’m almost finished, so just place it underneath the stall door and I’ll get it.”

The girl then did as Christina told and caught a stronger whiff of her rotten egg-smelling gas and dump as she had her head closer to the section of air underneath the stall door. As she placed the roll there she dropped it and quickly moved back toward the bathroom door. Christina then grabbed the toilet paper, leaning over to let a little more of her horrendous odor leave the toilet bowl before leaning back to close up the smelly gas.

“Thanks kid...for serving your captain well...you can go now.” Christina said as the girl opened up the door and went back into the locker room. As soon as she closed the door, the room started to shake with the sound of several powerful blasts of flatulence and the sound of more fecal material entering the toilet, for a 12-year old she sure made a dump of epic proportions.

After a few more minutes, Christina had started to flush the toilet when she heard an unfamiliar sound, to her at the time; it was the toilet being clogged up. She got up and pulled up her panties and shorts and looked down at the creation she had made. She was proud of her creation, and invited some of the teammates to go and take a look at it, to give their inputs. She was amazed at what happened next, EVERY girl got in line to admire what Christina had created. As a 13-year old girl, it was a larger dump than many grown men had taken after Thanksgiving, and as the volleyball team found out through the years, it was a growing trend. To them, and some did look when Christina bragged about her dump, it was the largest dump they had ever seen. Most girls didn't even imagine that another female could release a load like the one young Christina did, but then they didn't know Christina's digestive system that well. Compared to her later dumps that require class designations however, hers that day was barely a Class 1. Watching the line of girls admiring her dump, she made her next move to complete dominance over the team.

“Now girls...your captain wants to thank you for your appreciation. It's not often a sixth grader like me gets this level of admiration and respect. But I want more than that...I want obedience. We are a team...we are MY TEAM. In doing so...we will be doing things my way from now on. Is that understood?” Christina asked. At first, she was worried about how the girls would respond, but it seemed that the powerful stench of her farts had given them a clear answer.

“Yes Christina.” The girls answered in unison. This was turning out very well. Christina then patted her stomach and gave her first order to her new team.

“Good...now. As you can see...my bowels have taken quite a beating today from me passing gas and taking this dump. Unfortunately, this toilet is not built to handle the bowel movements from a girl like me.” Indeed, the dump that was taken in that toilet was from a powerful girl...a girl who had a growing digestive system and had the strength and stature to dominate. As she stood there behind the stall and the mess she had created, she could feel and breathe in the unholy stench of her handiwork, and so could the others. She was thinking that she could now use this to her advantage.

“So...I don't care how you do it, but I want you to remove this mess from the toilet and have it cleaned by tomorrow...I plan on having Mexican food for lunch and it will need to be ready for tomorrow's dump. Is that understood?” Again, she awaited the answer, could she get the other girls to get in line. The answer was quick.

“Yes Christina!” The girls answered, with greater enthusiasm. At which point, Christina began walking out of the room, and in doing so stopped in the middle while she pushed out one last SBD. PPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFFFbbbbbbbbbbbbssssssssssttttttttttt!!!!

“Just a parting message for you...now get to work!” Christina cried out as she left the locker room to go home, leaving the entirety of the volleyball team to simmer in the rotten aroma of the locker

room, fouled forever by Christina's farts and bowel movement. It was unknown as to how they did it, and perhaps it was best not to dwell on such details. But the girls had unclogged the toilet and left it clean, all while simmering in the putrid gases of Christina, which weren't quick to dissipate. And by the next day, the bathroom was as pristine as ever. And in as quick of an amount of time that it was cleaned, Christina brought down upon the porcelain surface a new batch of her own-produced flatulence and shit.

It became a daily routine to clean the toilet for Christina. It would take one girl to use a knife to cut up some of the waste that would clog up into larger pieces so that they can be flushed down the toilet and it would take another girl to use the plunger to see that the crap was ready to be flushed. The reason it took two girls was because the first girl would be so repulsed by her task that someone had to relieve her. Following the plunger stage, another girl would push the handle and flush the crap down, taking a couple of flushes to finish the job. Following that, another girl would go out and clean the toilet from top to bottom while a couple of more girls cleaned the locker room, after all Christina wanted cleanliness all around. The jobs would rotate so that a girl would only have to do that task every couple of weeks, but everyone was in all on task except for the coach, and that was only for the fact that he shouldn't be in a girl's bathroom. All the girls cleaning the toilet after Christina were either her age or one to two years older. The routine became implanted on the schedule for the girls and the more they did it, the more they were getting used to Christina's dominance. Even through her senior year of high school, the toilet was still being cleaned after Christina had evacuated her bowels; it just took a few more people to do it.

The girls on the volleyball team started to realize just how minuscular their strength, their farts and dumps and their power were as compared to Christina's. She was developing much quicker than most her age and this included muscular and physical strength. So, her effort on the court was something that could not be contained. That year, Christina's volleyball team...and it was appropriate to use the possessive, went from among the worst in her region to among the best. Christina had went in and learn more about volleyball, about the various positions and the moves that one could make, it wasn't enough that she was the captain; she started to get power hungry and wanted more control. Christina wasn't as vicious and evil as some of the girls made her out to be, and she only wanted control of the volleyball team.

She wasn't expecting power in the classroom or outside of school; it was volleyball where she really began to excel. True enough, in school, her farts started to become daily occurrences, but they were only minor inconveniences at the moment, that is they stunk up the room and caused windows to be downed even on the most blustery days. But after five minutes of her fart, the smell was gone. On the volleyball court, this translated to multiple farts having to be expelled to extend the smell's impact on the visiting team. On the other hand, she was able to get her teammates to begin to appreciate the smell...which she had grown to love herself. Most girls would have been horrified by a fart, let alone one from Christina, but she was proud of these. She enjoyed her newfound power on the team and in the world, and wanted to exert that power over others. She didn't have to obtain power through being sneaky, or being mean, or being persuasive. She didn't have to broker for power on the team, all she had to do was to push the warm, putrid gas out from her anus and into the world, and the rest of the dominos fell. By the time her first year was over, she had control of the team. The other teammates

were compliant of her and gave her the leeway to dictate movements on the court. When the ball came over the net, everyone watched for Christina’s move first, and then acted upon instant. Those who would disobey Christina and hit the ball when it was hers for the taking would be punished, and the coach was fine for this...for a while.

In her next year, as a seventh grader, the volleyball team received a new coach, an older man who the school hired to replace the previous coach, who had resigned from the job for “reasons.” The older man who was the new coach wasn’t aware of the system that had been developed the previous year. Christina had already gained the obedience of the seventh and eighth graders on the team, but the sixth graders were still new to Christina, as was the coach. It began on the first day of practice. Christina was aware of the new situation and knew that she couldn’t break in the coach at the beginning, but that the breaking would be done soon. She had prepared herself for the task by bringing in five bean burritos to lunch, along with a steaming bowl of cabbage and broccoli and a new drink for her, a protein shake. She had read about how protein shakes gave people horrendous gas, and that was before the other gas-producing foods she ate. All that gave her stomach the ammunition it needed for a regular practice. The truth was she farted all the time from whatever she ate, but it was on certain days that she would eat actual gassy food that would up her farts to a higher level; this was one of those days.

When bringing the girls together to talk about his way of doing things, the girls listened half-hazardly. They knew what the truth was, but the coach needed to find out. As the coach was speaking, Christina felt her first wave of gaseous pressure forming; she would need to expel her first volley.

BBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!
A strong, powerful rump blaster shook the floor around the girls as Christina pushed out this massive, wet, stinky fart out from her larger ass (than the previous year) into the wooden floor of the court. As soon as the fart was released, the stinky vapors started to surround the girls who were already holding their noses from the new and improved odor of their captain. It became a tradition that she would let one rip there on that first day each year, and that the stench would be worse than the year before it. She wanted to let her teammates know that her gas was worse than before and that her command of the team was as strong as ever. The smell of burning cabbage wrought its way around the gymnasium as the girls started to breathe in the burning stink down through their nostrils and down their throats, digesting the gassy remnants of their captain’s digestive processes. Whatever came out from Christina was for the good of the team.

“Ms. Lopez...what that from you?” The coach, in an impatient voice, asked. The girls were giggling as Christina tilted her body over to the right with another PPPPPPHHHHHHRRRRRBBBBBBTTTTTTTT!!!

“Yep.” She said proudly as her newest batch of hot gas started to flow out from her ass and into the already polluted stink zone she had created.

“What do you have to say for yourself?” The coach asked, expecting an answer such as ‘excuse me’ or ‘sorry.’ What he got was something else entirely.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAA
 AAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPLLLTT!!!!!!!

Christina had tilted over to the other side and gave a big smile as she pushed forth her largest fart of the day so far. The fart felt like ecstasy for the 13-year old as she pushed out the massive, seven-second stinker into the air, vibrating her cute black shorts that were getting steamed pressed by the waves of unholy flatulence that its master was emancipating. The stink level in that space rose up by multitudes as a scorching smell of rotten broccoli and cabbage began to flow their way around the room. Now the coach had to back away slightly with his nose underneath his shirt. He couldn't believe how bad it really smelled in that area. The whole gym was now stinking of the inferred stink from Christina's farting.

"Oh Christ...Christ that stinks!" The coach said as he fell back on his own body and began gagging from the newest round of flatulence that Christina had been releasing on the coach.

"I know...I fart...a lot...a WHOLE lot. And you are going to get used to it. You may not know it sir...PPPPPPPPHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTT!!!...but this team has only ONE leader, and that's me. Every seventh and eighth grader here has found out that I am not the person you want to piss off. Every person here who was here last year knows not to piss me off; they know how to respect me, to play for me, to honor me. I am the best player on this team, and the greatest person here today. All I have to do is to pass more gas to gain that respect. I WILL get it, from everyone in this room...today." Her voice was as menacing as ever and unusual for a 13-year old to say, but Christina was dead set on making sure that would be obtained.

"Whatever...let's take a five-minute breather and then get ready to start." The coach dismissed Christina's rant as another wave of juicy flatulence came up and flowed through the room. He and the other new girls walked out of the gym to allow it to clear out. Meanwhile, the other girls remained in the room; they knew very well that it would upset their captain if they were to walk in on her precious, bubbly gas that she had worked so hard to produce.

"The coach doesn't seem to determined to work for you." One of Christina's followers said.

"Oh...don't worry...I have something juicy planned for him and for the sixth graders...I will have compliance, and I will have it today...but I'll need your help." Christina said with a giggle as she got the girls together to come up with a plan. By the time the coach and the sixth graders came back in, the girls were already in positioning as they practiced their plays across the court with Christina leading the effort.

Christina kept on passing gas all throughout practice, and the new coach was very annoyed, but he was also impressed with her play. Christina's game was really up there and it showed that she was far and ahead the most dominant player on the team. He tried to give out orders and call plays, but the girls did not listen to him, they listened to Christina instead, who seemed to have a better understanding on how to play volleyball. True enough, it seemed that Christina really did know more about how to play volleyball than the new coach did. The new sixth graders tried to listen to their coach and not Christina...but even they were turning over to the captain instead, seeing how the other girls were going with her, they had to adjust to the reality of things, and that was Christina in control of everything. Things would reach a head by the time the team was back in the locker room.

“Ha...ha...ha...ha...ha...ha...ha! You see...I didn’t fart at all, and you were getting all worked up over it. I am owning the situation, and I didn’t even have to pass any....PPPPHHHHRRRRBBBBTTTTTT!!!....oops, excuse me!” Christina said in a cute, girly way. She started to wave the air around her crouch out toward the space in the middle of the locker room. She was spreading more of her yummy goodness for all those in the room. There were more coughing noises as the young sixth graders were getting their first really taste of Christina’s fart. They could taste cabbage and broccoli in her gas, and there seemed to be a bit of beans in there too. They were beginning to realize the hazard of being in a tight room with Christina farting. As the smell increased, there was a shortening supply of oxygen; Christina was learning something that day, the stealing power of her farts.

It had been scientifically proven later on at Section 26, that Christina’s gas had a unique quality that made them more potent, they took oxygen. They substituted the regular air molecules and clung their own gas particles on them, morphing them into gas molecules that carried Christina’s smelly gas on them, and unlike many people’s farts, that weren’t always smelly, Christina’s were. She had the perfect situation for someone who farted a lot, a lot of power, sound, length, and stench.

“You got to stop this....” The coach began to speak before he was cut off by another deepening blast from Christina’s ass.

BBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMMMMTTTTTTTTT!!!
The poor bench was getting shaken when Christina released this vile beast to its moist surface. The overwhelming smell of rotten eggs was released as a thick fog started to develop across the room. It wasn’t a colorful fog like she would be well-known for in later years, but it was a humid cloud of gas that smelt as wrenching and potent as ever. The coach started to pound of the door a little more but still didn’t get any reply. He was about to make a run for the bathroom, but Christina had stopped him before he got there. She was an inch taller than the man and more stronger than he was, and the coach was getting dizzy from having to smell her farts. The other sixth graders were complaining too, but they weren’t being demeaning to Christina...only the coach.

“Let me out of here!” The coach yelled as he was face to face with Christina’s pretty, childish face.

“Not until you meet my demands.” She insisted as the two of them heard another rumbling noise come from within her stomach.

“You’ve got to be kidding me?”

“Oh no...I’ve released about 20 good fart so far during practice, more than half of them around you. I have a lot of powerful gas and I am good at releasing them at the right moments. That is how our team is successful, that’s how we win. You see...I am the team, and I need you to acknowledge that.”

“No damn way...the team is all the girls, not you.” The coach said as he heard an all-too familiar noise come from out of the black volleyball shorts surrounding the 13-year old’s behind.

The black volleyball shorts and her panties fell to the ground and the seat of the toilet began to vibrate as Christina released another potent fart into bowl, followed by her first avalanche of shit into the toilet.

PPPPPPHHHHHRRRRRRUUUUUUUBBBBBBBBBBTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

“Whoa! That stinks!” Christina said with glee from inside the stall as a new wave of sulfuric delight came up to greet her in the face as she began to do her business from inside. The coach watched with horror as more of the gas came from underneath the stall and attacked him in his face, with more of the deadly gas that he did not need.

“You’re right...how can you produce that much gas...that is way too much for any one person to produce.” The coach said as he waved the air around him, trying anything to get rid of the smell. He saw Christina’s hands underneath the stall waving more of her gassy air back underneath the stall and back into his face.

“Now coach...maybe you are ready to meet some of my demands...ho boy, wait a minute...incoming!” Christina yelled out as she leaned over to one side and began to shake the toilet furthermore with more gas.

PPPPPPPPPPRAAAAAAOOOOOOPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!! Rotten egg smelling gas and shit erupted from Christina’s ass as she began grunting for an onslaught of gas. The coach had never heard this before and was very much scared for what he was hearing. This shouldn’t be coming out of a 13-year old; this shouldn’t even be coming out of a regular human being. But the noises of farts and crap coming out of her ass and into the toilet were creating the most septic-smelling room of them all. He sat there on the floor, almost obedient as he heard what happened next.

PPPPHHHHPPPPRRTTTTT!!!! PPPPPAAAAARRRRRTTTTTTTTTT!!! PPPPHHHHHAAAATTTTT!!!

Farts sound off like a machine gun as she begins taking a crap. Hundreds of tiny pieces of shit rain down in a deluge. The coach could hear intently as this smelly rain as the shit began to pile up on bottom. The farting machine gun keeps firing, and the shit keeps falling. The pile at the bottom gets so big that it completely fills the hole at the bottom of the bowl. And it just keeps growing, inching its way up the bowl. She had eaten a hefty meal for a girl her age, and the volleyball practice had worked her up for it, her powerful farting had lead down the road to a powerful shit.

“You know coach...I’m a growing girl...and as a growing girl, I need more fuel...more energy. But this tends to give me mega amounts of gas and also makes me crap a lot. As you are discovering, my dumps smell worse than my farts...don’t they?” Christina asked through watering eyes and a sweating face, on her own end at the coach who was breathing in her inferno vapors, stinking up the room many times over.

“Yes Christina...it stinks alright in here...I have never heard anyone use the bathroom as much as you have right now.” The coach complemented as he heard a poofing noise come from the toilet, Christina was cutting loose another SBD as she felt more of her dump coming. As the silent wind got a hold of the coach, he started to gag, really gag. He was now feeling like his life was being taken away,

and all from the output from a pre-teen girl's dump. Over the next five minutes, Christina remained silent, while her ass continued to produce noises of execrating pain for the coach to inhale and to take in. Outside the bathroom, the other girls were already out from the horrid stench that was present in the locker room. Outside the locker room, the gymnasium was starting to get some of the gas, but wasn't as bad as at ground zero. Finally...all the shit, all the farts, all the pain, climaxed with a grand finale.

BBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!! One final fart rocked its way out from her ass as the final bits of liquid shit left the girl. From outside, it was only one more nail in the coach's coffin. After a minute or so of making sure she had gotten it out, Christina was satisfied that her dump was over. It smelled of shit, broccoli and cabbage, it was the most rotten dump that anyone had ever taken, in perhaps all the world, and it came from Christina's ass after a volleyball practice, and if that was her now...who knew what she would be capable of later. The coach thought about this as he tried to breathe any kind of air, finding only Christina's flatus and shitty stench hanging around, he pleaded with Christina.

"Are you always going to do this?" He asked.

"Oh...probably, as I said, I'm getting bigger and will need to be eating more...so yeah." She replied.

"Okay...what do you want from me?" The coach asked Christina got up from her devastated throne of a toilet, shit covered all around the bowl with a foul, soupy mix down below. She then came up with a choice for the coach, though she knew what choice he would pick.

"Okay...you can either kiss my ass...or accept that I have COMPLETE control of this team...in all they do...in all that happens, and that everyone...EVERYONE...has to do what I say. And that if I was to get any disobedience from anyone, they would have to kiss my ass and suffer what you have suffered today. Now what say you....PPPPPPHRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTT!!!...whoops...a little more gas." Christina giggled as she felt her exposed ass release a little more of her hydrogen-sulfide laden, eggy gas into the stall, polluting the stall with a slightly fresher smell of her flatulence.

"Yes...yes....yes...anything for you...you can have anything!" The coach said euphorically as he begged for Christina's mercy and forgiveness, one trip to the bathroom was all that it took. Christina agreed to the coach's obedience and proceeded to wipe her own ass as the coach made a beeline for the door, knocking on it once more, trying to desperately get out once again. This time...the door was opened and he found the other seventh and eighth graders standing there...listening to all that took place.

"Christina's the boss....Christina's the boss...Christina is the boss of us all!" The coach cried out to the top of his lungs as he collapsed the floor from a lack of oxygen. Out from the locker room...Christina came out there, dressed in her volleyball uniform as giddy as ever and relieved for all the gastronomical pressures that had been impacting her. She had the biggest smile on her face.

"Smells like your dumps have improved." One of the seventh graders asked.

“Oh my yes...I really stunk up the place...you may want to wait to get your clothes...let’s get another hour of practice in before we go...I think I’m done...PPPOOOTTTTT!!!....farting...well maybe.” Christina smiled as a final surge of rotten egg gas overcame her and the other girls. Everyone breathed in the vegetable-laden after-dump gas as they got back onto the court and restarted their practice.

Christina enjoyed two years there on out of complete and utter control over the volleyball team. Their team went on to win the majority of their matches, and the ones they didn’t win Christina gave them the gas chamber effect. In this regard, she would pick a day soon after the match that was lost and entrust Jade to lock the locker room door while Christina got the coach and the other players in the locker room while they discussed strategy and go over what went wrong, while Christina broke wind. The coach would go over a variety of ideas and plays, but everything had to receive approval of the largest member of the team, Christina, and if she didn’t approve of what she heard, she would let another one rip. As she got into eighth grade, she found that she could control her gas a bit more. Since she had so much gas to work with, she could expel it at a variety of times. This gave her even more power as she could break wind at key moments when she wanted to get a point across. And after each strategy session, she would head to the bathroom and conduct her usual business there. Luckily, most of the girls were able to leave, except for those who had to handle her toilet business afterwards. Because of the increased gassiness to her dumps on these days, the girls were worried to lose, especially if they were given toilet cleaning detail the next day, this would provide an incentive to play hard enough to win.

All and all, this worked extremely well and the team did better in Christina’s eighth grade year. The new players were soon honed into on Christina’s system, or received a first-hand invitation from Christina’s bowels and by the first match of that season; she was once again in control. Of course, Christina’s control wasn’t out there for the public to see, there would be too many questions and Christina feared that her father would take her off the team. Therefore, the coach still “acted” as though he were in charge during the matches, but as with everything, Christina made the first and final decisions. What she said was law, and if you had to argue that point, her butt would have something to say to you.

Life was very good for Christina Lopez in her eighth grade year, but as with everything, things had to come to an end and Christina had to move on to high school. As she began her high school career, her height had increased to 5’11 and she was gorgeous as ever. Her breasts were well-rounded at D cups and they stood out grapefruits in her tight volleyball uniform. Her butt...well it was a butt alright, each cheek the size of a volleyball in their own right, they were as firm and powerful as ever in her ever-tightening volleyball shorts. Already a freshman, the very bottom of her asscheeks were visible in the volleyball short, whose ends held in the deadly gas that would originate from her colon, not that would help anyway. As she walked on to the court the first day for her freshman year, she was unsure of what to see. Already, she had a support structure in place with the freshmen who had graduated with her into high school and the sophomores and juniors who were familiar with her control from their previous schools in middle school. As the girls sat down, most of them were wondering what was going to happen. Out walked the coach, a younger individual, a passionate individual and someone who was very dedicated to the sport. He was a geography teacher and was in his third year as volleyball coach. Christina eyed the coach’s youthful and opportunistic eyes and felt her stomach bubbling with her

player and was not intimidated by her farts, at least not yet. To Christina, it was in the team's best interest to do things her way to make her a stronger and more powerful player, and the other girls, amazingly agreed to the strategy, on the impetus that it would help them. In the end, it was Christina who benefited the most and grew stronger in her play and influence on a near daily basis. Julie, a blond haired girl with her own growing features started to run a particular play as the girls practiced and made the mistake of going after the ball as it got close to Christina's domain. Julie was a little more than a foot away from Christina's position when she spiked the ball back across the net with a fiery intensity that none of the girls had seen in a while save for from Christina. But as they saw Julie jumping up and down jubilantly from her spike, Christina wasn't happy. Order, her order, had been destroyed by this usurper and she was not going to have any of that.

"Julie?! What the hell was that?" The 15-year old Christina asked as the other girls watched, staying away from Christina's position.

"What was what?" Julie responded to Christina's question by challenging why Christina was mad in the first place.

"You were out of place, I dictate how this team moves, how it reacts, how it plays...you don't just come in and do whatever you want, this is a team sport...my team sport."

"Your team...hardly, this is the school's team...we are all a team, there is no one girl who is owning this...isn't that right girls?" Julie had gotten further up into Christina's face and was as defiant as anyone could imagine before the Hispanic 15-year old beauty. Julie saw this as a perfect opportunity to topple the power structure that she had seen set up as she walked on the team in her first couple of days. But she wasn't aware of how that power structure came to be and what happened to those who upset it. Julie was about to get an introduction to that structure when she heard silence from everyone in the gymnasium. Christina started to smile as she saw that her fellow teammates were following in her stead and staying out of the conflict. As that occurred, a rumbling noise rumbled throughout the court area as Christina began patting on her toned stomach, holding a navy blue jersey over it. Below was a pair of tight red shorts that were higher up her butt than they were last year, on top of her glowing bronze tan legs that were nearly on par for a high schooler, let alone someone still in middle school. The grumbling noise though sent shivers down the spines of a couple of girls; it was more fierce than they had heard before.

"Did you hear that...oh don't worry, you're about to hear it a lot more...you see...I have gas..."

"Yeah, yeah....I know. You fart a lot, big whoopee do. I still don't see why you run things because you can fart...everyone farts."

"Wrong...everyone farts...I pass enormous amounts of gas out from my ass...they call it a fart, but truly it's something greater. I've always been a gassy girl, but in the past couple of years, these things have taken on a whole new character of their own. I've tried a new diet today...an entire bowl of broccoli with another bowl of onion soup, washing it down with a glass of milk...I'm awaiting the results, and I think I am about to find out." The 15-year old was getting aroused almost about what she was about to do, she was going to teach Julie a lesson, once and for all about control.

“As it turns out...you are going to find out too.” Christina said with a giggle as she saw some of the other teammates gather around Julie, all with mischievous looks on their faces. As soon as Julie saw this she started to run away from the court, but the rest of the team stopped her and slammed her body in a rather violent way to the basketball court. They held Julie’s body on the floor with her back to the court and her face staring up toward the bright lights of the gymnasium, with the volleyball net hanging up nearby. She tried to push the girls off of her, but they were able to hold her down by sitting on her legs and arms and keeping her pinned down with two areas left exposed, her stomach and her head. Everyone knew what was going to happen. Christina walked up to the girl in a seductive way, the rumbling in her stomach continued as she felt the gas pressing up against her rectum, it was only a matter of time.

“Wait...what is this...why are you doing this?” Julie cried out as the coach stood by, watching the scene progress out before him. Sure, he should have stopped this and should have gotten Christina kicked off the team, but something in him compelled him not to do anything and to let the events take place as they are.

“I told you...I am getting you a little taste of my gas, to teach you a lesson.” Christina was now standing on top over Julie’s body, with her black hair, flowing down to her shoulders on this day, with a bright smile on her face. She started to bend her body down so that her body rested on her knees and her butt was hanging out in the open. She moved her bodacious booty, large for anyone her age, on top of Julie’s stomach and pressed her butt down onto of Julie’s body. Julie could feel the muscles and fat of Christina’s gluteus maximus as it was pushing down on her stomach. Christina could feel on her butt the heartbeat of Julie increasing, she knew that Julie was starting to get worried, now that she could feel her butt on top of her, and was feeling the rumbles form Christina’s intestinal tract as it produced more gas for her rectum, she also had a very good idea of what was about to happen.

“Now tell me...how does this feel?” Christina asked as she began to push on her rectum. PPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRRRIIIIIIIIIHHHHHHHHHHPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTT!!!! A deep, sickening rumbling from the Christina's bowels was heard, and suddenly a loud and violent warm, moist wind blew from the sphincter of Christina’s butt to greet Julie’s nostrils with the horrid, unmistakable aroma of a fart. This fart’s stench was defined by its nauseating likeness to steamed broccoli and potency akin to skunk spray, with a small hint of rotten eggs. She gagged and her eyes crossed in disgust while she attempted to hold her breath, but the fart's duration seemed to outmatch her lung capacity. She exhaled, taking in a big breath of the ripe stench, and tried to keep from vomiting.

The four-second blaster pushed its way out from Christina’s colon and onto the stomach of Julie. It was an unusually sounding fart as it was being suppressed by Julie’s stomach. It was a powerful, bassy fart that echoed throughout the gym. The other girls who were holding down Julie could feel the vibration from the fart, but Julie was getting front row tickets. To her, it was like holding a vibrator to the stomach and letting it for four seconds, only with a decent sized person on top of her.

But this was a Christina fart, so the smell was quick to follow. It rushed out from her ass and made a quick beeline to Julie’s nose. It was a nauseating odor that smelled of rotten vegetables and dead animals, on top of rotten eggs. It was an awful stench, one that flowed into Julie’s nose and kept

on flowing into it. The hot fart had warmed up Julie's shirt, a white tank top, and the warmth could be felt all over her body. She started to gag from the smell, as many others had from Christina's farts. There were few reactions to have from Christina's farting, just pain and suffering. The eggy and rotten stench made its way to the other teammates noses and they were taken aback from the smell of Christina's fart, fanning away the powerful stench that their captain had produced.

"Christ Christina...that was atrocious!" One of the teammates remarked.

"Man...that diet sure did you wonders, that was an awful one!" Another teammate said with her nose underneath her shirt.

"Man I know...and it felt so good to get out...but don't worry Jules...I've got plenty more to come, and they are all for you." Christina said with a sexy tone as she focused more of her weight on her right butt cheek as she raised her left cheek, the one closest to Julie's face and started to unload more of her gaseous payload.

BBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!
PPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!
BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBOOOOOOOOOOOORRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTT!!

Each of the three farts went on for another four seconds, and caused a similar vibrating sensation on Julie's stomach, only this time, the vibration made its way across Julie's budding chest and stunk up the bra as well as her shirt. The smell from the three farts had intensified furthermore as the stench of rotten shit increased in its coverage to Julie's face. Her eyes were balling and she herself was sweating from the added heat given to her from the 15-year old's butt. These were putrid farts, with a high amount of sulfur in them. Julie had two brothers; she had smelt farts and smelt the toilet after her brothers had used it from a big meal. At this moment, she would rather place her head in those toilets than endure the smell that she was receiving. There was no way to prepare for the onslaught of breath-taking gas that Christina was delivering. But Christina was not yet finished. As Julie continued to cough from the three farts, she felt the silent wind of another fart. Blowing onto her shirt and up the shirt to her neck and into her face, Christina began passing out a silent fart.

PPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFFFFFffffffffffssssssstttttttt!!!!

A sly smile crossed her face as she slowly released this silent, forceful fart that sprayed aggressively against your chest and up her face as she choke-screamed in horror, the rancid fart burned her insides and filled her nostrils with an ungodly stench of eggs and broccoli. She was starting to understand what she had done wrong, but her mind wasn't everywhere because it was too hard to retain as her brain was being fumigated with Christina's terrible flatulence. Every girl now had her nose underneath her shirt as they tried desperately to breathe in anything but Christina's windy flatulence, but there was no hope for any of them, the entire gym already stunk up to high heaven from Christina's fart, and the girls knew that when Christina was farting, there was *nothing* that you could do but to take them in.

“Christina....that was a horrid fart...you have improved greatly!” One teammate replied from underneath her shirt, with admiration.

“Well...if you appreciate its quality...take your nose out of your shirt...ALL OF YOU! Jules here has been breathing in these bad boys straight up...you girls need to too!” Christina’s voice was authoritative and demanding, and she meant it. Each girl took their nose out and stared at Christina with complete obedience. They were making faces of discomfort, of disgust, and of the lack of oxygen, but they mustered through it, they started to breathe in the rotten egg stench from Christina’s SBD because they were told to, and they were not going to disobey a request from their captain Christina Lopez.

“That’s better...” Christina’s pre-teen voice ringed out over Julie’s face, “...you see, these girls know better. My farts have improved and they have gotten better, these girls know it’s for the best to see to it that I continue getting things my way...what do you have to say?” Christina said as she continued to sit on top of Julie’s body. Christina weighed more and the weight of her body on top of Julie was making things more uncomfortable than ever before. On top of breathing in nothing but Christina’s rotten flatus, she did not have as much of the lung capacity to breathe in anything and it was making her disoriented. All the other girls who had gone through this phase with their captain had quit after this point, but Julie was still going to be stubborn. Perhaps not on her own free will, being disoriented and dizzy and all, she said flat out to Christina’s face, “Fuck you!”

The sound of gasps filled the air as the other girls couldn’t believe what was being told to their captain’s face. Christina could only smile; she had another phase for this. Christina got off of Julie’s stomach and moved her ass up to Julie’s face itself. She was going to do something she had never done before, but had thought of from time to time, she was going to fart on Julie’s face!

Christina placed her ass right on top of Julie’s face and shove Julie’s nose up her buttcrack. It was a unique experience for Christina and one she wasn’t sure that she wanted to do, but she wanted to see what would happen. Julie’s refusal to accept Christina’s terms only meant that she was going to be tortured to the furthest extreme. As her nose was positioned up the pre-teen’s asscrack, she began to breathe in the rectal vapors from the previous farts. Her nose began to sweat from the extra heat that was radiating from Christina’s asshole. It smelt of rotten broccoli and cheese as she started to breathe in what felt like an entirely new fart, when it was merely Christina’s asscrack under normal circumstances. But as Julie’s vision was going away from the basketball-sized butt, she started to get even more dizzy, it was hell on earth for Julie as she breathed in with each dose of sulfuric, hot gas. Julie could then hear Christina’s sweet, girly voice open up as she gave her warning to the others.

“Girls...this is what happens when you disobey me...you do not want to be where Jules is right now...trust me...broccoli is not kind on my system, as I am finding out today. You think I’m enjoying this...my stomach is in pain, I feel boatloads of gas forming with each minute, and I can’t take in that gas anymore.” Christina finished her speech and began grunting as her fart gates were opened.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTT!!
BBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUUPPPPPPOOOOOOOOTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!
PPPPPPPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!

PPRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAASSSSSSSTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

Julie’s face was rocked by the power of the four farts that came out from Christina...and they were worse than the ones before. All around Julie’s face, she could feel the toxic, burning hot wind that came out from the 15-year old’s pooper and into her face. The first four farts went on for five seconds, while the last one went for an unprecedented ten seconds, it was among the largest farts that Christina had cut in her life. Her nose could only smell one stench, one overpowering stench: shit. It was like she had taken piles of the vilest piece of shit possible and rubbed it in her face so that she could smell it and taste it. The broccoli had come home to Christina and she could smell on the outside the sweet stench of rotten broccoli and milk as it radiated out from her ass. Below, her farts produced a violent vibrating nose that sounded like a vibrator that was on full power on top of a gymnastics mat that was shaking it at its highest level. Really, there was no way to describe the sound of Christina’s massive farts on top of Julie’s face.

