

## Romance with the Office Slob

Chosen by an unlucky draw, Flynn had been given the dreaded task of going to welcome the new arrival to the office. Wanting to make a good impression, he tried to properly fit his white dress shirt and black slacks around his stringy, pale body to make himself look presentable. Making sure his curly brown hair was pushed out of the way of his green eyes and his black tie was free of wrinkles, he watched as the elevator brought the fresh employee closer to his floor. Steadying his nerves, he put on a wide smile as the doors began to open up to greet his coworker.

“Hello there,” he said with a wave of his hand. “My name is Flynn and I want to personally welcome you to-“

Flynn’s speech was halted as he beheld the woman waddling her way out of the elevator. A grey blazer covered in sweat and food stains was squeezed around her pudgy torso. The majority of her top’s fabric was devoted to holding back her blubbery, barrel-like gut. A dress shirt underneath showed off every lump of her fat rolls as well as the black bra tightly wound around her meaty, melon-sized mammaries. Each swing of her wide hips back and forth threatened to lift up the hem of her skirt to reveal the entirety of the chunky backside supported by a pair of thick legs wrapped up in overburdened, black tights.

Too busy staring at the woman’s appearance, Flynn took a moment to notice an atrocious odor drifting through the air. Sniffing to try and find the source, he got his answer as she continued to waddle towards him. The smell emanating from her body seemed as if she hadn’t even looked at a shower in weeks. For the life of him, the only time Flynn could recall something so bad was an unfortunate encounter in high school when he had been tossed inside of a dumpster of rotten food.

Too busy trying to remain friendly in spite of her stench, Flynn unfortunately could not get out of the way in time to avoid her belly bumping into him. Hanging on to a wall to stop himself from falling over, he looked up to see a pudgy hand being offered to him. Claspng the meaty wrist, he looked up towards his helper to see the same woman staring back at him behind a set of thick rimmed glasses. Waving about the unkempt, brown hair that reached her shoulders, she placed a wide grin upon her chubby face to try and reciprocate the warm welcome.

“Sorry about that,” she said, pulling him back to his feet. “Sometimes I don’t know how to control this thing,” she added, giving her belly a few light smacks. “My name is Donna and I’m BWOOOOORRRRPP looking forward to working with you.”

“Um, so am I,” Flynn replied, powering through the belch to try and maintain a semblance of professionalism. “Follow me and I’ll show you to your desk.”

Trying to keep a moderate pace to stay ahead of Donna’s smell and avoid making it obvious that he wanted to get away from her, Flynn began to weave his way through the cubicles. While he did his best keep up appearances, his other coworkers weren’t as concerned as each one of them showed visible disgust at the odor wafting off of the new arrival’s body. A few of the unluckier ones were pushed aside as she accidentally bumped into them with her hefty curves. While she was apologetic, her condolences were cast on deaf ears as the people hurried to return to their desks. While Flynn was worried about these incidents, the smile that persisted on Donna’s face made it look like she didn’t seem to care about the reactions to her odd appearance.

“Here we are,” Flynn said, gesturing towards the recently cleaned cubicle. “This is where you’ll be working.”

Squeezing her obese form past the comparatively tiny man, Donna made her way over to her desk. Sitting down in the chair produced a series of metal squeaks as the furniture protested against her weight. Wobbling her rear back and forth to attempt to get comfortable with her ass fat hanging off the sides of her seat, she eventually settled in and pushed up to sink the edge of the desk between her belly folds.

“I’m sorry if things aren’t quite to your liking,” Flynn said. “I can talk to management to make any changes you need to make yourself comfortable while you work.”

“That would be great,” Donna replied. “Although, I think I can take care of some of the renovations myself.”

Leaning back in her seat, Donna grabbed her belly and began to shake it around. The result of the frantic motion was an ominous groan emanating from her gut. As the noise grew louder, Flynn tried to figure out exactly what she was doing. Unfortunately, he was unable to figure out in time to get out of the way as she let loose with a prolonged PHHHHHHRRRRRRRRRRRTTTT from her rear.

“Ahhhhh, that’s so much better,” Donna announced, taking a deep whiff of the pungent fart cloud. “Just like back home.”

“I’m \*COUGH\* glad to hear that,” Flynn said, stumbling over his feet to get away from the noxious fumes. “If you need anything at all, don’t be afraid to let me know.”

“You UUUURRRP got it,” Donna belched back, swiveling her body around to begin tapping away at her keyboard.

Slowly backing away until he was sure he was out of her sight, Flynn made a sprint away from Donna. Arriving at the safety of his neatly maintained cubicle, he opened up his desk to encase his area with a floral smelling air freshener. Letting the pleasant aroma drift into his

nostrils brought him back from the brink of passing out. Taking a moment to collect himself, he returned to his work to put his mind at ease. As he got back to typing on his keyboard, he sincerely hoped that his new coworker would eventually adapt to her working environment soon.

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It was yet again through the overwhelming power of peer pressure that Flynn was forced to do what none of his fellow employees wanted to volunteer for. A month had passed since Donna had started working at the company and during that time she had failed to recognize the not so subtle way that her coworkers reacted to her bad habits. Poking his head into her cubicle, he saw that the once pristine work space was now a mess of empty food containers and mystery stains spread across her desk. Daring to take a step towards her custom fit, double wide chair subjected him to the lingering odor of her overactive colon. Upon confirming that she wasn't at her desk, he stumbled out of the enclosed space before his nostrils were burned out by the smell. Taking a moment to swallow a breath of fresh air, he began to make his way towards the other place that the slobby woman spent most of her time.

Just as he suspected, Donna was found standing in front of the microwave in anticipation of what she considered a small snack. As the machine dinged to notify her that her meal was ready, she swayed her hips back and forth as she happily opened up the door. Carrying her plate over to a table, she pulled up two chairs to keep her hefty backside aloft as she sat down to eat.

