

Day Sonny dragged her index finger across her practically infinitely expanding crack until the faint hint of soft fabric met her amidst the equally doughy canyon that was her ass cheeks. She must have wielded the hugest rump throughout the entire club; hips wider than four feet, complemented by her back curving in to support a behind so big it could balance a tray. At only five-foot-six, she would have easily been ignored as another girl out living her own life, but fate planned other events in mind. Specifically, fate wanted Day to free herself from a wedgie after every day she spent stripping and twerking for an audience of slobbering patrons before meeting her fellow heavy-bottomed friends at the spa, ready to blow her tips on a deep tissue massage and still have plenty of money left for brunch.

Fire licked underneath her crotch when Day fished out a thin string of purple fabric that glittered against her bronzed skin. The thong pulled up to the far ends of her ass crack, digging against the hole that hid within her cheeks. Releasing her grip sent a jolt up her spine and ripples across her enormous thighs, gradually spreading to her calves before eventually returning to her ass. Day gave a groan as she rubbed her back in small circles with one hand. The skimpy bikini her partner bought for her failed to keep her body unexposed even if her fairly humble chest remained hidden with only a small well of cleavage on display. Nevertheless, Day strolled past her mirror and towards the back door to the hazy private studio, where a private hallway met her extending into an inky void ahead.

Quickly, she slammed the door behind her shut with a swing of her hips and huffed. Her reddish-brown, curly hair bounced in tandem with her ass, swaying relentlessly the further the light swelled. It was there as Day brushed past a cartoon poster of herself spreading her legs far apart (a feat she *wished* she could perform still) before the entrance outside pulled away with a bellowing roar. Hazel eyes widened with Day's arms stretched outward. She knew that sound from years of personal experience. And soon enough, she knew the smell as well.

BBBRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUUMMMMMMMBBBBBBBBLLLLLLLLLLLLTTTTTT!!!

The entire venue shook beneath Day's feet, prompting her to cling to the shrinking walls in an instant, grinding her heels against the drab dry floor below. Her breath caught in her mouth even after the earthquake stopped, for the rising smell of beef stroganoff alongside the stomping boots that followed kept her stuck. Then she turned back and froze face to face with a big-eyed woman whose dark complexion glowed deeper than hers, and whom's shadow fell upon her the faster she ran her way.

Her auburn ponytail bounced from behind her head like a livewire, her muscles jiggling down to her glistening six-pack. She stopped before Day with her breasts aimed above eye level. A yellow crop top clung to her ample chest inching closer to Day's face until she gradually marched backwards at the hardened nipples poking through. Stepping away revealed a slender

face with large lips and muddy eyes that sparkled in the cheap fluorescent light flickering nonstop. Day consciously waddled backwards as the giantess continued to walk ahead. If she were forced to wrestle her, Day would be leaving for home in a pine box rather than a private jet. Still, it was a shame that for all her rippling assets, Day couldn't help but be amazed that her own ass managed to be wider than this Amazonian Terminator sent to corner her... with a Rubik's cube in hand?

“D-Day Sonny?”

The massive woman blinked twice as she rattled her fingers atop the cube, her voice coming out in a soft tone no louder than a child's. Instinctively, Day jolted before shaking her head and placing a hand on her hip.

“Thaaaaat's... me,” she chuckled, gesturing her thumb to her chest, fighting past the crack in her voice. A gleam shone in the giantess' eye when Day perked her brow at the name tag on her breast, now reflecting against the light. “Oh! You must be the new security guard, right? Did something happen on stage?”

In a split second, all nerves both women suffered under dissipated at once. With her hand forcibly extending to Day to give her a shake, Alessa Devage tightened her lips, flapping her other hand behind herself. The sweat she had slithered down Alessa's wrist, but she didn't mind. She released her grip on Day then hooked her fingers together and raised her arms as if she were going to pray. It failed to occur to her that maybe legends could be easy to scare until now, so Alessa forced a smile and crossed her enormous, shivering legs together.

“N-no, everything's okay,” Alessa dutifully nodded before laying her palms flat on her hips. “Uh, I'm so sorry for startling you there with that accident of mine. Normally, they don't tend to slip out.”