At Julie’s level...she had just smelt three of the worst farts in history, and that was with Christina on her stomach. Now she had just taken in 25 seconds of the most horrendous rotten stench imaginable from a human fart. Cow farts were very comparable as the chemical burning sensation from Christina’s gas had left a red mark on Julie’s nose as she continued in inhale the rectal vapors from Christina from the avalanche of gas that was racing into her nose and further to her lungs and brain. She was consuming the farts, taking them in as if they were substance. As the farts were finished, the other girls were coughing, hacking out and gagging from their own perspective. They had all gotten off of Julie’s body and had made it for the walls of the gym as the pungent odor of the gas raced into their faces. Christina quick got off of the body of Julie when she began yelling at the other members of her team. Down below, she had noticed that Julie was knocked out from the gas. It was likely a wiser move to pass out from Christina’s farts than to have taken them all in. Christina was a bit worried, but had checked her pulse to see that she was still breathing, she was. She surmised that there was probably too much flatus inside her system (Julie’s that was, though her own still had a bit) that she needed time to process it. Christina stood there with her hands on her hips and cried foul over what the girls were doing.

“Bad form! Bad form! How are you going to play volleyball when I’m passing gas like this...you think that this is above normal for me...I hate to tell you girls, but this is going to become normal. I am going to eat whatever I want and get the gas that I want...and everyone here is going to have to cope with it. My farts are only going to get worst, so you cannot...no you will not...be running away from my farts like this...or so help me God, you are going to pass out just like Julie did! Now...can I hear a ‘Yes Christina’ from you girls in compliance?” Christina was going on a power trip, and she was enjoying every moment of it. Not even a teenager yet, and she had complete control of this team, how did she know?

“Yes Christina!” The girls...and the coach himself, watching from the wall...replied, echoing off of the walls.

“That’s better...and now, to show me that we are all on the same team, I want a devotion from you girls. Kiss my ass, each of you, kiss it and show me your appreciation for everything that I have done.

Take a nice whiff of my gas too...don't worry, it will be around for now...now kiss my ass, or suffer Julie's fate!" Christina's authoritative voice echoed across the gymnasium and the girls had to fight their way through the gas of Christina's flatulence to reach Christina how stood there looking into the volleyball net.

What happened next was a testament to Christina's entire tenure as a volleyball player in school. Each girl formed a line starting with the eldest player and ending with the youngest. With Christina standing, each girl got on her knees and kissed the moist fabric of Christina's gas-covered volleyball short and gave a passionate kiss on each buttock. Each player spent a good ten seconds kissing Christina's ass, which consisted with one five-second kiss on one cheek, a quick moving of the face across the asscrack, taking in a helping of Christina's fart gas, and then another five-second kiss on the other cheek. The girls did not want to suffer Julie's fate, so they were more passionate this time around and Christina was forever grateful for the attitude. Once the kissing session was finished, Christina could feel the moistness on her shorts from the kisses cling along with the rotten gas that filled her shorts.

"Now that that's over, I have one last test for you girls. I'm going to lie down on the ground and fart a few times, each time I do so, I want you to kneel in a circle around me and stay there until I tell you that you can go. Then you can head into the locker room and practice will be over." Christina, as giddy as a school girl, went and laid down on the floor while the other teammates and the coach got into the circle and knelt down in a circle as they looked at the glorious presence of Christina's butt, as damp and humid as ever. This was the butt that released the foulest wind ever in human history, and Christina demanded respect for it. As they stared at her butt, they awaited the moment where Christina began to push down on her stomach and expel her farts.

PPPPPPPPPHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!

Three raucous farts came out from Christina and added even more of her rotten stench to those kneeled before her. The smell was as foul as ever and the girls were suffering from having to just be in the presence, but Christina had her head turned as she was looking for the girls to see if any would move. Sure enough, as Christina had thought, they stayed there and remained fixated on Christina's butt, which was sweating through her shorts from the large bouts of hot wind that blew out from it. Their faces were also sweating from the powerful gas that blasted them in the face, their eyes too were stinging, but they soldiered through it all. After five minutes of devotion in that gym of the girls looking at Christina she felt a big juicy kiss being planted on her ass from behind her. It was Julie; she had gotten up and was giving her respects to her captain. Christina was happy with what had occurred, she had converted Julie and Julie remained kneeling from behind Christina's ass while the other girls watched for their captain's next move. After another minute of admiration for Christina's ass, they were finally released, but not before Christina felt another gas pang. As she was about to release them, she pushed out one last silent fart.

course, the coach was still the coach to the outside world and Christina's influence was kept a secret, but on the inside, everything, everything that was done on the team was done with Christina's consent. The coach continued to feed himself on his captain's farts periodically, and made the regular routine of middle school volleyball with Christina leading the coaching segments permanent for her four-year tenure in high school. If she didn't want it, you did not do it, or suffer the consequences. Christina continued to modify her diet in the later grades of high school so that her gaseous outputs during practice and matches would continue and in increasingly deadlier quantities. As it was in middle school, so it was in high school, she was the best player, the strongest player, and biggest player, and the worst farter. All was right in the world again; the volleyball team was CHRISTINA'S TEAM. But were there other ways for her to exercise that power and authority...the answer was yes.

The following year produced a year of greatness for Christina's volleyball team. Christina improved in every aspect of the sport, and so did her team grow with her. None of them were as talented or strong as Christina, but they served their captain well. And Christina was able to use her farting for anything she wanted. It got the attention of opposing teams and of her own team, who slowly got used to the deadlier quantities of her gas that she was spewing out. In her sophomore year, Christina had grown another inch and was now a six feet. She had over the summer also added on some muscle down in her butt and around her body to give herself even more power. She was got gassier. Christina continued to diversify her diet and increase the gas-producing foods that she would eat before practices and matches. Each day practically brought more potent farts than the day before it, and as she got bigger and added more food; her dumps would increase in size. What once took only a knife and a plunger to get rid of in the toilet would take more effort, as the sizes of Christina's dumps would increase but the size of the toilet would remain the same.

In her junior year, Christina was large and in charge at 6'2 as she continued her control over the volleyball team. But she was also a caring figure for those who could not stand up for themselves, which was the case with a young Asian freshman who was having some trouble getting used to the team. The girl was 5'8 and quite a stunning beauty herself with a bubbling butt of her own encased in a tight pair of white shorts, but she wasn't that strong, nor outgoing and made herself an unfortunate easy victim to bullying. She was very much a shy girl at the moment and was trying to keep to herself as much as possible. One afternoon, following practice, but before Christina was in the locker room, the freshman girl was being bullied by a couple of the senior students. Both seniors were about two inches taller and a bit more physical in appearance, both were white with one blond haired girl and one brown haired.

"But it's your turn." The freshmen insisted as the two girls picked up the smaller girl and showed her to the bathroom.

"Yeah...and who's going stop us...Christina wants the toilet cleaned, and you are going to do if for us." One of the senior girls said as she started to pull down her hair. The two senior were harassing the hell out of the student, which had gone on for a while now. They had picked on this kid for a few days now, making her do various things for them, all while they kept an eye out for Christina, since they did not want to upset her. They simply found her a good student to pick on and were making their way with the girl. Through the sobbing and crying that occurred, there was another noise that was heard.

PPPPPPHHHHHRRRRRRRRRAAAAAATTTTTTTTTTTT!!!! A sharp fart could be heard in the bathroom, coming out of someone's asshole with a decent-sized fury.

"Ewww...that's raunchy!" One of the seniors said as the two girls looked back to see if Christina was there...she wasn't. The two girls suddenly realized that it was from the freshman girl herself. It was a wretched fart that had a spicy smell to it. The smell actually grew in power and was thrust up the nostrils of the girls who were picking on the kid; it started to smell like rotten cheese.

"That is sick girl...you'll do fine cleaning the toilets." The other senior insisted as they continued to drag her to the bathroom stall. As they opened up the stall door to find the still clean toilet, Christina finally appeared behind them.

"What's this? And what is that smell?" Christina, dressed with yellow volleyball shorts and a white tank top asked the two seniors as they held onto the freshman by her armpits.

"Um...that smell came from her?" The two seniors pointed at the freshman, who tried to muster up a smile.

"Well...that smelled great out there, I admire someone who tries to be like myself...who knows you may be gassing up the team and controlling things in the future. As for you two...I don't tolerate disrespect of others on my team." She went from a sweet voice toward the freshman to a more menacing tone with the seniors. In truth, she had heard most of what was going on.

"Well yeah...but..." One of the seniors began, but was interrupted by Christina's grumbling bowels; her gas and fecal waste were coming toward her anus, ready for an eruption.

"You two were supposed to clean the toilet today...what is she doing here?" Christina asked about the freshman. She knew anyway what was happening, and the seniors were getting scared. They had no answer for their captain.

"Yeah...thought so. Miss, you can leave now." Christina said toward the freshman as she began to walk away from the seniors and out of the bathroom. "And keep a hold of that butt canon of yours...it could cause serious damage in the future...damn that reeks!" Christina cried out, in a positive tone, back to the freshman. Honestly, she was impressed by her fart, but now she had other matters to attend to.

"Well...you two are on toilet cleaning detail today and I had a nice extra-large pizza today...full of onions and meat and grease. You think beans give me gas and the shits....wait till you see what pizza gives me." Christina began giggling as she saw the girls get more terrified. Christina always enjoyed making a point that it didn't matter what foods she ate, it gave her epic gas. And pizza was going to be no different; the 17-year old was at the point of bursting, full of gas and shit that the two seniors WOULD clean up.

Halfway through her dump, which often lasted a good half hour, Christina was struggling to get her next piece of crap out. As it was, her dump wasn't turning out as great as she had hoped, which happened every now and then. Even though she was a prolific farter and dump taker at that point of her life, there were days where she couldn't do much. While she sat there on the john she heard the door

open and saw a pair of feet come by the stall she was in. The girls' bathroom had three stalls themselves, with Christina always occupying the center one, so she could see if someone were entering. The other two were left vacant, as no one wanted to be using the bathroom at the same time as Christina. The room regularly stunk like the insides of an outhouse, and not the part of the outhouse where the person was, but the interior hole where the shit was deposited. This stench carried over to the locker room to send a message to the rest of the team. In that room, the two seniors waited, cursing themselves for ever getting Christina mad in the first place. They knew that their captain was going to have something special planned for them later.

"Can I help you?" Christina asked the person who had just entered the room, thinking that it was a fellow team member needing help on something in particular; instead the person walked over into the stall on Christina's left. She opened the door and slammed in and what happened afterwards sent chills up Christina's spine, she farted.

BBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

A humongous fart, one that rattled the walls of the stall and left a small echo in the bathroom shook to the side of Christina's stall. It may have been the loudest and strongest fart that Christina had ever heard that wasn't her own and that was not a small thing. The stench of rotten cheese along with burning cabbage made its way underneath the stall wall that separated the two rooms and made its way up to Christina's nostrils. It was a sweltering hot smell that was actually able to grab Christina's attention and make its way through the strong smell of Christina's dump already in progress. It was a different odor, that was for sure, it may have not been stronger than Christina's, but it was more distinct. Christina had to cough a couple of times as she heard the same gagging from the stall over.

"Whoa! Wait a minute...what was that?" Christina asked as she heard the noise of a toilet seat being sat down upon. As that happened, a loud hissing noise made its way from next door.

FFSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSStTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

The mysterious person had unloaded a 5-second long SBD into the toilet bowl that was about to get a real test. The burning smell of cheese and cabbage made its way up around the butt of the mysterious occupant and underneath the wall to attack Christina in her stall again. She could not believe what she smelled, it was rotten beyond belief. Could someone else really be farting on her level she thought?

"Excuse me...I had an onion soup today with some cheese and cabbage on the side...sorry about that." The girl's voice became a bit more familiar.

"Who are you...your voice sounds familiar...hell the smell is familiar." Christina started to put two and two together and instantly realized who she was talking to, it was the girl who had been bullied just a few minutes ago.

PPPPHHHHHHHOOOOOOORRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!! "Ahhhhh," the girl said as a large brown torpedo splashes into the bowl, much to the girl's relief; fumes of heat rise up off it with no place to go,

causing a little sweat to gather on her cheeks until she opens her legs, releasing more of her own brand of toxic gas into the air. She started to wave the air around her to spread the horrid stench around.

“What’s your name...and how do you produce such a stench?” Christina asked out of curiosity on both accounts. The girl thought there for a moment, should she go for some smart remark amount about her gas being worse, or go out as a friend. Seeing that this was Christina, the absolute leader of the team, she chose the second option.

“Name’s Jade...and I have been an admirer of yours for several years.” Jade answered, giving Christina a name to the devastating stench that had been added to the bathroom’s toxic fog of flatulence for the first time.

“Admirer? You’re a freshman aren’t you?” Christina asked.

“Oh yes....” BBBBBLLLLLLAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPSSSSSSSSTTTTTTTTT!!!! The poor toilet bowl was rattled as Christina could hear an avalanche of watery shit empty itself out of Jade’s bowels and into the toilet for ten seconds. The treatment that Jade’s toilet was getting was unreal for Christina to believe...she had wondered if it was looking worse than her’s.

“And by admirer?” Christina asked as she thought that Jade had lost her train of thought from that last outburst into the toilet.

“I remember you from sixth grade on the volleyball team. You may not remember me, but I sure do. The way you passed gas and completely controlled the team, it got my attention. I kept on thinking that I wanted to do just that...control the team with farts like those. After you went on to high school, I stared taking over as the main gassy person on the team, and my teammates were repelled by the smell of some of my farts. But I didn’t have your size nor your controlling ability, so I remained a part of the team, but not in charge of it or anything, which was fine...I can never by you and I’ve smelled your farts so far up to this point...they have greatly improved....” BBBBBOOOORRRRRRPPPPPTTTTT!!!!

This fart carried a more eggy quality as a small fog of invisible but potent fart gas had encircled the stall and caused Jade to sweat under the added heat. Down below, she was unloading a larger collection of logs into the bowl, getting it close to clogging it shut. The sound of logs hitting upon other logs had made Christina a bit concerned, this freshman was nearing the clogging point of her toilet, Christina was still working on hers. Finally, she caught a break in her constipation and leaned over to her right side against the walls of the stall and unleashed a new bout of fury.

BBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!

The entire stall shook as Christina began unpacking more of her traditional, five-inch long logs into the toilet, about seven of them as they coiled their way up in the bowl. And the smell of onions and cheese, along with the meat from her pizza had found its place admits the flatulence that Jade had created and had briefly infiltrated Christina’s stall with. Jade began waving her hand around her face in the other stall, coughing as the pungent odor of Christina’s fart. Jade’s fart may have had a sting to it, but Christina’s was still the more superior smell, it boiled down to the same principle that made Christina the boss of the volleyball team, it was bigger.

“Jeez...that is why you are the best!” Jade said in pure appreciation from the power of the fart that Christina had made. As this occurred, Christina began grunting and released a devilish series of farts and releases that increased the potency of the air in her stall, giving it a strong, stale, eggy aroma that was usual with her dumps. The girls who would clean her stall typically had to go in and start the cleaning with a five minute break spaced around so that they can get fresh air, as no girl had yet survived being in the bathroom for the entire cleaning process, without throwing up anyway.

BBBBBBBRRRRRRRAPPPIPPPPPTTTTTT!!!! PPIPPPPPOOOOOOOOOOOOOTTTTTTTTTTTSSSSS!!!
Two more farts could be heard from over in Jade’s stall as some more onion-scented and eye-watering farts made their way out of her own burning rectum. The sound of even larger pieces of crap can be heard making their way out of her anus as she started to feel a lot more relieved. Christina was holding her nose as the stench of Jade’s fart made its way to her nose, combined with Jade’s shit it was atrocious.

“Whoa there Jade...you don’t have to compete with me or anything.” Christina said as she was actually having a little time breathing from the smell, Jade could notice Christina’s voice being a little wheezy.

“Oh I’m sorry Miss Christina...I didn’t mean to imply that I was better, I am not...are you okay.” Jade’s statement of sincerity was appreciated by Christina, she wasn’t trying to compete, she was simply releasing her load into the toilet, it wasn’t her fault that it was this bad.

“Please...just call me Christina...” Christina said back at Jade as she heard another PPHHHBBBTTT!!! Jade had released another fart into the toilet bowl, adding more of her unique gaseous stink. It was a rather small fart, but it was stronger than anyone else’s other than Christina’s.

“Sorry about the smell Christina...I’ve really been trying to improve my smell to my farts. I have the frequency pretty well...about 30 a day, a couple of good dumps, now I’ve been working on the smell. I hope it doesn’t smell too bad.” Jade said as she waved more of her rotten gas around her own stall, which smelled worse than a sewer.

“That’s alright Jade...I’m just not used to the smell of someone else’s dump...let alone someone like yours, in the bathroom. I think the smell from them both are making my eyes water up a bit...it’s really strong...how do you fart like that?”