Flynn only had a few moments to glance at the sizable bowl of chicken curry before Donna descended upon it. Lacking any concern for the various spills that were added to her clothing, she hastily devoured the dish in a matter of seconds. Between each bite would come a bellowing belch that rang throughout the room. Though Flynn tried multiple times to approach, he was stopped by errant clouds of gas erupting from her backside over the course of her feeding

session. It was only after Donna lifted up the bowl to swallow up the last few morsels of meat and sauce did she notice her coworker standing there in silent awe of her appetite.

“Hey there BWOOOOOORRRRR Flynn,” Donna said, wiping her face with the back of her hand. “Didn’t see you there. If you want to UUUURRRRP try some, I have three more plates in the fridge.”

Taking a deep breath and regretting it immediately as he sucked in the lingering fumes floating through the room, Flynn tried to summon his courage. “Donna, I’m not here to eat. I’ve been sent by your coworkers to address an... issue.”

“What kind of issue?” she asked as she licked up a few stray drops on her fingers.

“I don’t mean to be rude about this, but... there are certain things you do that are disrupting the work of your fellow employees.”

“Is it something I BOOOOUUUURRRP said?” Donna asked as she stood up from her seat. “I thought I’ve acted friendly to everyone. I’ve even brought in food for them to try out.”

Finding it best not to mention that Donna had devoured each of these offerings before anyone had a chance to even get a nibble, Flynn continued. “It’s not specifically your behavior. To be honest, you’re one of the kinder people I’ve worked with. The problem is your appearance and hygiene.”

Donna’s friendly smile faltered to be replaced with a look of suspicion. “What do you mean?” she asked, venting some of her frustration with an abrupt BRRRAAAAAPPP from her rear.

“Your coworkers have had trouble focusing on their tasks due to your... aroma permeating the office,” Flynn explained. “Our company can sometimes have a lax dress code,

but it still requires employees to maintain a certain level of cleanliness as they represent the business.”

Putting her hands to her sides, Donna began to waddle her way towards Flynn. “I don’t see how my BWOOOORRRP personal preferences for MY body have to do with me being able to accomplish my assignments.”

Frozen by the glare in Donna’s eyes, Flynn merely stood there as she continued to approach him.

“It shouldn’t matter what I UUURRRP smell or look like as long as I get my job done. Especially since I’ve been able to far exceed expectations.”

Continuing to move forward, Donna pushed her belly into Flynn to press him up against the wall. Stuck beneath the massive mound of blubber, any attempts to squirm free were proven useless. Though he did manage to free his head from betwixt her bosom, it was just in time to catch a whiff of a fart cloud rippling out of her backside. Feeling his head become heavy from the stench, he was stopped as she grasped his chin with her pudgy fingers.

“Well, what about you?” she asked, tilting his head up to have them look into each other’s eyes. “I want to know what you think about the way I am. Tell me the BWOOOOORRRP truth. I’m a big girl. I can take it.”

“I... well, you see, um...”

Flynn trailed off, unsure of just how to broach the topic. The longer he attempted to come up with an answer, the more he was subjected to Donna’s overwhelming body odor. The sheer warmth coming off of her heft mixed with his own rising anxiety began to make sweat bead down his forehead. Hoping to spout out something just to free himself from the fleshy prison, he

opened up his mouth. Before any words could leave his lips, they were clasped shut by Donna's fingers.

"Ohhh, I think I know what's UUURRRP going on," Donna commented, a sly smile stretching across her face.

Sliding her hand through Flynn's hair to leave behind traces of her meal, Donna relented in standing back to free him. Falling to the ground, he sucked in what little fresh air remained in the room. Still trying to recover from the smothering session, he watched as a piece of paper fell to the ground. Reading over the pen scribbles on it, he realized he was looking at Donna's phone number.

"Hope to talk to you soon," Donna said, leaving the room with a parting blast of gas. "I'll let you know what night I'm UUURRP free."

Left to stew in confusion and horrid odors, Flynn picked up the paper and wondered just what he had gotten himself into.

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It had been quite a while since Flynn had last been on a date, but he took solace that he still knew how to clean himself up. Making his way towards the agreed upon meeting place, he repressed the questions he had about how he had agreed to a night out with Donna by fixing his tie and straightening his dress shirt. While he was quite satisfied with his clean and proper appearance, he couldn't help feeling like he was out of place. He had to assume an establishment called "Glutton Gulch" wasn't too picky when it came to the appearance of their clientele.

Waiting for Flynn at the entrance was Donna. No longer bound by the office's loose dress code, she was able to adorn her pudgy body with a sparkly, black dress that emphasized each of her fat rolls. He managed to avoid staring too long at her exposed cleavage, only to be met with

the sight of the fabric sunk deep between her thick rear. At a loss of where he was supposed to look, he settled on her face to see her oily, brown locks pushed aside to leave her chubby face and her glasses balanced on her grease-slicked nose visible.

“Well, don’t you BWOOOORRRP clean up nice?” Donna asked, waving Flynn over and showing off her clumps of brown armpit hair in the process.

“Um, thank you,” Flynn said, trying to remain polite while weathering the leftover smell of Donna’s belch intermingling with her personal perfume made up by her body odor. “I’m still not sure why you invited me out here tonight.”

Donna let out a chuckle. “Because I think it’ll help us get to know each other better.” Waddling her way over to him, she grasped his arm and led him towards the entrance. “More importantly, I want to confirm what makes you UUUURRRRP tick. Even if you don’t want to admit it, I’m sure I can help bring it out of you.”