“Ohhh, don't worry, Alessa,” Day assured her. “It happens to me all the time. Hnnngh...”

*THHHHHHPPPPPPPPPPPPPPBBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRUUUUUUUUUUUMM
MMMMPPPPPTTTT!!!*

Raising her massive leg to Alessa's abs, Day gave a light-hearted smirk as the bubbles churned inside her stomach. The security guard dropped her cube to her feet as she covered her gaping mouth at the foghorn blast tearing through the venue. The fumes that she let loose were quickly washed away by an earthy scent before a few seconds even passed. Day's thighs were practically vibrating releasing the rest of her ear-splitting fart, content to shake the floor she and Alessa wobbled on further than when the guard herself entered the scene.

As her ripper arrived at an end and the club stilled, the screaming outside taking on a shrill tone, Day curled her toes then plugged her nostrils in disbelief. For all her time spent in college farting with her ‘friend’, she could never sniff her own brand without the waterworks flowing, which was why her blood turned to ice when Alessa’s nostrils flared, gleefully taking in the foul fragrance reeking of fresh blueberries. She waved a hand to her as if to fan herself, yet the tiny exhales were enough so that Day’s gaze never left her. Alessa smacked her lips before she grit her teeth and her expression changed at once.

“Are... are you sniffing my farts?” Day’s tone softened as Alessa swallowed hard. She needed to sway her before she drove off another potential pal.

“E-excuse me, uh, M-Ms. Sonny” Alessa stammered. “Uh, I-I’ve known about you s-since I watched those prank videos you made years ago, and never thought we’d ever actually meet.”

Damnit, I thought I got Hailey to delete all that before we stopped talking... Day thought to herself before patting Alessa’s back, adopting a sweeter tone. “Oh, that’s okay!” she said. “I’ve had some fans backstage say the same thing sometimes if I’m ever lucky. But obviously, I don’t do that anymore though,”

“You mean farting for other people?”

Day’s mouth hung open until her mind grounded to a halt. Lashes fluttered repeatedly as she blinked ad nauseum, as if she needed to hear Alessa again after the monster she unleashed. Rather than ask however, Day turned her big butt to the guard and grimaced before exhaling from her nostrils.

BRRRRUUUUUMMMPPPTTT-PPRRRRRAAAAAAPPPTTTT!!

Alessa’s ponytail flew in the broken wind while Day’s look of apathy turned to a small grin. It must have been ages since her farts were so loud that they echoed down a hallway, but she expected nothing less after Toni took her out for ice cream yesterday. Almost as if they knew this would happen.

Popping her ears in an instant, Day fanned the gas while Alessa kept her breathing steady. She failed to gag let alone retch in the midst of the malaise mist, instead curling her toes at the smell.

“Ohhhhh woouooooooooow...” Alessa practically huffed the remnants of the gas and smacked her lips, only returning to reality when Day shimmered in front of her. “A-are you lactose intolerant? Iiiiiiii think I can smell ice cream...”

Day's eyes widened at the revelation. Was this woman psychic or did her own butt blast fry her brain? She hesitated to guess, preferring to instead pat her ass with pride while Alessa's hips shook.

"Uhhh, a little?" she mumbled. "I just stick to chocolate since I'm pretty basic,"

"Oh," nodded Alessa, "well, thanks for telling me,"

"Thank you, thank you," Day breathed up the now clean air as the awkward tension fell away with the fart. "I'm not somebody to deny fans a freebie if they really want one,"

"Y-you mean you don't mind having people talk about your farts?" Alessa pressed her index fingers together as she hunched before the much smaller woman.

"Well no, why would I?" Day shrugged, offering another hearty toot that added to the humidity and more importantly the sweat beading off her brow. "Anytime I get paid requests, it's usually some guy who wants me to fart in their face and they pay me enough so that I can cover rent *and* take my girlfriends out."

"Really?" Alessa asked blankly.

"Really really," Day groped her supple cheek with a small shake of her head. "Honestly, I'm kinda glad I didn't get it reduced like I wanted after college. This butt has done too much for me to get rid of it..."