“Well I love the taste of Tex-Mex and Mexican food itself, that plus a lot of Chinese and Asian food, all of that has made my stomach very volatile. I’ve been a gassy girl for years, but it seems to show...” PPIPPPPPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPIPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!
The fart, which sounded like a tuba being played inside the slowly-filling up toilet bowl, lasted for five seconds and had Jade open her eyes wide in astonishment. It was a powerful fart alright, but what came out of her afterwards was just as powerful. Ten turds slipped out, each one after another and by the time she was finished, the smell inside her stall had her putting her nose underneath her shirt, these truly stunk.

is. They could already smell the horrendous odor as Christina opened the door and slammed it. Back in the bathroom, Jade was sweating bullets after pushing that that Monster SBD. As the bathroom was now quiet and the floodgates opened, Jade proceeded to release the final bits of her toxic dump into the toilet. In the locker room, the three girls heard the sounds of explosions come from outside as their mouths were left open out of disbelief, and Christina's mouth had a similar reaction.

"Who the hell is in there?" One of the seniors asked.

"That would be Jade...Jade the Farter." Christina said with pride, as she saw that Jade was already proving her worth. The smell of burning rotten eggs and cabbage had filled out the entire bathroom and had flowed out from underneath the door to the bathroom and into the locker room.

"Wait...was that the girl we were picking on earlier?" The other senior asked.

"Yep." Christina said with pride as she leaned back against the lockers, breathing in the unholy stench from the bathroom. That is when the idea hit her, she was going to put those seniors to some use and help out Jade. There was one final explosion that vibrated the entire bathroom as Jade emptied out the rest of her system. A small yellow gas started to flow around the bathroom as Jade was balling her eyes out as she was getting repulsed by the stench of her bowel movements. The yellow gas filled the bathroom and created a septic fog that was rare even for Christina's standards, this girl had really gone up and beyond what most humans could do, someone that Christina could truly be proud of.

She finally got up from the toilet and was beyond shocked at the sight of the mess she had made. There was more shit in there than Christina had ever been able to produce, up to that point at least since this was merely a Class 2 on Christina's scale, but it had filled nearly the whole bowl with her watery and solid shit. But for a 15-year old Asian girl and the meal she had eaten that day it was an impressive sight to behold. But the horrible smell was making things hard for Jade to appreciate her mess, which she couldn't flush and she quickly fled the bathroom, back into the locker room where she noticed everyone had left. Getting back into her uniform, since she wanted to get back out to practice a little more, she walked out of the locker room to the sight of Christina and the two seniors, a bashful smile appeared on Jade's face as she looked up at a beaming Christina.

"Sorry about that back there...I guess I really had to go." Jade said giggling as she saw the looks on the two seniors faces, they were speechless about the bowels of the girl they had bullied earlier.

"Oh that's fine...it's not often that I get gassed out of the bathroom by someone else, you have real potential Jade...and I eye myself in that kind of potential. In fact, I'm making you my second-in-command of this team." Christina announced in a bombshell decision.

"No way...no fucking way we are getting orders from this kid...she's still a freshman." One of the seniors protested in a faulty move toward their captain. Christina had thought of some way to punish them for thinking against her will, but she came up with a better idea.

"No...you are going to do more than take orders from Jade...you are going to clean up the toilet after the mess she made...how bad is it in there Jade?" Christina asked.

“You wanna take a look...I can’t flush the thing, I don’t think I’ve ever released that much into the toilet that much before.” Jade asked as Christina took her up on the offer. Christina walked into the bathroom and was astonished by the sight of the yellow fog that hung over, it felt like it was 120 degrees in that bathroom, and then she saw the mess in the toilet. The bowl was a dark black with a tint of brown in there, there was also splattering brown spots around the walls that were still hot from the steaming gas that came out from Jade; this girl had really done a number on the toilet. This ranked up with the very worst dumps that Christina had done, though not nearly as bad as some of the ones she would do in the future. She took in a breath of the smoldering stink that Jade had produced and walked out waving her hands around.

“Whew...she left a hefty one for you gals...may want to wait about a half an hour before you approach that one...Goddamn that was a great one Jade!” Christina said with admiration as she gave the seniors one other request.

“Now...you two will be Jade’s personal toilet cleaner for the remainder of the season, and if today is any indication, you will be spending A LOT of time cleaning up after her...she can eat a variety of foods that can leave you breathless...literally.”

“Thanks Christina.” Jade said with pride as she felt good about her gas and bowel movements for the first time. Though she had tried to be like Christina for a few years, it had left her alienated by her family and friends at times, to see her efforts finally paying off were great for her to hear.

“Finally...as one more tribute to your new second-in-command, I want each of you two to kiss Jade’s ass, in appreciation.” Christina walked up to the two seniors with a menacing look. This was Christina’s team after all, and you did what Christina wanted. She was also big into humiliation, especially when it was the bullied that was able to do the humiliation back at the bullies, they would regret the decision they ever messed with Jade in the first place.

“Yes Christina.” One of the seniors said in complete compliance with Christina’s plan. Jade looked speechless and asked what she should do.

“Just stand there, with your nice sized butt hanging out...that is a good booty you got there Jade...you would make any guy very lucky...and wait for them to kiss your butt...don’t tell them to stop until you are satisfied, you are in command now.” Christina enjoyed this, she truly enjoyed what she was about to see. The first senior got on her knees and approach the 14-year old’s volleyball short-encased ass. It smelled about as bad as anyone could have imagined for a girl who just took a monster dump. She barely wiped her ass and the smell of pure shit was ever-present the closer the senior’s nose got to her butt. Finally, she pressed her lips against the funky-tasting fabric of Jade’s shorts and began kissing it.

“Hey you...why don’t you occupy the other cheek over here.” Jade ordered the other senior to get on her knees and do the same. It was an embarrassing position for the two girls to be in as they could taste the aftermath of Jade’s dump on the shorts. Jade had only dropped the shorts to the ground at the toilet, so they could taste the aftereffects of all the gas and crap that Jade had released into her stall. The noses were being burned by the second just by taking a whiff of what her ass was like after a dump.

“Now girls...when you wake up, I want my toilet to look clean by the next day.”

“Hey Jade...I’ve got this killer chili...I’ll let you have some tomorrow, it should make today’s toilet mess seem minor.” Christina commented, adding to the humiliation of the two seniors.

“Thanks Christina...and remember girls...I want to feel those lips while you’re kissing my ass.” Jade, now in a new bit of power than she had ever experienced before, grunted as the two seniors started to feel Jade’s asscheeks move a little bit. They could feel their mouths warm up as Jade opened up her ass one last time.

PPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbbssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss!!!!

Jade cut one last SBD that went right at the faces of the senior girls. They were blindsighted by the deadliest aroma they had ever encountered. It went up through their mouths and noses and into the brains and they could only ingest rotten eggs and cabbage as they tried to understand the potent stink. After about ten seconds of the two seniors trying to keep up with the kissing of Jade’s ass, they both fell to the ground, knocked unconscious by the killer fart that Jade had laid. Christina had to back away as there was a small cloud of yellow hanging over the girls. It was a small fart compared to Jade’s earlier killer SBD, but this one was a doozy and it had chemically damaged the girls’ sinuses for a while. True enough, once the seniors had gotten up and cleaned out Jade’s bathroom stall (an hour later) they could smell and taste ONLY Jade’s flatulence and shit for the next week. The bullied had become the bully and with Christina as her mentor, Jade began to run more of the operations of the volleyball team with those two seniors acting as her personal ass kissers and toilet cleaners for the rest of the season.

By the end of that season, Jade was officially the second in command of the volleyball team and was giving out orders to the other girls. Furthermore, her gas kept on improving and Christina kept on helping her out on making it worse. The two girls would share their various secrets and diets that got them to have tremendous gas, improving each other. The two became good friends over the summer that led into Christina’s senior year and Jade’s sophomore year, with Jade given special access to Section 26, a privilege that was only given to Tim later on that year. The two would gas out Section 26 with the deadliest farts that the agency had ever experienced, only to be eclipsed by Christina’s farting during the scientific journey into her ass and the week-long bean feast. Christina’s farts were now passing 50 on the CFI, while Jade was regularly farting in the 20s on the scale. As it turned out, Jade was only able to gas out Christina that one time in the locker room the previous year, but even that one first-time impression left a mark on Christina. The rest of the contests that the girls would have typically ended either with a Christina victory or a stalemate, but that didn’t matter to either, their company was more important, since they didn’t have too many friends, for obvious reasons. How the two didn’t find each other soon enough was a pure mystery.

Once Christina’s senior year started, her dominance was raised to higher levels, largely due to the fact that she was now 7’1 as a result of the spell that was cast on her during the scientific journey into her ass to study her farts. She was much bigger than she had been in the previous year and that dominance had given her greater power than she had experienced, her farts were also many times worse than even in the past years and her dumps were longer, larger and smellier. But the greater surprise was Jade’s growth spurt, which was in a single word, spectacular. She had grown from 5’8 to 6’5

in only a few months, a phenomenal growth spurt that not even Christina could compete with. The story was that Jade had an issue with her pituitary gland which increased her height rather dramatically over the summer. Actually, her growth was already up to 6'1 by the end of the school year and by the time the volleyball season started she was at 6'5. Either way, Jade was the second tallest on the team and she had developed bigger muscles and a larger butt, with some help from Christina who helped her on working on those muscles...oh and her farts were much worse too. With all that, Jade had gained more control over the volleyball team, as Christina's assistant leader, and was well along the way to controlling the team for her last two years of high school. The shy, bullied Chinese girl was on her way to having everything go into her favor, and it was because of her own farts.

That season had brought the most intense play out of both Christina and Jade, who in turn inspired the team to play even better. More and more, the girls were bowing down to the wishes of Christina, and in respect to Jade. The other teams were more scared of Christina's presence than ever before, and that was before she began farting. The farting experiment from earlier in the school year had increased the power in her farts, and the bean feast had blown the farting through the roof. Jade had even thought about a week-long bean feast, but Christina argued that her eating beans for that long of time might make life completely hell on the volleyball team, and Jade had joked that it was because her farts might be worse than Christina's. Either way, Christina's gas had crossed new thresholds each week it seemed, and Jade was following in step behind her mentor with her deadlier farts as well. With all that Christina was doing, one would expect there would be a grand finale of some sort of the Farting Captain of the Volleyball Team, and that finale would be at the last game of the regular season, an away match at St. Francis High School.

St. Francis was a private school that was the primary rival to Christina's school. They were the epitome of a rich, private school as opposed to Christina's school which was more diverse and down-to-earth. The players there have been trying to get back at Christina for the first three years and they had a variety of ways to piss Christina off. Unlike most schools, which did very little to contain Christina's power, the girls of St. Francis made an attempt, they dumped a whole bottle of laxatives into Christina's water bottle and that gave her some of the worst shits ever that day. The attempt was to embarrass her, which worked in a way. Christina was fine taking a dump; she just wanted to do it on her own terms. The worst part though was getting diarrhea during the game and having to leave, to watch her team lose when she got back. Christina was going to get back at those girls this year, at her new and improved height of 7'3 as it was at the end of the volleyball season. She wanted to utterly dominate those girls just as she had done so for her home volleyball team and it all began with a meal of her special chili.

The chili she prepared was the same kind she had when the government official had first smelled her farts prior to the farting experiment into her butt. The chili was prepared with ground beef, sausage, peppers, hot spices and sauces, and 4 different types of beans. Plus, she added in small bits of broccoli and cauliflower into the mixture of the largest bowl that Section 26 could fine for her to eat it in. She then proceeded to have three helpings of the deadly concoction and to make things worse, she had added some of the chemical that enhanced her farts, she was going all out to utterly destroy the team. Jade had done her part and had a bowl of the chili herself, as it improved her own farting capabilities several times fold, but Christina had made it clear even to her that this was something she was going to do by herself and that Jade should stay back from the backside of Christina, with each

toilet at all and left it for St. Francis to clean up in the future. She walked out of the bathroom and locker room and back onto the court where a couple of girls had gotten up from the devastation of Christina's farts, one of them being Jade.

"God my head hurts from that gas Chrissy...are you finished?" Jade asked as she rubbed her temples to try to get rid of her headache.

"Let's see.....um.....oh yeah.....just about..." Christina's breaks in her sentence were a dead giveaway to her answer to Jade's question, what happened afterwards was simply a confirmation.

"Fucking Christ! That is raunchy!" Jade cried out as she smelt a renewed batch of silent but deadly gas infiltrate her mind as Christina pushed out one last fart with a large smile on her face. The smell of shit hung heavily as this silent fart carried a strong residue from Christina's recent shit and it produced a brown gas that flowed with the green gas that was still heavy in the gymnasium. It would not be for another two hours until the gymnasium was properly cleared out and the girls were back on their feet from the heavy batch of farting that they had received. Christina still had to let off some gas, but she went outside to finish up those farts. Needless to say, the match wasn't resumed and there was no winner for that day, except for Christina of course.

The season ended with that match and Christina's team was able to go through the playoffs for her region with flawless results, winning the championship in the process. They were as good of team as any in the history of the sport, and for everything they had, they thanked Christina. As the winter turned to spring and the volleyball season had finally ended, Christina felt bittersweet about leaving her favorite sport. She could continue her dominance in college, but she wondered if that was even necessary anymore. After seven years of near absolute control, she was actually getting a little tired of it and was more than happy to pass off the reigns to Jade who would improve her diet to better gain control of the team the next year. Perhaps someday, a sixth grader would once again start the process again as Christina had that one day so many years back, but then again was there anyone as unique as Christina? The answer was as obvious as the ripe and juicy wet fart that would erupt from Christina's volleyball short-covered behind during the various matches and practices. After smelling the insane rotten stench from her fart that had defied all expectations and understandings about female flatulence, the answer was no, no one could ever top Christina, and as the world would find out in the future, that was more true than ever before, Christina was the Queen of Farts...no she was the Lord of Farts!

because she couldn't last forever, not with a shower fart. As she finished rinsing her hair, she felt another small blast leave her bottom.

PPPPPPPPHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

Okay, it wasn't exactly small, but four seconds was getting smaller and smaller on her scale, in a frightening way. Another batch of horrendous stink, smelling like the burning eye onions that she had eaten and she had to get out of her shower and pull the shower curtains over the entrance to the shower to avoid the potent odor of her creation. The air in the bathroom turned yellow from the fart that she had just laid and it created a small fog that mixed with the warm water to produce something utterly disgusting, but that was a normal shower for Christina, she could only get used to it.

"One day I'll do it without doing that...ohhh God did I unleash a good one...I'm outie!" She said as she got her towel and took her clothing out of the bathroom and back into her bedroom, which still stunk of her earlier farting. Another five minutes later and Christina was dressed for the day. She was going, reluctantly, to her first day of weight training and was dressed in a sporty outfit. Her tanned, imposing column-like legs stretched upward to a spot about four feet off the ground. There, black spandex shorts covered her bodacious bottom. Her ass looked as juicy as ever, firm yet with a little wiggle in them as they moved from side to side as she moved around her room. The bottoms would be enormous on any normal-sized female her age, even those with "large asses" but they rubbed tightly against the white panties that were conformed perfectly with her butt. It looked like two 12-inch diameter globes were confined in those shorts, and if it weren't for her great height it would really out of place to the rest of her body. Any way you saw it though, the shorts ended at the bottom of her buttocks and led the way downward to her tree-trunk, ten-inch in diameter thighs.

Up above, she wore a bright red tube top that stretched around the vast amounts of womanly flesh that were her 48E cup breasts. The stomach was rather taunt for someone who ate a lot, getting close to being a six-pack too. The tube top caressed to her body very well and was a sight for those who looked at her, and for most people it meant that they had to look up, even just to see her breasts, since 7'6 was a massive height for anyone, let alone a female. Even so, her breasts didn't reach the size of her ass, which was her pride and joy, the breasts were just something nice to complement. Above her neck, her face was as youthful as ever, even with her blackish-brown hair flowing down to her shoulders, some seven feet high off the ground. She stood there admiring her body in the tall eight foot mirror that existed in her room and looked at how much she had improved, even in the past few months. As she stood there, she broke wind once again.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

"Christ that sounded....oh God that reeks!" A beefy fart escaped from Christina's bowels for a 13-second beast that vibrated both of her asscheeks and pushed through her new pair of panties and shorts. It took only a second or two for the first of many waves of putrid flatus to reach Christina's nose, her reaction was instant. Christina said as she cupped her hand over her nose as she inhaled the first wave of gas that flowed through her new pair of shorts and immediately she was assaulted by the pungent odor. The mirror she was looking at began to fog up as the smell of cheese and onions produced a most sinister stench that forced Christina to rub her eyes from the extreme watering they

were going through at the moment. After smelling another reinforcing wave of sulfur, she agreed that she had to leave the stink zone before it got any worse for her. Her pair of shorts, brand new, had gone through their initiation as covering the deadliest piece of ass in the world. So far, they held up pretty well, although they stunk real bad.