Squeezed against Donna’s body, Flynn was prevented from even trying to escape. Turning his head away to avoid being smothered by her armpit hair, he swiveled his head to look over the restaurant’s interior. The lively atmosphere was fitting for the buffet, with many people coming back to their tables with plates piled high with all sorts of food. The meals varied greatly in terms of cuisine, ranging from pizzas, to fried noodles, and countless desserts, but they all shared the trait of coming in enormous portions. Lost in awe at the sight of someone carefully tipping to their seat with a three foot tall stack of pancakes slathered in syrup, he was caught off guard as Donna placed him in a chair.

“I know that you’re just going to love this place,” Donna commented, using her belly to push Flynn’s seat in at a table that could easily fit a group of ten. “It’s one of my favorite places to really pig out.”



Before Donna could take her seat, a pair of servers were quick to run out with a pair of extra chairs. Thanking the waiters with a pair of twenty dollar bills pulled from betwixt her cleavage, she sat down and enshrouded the table with a cloud of flatulence. While the servers had the luxury of running away from the stink cloud, Flynn wasn't so lucky. It was only after he managed to cough out the rancid fumes from his lungs did he realize that Donna was gazing at him with her chins resting upon her knuckle.

"Is something wrong?" Flynn asked.

"No, just been awhile since I've had someone as cute as you join me for a date," she answered.

"Um, thank you," he replied, his face going a shade of red. "So, how about I go grab us some food? You can order us drinks while I'm gone."

"Oh there's no need. They already know what I want."

Before Flynn could ask Donna to elaborate, he saw a group made up of most of the establishment's servers heading their way over to the table. In their hands were countless plates stacked to the brim with all sorts of food. Upon placing a meal in front of Donna, the server would douse it in a number of different sauces and condiments before moving aside for the next portion. This procession continued until there wasn't a single space left open on the table.

Graciously accepting two mugs of beer from the final waiter, Donna handed one over to Flynn.

"Go ahead and grab whatever you like," Donna said before chugging down half her drink in a single gulp. Wiping her face clean, she followed up with a guttural belch. "That being BOOOOUUUURRRRP said, you better hurry up while there's still something left."

Donna eagerly tried to prove her claim true as she set upon the feast like a ravenous animal. Like so many times before, she appeared to move like she was possessed by a gluttonous

spirit as she frantically shoved food down her throat. Though at first this was done via a fork and knife, at some point Flynn watched as she flung the utensils to the side to eat with her bare hands. The effects of her ravenous eating were made quite apparent through the fresh coating of sauce stains that splattered across her body and the pleased hums that emanated from her mouth.

The only pause between bites was to allow Donna to let out more burps to free up room in her stomach. These bassy outbursts got Flynn to watch crumbs tumble down her chins to sink between her breasts. A few of these lost morsels managed to bounce off her stomach and onto the floor. This brought his attention towards the way her belly jiggled around as she continued to stuff herself. The longer he stared at her show of complete hedonism, the more he felt a certain something begin to stir inside of himself. Too busy trying to comprehend what was going on with his body, he missed the exact moment where she licked the final plate clean.

“Whoa, that really BWOOOOOOOOORRRRRRPPP hit the spot,” Donna commented, wobbling her rear back and forth as she leaned back to get comfortable. “Hey, mind doing me a favor?”

“Um, sure,” Flynn replied, happy to find any excuse to gloss over his unknown feelings.

Raising her hand, Donna gave a smack to her belly to produce another belch. “Could you please rub my little tummy? It’s feeling a bit UUUURRRP queasy.”

“O-okay,” Flynn stuttered out, getting out of his seat to meet her request.

Standing beside Donna, Flynn hesitantly reached out towards her stomach. Finally placing his hand against her gut, he slowly circled around her belly button. His light touch managed to create a relieved sigh mixed with a belch from Donna’s mouth. While he was tormented by the burps that continued to emerge from her maw, he couldn’t help feeling a certain sense of satisfaction with getting to feel up her blubbery belly. Even as he pushed down and felt

something coarse beneath the fabric of her dress, he couldn't help himself from becoming a little too enticed by his task. Just as he was at the very cusp of figuring out what was going on with him, his train of thought was interrupted by a loud BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPIPP slapping out of Donna's rear.

"Ahhh, that's just what I needed," Donna commented, blissfully unaware of the torment her horrid fart was putting Flynn through. "Thanks a lot."

"No \*COUGH\* problem," Flynn said, retreating to the relative safety of his seat.

"Was everything to your liking miss?" asked a server that had made the wise decision to tie a perfumed soaked rag around his face.

"Excellent as UUUURRRP always," Donna answered. "You can go ahead charge my card."

"Very well. Anything else we can do for you?"

"Yes, get me a small to go box," she replied, turning her gaze back over to Flynn. "My date didn't have a chance to eat anything. I guess he was too BWOOOOORRRRRPP stunned by my beauty."

"Yes miss, right away," the server said, managing to quickly walk away just before she let loose another gas bomb.

With the check paid and the servers given generous tips, Donna escorted Flynn out the door. Grateful to be out in the fresh air again, Flynn tightly clutched his box of macaroni and cheese against his chest. As disgusting as Donna was, he couldn't recall someone other than his own family being so kind to him. Her generosity alongside his earlier feelings gave him the idea that he should be appreciative of her. Just as he was about to turn his head to thank her for the meal, Donna revealed her own plans.

Pulling Flynn in close, Donna leaned down to lock her lips with his. As the kiss continued, he shuddered under the sensation of her weight and stench pushing against him. While the taste and smell were absolutely vile, yet again something pushed him to continue with Donna's act of intimacy. Just as he felt like he was about to pass out, the moment of intimacy was split up by another belch rolling out of Donna's throat. Reeling back as his tongue tingled from the leftover flavor of the slobby girl's feast, he watched as she began to waddle towards her car.

"See you later, cutie," Donna said with a wink before sauntering her way over to her vehicle.