"It really has," Alessa nodded, "You were always my favorite, especially when you, uh, had a chance in the spotlight. It's because of you that I took a chance by farting more often and I've been happier since."

Turning on her heel, Alessa wiggled her rump to Day, itself protected by a thick layer of denim shorts that strained against her hips. Day's first instinct was to shield herself with her arm before Alessa waved to her. That look of fear returned and she couldn't afford to blow her chance on her break!

"No, no, I-I'm not gonna fart on you," Alessa promised in a shaky, albeit monotone, voice. "I was wondering if maybe, uh, you wanted to take a double belfie together, actually,"

"You mean a selfie?" Day asked hesitantly.

“No, like a selfie with our butts I mean. So we can, uh, look at them together?”

With her hand atop her doughy thigh, sinking further to where her musculature may be, Day ran her fingers against her smooth skin and mulled over the thought. If half of these new trends existed when she was wasting her time in college, she wouldn't have so much debt. Though really, she couldn't complain much. She bumped butts with friends before and Alessa certainly spared plenty of ass below the waist if her straining shorts were any indication. Her single-minded attitude took little adjustment thanks to her time with Toni, and really, it wasn't like Day held much of a reputation outside doing stripping anyway.

Hence why she turned her ass to Alessa then bent down, pinched the sides of her bikini bottom, and pulled them to her feet until her fingers grazed the edges of her sandals. The audible squeak she heard behind her back gave Day goosebumps as she flashed a sincere smile hidden behind her gigantic legs. Day always squirmed when adrenaline radiated off another person that adored bodies like hers, no matter who they were. Alessa's dopey innocence felt no different than any other fan of hers, so she leaned her head to Alessa and batted her eyes playfully; the whirring in her stomach returned in full force.

“Alright, get your camera ready,” Day purred, “but be careful, because my butt's a beast!”

“O-oh, uh, I-I bet!”

For the first time since she swamped the hallway, the hairs on Alessa's neck stood tall as she shoved her hand in her pocket. A quick squeeze later and she brandished her phone then pulled down her pants, bucking her now naked hips to her beet red hero. Day's pupils dilating was just what Alessa needed to audibly squeal at last. She saw her butt, *her* huge, beautiful butt, ready to grace hers in booty-binding harmony. She would ask to be pinched, but the torque twisting her guts kept her grounded to the opportunity of a lifetime.

“Uh, hehe, ah, I-I hope you're okay with me mooning you...”

Alessa hunched her shoulders down then gasped as her legs shuddered. Day pressed her ass to her with both butts squishing on impact, their respective cracks meeting one another together to Day's cheeky chuckle.

“Honestly? I've dealt with way weirder stuff at home, so this is nothing.” Day reared away then gently touched Alessa's bare backside again, rubbing her hips side-to-side. “Now are you taking this picture or am I?”

“Th-that would be me!”

Alessa reached a hand towards Day's ass and prodded her hips, occasionally sinking below the soft cushion that kissed her skin so sweetly. A sultry moan escaped her lips in search of where their cracks laid; a sense of lightness swelling through her wrists then ran to her arms, her waist, before settling at her long legs melting against Day's. Once she had slipped the phone between the cheeks, Alessa sniffed away tears. This wasn't a dream anymore, that much she could trust for certain.

For Day however, she couldn't help gnawing her lip as her ass squished against Alessa's, her cheeks blanketing hers by pressing on her. The phone poking out of her crack felt no different than whenever she held whisks or spoons in case her hands were full, yet Alessa's cool skin contrasting against her warm doughy ass sent reverberations up her back. It was like she bumped butts with Toni and Sasha all over again...

BLLLLLPPPPPPPPPPPPFFFFFFFFFFTTTTTT!!

And now she was smelling them again too.

Day plugged her nose before the air even soured, yet she held her position against Alessa's big, beet red butt. Each of her four cheeks turned a bright cherry hue the hotter the space between them grew, the heat radiating off Day's seat, adding to the jitters that persisted. Not that she wanted Alessa to know of course, as she faced her fair share of airy winds every day thanks to Toni and Sasha. A wet ripper kissing her cheeks did little to stir her, so when Alessa faced the ground and squeezed her hands tight, Day pinched an eye then shot back without a care in the world.