“Boy I’m raunchy today.” Christina said giggling as she felt the warm air rise from her ass and pollute her room with more of her gas. She then headed off toward the Section 26 kitchen where Captain Parker, Bill and another agent had been gathered for breakfast. As she sat her big butt down on the special seat that was designed to handle her weight, she felt the seat crack a little, but that was rather normal. The agent who had been talking with Parker and Bill felt the sudden need to leave, and he was right to do so, meals with Christina were not for the faint of heart. With Parker sitting down for coffee and Bill eating a bowl of fruit, they watched as Christina gathered the food she would eat for breakfast. It took about five minutes for her to get the food in position. Scrambled eggs and sausage had already been fixed for her; she grabbed the three plates of eggs and the full plate of sausage links and placed it at the table. After that she got a couple of apples and a banana along with a full half gallon of milk and the same amount of her protein supplement. She finally got the food there into place as she licked her lips and began eating her breakfast, with the sound of the silverware hitting the plate and Christina fidgeting her butt against the seat to kill the silence in the room. A couple of minutes had passed before Christina broke the silence with a booming belch.

BBBBBBUUUUUUUUURRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPPPP!!!!

A two second, powerful burp came out of the 19-year old’s large mouth as she patted her stomach and complemented herself on such a belch. Such events were very common at the breakfast table there at Section 26, there was a reason that many of the other agents who worked and/or lived there had their breakfasts elsewhere.

“That was a nice one!” Christina said giggling as she continued her meal.

“I can smell that one...just the burp itself.” Bill said as he could smell the eggs from Christina’s meal. Everyone knew what the eggs would do once they began to manifest themselves within Christina’s stomach, they would produce gut-wrenching egg farts that would be difficult to bear, that’s why she liked to eat them.

“Sorry.” She said with a giggle as she slightly moved her body in the seat, making Parker and Bill flinch a little as they anticipated a horrible smell. Instead, she was simply moving her body.

“Jeez...I wasn’t going to let one rip...not yet anyway, but don’t worry they’re coming.” She said with a laugh as she patted her stomach. True enough, the gas was forming within her bowels already and she would be armed and loaded for the entire morning. One breakfast like the one she ate and she could easily release 30 in that morning. Along with Christina’s increasing size was the increasing number of her butt blasts, nowadays 100 farts was becoming the norm, rather than the exception.

“I know this may be difficult for you to understand Christina or even get, but it would be awfully nice if you could refrain from passing too much wind while you are training today. The people I am

getting you hooked up with have worked with several of are agents and they have been willing to take you in.” Parker explained as Christina looked up at him from her eating and started to complain a little about the arrangement.

“I really just wanted to take it easy today...and not work out too much. I don’t think there is much they can do for me anyway, not with a body like mine.” She said with admiration over the powerful body that she possessed.

“Well...we give you a lot of leeway on these things here in the complex and we have to live with you and your...gas. The least you could do is cooperate with us once in a while and do what we request, especially if you are to work as an agent here someday....is that.....oh my God, that’s sick!” Parker said as he took both his hands and placed the over his face, Christina had just let out an SBD and it was an impressive one.

“Excccccussse me!” She said with a proud laugh as she started to wave her hand behind her big tush and wave the eye watering gas around the room. These were her favorite farts, the silent monster that punched a lot of putrid wind in its attack and left her bottom without anyone suspecting it, attacking them when it was too late. A corrosive wave of rotten egg gas was spreading from Christina’s behind as Parker began to explain about Christina having to do what they wanted every now and then, and the fart lasted until Parker realized what had just been dropped, the rotten egg bombshell.

A yellow haze began to form over the room as this hideous SBD continued to gain strength upon its release from the behind of the colossal Christina. She was already unloading what her stomach had been able to process from the eggs that she had eaten, but the sausage was helping too, there was a strong meaty component in the wretched stink that was emitting itself around the kitchen. And the smell only grew stronger for a full five minutes upon its release, greater and greater it grew, it was a fart odor that seemed to gain power. Most humans would have such a beast dissipate after maybe a minute or two, but Christina’s was sure to last at least 10 minutes with the downright eggy stink hanging around. Her eyes were watering and the insides of her buttcrack were sweating from intense amount of heat that was radiating out from it.

“Christ that is horrible Christina...how do you do that?” Bill said as he held his shirt underneath his nose from the potent fart smell. The fart had unleashed a humid wave of stank throughout the kitchen that was condensing on everything in that room, such as the plates with the food that Christina still needed to eat and the items that were Parker’s and Bill’s, they were being contaminated by the absolute power of this silent but deadly fart, and the smell still continued to intensify. It was burning as it entered the nostrils and down the windpipe of all three of the occupants of the room and once they began coughing up from the sudden drop of oxygen in the room, they all had to leave, the fart was that strong and that powerful. Christina, Bill and Parker left the kitchen and slammed the door as they tried to get some slightly fresher air. Christina was laughing all the way as the three of the were leaning against the wall, trying to get some of the fresh air, but even in the vicinity of the door the rotten, eggy stench of Christina’s fart was still present.

“Whoa...that was a beast...hey dad...smell my butt!” Christina said with a happy glee as she was still taken back by the power of her monstrous silent blast. Bill looked up at his daughter as if she were

crazy. Now, the nipples of Christina's E cups were about the spot where the top of his head would be, she absolutely dominated her father in true size and strength, he had to make sure she was serious about her request, he did not need a feeding from Christina yet and breathing in that fart from her was bad enough anyways.

"You're kidding...no way am I smelling your butt." Bill said with defiance.

"I said smell my butt!" Christina voice was now showing its dominance and power, at first her request was only playful, but now she was deadly serious.

"But Chrissy..." Bill began before he was cut off once again...

"I said now! My butt is still leaking some of the residual effect of that fart, I want you to clear up some of the air around my butt...if you want to live you will inhale my gas now and enjoy it, is that clear father!" There was a saying that these are the times that try man's souls, and this was the time that tried Bill's. He dreaded the growing power of his daughter, and as much as he was happy for his colossal bundle of joy he and Victoria gave to the world, he dreaded this nonetheless. Parker backed away as Bill got down on his knees and confront the issue with Christina's bottom, but even kneeling he wasn't high enough to reach her butt.

"I can't feel your mouth...get closer." Christina demanded as Bill looked up another half a foot to reach the spandex-covered behind of his daughter. He had to get up off of his knees and with one leg standing up mostly straight and the other bended in a 90-degree angle, he hoisted his own body further up so that his nose was now touching the spandex of Christina's shorts. Already, the smell was putrid from his vantage point, his eyes watered and Christina was right, she was still leaking gas out of her ass as she stood there. The goddess that she was becoming, there was no way that she was going to get out of her standing position, Bill would have to conform to her.

"Come'on daddy...I want to feel you nose buried deep inside of there." She said with a small giggle as she anticipated this moment, another proud dominating moment of daughter over father. It was really hot down there. As he pressed his nose further into the spandex and deeper into his daughter's buttcrack, he felt its power. The insides of her buttcrack were hot and sweaty and, well, odorous. It was sticky and sweaty. Her ass smelled like the rotten eggs of her recent fart. He gagged as he continued to dive deeper, up until the point that he had found his daughter's butthole. It wasn't hard, after all he had done it before, breathing a fart from its source, but this fart had been downright oppressive and at his predicament, he could taste the eggs from the fart, lots and lots of eggs. Then, he began breathing, inhaling the foulest aroma that could ever be produced, built in the factory-like furnace that was the 19-year old's bowels and expelled in great quantity and strength, he began to inhale the vast amount of flatulence that still hung around the deep canyon of her butt, trapped by the enormous mounds of her buttocks from every leaving her crack. As Bill inhaled more and more of the gas, he wondered just how much of his daughter's pungent gas wasn't leaving her buttcrack to be expelled into the atmosphere, could an actual fart from her smell even worse?

"That's right daddy...smell up that nasty gas from your charming daughter...sniff it up so that I don't have to smell any more of it....breathe it daddy breathe it." Her voice was so seductive as she said

over the kitchen, but it was much more bearable now. She smiled as she looked over at Parker, who wasn't pleased at all.

"Your father will be fine...in case you were wondering." Parker said.

"Well, he has breathed farts from me before; I didn't know it was going to do that to him..."

"You know very damn well young lady what those things could do to him!" Parker started to get a little testy with Christina, which forced her to get up from her seated position and hover over the captain.

"No...you listen Captain Parker. I'll go to your stupid training thing today and I'll endure all of that stuff...but understand the power that now radiates from my butt, and that trainer, whatever sorry soul happens to work with me today will experience the full power of my flatulence...I found this hidden away in the vault...it's no wonder I'd hadn't had any bean farts of late..." She pulled out a median-sized can of baked beans. As she finished her meal, she opened the can and poured it into a pot and began scarfing down the beans, preparing her butt for its usual day of blasting gas like nothing else. Parker whimpered a little as he saw what was happening, he was slowly losing control over Christina, and the bigger she grew and the worse her farts got, the more she slipped from his power and into her own.

"Okay...fine...you don't have to go Christina...do what you want...just don't hurt your father like that anymore, can we at least agree on that?" Parker said in a somber voice, trying to reach a consensus with Christina. She took down the spoon and released a bean-powered belch before waving the air around her face, she then replied.

"Deal...and I'll go ahead and attend that trainer session anyways. Although I cannot guarantee that they will end up like dad...he will be okay, right?" Christina asked.

"Yes, just give him a couple of hours or so. If it's just like the previous times he should make it out just fine, just understand that your farts are still evolving and getting even worse and I'm not sure how much a human can handle breathing in those things from the source...it just may be too strong, even for a person like Bill who's lungs are capable to breathing them." Bill said as Christina finished up her bean meal. She took his advice under advisement and didn't unload any more of her powerful farts there in the compound. She gathered a few of her supplies, more of her protein supplements and a spare can of beans and got herself ready for the trip to the trainer, which wasn't exactly next door to the compound. This however gave her a wonderful opportunity to do a jog through the city, and with the gas bubbling within her, it was bound to be a very gassy jog.

The trip to the gym that Christina was going to involved a ten block trek that took her up and down a couple of hills, but for the sake of exercising, she expanded on that trek and went on several tangents before finally arriving at the gym. Wearing her tight spandex she began running out from Section 26's "front door" and ran along the sidewalk with her large chests bobbing with her every movements and her asscheeks doing likewise. She was a goddess running up and down the sidewalk and working off some sweat in the tight reaches of her butt, but that of course wasn't the only thing that was running off of her, her gas was flowing out too. Christina could hear the occasional cough after she

crop-dusted a stretch of sidewalk with her morning gas, which was now very heavy on the egg content. After three silent farts she had reached a stoplight and had to stop for a minute to stretch, that is where the 14-year old kid, who was looking in utter awe at Christina's tall and magnificent body, decided to take a closer look into those hypnotizing buttocks.

The kid was about five foot tall and his eye levels were near Christina's butt. Christina lowered her torso and head down so that she could touch her toes with her hands and was bent down in such a position that her glorious glutes were the highest part of her body, and even with her long legs, the part of her body from her waist down was about as tall as the boy who was looking around at the mounds of tight flesh that was encased in the black spandex that was getting moist from both the sweat from her running and the gas that she had been releasing. There seemed to be a slight fog floating around her ass as she bent down to stretch out her thick legs that had thighs that were about ten inches thick and calves that were half a foot thick. From the point where her black shorts ended, it was nothing but perfected flesh that went down her legs to the point where her white socks took over just above her tennis shoes. Christina was stretching out her calve muscles as she noticed the boy coming up to take a closer look at Christina's ass, she had something there waiting for him and she allowed him to take a closer look.

There were a few people there at the street corner, watching as things were progressing with Christina and the boy. And the term "boy" was appropriate, since Christina viewed any guy only interested in admiring her body and not giving her the proper respect she deserved as a child, and she viewed such people as that. The various people at the street corner were watching and they wanted to let Christina know that this 14-year old was getting his face closer and closer to Christina's ass, but she remained leaning over, stretching out her muscles as she already knew what the boy was doing, and better yet she already knew his fate.

The boy leaned his face even closer to Christina's massive behind. Her shorts were contoured to fit around her basketball-sized buttocks and into the deep canyon of her ass, which was about six inches deep, to the point where her asshole expelled her foulest winds. The boy was looking at the ass and was still amazed at the immense size; he had simply never seen anyone like Christina, hell the people watching this going on had never seen a person like Christina, who was always a guarantee to dominate the scene. As the boy examined the large butt his eyes started to burn, but he wasn't sure why at that moment, and he was catching a whiff, a strong whiff of rotten eggs and shit and sweat. It was a smell that grabbed him in a trance and had him curious as to its source. As he concentrated at the massive ass with the increasing odor coming out from the asscrack, he continued to look intensity, the site of this glorious ass that for some reason remained in its position. The boy had wondered why the person who owned such a fine piece of ass hadn't turned away yet to complain about her booty admirer. Everyone else around the two was wondering too, but soon they got their answer. The boy got even closer to Christina's ass, no more than a few millimeters from his face toughing the surface of Christina's spandex covered rear end. He started to wonder why he was even that close to her ass and why he continued to smell a growing odor of rotten eggs, but before he could think anymore, he heard a pop noise from Christina's innermost rectal zone, that pop signaled the start of a tremendous blast and before the boy could wonder what the pop meant, he felt the power.

BBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAA
AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL
LLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLTTSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSS!!!!

A powerful blast erupted from Christina’s ass for a sustained 25 seconds, and the boy who had admired Christina’s ass for about a half minute, was blasted back to the sidewalk from the gusty, foul winds of Christina’s fart. As was now becoming customary with anyone smelling a fart from Christina, his eyes were blinded as his face was turning red from the heated blast of gas from Christina’s behind. The fart rattled his ears with a loud, trumpet-like blast that continued at a continuous pitch for all 25 seconds, frightening the nearby people who had watched the boy look up at Christina’s ass as she had continued to stretch. The foul winds blew his hair toward the back as he tried to keep his composure standing on the sidewalk, but after about five seconds of taking in the fart, the boy’s body was pushed over so that he fell on his butt, all scared from having to receive the incoming blast from Christina’s flatulence, and even with that, he could hear the fart continuing, ongoing with its ultimate demonstration of power.

And what would any fart from Christina Lopez be like without the smell, which was heavy in the eggs and sulfur that her worst farts were known for. The boy’s face was blasted with the raunchy fecal wind from Christina and his lungs were being filled with a foul foreign wind that he could not handle. He had smelled shit as his nose was close to her immaculate ass, now he knew where that stench originated from, she had been farting. A bright yellow gas flowed out of Christina’s ass and added a terrifying zone of stink around Christina that caught the 19-year old off guard as she brought her head back up from its leaning position and saw the passerbys around her. They weren’t sure if they should have felt bad for the boy who was blasted with Christina’s fart and was now on the ground with his hands over his face, crying from the hot blast that attacked his face, amazing he was still conscious. Still, he couldn’t believe what had just happened, and with his hair all around his body from the powerful winds that were blown at him, he wondered too how he was still alive.

“Whoa! That was a hefty one! Pardon me...too many eggs for breakfast!” Christina said with a smile as she waved the warm, fecal wind around the back of her spandex ass, she could now breathe the high-sulfuric gas that had emitted itself from her ass. The people who were watching the boy looking at her ass were now moving away as they were now being assaulted by the strong gas from Christina, as this was clearly her best fart of the day. Now, she was ready to proceed toward the gym as she began running across the crosswalk and away from the boy, who was barely able to open his eyes as he sat on the sidewalk. He could see only a blurry image of Christina’s bodacious behind bouncing with her running, God did it look so perfect, yet so deadly. Her’s was an ass that you had to approach with respect, and the boy had learned that the hard way.

Jim’s Gym, located in the North Beach neighborhood was a rather simple operation for a fitness center that contained two stories of exercise facilities with a weight room in the basement and several exercise rooms for things such as yoga or Zumba on the upper floor. It had a decent following too, including from Section 26 which used it as a facility for some of its agents to use for their physical training. On that Saturday morning, the owner, an older guy in his 40s named James (hence the name of the gym) was walking around the weight room that had about a dozen people working out, regular

patrons for that day when his other gym assistants, Jeremy walked in through the front door and down the stairs toward the gym. After greeting his boss, the two walked back up stairs to the main office of the gym where the two began talking.

“Oh thank God you came in on such short notice.” Said James as Jeremy, a 20-year old who looked as if he had just gotten out of bed only minutes ago, sat down in the chair across the boss’ desk. Jeremy wore a black shirt with a pair of faded blue jeans. He was only 5’8 and not to entirely bulky, but he was good at working with the various gym patrons and had worked at the gym for a couple of years, so he had earned James’ trust in many respects. Although today, he felt like Dante in *Clerks*, as it was technically his day off.

“You must have just gotten up...that’s fine, just to let you know that you will get overtime pay for this.” James said as he saw Jeremy’s eyes light up a little, he did need the extra money and was willing to work extra if that were the case.

“For what?” Asked Jeremy’s groggy voice.