Waving goodbye to Donna just before she squeezed herself inside of her driver's seat, Flynn took his leave. Taking the long route to his car gave him time to think about what had happened. His various questions went unanswered, save for a lingering sense of wanting in his body. Clutching onto his takeout box as if it were an anchor for his reality, he tried to keep his mind off of his strange feelings with the hopes that things would make more sense the next day.

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A three day weekend break had been nowhere near enough time for Flynn to come to terms with what had transpired on his date night with Donna. Dread hung heavy on his shoulders as he came back to the office, making him hesitate to return his coworkers greetings for fear of running into her. It wasn't so much that he was scared of her, but more so terrified of what he had felt when he was around her. Still struggling to understand why his body reacted the way it did from her gluttonous binge session and the belch-flavored kiss, he froze as still as a statue as he spotted her waddling out of her cubicle to grab another snack.

As much as Flynn wanted to wait for her to pass to avoid talking to her and re-experiencing her stench, something kept him in place. Watching her butt cheeks wobble with each step as if he were in a trance, he could feel his heart beat become faster to make blood flow to a certain part of the body. Determined to figure out what exactly was going on, he pushed through his own anxiety to rush up to her. This unfortunately left him in the direct line of fire as Donna let loose a loud BRRRAAAAAAPPP from her rear.

“Flynn?” Donna asked, turning around as she heard him choking on her fumes. “Where have you been? I haven’t seen you all morning.”

“Donna,” Flynn said, struggling to remain standing in the wake of her gas cloud, “we need to talk. Privately if possible.”

“Can this wait until UUURRP after I’ve had my second breakfast?” Donna asked.

“No it can’t,” Flynn said, gesturing for her to follow him.

Finding a perfect balance to lead Donna on while avoiding her stench, Flynn remained vigilant for an isolated place where they could speak. He finally found what he was looking for in the form of a supplies closet. Opening up the door and waiting for Donna to squeeze herself inside, he entered the enclosed space and locked the door to avoid having anyone interrupt them.

“So,” Donna said, leaning herself against a shelf of printer ink, “what did you want to BWOOOOORRRPP talk about?”

“It’s in regard to what happened last Friday evening,” Flynn began, regretting his decision to shut the door as he was forced to inhale the stench of her body odor.

“I know I certainly had fun,” Donna interjected. “By the way things were going, I assumed you felt the same way.”

Flynn began to fidget with his fingers. “Well, not exactly. That night I never intended for things to happen the way they did. I wasn’t in complete control of myself, and I apologize if I mislead you.”

“You’re little UUURRRP buddy didn’t seem to mind,” Donna replied, giggling like a school girl as she watched his face go red.

“R-regardless of that,” Flynn said, trying his best to remain firm. “Dating coworkers can be a messy business. Especially with how we so drastically differ when it comes to what we deem acceptable hygiene levels. It might be best if we no longer continue this relationship.”

Paying little mind to Flynn’s words, Donna continued forward to press him into the wall with her body. “I don’t think you BOOOOOUUUURRRP understand,” Donna belched out, letting the smell wash over him. “The reason why I had so much fun is because our date was so messy. Don’t get me wrong, I can understand why you might be averse to everything that I UUURRP am.” Leaning forward a little more, she pressed her bosom against him to force his head up to look into her face. “But by the look of things, you seem to enjoy being with a big, sloppy woman like me.” Pulling herself away, she got down on her knees to reach out and grab the bulge in the front of your pants. “Even if you don’t want to say it out loud, your body is making your intentions as clear as I am fat.”

“I-I...well, um, you see...”

Reaching up with her free hand, Donna placed a finger against Flynn’s lips.

“Let me put it this way. You can either keep playing up this charade,” she began, pulling down his zipper, “or you can make it up to me for making me miss my morning snack.”

As inexperienced as Flynn was, he could recognize what the look in Donna’s eyes meant. At a glance, his logical mind was filled with various reasons why he should reject her. Aside

from the moral implications of being intimate with a coworker, there was the more obvious thing of her being a filthy slob that cared little about her poor hygiene. Despite this, he found it difficult to fight against his lower head's strange desires to be closer to this disgusting woman. Body shaking with this internal conflict, he eventually made his decision as he looked down at her and nodded his head.

Laughing at the moment of Flynn's corruption, Donna proceeded to pull down his underwear to reveal his rigid member. With the same gusto that she ate her meals, she wrapped her lips around his cock. The sensation of her tongue sliding across his shaft as she bobbed her head back and forth forced him to place his palm against his lips to stifle a moan. As his body began to tremble from the abundance of pleasure, Donna took that as her sign to wrap her arms around his legs to pull him in. In turn, Flynn reached out to sink his fingers into her plush back fat in an attempt to make the pleasure last as long as possible. Keeping her mouth tightly clasped around his tip, she managed to suck up the resulting load of semen that poured out as he reached his climax. Only stopping once she had swallowed every last drop, she pulled her head away to lick her lips clean.

"That really BWOOOOORRRRRP hit the spot," she commented, smiling at the flushed expression on Flynn's face. "How about I give you a meal too? After all, a hard worker needs a good breakfast to get through the day."

Getting back to her feet, Donna pulled down her skirt. Making sure Flynn could see absolutely everything, she grasped the edge of her panties and shimmied them down her bulky, fuzzy calves to reveal the thick bushel of pubic hair above her pussy. Leaving one hand to tease her womanhood, she used the other one to gesture for Flynn to approach her. Still on a high from

his recent release, he managed to suppress the screams of his more rational side in favor of getting down on his knees and shuffling towards her groin.

Holding onto Donna's thick thighs, Flynn steeled his nerves and leaned his head in. The first drag of this tongue across her womanhood was met with a rancid flavor and coarse hair strands. Any revulsion he felt towards the act was overpowered by a strange sense of euphoria that sent shivers through his body. Hearing the soft moans leave her lips with each slow drag, he continued his efforts to return her earlier favor. Managing to focus on his task, he tried to keep himself going as she let loose a barrage of gas bombs brought forth by his mouth. Simultaneously becoming disgusted and aroused by the stench that surrounded the two of them, he brought his attention towards her clit to give her the satisfaction she sought.