RRRRRRPPPPPPRRRRRRPPPPBBBBTTT!!

The trumpeting roar sent a jolt along Alessa's nerves that left her standing tall. It wouldn't be until after she crouched once more that she tasted ice cream on her tongue. Sweet syrupy chocolate sauce, thin whipped cream, even a hint of blueberries in the mix. Her toes curled picking apart the little details, down to the baritone pitch Day blew her way, and the phone just reached the single digits of the countdown before the picture would be taken. Shoving her ass to Day, Alessa wiggled her fists yet kept absolutely quiet. She sank against the plushness on the other side, but she nonetheless kept squirming recklessly, reaching to her knees when she heard Day grumble under her breath.

There laid a small line separating her urge to keep farting and to speed up the seconds ticking by if it meant not annoying her idol. The heat spread between Alessa's thighs as her dark complexion turned pale. A hearty grumble rose with her abs bloating out in seconds, her stomach

growing a bump no rounder than if she were carrying a child. She should have known the beef may have planned to take its revenge, goddamnit! Alessa's throat went dry once her swollen belly reached past her crotch, so she exhaled then inhaled every second, never resting to pace the pressure poking at her pancreas. Farting in front of Day twice stung enough, but she couldn't afford to do it again when she was trying to be normal. Alessa drew one last breath before puffing her cheeks out, praying that she were lucky, she would survive just fine.

If she didn't fart and embarrass herself and Day Sonny, Alessa may be oka-

Click!

URM-BLLLLLLLLLLLLRRRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPPPPTTTTTTSCH!!!

BORT!!

*BBPPPPPPPPPPPPPPBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRRRROOOOOOOORRRRRRTTPPPPPP
RRRRRRPPPPPTTTT!!!*

Plugging their noses wouldn't do any good. The instant Alessa's phone snapped a picture, the hallway blurred and the walls rattled from a romp of raucous rippers that ran rampant in raging rapport. What first began as trumpet-like squeaks were now full-on crescendos of ear splitting bubbles followed by a foghorn blast. Day instinctively leapt when her ass exploded, clutching at her still-vibrating cheeks on instinct. And that was before the hellish scent got to her; sweat beading off her naked skin, exposed to the puny hallway now roasting her alive.

She coughed up the foul brew that finally quit spewing from her, the gentle thud of Alessa's phone serving as release for Day. Leaning on the wall with one hand, Day fanned her face when a shrill creak had her hugging herself immediately. A second later and dust spewed above her, and Day tightened her grip when a harsh cream rose in volume shortly later.

"Alessa! Run!" Day sprinted to the end of the hallway she meant to reach minutes ago, her lungs lit ablaze, swallowing as much air that her melting body allowed. It wouldn't be long before Alessa pulled up her shorts, snatched her phone, then shook the floor beneath her the floor in hot pursuit. The stomping from each girl did little to ease the pain in Day's stomach, and when she reared her elbow to the door, her ass sang another deep note.

*THRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMMMMMMBBBBBBBBBBPPPPPPPPPPPPRRRRRRRRRRRRPPPPP
PPTTTTTT!!!*

Thunder crackled towards Alessa, spraying her with both dust and Day's eruptive blast, drowning out her apology. For the brief time in which she froze then grabbed her phone, Alessa

walked on air itself. First she met her idol and now she got to escape a collapsing building? Could this have been any bit more like the movies? She gave a quirky laugh despite the roof inching to her before pumping her fists through the air. Crumpled paper crinkled beneath her feet resuming the chase at last. Alessa jumped over nothing before sending a ripple across her hips upon landing, and spurring the bubbles fighting to escape her own butt.

SSSSSSPPPPPPPPPPPLLLLLLLLLLRRRRRRRRRRRRMMMMMMMBBBBBTTTTT!!!