“Well, a couple of days ago, we got a call from a client that I am familiar with and they wanted us to start a workout regimen with one of their prospective...um...agents. You see, this person works for the government and our gym has been used to get their agents into shape since they don’t have all the appropriate equipment at their...um their place.”

“This person works for the government, can you say with whom?” Jeremy interrupted James, a bit curious about his assignment.

“Unfortunately not...but I can tell you that the client is 19 years old and will graduate high school in a few weeks. The person is already...rather built, for what I’m told, so you may work them on some of the tougher weights downstairs. Also, they have recently been kicked out of their high school’s weight room, though there wasn’t a reason given as to why. Either something happened there, or I suspect the weights there may have not been enough. In any case, with the client graduating in a few weeks they will need a new facility anyways...”

“Kicked out of their school’s locker room...that does sound interesting.” Jeremy said as he was a bit more curious now about this client. Jeremy wasn’t a bodybuilder or really muscular in most respects, but he did love the workout and the muscles and he enjoyed seeing power in the clients. While it was suspected that he may have been a closeted gay man with an attraction to the muscles of some of the gym’s male clients, he was very attracted to muscular females; it was just that so few of them came in. He assumed that this was some high school football player or someone who was going to work for the military or something, and perhaps their muscles was too much for high school. In any case various ideas were racing through his head.

“I’d thought you be interested, in any case, I’m told that this will be an interesting case and I knew that we should accept the challenge. Unfortunately, I forgot that today was the bodybuilding contest down at Venice Beach, and the trip to L.A. as you know takes a few hours, so I need to be heading out of San Fran as soon as possible. With that, I want you to work with this client, give them

access to the various equipment we have here and close up the gym after noon, that way you can take the rest of the day off, so I'm not overworking you."

"No problem James...I'd understand, I went down there last year and enjoyed it and this year is my time to stay up here. I'll take care of your client....what is that odor?" Jeremy said as he noticed a very small smell of sewage in the air, sure enough that is exactly what it was.

"Yeah, it seems the sewer problem is back, but we have someone coming in tomorrow to fix it, so everything should be okay by Monday. So...unless you have any other questions...I'll be on my way. And by the way, her name is Christina, Christina Lopez." James said as he started to walk out the doorway, closing the door before Jeremy could process what James had just said.

"Her name?"

Fifteen minutes passed with Jeremy sitting at the front desk, awaiting Christina and imagining who his client would look like. Finally, he heard the door open and heard the wood floor creak as Christina had to lower her head underneath the doorframe and walked up toward the desk where Jeremy was. He was reading some weightlifting magazine at the moment and heard someone walk in, but wasn't entirely aware as to who it was. Taking an advantage to this, Christina leaned forward toward the desk and lowered her body in a way so that her E cup breasts would rest on the desk, giving Jeremy a perfect view into her cleavage, a deep canyon almost as deep as her buttcrack. She placed her head on her hands with her elbows on the desk and she began to breathe deeply toward the cover of the magazine, trying to get Jeremy's attention. He was ready a particular article and had been completely distracted by what just happened, but once he lowered the magazine, he was greatly taken back.

"Whoa!" Jeremy said as he looked into the creamy cleavage of Christina's breasts, encased in the red tube top that was stretched around her mammeries with the same tightness as her shorts were against her ass. Her nipples protruded out against her tube top and looked erected and ready to go. Her face was one of accepting dominance, she had released a few more farts on the rest of her running and saw who the person at the desk and knew that he was already hers. Jeremy on the other hand, was absolutely dumbfounded as to the very existence of a person like Christina, clearly it couldn't be.

"You okay?" Asked Christina as she got back from the desk and stood up at her full height of 7'6, making Jeremy cream his pants (figuratively) even more as just her mere sight.

"Uh...uh..." Jeremy now knew he wasn't dreaming, Christina was a beauty alright. She stood with the ceiling of the office only a foot further up from her. The top of her head had her black hair flow down past her head with the hair cut just above her shoulders, the jet black locks ran down very cleanly. Then there was her body itself. Jeremy couldn't take his eyes off his new client. Baby fat had receded in the past few years on Christina's body to make way for chiseled, rock-hard muscles. Muscle groups were separating and getting more defined. Sweat ran down the grooves of her striated muscle groups. Her body was huffing and puffing still from the finish of her run. Her chest now was more visible and Jeremy could see just how far out Christina's magnificent mammeries went. In all, they extended out from her body by about six inches and were the size of grapefruits. The red tube top held them in very tightly as it continued downward from the bottom of her chest toward her stomach. Below that was her stomach,

which contained an emerging six-pack set of abs, though the abs weren't well defined, yet. Still, the actual size of her torso meant that there were more muscles in there anyway. Being 7'6 meant that she could still be among the strongest people that Jeremy had ever met without looking like someone on steroids. Jeremy looked Christina up and down. Her whole body glistened in sweat. His eyes went up her diamond calves and past her thick sculpted thighs, leading up toward her backside, which wasn't immediately visible. But he could understand that there were mounds of glutes that were well beyond anything he had ever seen. All this time, Christina had been looking at Jeremy as if he were some sort of lost puppy, not knowing how to respond to his looking at her body.

"Hello? Hello there?" Christina said as she looked down at Jeremy, sitting at the desk, but very well hiding his erection.

"You're...you're HUGE!" stammered Jeremy. Christina started cracking up as she could peer down toward the desk and see that Jeremy was hiding his growing boner, but then again, that was the standard operating procedure for anyone who met Christina, who wouldn't have a boner?

"Oh yeah...I know...I'm quite the big girl...name's Christina." She said as she took her hand out and shake Jeremy's right hand. Christina's firmly grabbed grip and strength were unbelievable and Jeremy had to make a motion to let her know that the grip was a little too strong, Christina then retracted her hand.

"Sorry about that...I guess I'm a little too big." She said with a giggle.

"How big are you?" While there were many questions for Christina, that was the first one that Jeremy really wanted to know.

"Oh...about seven foot six inches...no biggie!" She said with the knowledge that she was making a small deal out of her big stature. She loved to play around with people about her size and about her farting, of which another one was forming, hence the growling noise that it made as she said her remark.

"Seven six...dear God you are a giant...I mean you are so beautiful...so strong...so amazing!" Jeremy said as he still looked at awe at Christina's body. She continued to laugh as she knew that she now had this person's complete attention.

"Hey there...I'm up here, way up here." Her voice boomed as Jeremy had to look up toward Christina's face, which in his seated position was higher than even if he were standing.

"So, anyways, who am I supposed to see about do my workout here, I was sent here from Section...um...from the place I work at and I would like to get started soon...."

"Oh, that's me actually. I will be the trainer who works with you today." Jeremy said with a far more optimistic tone, now he was happy that he came into work today.

"Oh, that's cool. There's a lot of me to work with, but I'll be gentle....ohhhhh...." Said Christina as she clutched her stomach, all that running had built her gas up and now she needed to release.

“Is there something wrong?” Asked a concerned Jeremy.

“Do you mind if I...um pass a little gas?” She asked with her cute girly voice. It really didn't matter what Jeremy's answer was, she was just toying with him, but at least he would be forewarned.

“Sure...that's fine...everyone does it.” Said Jeremy as he got up from his seat, about ready to take Christina around the weight room to get her started.

“Awesome!” Christina said as she concentrated her stomach muscles and her rectum and broke wind.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLL
LLLLLLLLLLLLTT!!!!!!

The walls of the office shook and Christina screamed out in pure ecstasy as she unloaded this 30-second beast out from her ass, it was a lot of gas alright and the explosion that left her ass had left Jeremy speechless. A plume of green gas poured out from Christina's tight spandex shorts as her asscheeks vibrated furiously with the passage of an enormous amount of putrid gas. It sounded similar to someone blowing on the stomach of another person, pressing their lips down and blowing, only the noise was several times louder and lasted for the entirety of the fart. The window nearby was starting to fog up and the air quality in that small office decomposed as more and more of Christina's gas was being pumped in. Jeremy could feel his desk shake along with the walls and the floor from the intense power of this fart, it was that great.

“Ahhh...that feels much....oh my God that reeks!” Christina said as she placed her right hand over the face upon catching her first strong whiff of her putridness. The smell of digested beans was evident in this latest blast along with the usual sulfuric horror that was the eggy component of her farts. There was probably no way she was going to avoid the rotten egg stench of the farts, so the swamp gas component of her farts was going to remain consistent. On top of all that, the smell of shit and sewage also hung over in the air, creating a room that nearly unusable. Jeremy started to gag as he waved the air around him, how could a girl drop a bomb like this he thought?

“How the hell do you do that?” Jeremy asked as Christina waved some the air out for her ass, she giggled a bit from the heavy stench, but that heavy stench wasn't going anywhere and she proposed heading into a different room. Jeremy agreed and the two walked upstairs to one of the open rooms where the two could talk a little more with slightly less of the gas to smell.

“Sorry about that one...that was a heavy one!” Christina said laughing as she felt a little residual gas remain in her bottom.

“Jeez, that could raise the dead...that smelled horrible!”

“Well yeah...it was a fart, they do smell, and my smell a whole lot!” She said with another chuckle. She patted her big butt and it was then that Jeremy was able to get his first look at Christina's

enormous rear end. The cheeks clinched the deal for him, this was the perfect girl...no the perfect human.

"I think I can still smell a little of that one...God that was just horrid...I can still taste it a little." He said as he could still smell a bit of the eggy aroma of Christina's blast.

"Well...enough dwelling on my farts, I do a lot of that anyway...what are we doing here?"

"If you want, we can start on some of the weights, but we do have some people using them so we may have to take turns on them, I can't kick out are clients I hope you understand." Jeremy said as a light bulb went off in Christina's head.

"Hey, why don't I go down there and just look at what you have...and then we can go from there. Okay?" Christina said as she started to walk back toward the horrendously smelling office. Jeremy shook his head, what was the worst that could happen?

"God that was a good one!" Christina said giggling as she walked back into the office, smelling the powerful punch of her flatulence that hung over the air with extra humidity and stink. A couple of minutes had passed with Jeremy waiting outside of his office near the front door to the gym and then the exodus of gym patrons began. All dozen or so of the people who had been working out started walking out with their noses covered, they had just smelled something very heinous and Jeremy already had a clue as to what it was. As he started to walk down the steps toward the weight room, an eggy odor started to emerge. One of the last patrons, an older man who Jeremy knew walked up waving the air around his face, he approached Jeremy.

"I thought you guys had fixed that sewer problem?" The older man asked.

"No...evidently not. James says that it should be fixed tomorrow, so we should have it taken care of by Monday." Jeremy said out of thin air, as the excuse worked even if it wasn't the actual truth.

"Fair enough, I'll see you Monday then." The older man said as he continued up the stairs.

"I'll be here. Now let's see what's going on down here." Jeremy walked down the remainder of the stairs to see that the weight room was now abandoned, except for one person: Christina.

Christina stood there with her hands on her hips and with proud satisfaction as a dirty yellow haze began to float around the entire weight room. The smell inside the room was truly horrendous, like the mixture of rotten eggs and a burning diaper, it smelled wretched. She was smiling as she then patted her stomach and approached Jeremy, who had to slowly approach the 7'6 Hispanic girl as he tried to breathe in each painful breathe of hot, pungent fart gas.

"Well, now I have plenty of options of what to work out with first...this is gonna be a good day I can feel." Christina said laughing as she breathed in her raunchy odor.

"What happened...was the sewer backing up?" Jeremy asked, just to make sure. He pretty much knew it was her, but just in case...

“No silly. It was me, I farted again! A silent but deadly one too...man are those the worst. I let loose one that went on for like ten seconds and felt the warm gas flow out of my spandex shorts and into the air and watched the rest of the show. God those people couldn't believe what had hit them, it smelled soooo bad in here, and to think I think the smell is getting even worse. My SBDs are absolutely horrible, but that's what you have to do to get your way in this world. Now, I can pick and choose what I want to work with and I can have you all to myself.” She said giggling as she walked around, wafting in her own stench. Jeremy was unsure about how to approach the next move, but he figured that he might as well follow this gigantic girl around and see what she wanted to do first, it was a wise idea.

“How about you start with some basic things, such as some pushups and crunches?” Jeremy proposed as Christina nodded her head.

“Sounds fine, let me get onto the ground and start some pushups, is there any limit as to how many?”

“Um...no. Whatever you want.” Christina kept her body rigid as she pumped up and down in perfect form. Her pecs and triceps started getting pumped. Christina liked the way her muscles felt when she worked them. Up and down Christina went, keeping perfect form, working off more sweat as she continued her pushups. Her personal best was 75 from a few weeks ago during a workout session at Section 26. She had a few weights to work with there, but nearly as many as she did here. Jeremy already enjoyed watching Christina as she moved up and down, doing “real” pushups and filling the air inside the weight room with a combination of her sweat and some of her leftover gas. Jeremy was able to receive a full view of her unreal ample ass, with each cheek larger and rounder than his head, each one solid glute muscle), and her amazingly wide, broad and rippling back, which seemed to flow and move all on their own as she continued to move up and down, working up a sweat with her pushups. Jeremy was getting a bit hypnotized by the sight of Christina's ass and decided to get a little closer. He had to take in a closer look, at the spandex-tight butt that moved on its own, like its own animal, moving with the movement of the pushups, as he was about a foot away from the warm surface of Christina's behind, he felt a wind attack him in the face, it was a hot and blustery wind.,

“Ahhhh...” Christina said as she felt the floodgates open up with another SBD fart, right in Jeremy's face, he was already doomed. His face began to burn as he felt the burning wind go up in his eyes and up his nostrils. The blinding fart had knocked out his eyesight and his nose hairs were being burned from the raunchy gas that was infiltrating it. A punishing eggy stench took over Jeremy's face as he was blasted with this hot air as it came out of Christina's ass, being pumped up with every pushup she took, he fell back on his own ass before passing out. This silent fart continued going for a rather long time, only about 15 seconds, but still it blasted Jeremy's face with its utter putridness and nearly burned his face. The chemicals that were full in this fart were making Jeremy tear up as his eyesight was going away. About ten seconds after receiving the first part of Christina's eggy far, his eyes closed as his mind went to black, there was way too much for him to handle. Christina spent another minute finishing her pushups before looking back to see Jeremy as he now was, knocked out.

“Oh boy...do all of these farts have to do that. Time to move on.” Christina then got into a position to do some crunches and proceeded to start those. Christina lay down on another section of

“Yeah, you got a little too close to my butt and I released a nice silent one...man those things are becoming lethal!” She said with a giggle as she commented on how much her butt still stunk.

“Wait...a silent what?” Asked a confused Jeremy.

“A silent fart of course...after that, I think you passed out and I went on to start my crunches, I think I’ll do some pull-ups and a few stretches with my arms before I start on the weights. How about you get some fresh air outside, I think your vision was impacted by the fart.” Christina suggested as she helped Jeremy out and walked him up the stairs toward the front entrance and outside, where he leaned against the brick wall of the building for about ten minutes, breathing in the clearer air of the San Francisco morning and watching as his vision slowly returned. After agreeing that his vision was much better, as he was now able to distinguish details on the various objects he saw outside, he walked back into the gym and downstairs into the weight room, once more he was attacked by a fog of some of Christina’s best morning gas.

“Uhh...God that reeks!” Jeremy said as he pinched in his nose, while Christina was getting of the first weights read for some bench pressing. Christina moved around the weight room, which was now simmering in her rectal vapors, with decent efficiency. The smell wasn’t much to her, but to Jeremy, it was nearly puke-inducing. A strong aroma of both eggs and cheese hung over the space, making the locker room a lot more stuffy, heating the temperature to up to 80 degrees. The fact that a 7’6 female was working out also made things heat up more, her skin looked as if water had been splashed all over. Her smelly sweat combined with her gas to produce more of Christina’s rare athletic gas.

“Oh hi...how are you. Yeah, I’ve been tooting a bit more while I had the room to myself...I’ll try to control these things, but I’m not sure how that will go, I had a big breakfast and that gas needs to go somewhere.” She said with a giggle, patting her stomach as she got the weights in place on her bench. Jeremy was able to catch a nicer view of her substantially pumped body with more muscle than had noticed before. Christina’s arms were swollen to what must have been 18 inches and everywhere on her upper body muscle stood out. Her breasts of course dominated the view as they rose up from her pecs and remained mountains in their own right. Jeremy decided to press on with this workout, sure she unleashed gut-retching, putrid farts, but the view was damned worth it.

“Wow,” Jeremy said as he continued to admire her body. “You must have been working pretty hard at the gym for a while. You seem to be a natural, just the way you lift those 25-pound weights onto the bar...this must not be too new to you?”

“Thanks for noticing now, usually people can’t get past my breasts...or my butt, or even my farts. It’s kind of odd that people don’t remark too often of just how strong I am. I mean look at me, I weigh 350 pounds, I am nearly the tallest and probably the most well-built females ever, and no one ever seems to mention that part. It’s good to get some appreciation for that as well.” Christina said as she bent her arm over and flexed her bicep. More and more, her bicep was becoming more defined as it grew larger through her continuation of sports. Now, it was about 18 inches around as it was flexed, and it did stand out in her flexed position, even it wasn’t as dominant unflexed.