Releasing a mix of a moan and a belch, Donna pushed Flynn's head against her groin as she reached her climax. With his face buried against her thicket of pubic hair, he was forced to swallow up the juices that leaked out of her pussy as she orgasmed. Subjected to even more horrible odors as she released a loud PHHHHHRRRRRRRTTTT, the moment she let go of him he fell backwards onto the floor. Staring up at the ceiling with a daze, his view of the fluorescent lights was blocked as Donna loomed over him.

"Not half UUURRRP bad," she said as she lifted him up to his feet. Pulling up her panties and skirt, she reached into her pocket to grab something. "We'll definitely have to do this again sometime." Handing Flynn a napkin sullied by only a few sauce stains, she opened up the door to squeeze back through the entryway. "For now, I'd advise you BWOOOOORRRP clean yourself off and get back to work."

"Y-yeah, good idea," Flynn replied, thankful for the moment of privacy he got as she walked away. Left to mop up the mess on his face and contend with Donna's lingering odor, he



allowed his body to shiver as he reminisced about how good it had felt to give himself to the slobby woman's wishes.

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Flynn hoped that his knack for going unnoticed would continue as he covertly made his way through the hotel's corridors. While the rest of his coworkers were mingling with other members of the company at the reception hall, he tried to sneak off for a secret rendezvous. Making his way to the living area of the hotel, he walked right past his assigned room with his sights set on the suite at the end of the hall. Making double sure that no one else was around, he knocked on the door.

"Who BOOOUUURRRRRPPP is it?" Donna belched out.

"It's me, Flynn," he whispered back. "Please let me in before-"

Flinging the door open, Donna reached out to pull Flynn into the room. Locking the entrance behind him, she swung his body over to the king-sized bed in the center. Left a little dizzy from the experience, it took him a moment to regain his bearings to look up and see Donna's body draped in a white robe. The formerly clean and pristine outfit had already shown signs of wear and tear on it. The numerous fresh stains on the white cloth had no doubt come from the trauma of being worn by Donna over the course of the weekend she had been at the hotel.

"How is it UUURRRP down there?," Donna asked, rolling onto the bed to get close to Flynn. Pulling back the hem of her robe, she showed off the hairs covering her lower leg as she presented her filthy feet to him.

"Pretty hectic to be honest," Flynn replied, on reaction heeding her wordless command to begin massaging her grimy toes. "People are talking up a storm about who's getting promoted

after the board of directors had their sudden change in staffing.” As he moved over to Donna’s other foot, he got a whiff of the built up sweaty odor she had created from waddling to and from different meetings. “I do feel kind of bad for sneaking away from the festivities like this.”

Just as Flynn was finished covering his fingers in her toe sweat, Donna stopped the message by wrapping her arm around him. “Aww, my poor little man,” she said, pulling him in close to press his head against her breasts. “You don’t have to worry about them. You’ve BWWOOOOOOORRRRP more than earned a little reward for all the hard work you do.”

As encouraging as Donna’s words were, Flynn couldn’t stop himself from letting out a sigh. “I appreciate it, but management doesn’t seem to think so highly of me,” he commented. “At least they can recognize your skills considering they gave you a whole suite to work with.”

“It’s really not all UUURRRP that great,” Donna replied, sliding her plump fingers through his hair, leaving streaks of grease leftover from her last meal across his strands. “Sure it’s big enough for my beautiful body, but it’s a little lonely.” Grasping his chin, she tilted his head up to look up at her. “Would you mind helping me relax after a BOOOOUUUURRRRP long day of boring conversation and mediocre snacks?”

Donna’s question came with a wave of her hand towards a collection of wheeled carts next to the bed loaded down with covered platters. Nodding in agreement, Flynn extricated himself from her grasp to approach her collection. Lifting off the covers one by one brought forth a bevy of heavenly aromas to mix in with the stench of Donna’s gas. The smell heralded the appearance of multiple take out bags that Donna had managed to procure over the course of multiple hours spent making delivery orders. Looking between the sizable spread and the hungry look in the woman’s eyes, Flynn got right to work.

Opening up the first bag, he pulled out a greasy, triple cheeseburger with onions and bacon to hoist up to her mouth. Easily finishing off the burger in a few bites, Donna asked for her next meal with a belch as she busied herself by scraping up the leftover crumbs that had fallen across her chest. Moving onto to a basket of fries and then to a box of chicken nuggets, Flynn tried to keep up with her ravenous hunger. Same as before, Donna finished the portions in record time, only stopping to lick the salt from her fingers and request her next serving. Motivated by a sense of purpose, Flynn kept himself moving to ensure she didn't go more than a few seconds without some kind of food in her hands. All the while, he could feel his own sense of desire take over his body at the sight and sounds of her doing what she did best.

Midway through Donna's feeding session, she paused her destruction of an XL pizza to nudge Flynn aside in favor of grabbing the food for herself. While he was disheartened at the thought of being unable to satisfy her, she quickly reassigned him to another task with a head nod. Knowing what he was supposed to do, he sat back down on the bed next to her and reached for her belly.

Opening up Donna's robe revealed the brown, coarse hairs that were littered across her flabby belly. Rather than be disgusted at the sight of the unsightly strands, Flynn willingly placed his palm against her gut to begin gently rubbing it. His efforts managed to free up more room in Donna's stomach as she continued her binge session. Her chewing became interspersed with more burps as she ate, giving her the chance to retaste her meals and bathe Flynn in her heavy breath. On occasion, her gas would come out in the form of a rippling fart that ruffled the edges of her robe as they sunk into the mattress. While the smell was as awful as ever, Flynn had become somewhat accustomed to it over the course of his relationship with her. Although, he still couldn't pin down why he found such a disgusting display attractive.