Sighing with relief, Alessa didn't bother to study how her last wet ripper fared when Day released a small string of toots on her way to freedom. The entrance that led to Day's room disappeared behind clutters of boxes and shattered light fixtures that trailed closely behind the girls. Alessa held her breath before Day's bare fangs illuminated in the afternoon light that casted off her elbow still aiming at the door.

"M-Ms. So—" Alessa bit her tongue then swallowed hard. If this were the end, she could take a risk.

"Day! Day!"

"Don't worry Alessa!" Day retorted. "We're gonna get through this!"

Alessa's jaw dropped, blindsided by Day accepting her in spite of the consequences. Her hips swayed with a sexy strut plowing past whatever threatened to block her, be it trash or broken mirrors. The clap of her ass rang in Alessa's head, a constant gong signaling to her that they were going to escape. And with legs so huge that her cheeks were attached to the thighs, how could it be a lie? Maybe it might be a fool's errand to try, but at that moment, Alessa flexed her beefy forearm then extended her elbow alongside Day and sucked on her mouth. Adrenaline swam up her beings then met her with a sharp jolt followed by a blinding wave of light as she and Day rammed at the door together as one.

Day flew onto the sidewalk first just as the light fixture showered the hallway in glass, spraying onto the doorstep yet missing Alessa's massive figure when she leapt over the mess next, then landed atop Day's pillowy ass, cushioned by its humid touch. The last of her stomach's rounded edges shrank when it hit Day from behind, sending the gas up Alessa's throat while she jiggled in place momentarily. A hearty belch, louder than anything either girls' asses unleashed today, rang across the streets to the tune of cars honking profusely.

Day shuddered underneath as Alessa hissed to herself then rolled off of her. The girls rose to her feet and brushed their thankfully uncut skin free from any dust that might have stuck on them after they jumped. Gazes locked together as Day watched Alessa's blush deepen. She didn't dare

run off now. Not when she got to know her better than most other people in the last five minutes alone, now she may as well have been the fourth member to her polycule that she never met, so when Alessa remained quiet, Day wrapped her arms around hers and held her gently as she assumed she wanted.

“Ohhhh my god, I am *so* sorry! I swear, that building is made up of tissue paper or something,” Day broke her hug before rattling her fingers at Alessa’s feet. She was shaking but she lived. “A-are you gonna be okay?”

Alessa’s pupils shrank before she gave an affirmative nod, tripping over her words. “U-u-uh, ye-y-yeah! Go-got my phone a-and everything,”

Presenting her rose gold iPhone with a shake of her wrist, Alessa failed to graze the crack that splintered to the edge of the screen. It happened to be a fair mistake, considering another crack jiggled about as Day reared her rump in her direction.

“Well, at least this won’t be a total loss,” she sighed. “I’ll have to call my boss in the morning, let him chew my ass out for letting things fall again... ugh, at least I won’t have to pay for the mess.”

“Do-does, uh, does he... u-usually do that?”

Day snorted and smirked. “No, but the people in management might. I can handle it though, I’ve got pretty thick skin.”

With a smack of her ass and a rippling wave to prove her point, Day sauntered around the block’s corner where the massage parlor waited for her. The aches in her shoulders settled, but she nonetheless clapped her cheeks, already giddy to see Sasha after surviving through hell and back. She waved to Alessa who met her with eyes wide open slowly waving in return. She might have to visit her again the next day, the poor thing.

“Hey, before I go,” Day said, “don’t let what happened with the club get to you, okay? I’d love to do this again sometime, honest!”

“O-oh, ah, uh, th-thanksssss!”

Alessa fumbled her phone in her hands as she choked on the lump tightening at her throat. Day chuckled and patted her ass a second time.

“Hope you enjoy your picture, Alessa!” Day shouted. “See you soon!”

Alessa's arm stiffened as Day vanished behind the apartment complex sitting beside the strip club. She hated to have her leave, but only dreaded to watch her go. Putting aside the fact that she didn't get her number, how else was she going to tell her about the slack-jawed pedestrians that fainted at her humongous, bare naked ass jiggling and bouncing near them in broad daylight?

Alessa slipped her thumbs underneath the waistband of her shorts and pulled them to the sidewalk, more than prepared to protect Day's name before somebody screamed.