Christina gritted her teeth together with the same effort that she used to hoist up the 345 pound weights and pushed out this colossus of a fart. It sounded like large balloons were being popped repeatedly as large volumes of Christina's patented humid, smelly gas was being blown out of her asshole and through her spandex bottom and onto the padding of the bench press and finally into the world. With all those layers however, the only thing that meant was that large quantities of her gas was going to contaminate a lot of things. This fart carried the vile stench that was expected in a meal of beans and eggs for breakfast with a good deal of her protein shake mixed in with good measure. The air quality, which had never completely had died off from her previous farts, was spiked to new and more insane levels as she blasted this killer fart.

Jeremy had to put his nose underneath his shirt just to avoid receiving the brunt of this ultra-smelly fart, but as with most of Christina's farts, there was little he could do. Even Christina started coughing as she sat up and felt the fiery smell of brimstone and sulfur fill the weight room and then some, the smell was filling up the room, bouncing off the walls and filling it up again, creating a gas chamber of Christina's eggy flatulence.

"That...that was a BBBBIIIIIGGGGG one...let's get out of here!" Christina said toward Jeremy, who wholeheartedly agreed. They both walked up from the growing cauldron of rotten flatus that Christina had cooked up in her stomach and released for the weight room to take in. They walked out of the gym and were against the building on the sidewalk as Christina continued to breathe heavily from her workout and from the horrible stench from that latest fart.

"Oh man...I think I can still taste it." Jeremy said as he breathed in the normal air from outside, but tasted a little residue from her sweat and eggy scented, exercise-fueled fart. Christina's spandex shorts felt as if she had unloaded a massive dump in them, but there was no fecal material around, a little wetness, but nothing too bad. It did feel like she had given birth however and for that reason she did need to take a quick break from the exercising before resuming.

"Christ Christina...that was the most horrifying thing I have ever heard...let alone smell. I mean, us guys fart a lot in the weight room and we can clear out the place before, but nothing is even close to what you just dropped in there. That was a bomb Christina!" Jeremy said with pure astonishment as he tried to comprehend the events that had just taken place. Christina let out a small belch as she patted her stomach and noted on the power of that last fart.

"That was a great one Jeremy, no question about it. But after doing all that lifting, it was only a matter of time, exercising really brings out the farts in me, I'm afraid it's only going to get worse!" She said giggling as Jeremy's jaw dropped, she couldn't be serious. How much worse could the farts get? As they walked back down, 15 minutes later, into the still flatulence-laden weight room, smelling of eggs but on a smaller scale, he was going to find out.

"Whew...it still reeks in here. That shows you the kind of power my farts have. I can still smell the eggs in here." She said with great pride as she looked over toward another bar with some weights on them and moved into position over another padded portion of the gym with a mirror looking back at her.

"I can still taste the eggs...what do you want to do next Christina?" Jeremy said as he looked around the slightly-hazy room that was the remnants of Christina's previous fart.

"I'll do some squatting. Put about 150 pounds on the bar, I'll start off there." It was a rather generous start for Christina, she had been able to do up to 300 before, but she was worked out by the fart and wanted to ease back into the exercising. First, she went toward the water fountain and got herself bit hydrated. Once she returned to the bar which was positioned on the rack, she saw that Jeremy had all the weights there ready to go. She thanked him for the help and got underneath the bar, which was placed at the highest possible spot on the rack so that Christina could get to it with her tremendous height. Once she got into position, she placed her hands on the bar and took the bar off rack with no complication. She stood on the pad, looking at her magnificent body in the mirror and admired the view. Her muscles were getting bigger and her thighs were as thick as a volleyball, leading their way up to the front of her stomach, that six-pack was starting to becoming more pronounced, doing about 150 crunches that day would do that to her, and as she moved up toward her E cup breasts, which were starting to look more like F cups, as her bra had been rather tight on her the last couple of weeks, she saw...well nothing, the mirror had stopped at the point where her rather large nipples would be.

"Hey Jeremy...could you raise that mirror for me?" Christina's rather authoritative voice asked.

"Um, but it's nailed to the wall." Jeremy said as he walked closer to the behemoth holding the bar with 150 pounds worth of weights on them.

"Un-nail it...I can wait."

"But you are holding up 150 pounds...."

"Do you want me to fart again...I said un-nail it now!" Christina's voice echoed across the weight room as Jeremy got some tools out of a utility closet and went over toward the mirror to take the nails out of the mirror and then he saw that he couldn't hoist it to a higher height without a ladder, which he had forgot. Of course Christina could have done it, but she was already holding onto 150 pounds, feeling the weight being distributed down her body, the bar was resting on her vast shoulder.

"Come'on Jeremy...get with the program, move that mirror or I'll let loose one so bad this place will smell off it for a week!" Christina's threat was a serious as she had ever been and now Jeremy was in no position to argue. He ran up to get the ladder and then back downstairs, moving it to the mirror and then repositioning the mirror so that the top was nailed just below the ceiling. After about two minutes of moving the mirror, he moved the ladder out of the way and Christina was now able to admire the top part of her body. Yep, it sure looked as if her breasts had gotten bigger, her biceps and triceps were bulging out as well and her face looked as beautiful as ever. Finally, she had gotten a good view and was ready to start her squats. Standing up, she moved the bar from her rested position to the spot it needed to be for her to do the squats. Then, Jeremy could hear the spandex in Christina's body squeak as her glutes were being worked from the movement of her body down toward the mat. To her, the movement was not much actually, just a simple work out, she would move up with some larger squats, but as she reached the bottom, she broke wind.

PPPPPOOOOOOOOOOOOOPPPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTT!!!

A short, trumpet-sounding fart escaped Christina's butt as a small amount of her green gas started to flow out. She giggled as Jeremy backed away slowly toward the exit, not wanting a repeat of earlier. She moved the bar back up and then got ready to do it again. As she made it toward the bottom on her second rep, she farted once more.

BBBBBLLLLLLLLLLLLAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTT!!!

A bassy-sounding fart left her bottom as another push of rotten egg gas left her body and floated around the area she was standing. This repeated itself for the next seven reps, she would lower her body and let loose a fart, lasting about three seconds long each and head back up. Jeremy was a bit horrified by this massive female, squatting with her bars and farting with each rep. It was as if every movement of her glutes during the workout had opened up her asshole to let loose "only a little bit" of her gas. As she positioned the bar back on the rack she saw Jeremy heading for a window that opened up near the top of the room, positioned to meet the sidewalk outside, he was about to open it when he heard Christina's sweet, yet dominating voice.

"What are you doing?"

"What does it look like, I'm opening up the window...it really stinks in here." Said Jeremy as Christina walked over, with her putrid gas wafting around her, Jeremy could feel the smell getting worse with every footstep she took toward his body. She placed her large hand on the window and slammed it back shut.

"Not with me...I can take the smell of some of my farting...."

PPPPHHHHHHBBBBBTTTTTT.....PPPPPAAAAAARRRRRRRPPPPPTTTTTT.....PPPPPPPPPP
POOOOOOOOOOOPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!

Three decent sized farts left her ass as she began to take in deep breathes of her massive amounts of gaseous aroma. Each of these farts were beefy, byproducts of her rather large breakfast and filled with insane amounts of the sulfuric, eggy smelly that her farts had been known for in the weight room. The smell grew stronger as she remained near Jeremy, blocking his way to the outside world with her hand still on the window and her massive body behind her, he could feel the heat coming from behind Christina's sweaty and extremely gassy body, this couldn't end well at all.

"Well, that was bad...but let's not dwell on that, help me get 50 more pounds on the weights and I will continue." Christina insisted as she moved back toward the rack with her weights on it, spreading more residue from her smelly farts around the room. The gases from of her gastric explosions simmered in that weight room with little ventilation and with little reprieve, as long as she could continue releasing those farts, the stench would not go away. In fact, it would only grow stronger.

For the next 15 minutes, Christina worked up a bigger sweat as she did some more squats with increasing increments for her weights. Jeremy was surprised on one thing, she didn't fart again, maybe she had finally run out he thought. One thing she didn't run out of was her relentless workout, pumping

of the calmness that the Febreeze supposedly took care of. Now, you couldn't even smell the strawberry-scented Febreeze over the weight room anymore. It had been substituted with Christina's personal rotten egg blend. Needless to say, it would not have been a wise idea to light a match in that weight room for a good while.

Jeremy once more placed his nose underneath his shirt as he tried to shroud his mind from the ever-growing stench of the fart. A combination of cheese, rotten eggs, sweat and shit filled the weight room with a denser, smellier air that seemed to be as deadly as the stench that filled it before. Jeremy was watching this behemoth of a girl destroy any available bit of oxygen in that weight room and now he regretted the rather poor ventilation of the room and with Christina forbidding him to use the window and with nothing left to throw up there was only one thing he could do, take it in. He had passed out one too many times and the smell was as horrid as ever, but he started to take one painful breathe of "air" after another, and after a few breathes, it started clicking with him, he began to appreciate the smell. Now it wasn't appreciate as Tim would have seen it, Jeremy didn't have a fascination for the power and smell of Christina's farts, but he appreciated its power to realize that the only way out of his predicament was to breathe in the odors. After Christina sat there for a couple of minutes to bask in her eggy air, she saw that Jeremy wasn't complaining as bad and she began to pick up the barbell, with about 75 pounds on it and went through a series of ten reps on her right arm before doing another ten with her left, for starters.

"I want to increase my load...could you be a doll and add some more weights onto the barbell?" Christina asked a dazed Jeremy, who complied with her request. He added enough weights to make it 100 pounds for the weight. She then completed another set of 10 reps for each of her arms; slowly Jeremy was noticing the muscle that Christina was packing. They looked thin and gangly at first glance, but their nearly six foot wingspan concealed the considerable amount of muscle they contained, until she flexed with the motion of the curls. Then, the long, lithe muscles that were always visible in her upper arms, exploded into life, swelling and thickening shockingly. Her biceps grew startlingly huge - like ripe melons beneath tanned skin. Christina was getting her workout in alright and Jeremy was watching her with intent. After a minute or two of ogling at her biceps, becoming more meaty by the second it seemed, he heard another dragged out ripping noise, like a small dog growling, it was another fart.

PPPPPHHHHHHHHHHAAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

"Hey Jeremy...you want to get me some more weights?" Christina's fart had broken Jeremy's concentration, and her command was as dominant as ever, he loaded more. Getting closer to Christina's body, he pinched his nose as he breathed in even more of Christina's sewer gas, being pumped through her spandex and tainted with more of the sweat she was working out. After backing away from the atrocious odor, he leaned against the wall as Christina worked on some more curls, now at about 150 pounds. Another fart and two more requests of weights followed before Christina was finished working on the curls, finishing out at 200 pounds; it was a rather decent feat for her.

"Man that felt good...nice to get the biceps pumped...wanna feel them?" Christina said as she flexed out her biceps for Jeremy to get a closer look. Jeremy's obsession was with muscles, that much was known, and Christina was about to provide him with the best show he'd ever seen. And they were

big arms, even for a young woman who stood seven foot six inches tall. The solid mound of her tensed bicep dominated her relaxed upper arm. But as she moved her arm to flex before Jeremy, the heavy bicep balled and swelled to the size of a grapefruit. But it was much harder than any grapefruit. It was more like solid oak or even steel. She knew that that bicep measured over seventeen inches by this point, she felt a bit of growth coming over them. Giggling, Jeremy knew something about Christina that few people knew - she just enjoyed being strong and getting stronger. As he was cursing the hardened muscle, Jeremy noticed yet another pungent odor overtake his lungs, yes Christina had farted once more.

“Oh God why...why do you have to let those things out. I love your muscles Christina...but those farts of yours are killer!” Jeremy cried out as he began to take a deep whiff of Christina’s latest SBD. She sat back down on the padding of the bench she was on and admired the yellow haze that started to flow around the room. More and more rotten eggs smelled up the room as the methane and the sulfur combined to produce something that was rather normal for a Christina SBD, but quite extreme for anything Jeremy was used to smelling. He saw one of the ceiling fans and got into position to turn them on, but Christina saw what was happening and warned Jeremy.

“Na, uh, uh. You’d better not be doing what I think you are doing!” She said defiantly as Jeremy, deflated, aborted his mission to turn on the air to better the circulation and tried to comprehend the pungent smell of the fart. There was just so much of it, basking all around the weight room with little circulation to get rid of the smell. Christina stood up and walked toward Jeremy, now with her body a bit more ripped than it was before she even got there. Jeremy was now staring Christina in her 50 E cups, he looked into the vast amounts of womanly flesh that were Christina’s breasts and his attempt to get rid of the smell was dashed, he would rather please this beauty than make her unhappy. He told her he wasn’t going to turn the fan on.

“That’s wonderful...now I got a couple of more things I would like to try out in here...how about your machine fly...and your leg curl machine and your leg press, can you get those ready for me. Put them up at 150 pounds to start out.” Christina’s order was clear and defiant, with no complaint from Jeremy at all. Christina now wanted to do a bit more work with her legs, feeling that her chest region and her arms had received their workout, in a couple of minutes Jeremy had finished the arrangement of the necessary weights. She walked over first to the butterfly machine fly and sat down on the seat, noticing how her big butt took the entire seat with bits of her glutes flowing over off the edges.

“You know, if I’m to work out here, you may want to invest in some larger seats.” She giggled as she began doing some reps, moving her pectoral muscles and building up her chest. Jeremy once again was fixated on the chest in front of him. Christina loved her breasts, even if they weren’t the biggest, roundest, hardest boobs on the planet. Even though still a teenager, her bust was bigger was a sight to behold, but the muscles she was packing at her chests was also something that continued to get bigger. Still, as she built more muscle through her workout, Jeremy couldn’t get his eyes off of Christina once more. After a minute or so of doing her reps, and as expected, she unleashed some of the tension that had been building up in her.

BBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!

A power blaster, shaking violently the seat she was seated on, the fart went on for five seconds as she unloaded more of the gas that had been building up in her during the workout, it was almost a surefire thing now that gas was going to continue building inside of her and that she would be releasing it during her workouts. She was very much right, workout out did bring the gas out of her. Jeremy pinched his nose from the usual gaseous odor, but after a minute or so of acclimating to the scent, he was able to release his nose and got the leg press ready to go. At which point, Christina tried to lay down on the mat, only to see that her body was too long for the pad to handle. She ordered Jeremy to jerry rig the setup so she would have more space to lie down. After a couple of minutes of working with the machine, he managed so that her head would lie on a pillow on the floor and her legs were still slightly bend, but it worked well enough so that she could start her leg presses. After putting the weights in place, she began doing her reps. Again; Jeremy was watching Christina's legs as they pressed upward on the 150 pounds of weight.

Christina started with 150 pounds and so had graduated to about 250 pounds. Jeremy continued to be amazed at the site of Christina's powerful legs, pushing up on the growing amount of weights that was being pushed up upon. As she began the 250 pounds, she got down on her back, pressed up, and released the weight brakes and began. She lowered the weight slowly just a little short of 90 degrees at the knees and then pressed up. She did ten repetitions with relative ease before telling Jeremy to add yet two more forty-fives to each end. This represented the most she had ever had to push up and it gave her another devious idea.

"Hey Jers (her new nickname for Jeremy,) why don't you come up in front of me?" She asked Jeremy, who sat there kind of confused, not knowing what she meant.

"Huh?"

"Okay...I will give you the choice, and if you don't I will force it upon you, and you don't want that. Get your nose between my glutes." Her tone was actually quite scary, he wasn't entirely on board, but he moved closer to Christina's body, lying down and positioned his face closer to her spandex ass, which was at about his face level, easy for his face to reach. He moved within a foot or so of her ass, but needed further instruction, Christina made it very simple.

"Get in there...get your nose in between my asscheeks. Now!" Jeremy then got himself in between the two bars that held up the weights for the leg press. Jeremy could already smell the reeking odor of fart gas and sweat on Christina's body, but she was very committed to him getting his nose down in her ass.

"I wasn't joking Jers, get your nose in there...I feel a nice one bubbling up and I don't want the smell to get to me while I'm exercising."

"But Christina..." Jeremy was cut off when Christina took her considerably muscular arm and shoved Jeremy's face down into the folds of her spandex covered ass. She took each of her buttcheeks and wrapped them over Jeremy's head, covering about half of his head, but more importantly, his face was now shoved into the vilest spot on Earth. Christina's powerful thighs kept Jeremy's head fixed right in her ass, even as they continued to hold up the weights for the leg press, she then made a couple of

Two more farts, with the second one finishing out with an oh-so-silent hiss, came out and completely knocked out Jeremy. The choking stench felt almost as if it were a solid object inside his lungs ... itching and burning them as he fell unconscious there with his head still lodged in Christina's ass. Jeremy's lights were knocked out and it was another 30 minutes before he finally saw light again as his mind was coming back online. For someone with an obsession with strong things, he had an incredibly strong will.