Completing her impromptu feast with a bucket of fried chicken doused in gravy, Donna stripped the last bit of meat from the bone before letting out a satisfied belch. “Mmm, I was BWOOOOOORRRRPP waiting for that all day,” she commented as she licked the grease from her lips.

“I’m glad you enjoyed it. If you’re still hungry, I can call room service to request more food. I would suggest using the company card, but I’m not sure if it would cover-“

Moving surprisingly fast, Donna latched her arm around Flynn’s body to bring them both down onto the mattress. Finding himself buried head first into Donna’s arm pit and soaking up her pungent odor, he made little effort to escape as she slid her fingers across his body. With his outfit already stained by the grease and sweat clinging to her hands, he didn’t complain as she started to undress him. Pulling away his outfit to leave him almost completely naked, she took her sweet time removing his underwear to reveal his rigid member.

“My, my, BWOOOORRRRP my,” Donna said, sliding her plump fingers across his length. “Is this little thing for me?” she asked, receiving a nod in reply. “Well, as much as I would like to have my usual after meal dessert, I think we’re long overdue for change in the menu.”

Picking herself back up off the bed, Donna tossed aside her robe. Proudly showing off every inch of her blubbery body, she showed no shame in regard to her hefty bosom sagging against her gut and her chunky ass cheeks rippling from a puff of gas. Acting as if she were a runway model, she purposefully slid her palms against the hairs lining her legs that were just as sweaty and thick as the other strands littering her form. Seeing the expression of awe on Flynn’s face, she put her glasses aside before she sauntered her way over to the bed and leaned over to press her body against him.

“What do you UUUUUURRRRPPP think of me?” she asked.

“That you’re the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen,” he replied.

Turning herself around, she let loose with a loud BRRAAAAAAPP to engulf him in her flatulence. “And what do you think about my smell?”

“It’s absolutely awful,” he said in the same way a person would call a luxury meal delicious.

Rotating herself once more, she lifted up her gut and reached between her legs to display her hairy pussy. “Then would you mind giving this beautiful, disgusting UUUURRRP girl a cream pie for dessert?”

“A-are you serious?” Flynn asked, getting his answer as she picked him up off the bed to take his place on the mattress.

“Of course,” Donna replied, pushing her body back to let it spread out across the mattress. “Come on BOOOOOUUUURRRP now. I know you’ve been itching to finally feel my plump pussy around your little toy.”

Looking over Donna’s body displayed before him like one of the slob girl’s meals, Flynn realized that this was the moment. Frequent trips to the supplies closet back at the office had only allowed quick sessions of making out or servicing each other with their mouths. Seeing that Donna was more than ready to go that extra step, he composed himself with a deep breath of her heavy musk before answering her call to action.

Climbing up onto the bed, Flynn shuffled forward to have the tip of his cock rest against the entrance to her womanhood. Grabbing hold of her luscious love handles, he slowly pushed himself forward. Gently pushing himself inside of her inch by inch, he kept glancing away from her dripping womanhood to see the eager smile on her pudgy face. Managing to insert the

entirety of his member, he was rewarded with a soft gasp followed by her usual giggle. Looking past her stuffed belly and crumb-riddled chest, he only needed to see the look of desire in her eyes to push him towards the next step.

Keeping his grip tight on Donna's body, Flynn began to move his hips back and forth. Though he started off slow to ease into the sensation, he began to increase his speed as he heard moans begin to leave her lips. Upping his pace had the side effect of repeatedly slamming him up against her overstuffed gut. Each penetration was accompanied by either another fart to leave a fresh aura of her stench around the two of them or a belch to intersperse between her moans. Not long after, he began to let out his own euphoric cries as he reached ever closer to his limit. Exerting his body to try and satisfy her had the adverse effect of making sweat pour across his body. His perspiration flung off of him as he gave it his all, mixing with Donna's own droplets seeping into her fat folds. Becoming heated from both his own desire and the sensation of her sweaty, flabby body encasing him with her stench, it was only a matter of time before it became too much.

Try as he might to endure, Flynn ended up being the first one to finish. Unwilling to leave her unsatisfied, he continued to thrust until Donna signaled her own orgasm with a high pitched moan and a loud BRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAPPPPPP blasting out of her rear. Body drained from the combination of exhaustion and the stench, he fell forward to land face first between her breasts. Tilting his head up, he managed to use the last of his strength to push forward to press his lips against hers.

Allowing the kiss to linger for a while, Donna ended by gifting him a burp straight down his throat before they parted. "Good, UUUURRP boy," Donna said, embracing him in a meaty hug. "I don't have another meeting until noon tomorrow. You?"

“Nothing planned until the afternoon,” Flynn answered.

“Excellent,” she replied, allowing him to nuzzle up to her flab. “Then let’s enjoy our free time while we can.”

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Driving down to the address Donna had given him, Flynn wasn’t exactly sure what to expect. Multiple times the two of them had met up for romantic rendezvous, a few of which had occurred at his own apartment. However, this was the first time she had invited him over to her place. Normally this would be just an excuse to give a person time to clean their house, but he knew that was far from the case with Donna.

Approaching the front entrance of the two story house, Flynn couldn’t help noticing the neatly maintained lawn and outer building. In spite of her poor hygiene and multiple instances of forgoing work in favor of meeting up with Flynn, Donna’s swift rise through the company meant that she was not left wanting when it came to funds. Considering how often she paid for the sizable bill when they went out to eat, he wasn’t surprised to hear the gossip going around the office that he was becoming her trophy boyfriend. While at first this notion caused quite a bit of embarrassment, he had since grown used to the idea of being her loyal helper. Keeping this in mind, he made sure the old shirt and jeans Donna told him to wear for the evening’s activities were somewhat presentable before he rang the doorbell.

