

## Protein Farts

Alex gulped the protein shake mixture as his buddies jostled with one another. Each of them overly energized for their workout by the pre-workout and other supplements they had just downed. Alex felt his stomach bloat with the protein shake and felt as it gurgled internally. It wasn't the first time he felt that gurgle from a protein mixture, but this time was far worse than any other. He looked to the skinny guy who stood behind the counter as he placed the jug of protein under the counter.

He wanted to ask if the milk was spoiled or if the mixture was different, but kept his mouth shut as the clerk returned to the front desk. He clutched his stomach as his friends and him walked towards the machines, with his first step he felt the tiniest of farts escape his cheeks. But thought nothing of it. They began their routine; one after another switching out on the machine, going higher and heavier, every single set. By the end of his first set, the tightness in his stomach felt heavy and about to burst but he felt stronger than ever. And when he pushed out his last rep it happened.

*FFFFFFRRRRRTTTTTT*

It was loud, and it was noticeable. His friends joked him and laughed at the embarrassing moment. Alex went red with humiliation. He blamed the protein, "protein farts," real bodybuilders always called them. Not only was it heard from nearly everyone around them, but there was a smell that quickly followed. Usually all it took was a few burps or a few toots to release the pressure, but it was still there and possibly worse than ever. The friends rotated on the machine a second and a third time with similar results and for every machine after. Alex would feel the pressure build worse and worse as he worked out until the point where his ass would explode with a fart even louder than the last. His friends joked him and acted like it was the worse thing they had ever smelled, while Alex worried. Why was it getting worse? Why was the feeling in his stomach going away? He excused himself to the bathroom and locked himself in a stall and just pushed out.

*FFFFFFFFRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTT*

The horrid smell echoed through the locker room and the smell filled every inch of the area. The heaviness was somewhat released but quickly returned as soon as he began to lift. Even though he was grassier than ever he noticed that he didn't tire as his friends grew weaker. He lifted heavier and longer than ever before. He broke every personal bests, with a tiny push of gas here and there, they weren't

loud but they were noticeable. He wracked his brain with what could have caused such a different and ended with the only solution it could have been – the protein.

When the workout was finished, his friends were dying but Alex had more energy to lift and more gas that he begged to be expended. He did three who other rotations of his routine before he felt the drain that he usually felt at the end of a workout. It wasn't until he was leaving that he realized he had been there for three hours.

Alex's eyes fell towards the protein counter and saw the tub that was hidden behind the cases of others, clearly untouched since his shake. Curiosity got the better of him and he stalked over the counter and pulled the tub from behind. He read the ingredient, the descriptions, and finally understood why he was so gassy and had such strength.

It was new. It was strong. It was apparently still experimental. And it guaranteed immediate nearly superhuman results. Alex looked over to the skinny front desk clerk and wondered why he gave it to Alex and read the warning in big bold letters, and finally understood.

Farting. Horrible, intense flatulence, which only seemed to increase with use. Alex's body responded as if on cue with a wet fart, as the last bit of tightness was pushed from his stomach and with it he was assaulted by a wave of exhaustion and soreness. He looked to his overly pumped arms and quads. He squeezed his pecs and flexed his cheeks. Everything felt bigger than every before, and he loved that feeling. He had never had such a great workout and wondered if the humiliation was worth the cost. Before he had another thought, he tucked the case of protein into his workout bag and walked out of the gym; already hungry for a second scoop.

## **6 months**

Alex entered the gym with a loud wet fart. It echoed in the entryway, and the front clerks, who already had their noses covered at the sight of the gorilla, coughed and gagged at the smell. He had become known not just for the size that he put on so quickly these last few months. But from the constant farts that always seemed to follow him wherever he went. He waddled past the front clerks with a nod, a lift of a leg, and a far. Alex had begun to not worry or even hold in his farts. The loud wet noise was more than enough to get him energized and horned up for the gym and his perspective workout.

He had lost all care for embarrassment and worry because of the immediate results the protein gave him. He had started to actually enjoy the feeling of release, the feeling of the stench as it wrapped

around him, and even the smell itself. It was a manly stench that he pushed out of himself, and lost himself in the smell. His stomach had become swollen from the overindulgence of protein and the excess amount of calories he ingested. It caused his once flat stomach to bulge and become rounded and turn into the perfect roid gut. It would swell larger with after his gulped down his protein and would shrink, only slightly, when he would release his gas. People had come to know about the farting gorilla that paraded his stench around the gym, and made sure to work out far from him. Especially when it was leg day.

The way he squatted and pushed out his humongous ass just made the gas flow that much easier, so any resistance his cheeks may have given, which wasn't a lot, would cease and he just let them rip with abandonment. Each time his ass grazed the floor, his cheeks would spread wide, and his stomach would push out a long hard fart for everyone to hear. He would grunt in enjoyment at the release and inhale deeply as he stood back up, sucking in the scene. His cock always inflated and only grew harder the longer his workout would go. He wouldn't ever tell anyone but by the end of his workout sessions; he would hide away within the bathroom stalls and push out every fart that he had left within him. His legs would be propped up against the stall, fingers on his hole, and the other hand on his cock. He would suck every so often and suck on his fingers as they were bathed in his rank scent. His heavy body shook the entire stall with every orgasm that he achieved. He wondered, what did people think was happening in there when they heard his thunderous farts? Were they too enraptured and enchanted by them? Or were they turned off by the rich manly scent? By the end his stomach was empty, his muscles was weak, and his hole was wet; he would be covered in at least a handful of loads and walk out in a near daze, hungry for his scoops of protein afterward.