"Oh...hey there Jeremy...good to see you back up. Thanks for that assist back there; in sports we call that taking one for the team. I wouldn't have been able to finish those leg presses with all that smelly gas around, but you took in quite a bit of it and I am grateful for that...now if you can help me just one more time...."

"Oh no...no fucking way...I am not going to be breathing in that shit anymore...."

"Jeremy?!" He heard his voice cried out...but it was to the sound of crying, Christina was actually crying now. It was simply a ploy to get to his masculine sensibility to do whatever a girl wanted. She started crying profoundly, although the still decent smell of her gas probably assisted in that. He turned back as he got ready to head up the stairs.

"Please...you don't know how bad it is to work out with all this monster gas. I never got this assistance when I was in the school's weight room...I had to smell it all!" She said balling her eyes out as she gave him a rather convincing sob story; of course it was all true.

"But...my breathing...I've blacked out more times this morning than I probably have my entire life...I have to care about my health too..."

"But please...just breathe in a few more and you won't have to have your nose up there by my ass once again...I just want to get some of these leg curls out of the way, and since I can't do it sitting down, I'll do it standing up, just get on your knees and press your face back in there and smell up my farts...I should just be about done." She said as her voice transitioned by crying to a more stable version. Jeremy fell for the story and figured that only one more time in her ass couldn't hurt. He always felt that he was a macho kind of person, why not go ahead and take one more for the team.

Jeremy looked closer at the creamy surface of Christina's thighs as she stood there with the machine. Her thigh felt quite firm. I looked down at her leg. What had felt firm before felt quite hard now, Jeremy already knew the strength and power of her thighs. Then Christina astounded him further by flexing her thigh muscles. What had felt like stone before now felt like solid steel as he took a grab of her thighs, trying to get his nose closer toward Christina's pert butt. Her thigh muscles were simply amazing. Huge, hard, mounds of raw power that were exposed for the whole world to see. He noticed that Christina's shorts were a tad smaller on her than they appeared earlier in the workout, were her muscles actually growing right there. Christina's thighs possessed muscular power that Jeremy could only imagine. He already knew just how strong they were by themselves, let alone the butt that rested upon those thighs. Her butt was about nine inches out from where her glutes started; they contained to strain the fabric of the spandex, as her every move could be documented by the squeaking noise of the spandex, let alone the massive farts that were blasted through them.

“I’m waiting.” Christina’s dominatrix voice returned as Jeremy finally took in a deep breath and pulled open the asscheeks and invited his face back in the smoggy, industrial like folds of her spandex shorts, deep into the valley of her asscrack, inhaling only sweat and gas, he had lost nearly all traces of oxygen, except was be installed in her gas. But with the amounts of hydrogen sulfide being nearly inhuman, any amount of oxygen present in her gas only made him suffer more, but he wanted to feel the power too, he was being corrupted by her ever-growing power. Now, his nose was pressed up against her rectal prison, holding him tight as she started moving the bar with her calve muscles up while remaining in a vertical position. She moved her calves up and down as she worked the hell out of them, he saw that those two were very ripped and that the entirety of one of her legs was about as strong and powerful as nearly his entire body, or most of it anyway. Besides, the task as hand was to inhale all of the rectal fumes that would be coming out of Christina’s butthole, and he could hear the pressure.

After about the 20th leg curl, he heard a slight bit of giggling come from Christina as she said something toward Jeremy, but he couldn’t hear a word that she was saying, with much of Christina’s ass smothering his face, he just assumed it was open wide or something like that. He heard and felt the asshole open and knew what was coming.

Then he heard a gurgle from in front of his face, emanating from Christina's intestines like nothing he’d heard before. Finally, he felt the initial burst of gas leave Christina’s sewer-smelling rectum and already it was getting to him. He saw stars, his ears rang, and he was having trouble breathing. All of those problems were about to be compounded as he heard the hissing of gas crescendo into a louder burst.

BBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOOOOMMMMMMMMMPPPPPPP!!!!

She unleashed her first “leg curl” produced fart and it was a doozy alright. He was blasted with an experience that no human had ever experienced, being blasted in the face with the force of a thermal nuclear bomb it felt, and the stronger scent of rotten eggs, how bad could the rotten eggs have smelt he thought. Still, he knew his listen well enough, he tried to breathe the smell, gulping with every bit of eggy odor that got in his ways, once he would muster his way through this, he would be free to go home and take a nice cold shower to get the smell off of his face. Above him, he heard something too familiar, the sound of grunting, Christina had just lifted the weight another time with her calves as she unleashed another bomb.

Christina grunted audibly as Jeremy felt her gas whoosh rapidly into his nasal cavity bringing with it indescribable acrid pain and stench ... some sliding out of his tear ducts, making his ears pop with backpressure and then inflating his lungs. There was absolutely nothing that his body couldn’t do except to take in this fart, now his entire world had been consumed by this fart, this strong powerful, athletic fart from this 19-year old giant.

GRRRRRRRRRRRRRRFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!

BBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRFF!!!!!!

“Ahhhhh.....oh yeah. Fuck this feels good, and I don't have to get nauseous choking on my own stink for a change. All of those times breathing up this raunchy gas in the weight room, I didn't realize just how good it smelled not smelling these babies...keep breathing Jers.” She said as she continued doing her leg curls. Jeremy on the other hand, was crying and trying to take in staggered breathes of the gas. As usual, there was way too much of her gas to take in and he choked and gagged with every painful breathe, but still he wanted to show this muscular goddess that he was willing to commit.

"PPPPPPPPPPPPNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNNTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

“Oh God...the pain!” Jeremy thought. His lungs were over-inflating, his ears crackled and popped with the pressure she had been releasing. But still, there was more gas flowing out of Christina's bottom. He felt her butt push out slightly and it happened, a strong SBD left Christina's ass.

FFFFFFF...FFFFFF...FFFFFFBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRfffff...ffff...fff...BRRUTT!!

A fart came out of her that lasted almost 15 seconds. It felt as if someone was firing pulses from a steamer directly up Jeremy's nose and over his face, laced with fermenting rot. A combination of eggs, cheese, beans, onions and sulfur filled Jeremy's mind with a mix to volatile to merely understand. This was another one of her patted SBD's, pushing out violent winds of rotten gas all over his face, and with his nose inserted inside her rectum; it was being caught in a strong, smelly vortex. Completely indescribable, it made the skin on his face burn...as if someone had slathered him with liquid heat for sore muscles. Christina laughed hysterically, and waved her hand over butt and fanned the powerful aroma away from her ass, even with Jeremy inhaling a decent chunk of that beaner; there was no way that she wasn't going to smell the fart. She pinched her nose, but muscled her way through the stench as she completed five more leg curls, with little regard as to whether Jeremy was still doing alright against her ass. She still felt his inhaling her gas and felt his movement, clearly he was doing alright. Then, he heard what sounded like the final surge of gas into her rectum, a powerful movement within her intestines signaled that perhaps something was coming, but she wasn't about to rob Jeremy of this gas, she worked through a few more leg curls before she finally stopped and felt the gas ready to burst. Jeremy's nose could feel the heat and already smell the gas, even before it had been released, there was simply way too much of it and she had to let it go right now.

“I apologize for this one ahead of time Jeremy!” She grunted as she released the Kraken and let burst a truly powerful blast.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBBAAARRRRRR
RRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAALLLLLLLLLL
LLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT
TTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

For a full minute, Christina released the largest amount of gas she had built up in a single fart, evidently all the previous farts were simply small releases to turn the valve on and unload a little of the pressure, this was the mother load. The farting, for about a minute, was nearly constant. It sounded like a tuba going off and staying at the same pitch while the ear-splitting voice cracked Jeremy's eardrums

with something truly fierce. The fart mixed with the sweat from her ass, soaking his face in salty, acrid putridity. The smell was of septic rot, as thick as mucous and as hot as a cabbage based cream soup, The fart invaded every pore, every strand of his now soaked hair.

As the fart continued with its superheated power, Jeremy could feel a bit of liquid coming out, it was the beginnings of a dump that Christina would have to take, of course that made sense, this was clearly a pre-dump fart and she had to take one that was going to be a doozy. Finally, the fart's pitch finished off and Christina had felt the liquid shit near her sphincter. Before dousing Jeremy in her rectal juices, she turned off her gas valve and stopped the fart, leaving Jeremy's lifeless face shaken from the earthquake of fart power and smothered with more gas and shit to last anyone a lifetime. His face had turned brown from the heat and the extra fecal material that still was branded on his face and she could feel him turn limp again. Before doing anything else, she used her right hand to pry Jeremy's face out of her ass and had him sit on the floor. After checking his pulse to ensure that he was still alive, she took in a big breathe of her fart and nearly lost it.

"Oh dear God...what have I done...what have I eaten...oh boy that shit is coming back. I need a bathroom now!" She ran back up to that small bathroom upstairs and proceeded to destroy whatever sanctity was left in that bathroom with a strong and pungent dump, it was but a miracle that Jeremy did not have to witness it, but poor Christina, this was a raunchy smelly dump for her and for the half hour it took for her to unload it, she couldn't even begin to comprehend what had gone through Jeremy's head when she blasted that fart, she secretly prayed that he would be alright.

Jeremy's eyes reopened a half an hour later as he started to hear thundering noises around, along with the omnipresent stench of Christina's shit. The floor shook as he heard moaning noises come from Christina inside the bathroom, with the regular-sized toilet. From underneath the door, he could see the green gas from her flatulence-laden with crap that filled the bathroom with her presumably pungent scent. Jeremy slowly got his senses back and realized that it still smelled like shit around his face, from when Christina had him up her asscrack. Did he ever need to go back for a shower, but at the moment, what he wanted was to shield himself from the smell, that's when he found out he couldn't move, he was handcuffed to a doorknob for another room across the hallway from the bathroom, well his right arm was, his left arm was handcuffed to something else. He was handcuffed with the specific purpose of forcing to not leave and to endure the smell, he couldn't avoid it. Luckily as it turned out, he missed most of the fireworks of Christina's rotten shit and had woken up for the last few blasts of it. After one more floor-shaking explosion from the bathroom, whose toilet was only about five feet away behind the door, he heard about a minute or two of silence.

"Shouldn't the toilet be flushing about....oh no...Jim is gonna kill me." Jeremy thought in his head as he tried to listen for the toilet flush, but after seeing what Christina was doing to him all morning, he figured out that her dump had clogged the toilet, and he was right. Another minute passed as he thought about how he was going to engage his boss with this; surely he wasn't going to be able to clean it today. Finally, Christina emerged from the door in her same tube top and spandex shorts, all giddy from having released a hefty dump in the bathroom. As she opened the door, a smoky haze of her gas flowed out as if a fog machine had been installed in the bathroom. Jeremy gagged and coughed as he

made a commotion with his hands handcuffed to the wall. Christina smiled as she looked down to see that Jeremy was back up.

“God that felt good...had to let all that stuff out of me...but I’m afraid your toilet is not strong enough to handle my crap.” She said giggling as she waved the air around her. It was a foul smelling hot air that would have been no different from any gas chamber. Christina crouched down toward the floor with her face now a bit closer to Jeremy.

“There there...don’t worry about breaking free, I’ll uncuff you right now...but only if you do one thing for me.” Her sweet and innocent voice spooked Jeremy, what did she want?

“What?” He said begrudgingly.

“You see, I left a very nice dump in there...but I don’t anyone else to appreciate the greatness of it. I need you to take a nice look and a whiff of my creation; I want some appreciation for it.” Jeremy thought that she was out of her mind when she proposed this idea, but indeed she was serious. She had grown more proud of her dumps as they had gotten bigger, but no one other than her father (for obvious reasons) had shared their amazement. And all of this was natural; who would like to look at someone else’s shit. But Christina had always felt that hers was truly amazing and a work of art unparalleled, and it showed power when she was able to force someone to admire something so disgusting. She waited for Jeremy’s answer.

“What’s your answer?”

“No fucking way!” Jeremy said, yelling that he was not going to do that. Christina then started to walk away and went out toward the door, waiting for the yells for her to come back. Sure enough, Jeremy started crying out when he realized that she would just leave him there, having to smell the gas and the shit for a good while, and Christina’s dumps could clear out a bathroom for several hours, and without it being flushed it could be even longer. Either he would endure the pain now or endure it for a prolonged period without any escape, the decision was unfortunately clear to him.

Shaking his head in agreement, he was uncuffed and led by Christina into the bathroom where the damage of her shit was made much clearer. A heavy fog was formed in the brightly-lit bathroom, which was more of an employee’s bathroom than one for the general gym to use. The smell was a strong mix of eggs and shit and smelled of Christina’s worst farts from what Jeremy had experienced, but the worst part was what was in the bowl. There were not too many ways to describe the horror he saw. Big mounds of mushy, brown excrement were splatted all within the bowl, mixed in with a muddy lake of presumably liquid shit, piss and a little toilet water. It looked like the aftermath of a river following a volcanic eruption that had nothing but dirt and mud in it, only it was merely shit. Christina took Jeremy by his hair and brought his face closer toward the bowl, which was filled nearly to the brim with her shit.

“What do you think Jers...looks nice?” Christina asked with her head only a few inches from the ceiling and the view of the clogged toilet bowl so far down from her. Jeremy gave her a look of disgust as he tried not to throw up, he gagged a bit but that was all.

“That’s horrible...that’s just not right, hell it isn’t human.” He said as he looked at the rigid piles of crap that laid in the toilet bowl. She giggled at the mere thought of knowing that her dump wasn’t human, there wasn’t much arguing that as her dumps were way beyond normal for humans, but there wasn’t much normal about Christina.

“That there is the dump from a very big and muscular girl...one who eats a lot of food and has to release it through her farts and dumps. This is normal; in fact I would only call it a Class 3 on my scale of dumps.” She giggled some more as Jeremy became even more horrified.

“You mean this isn’t your worst?”

“Oh, of course not. I’ve been able to clog up my own toilet on numerous occasions, and the toilet bowl there is much larger than this. You see, I have to have a specially designed toilet to handle my ‘abilities’ and this is just an average toilet, a Class 1 dump from me would probably require the use of a plunger, a Class 2 would pretty much make a plunger worthless and a Class 3...well why don’t you take a closer look.” Grabbing his head, she pushed it further right to the point of the toilet seat; where he could smell the sweat that had collected from Christina’s gigantic tush cover it with her sweating body. His nose was burned with a pungent aroma of enormous proportions as he looked into the chunky, watery mess that was Christina’s dump. There was more shit there that he could probably let out in a few days. Christina was right; this was a hefty dump, and one that could only stay in that toilet bowl for the time being. Hell, they probably would just have to install a new toilet after that one. After letting Jeremy simmer in the downright audacious smell of her massive dump for 30 seconds, she brought his head back up in the shit and gas smelling bathroom and walked him out of the bathroom. She was simply much more dominating and strong than him; she practically controlled him at that point.

Finally, it was time for her work out to end, and Christina had left Jeremy with a humongous mess, with both fart smell still lingering in the downstairs gym and with her massive dump left in the toilet, there was much for Jeremy to worry about. He finally walked with her back up to the office and watched as Christina moved her massive body up to the front door, before leaving she gave Jeremy a big smile and told him that she would love to see him again. As that occurred, Jeremy began to smell something very familiar, a powerful aroma that grew in strength as Christina began to laugh, she had one more fart in her and it was a doozy. The silent but deadly fart carried a big overtone of shit in its rotten stench that made Jeremy cry as he saw Christina leave the door; it was a gasser that he wouldn’t be able to recover from for a while, let alone the experience of workout out with the massive girl. As the smell of eggs and shit continue to overpower Jeremy, he felt his life going back into a dark hole as he blacked out once more, but luckily for the last time, or so he thought.

An hour later, Jeremy had woken up and started to move around as he wanted to get out of the gym, still reeking from Christina’s gassy outbursts throughout that morning and he had just wanted to go home and cry. As he left, he saw that there was one new text message on his phone. Pulling it out and opening up his inbox he read the message, which sent shivers down his spine.

“Hey Jers, today was fun, whether you know it or not. I expect to see you at the gym again next Saturday. Oh, and that day for breakfast I’ll be having raw broccoli, a can of baked beans, and a big helping of eggs...and heaven help you if I get gas...LOL!” The text message read, it was the worst thing

that Jeremy could hope for, that Christina enjoyed her time at the gym and was ready for more. He had to sigh to himself as he locked up the gym, he wasn't even going to touch the toilet or try to air out the gym. On one thought, he figured that he could just blame the dump on someone who used the gym (which was the truth,) and on the other hand he was curious to see if the smell would actually linger until Monday. He took his shirt and took a breath of it; it smelled of rotten eggs, Christina had surely left an impression on him.