Flynn’s body perked up as he heard the telltale heavy stomps of Donna’s approach. As the door swung open, he was smitten by the sight of her body draped in a blue, silken robe. Squeezing her hips through the door, she wrapped her arms around him to give him a fresh coating of her smell and pull him inside. Pressing his wiry form against her to envelop him with

her bulk, she leaned forward to smother him with her breasts and bathe him in the fragrance of one of her burps.

“So glad you could UUUURRRRP make it,” Donna belched.

“Wouldn’t miss it for the world,” he replied, allowing her to lift him up to be carried inside.

Shutting the door behind them allowed Flynn to take in the heavy stench that permeated through the house. The smell came from a number of leftover food containers that littered the corridors, along with random stains spread across the floor and walls. While his old self would have found these conditions absolutely revolting, he had learned to accept it as just the way Donna preferred to live her life. At first, he assumed their destination would be the kitchen, but they merely passed by the room filled with a bevy of empty take out bags on the way to their true destination.

Waddling her way towards her bedroom on the first floor, Donna used her hips to push the double doors open. Just like the rest of the house, there wasn’t much room to walk between the various abandoned containers that were spread across the floor without a care. As she carefully shuffled her way through the piles of trash and dried up spill stains, Flynn kept his eyes trained on the collection of recently acquired fast food bags lined up next to the bed. Somewhat understanding of what she had in mind for the evening’s activities, he managed to brace himself as she tossed him onto the bed.

“I hope you’re ready for something BOOOOOUUUURRRRRP special tonight,” Donna said as she climbed up on the bed beside him.

“Where would you like for me to start?” Flynn asked, not even trying to hide the excited shivers afflicting his body.



Seeing Donna respond by pointing towards her open maw, Flynn scrambled towards the food bags. Like so many times beforehand, he set to work opening up the wrappers to leave nothing in the way of her feast. Over the course of multiple feeding sessions, he had learned how to keep pace with her incredible appetite. During the short periods when she had to stop to chew, he dutifully rubbed her belly to both help her digest and satisfy his need to touch the abundance of blubber. Everything seemed to be going as planned as she let out a steady stream of burps, but he did find it strange that for some reason she refrained from releasing gas from her backside. Just as he finished off the last bag of food, he tried to get up in search of more sustenance only to be pulled back down.

“What are you doing?” Flynn asked as she rubbed his face against the inside of her armpit. “Aren’t you still hungry? I know that wasn’t nearly enough for you.”

“I ate quite a bit before you UUURRRP came over,” Donna replied. “I know how much you enjoy watching me BWOOOOOORRRPPP pig out, but I needed time to prepare for tonight’s special session.”

“What do you mean?”

Rather than answer Flynn directly, Donna let him lift up his head to catch one of her burps directed straight at his face. Momentarily dizzied by the smell of her heavy breath, he merely laid there as she removed herself from the bed. Scrambling to sit himself up, he watched as she removed her robe. He had seen her naked body in all its glory before, with its cellulite-speckled flab and numerous hair strands. However, it was an entirely new experience getting to see the black leather outfit that looked almost painted onto her flesh.

The tight fabric of Donna’s lingerie still had the convenience of emphasizing her more prominent features. The leather around her love handles acted as grips to increase her belly’s

ability to heave forward and jiggle with each step. Massive holes were left open in the front of the outfit to make sure the plump nipples of her meaty mammaries were on full display. Giving Flynn just a moment to see her hairy pussy sticking out of the front, she swiveled herself around. Though she grasped at the zipper located above her tightly packed ass cheeks, she quickly pulled her hand away just to see the look of anticipation on Flynn's face.

"Take off your UUURRP clothes," Donna said, causing Flynn to quickly follow her command. "You've been such a good boy lately, but I feel like we can go BWOOOOORRRPPP further." Waiting until Flynn had removed his underwear, she crawled her way back onto the bed. "I think it's time I give you a real demonstration of what this sloppy body can do," she said, taking off her glasses to prepare for what was to come. "Now then, get on your back."

Getting into position, Flynn's body shuddered as he felt Donna shift around on the mattress. Momentarily glancing up to see the smirk on her face, his vision became blocked by the sight of her hovering her lower body over him. Holding onto the zipper on her back, she pulled it all the way down to unleash her chunky butt cheeks. Shaking her rear back and forth to mesmerize him with her backside, she let out a giggle at the small gasp of wanting that left his mouth.

"I hope you're hungry," Donna said. "After you've been so kind to feed me so much, I think it's fair that I prepare a special meal just for you."

Ever so slowly Donna lowered herself down onto him. With his head wedged deep within her ass crack, he was left completely in the dark. However, what he could still sense was the lingering smell of her anus from nearby and the rancid taste of her gas sliding across his tongue. At a loss for what she expected him to do, he got his answer a moment later.

"Eat," Donna ordered, her voice barely audible as she pressed down on him.

Unable to see, but more than willing to obey, Flynn opened up his mouth and pressed it up against Donna's anus. Feeling the various hairs slide across his tongue, he nonetheless kept up his efforts to try and appease her. As he stumbled about blindly, she swayed her hips back and forth to have her butt cheeks caress the sides of his head. It was through the constant flicks against her asshole that he heard a familiar set of gurgles from above.

A few more licks opened up the flood gates to let an overpowering BRRRAAAAAPPPP blast out of Donna's rear. Overwhelmed by the powerful stench, Flynn regardless kept pushing himself to meet her desires. Each successful lick was met with another blast of her heavy flatulence to burn his nostrils and embed her stench into his very being. Enraptured by the endless tirade of gas, he treated her like a goddess as he continued to tongue her hole in the hopes of gaining her favor.

Flynn's fart feast ended as Donna shifted herself along his face. Jostled around by her enormous backside, his face eventually felt something wet and hairy press against his mouth. Still a little disoriented from performing his first rim job, he managed to come to his senses as he felt her lean against his body. As her lips puckered against the tip of his cock, he knew what came next.

As soon as Donna swallowed up his member, Flynn got to work dragging and sucking at her womanhood. Though he still couldn't see much with his face buried in her hairy, filthy vagina, he had given her enough service to know what parts he needed to focus on. In turn, Donna was able to tease his member with utmost expertise as she continued to bob her head back and forth in search of her next meal. Repeated releases of Donna's gas made it all the more difficult for Flynn to maintain his usual speed. His diligence in showing his affection for the sloppy woman he loved so much was getting to feel her wetness spread across him as her body

shuddered. Through the transferred vibrations of Donna's post-orgasm fart, he managed to reach his own release and give her a mouthful of cum for dessert.

Once Donna had licked up every last drop of semen, Flynn was freed from the fleshy prison of filth. Laying in a puddle of Donna's leftover juices and sweat, his brain raced to find something stable for him to hold onto. Taking his time to breathe in and out to bask in the lingering euphoria, he remained still even as Donna crawled over to nuzzle her face up against him.

"Mmm, you smell BWOOOORRRP wonderful," she belched, enjoying the imprint of her own gas sunken into his skin. "Makes me want to go all night UUUURRP long." Guiding her hand towards Flynn's groin, she gave his dick a few strokes to gradually bring it back to full erection. "Think you have one more in BOOOUUUUURRRRRP you?"

"Yes I UUUURRP do," Flynn replied, burping out a cloud of Donna's own gas back at her.

Grinning at Flynn's sudden outburst, Donna shared with him a small laugh at his momentary lapse in manners. Answering back with an echoing belch of her own flying at his face, she placed a kiss on his forehead before getting into position. Shuffling her way down his body, she heaved herself up to have her ass hanging over his member. Looking over her shoulder to laugh at the sight of his eye's gawking at her smelly, thick ass, she let out a childish giggle before moving forward.

Bringing the entirety of her hefty form down once more, Donna shoved the length of Flynn's cock inside of her pussy in one go. Not giving him a chance to recover, she began to rapidly move her hips up and down. Each slam of her ass against his torso pushed out some of the remaining gas still lingering in her gut to fully immerse him in her powerful aroma.

Completely enamored with her body's size and stench, Flynn managed to reach out to grab onto her love handles as she continued to ride him. The position gave him a chance to keep himself steady while simultaneously letting him relish the feeling of his fingers sinking into her flesh. As Flynn reached around to hold on to what he could of her gut, Donna's laughter gave way to loud moans that showed that she too was reaching her upper limit. Both gritting their teeth from the sheer ecstasy, it all came to an end as they experienced a near simultaneous set of orgasms.

Drained of her stamina from the encounter, Donna began to fall backwards. Though Flynn managed to slow her descent, his weakened limbs could not fully prevent the impact of her landing on top of him. Smothered within the recesses of her back flab, his worn out body could do little to free himself. Rolling off of Flynn before he was completely crushed, Donna snuggled up to his sweaty, shaking form. Feeling her arms embrace him to pull him close to her, he allowed himself drift to sleep as he was comforted by a kiss on his cheek and prolonged BRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAPPPPP echoing in his ears.

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Flynn was woken up from his slumber by a delicious aroma parting through the gas cloud left behind from his night of passion with Donna. Slowly sitting himself up from the impression in the mattress his girlfriend had left behind, he let out a yawn that reeked of her womanhood and flatulence as he tried to get up. Rubbing the sleep from his eyes in an attempt to wake himself, he was greeted by the sight of Donna once more adorned in her silk robe carrying with her a tray of pancakes.

“Good BWOOOOORRRP morning,” Donna said, waddling her way over to sit on the edge of the bed.

“Good UUURRRP morning,” Flynn replied, some of Donna’s leftover gas escaping his lips in the process. “Are we already doing another stuffing session?”

“No,” she said, placing the tray on his lap. “I figured that you needed some BOOOOUUUUURRRRPP nourishment after your big night. I’m not the only one who has to eat around here.”

Picking up a fork and knife, Flynn cut himself a small chunk. Placing the morsel in his mouth, he was delighted to experience the fluffy texture and chocolate chips hiding inside. “This is delicious.”

“Thank you,” Donna replied, adjusting her glasses as she put on a proud smirk. “Something I learned to whip up back in my university days. Considering how much I UUUURRRPPP eat, I figured that I needed to learn to cook now and then.” Before Flynn could take another bite, she helped herself to a pancake from the top of the stack to stuff in her face. “That being said, I do expect you to return the favor for lunch. I want our relationship to be equal in terms of BWOOOOOORRRRP food service.”

“Sounds like a plan to me,” Flynn said, reaching out with his fork towards his pancakes only to pause for a moment in thought. “On one condition though.” Picking up his plate, he held it up to her face. “Would you mind adding some garnish to this? Something like the same kind you used for my meal last night?”

Grinning from ear to ear, Donna nodded her head. Taking the tray from Flynn she placed it on the floor. Squatting over the pancakes, she scrunched up her face as she jiggled around her belly. Her efforts resulted in a prolonged, minute long PPHHHHHRRRRRRRRRTTT that stunk just as bad as the previous night’s onslaught of farts. Finishing up her modification with one last puff of flatulence, she placed the tray back on Flynn’s lap. “Enjoy.”

The disgusting act did not deter Flynn from happily chowing down on his breakfast. After all, his senses had become addicted to the various sights, smells, tastes, and sensations of Donna's body. Not wanting to stop until he finished off every last bite, he showed off his empty plate to demonstrate the devotion he had for the sloppy girlfriend that he loved so much.