

The Blonde Bull Meets the Onyx Ox

Having stepped into the ring countless times in front of crowds of energetic fans, Jane was confused why her body was shaking so much. Every nervous twitch of her body's blubber and bulk was shown through the skin-tight, black fabric of her wrestling outfit. The bright red eyes of the bull adorning her leotard tried to make up for her lack of confidence. To try and calm herself, she jostled about her melon-like breasts to prevent them from slipping out of her suit during the match. Reaching backwards she fiddled with the part of suit stuck between her doughy butt cheeks, finding it difficult to decide if it was better to show off less or more of her bare skin.

Running her fingers along the grey nose ring painted around the center of her 500-pound belly, she repeated to herself that this should be no problem for her. She was the Blonde Bull, a merciless fighter who beat down her competitors with her heavy body and unorthodox fighting style. Straightening out her mane of long blonde hair, she continued waddling her way down the hall.

Jane stopped as she turned the corner to find someone waiting for her. The woman had a bottom heavy-figure, her tan skin peeking out of her white leotard at every chance it could get. Glancing across the expanse of the woman's prominent back let Jane estimate her as being around the same size of her. She involuntarily jumped back as the woman swung about her long black ponytail to face her. A coy smile showed on her face, her emerald green eyes gleaming as she approached Jane. The woman's identity was made apparent as Jane stared down at the black Ox head printed on the front of the suit.

"The Onyx Ox?" Jane asked.

“The one and only,” the woman replied with a Hispanic accent, a cheerful smile on her face as she bumped her belly against Jane’s. “And judging by your impressive gut, I have to assume you’re the Blonde Bull. Sorry we didn’t have time to meet up before the match to discuss the specifics in more detail. My flight got delayed.”

“It’s fine, don’t worry about it,” Jane replied. “Thank you for coming all this way. I’ve seen your matches and I’m a huge fan.”

“Awww you’re too kind,” the Ox replied. “Did you finish up your pre-game warm up?”

“Yup. Got plenty of rest and made sure to eat my usual pre-match feast to give me more than enough fuel for the fight. You?”

The Ox smirked as she slapped her belly. “I had the crew bring me a bunch of food to my dressing room. Your city really knows how to cook. I’ll have to ask you to show me around town before I head back.”

“Ladies and gentleman, the match is about to begin!” the announcer’s voice echoed from the arena.

“That’s our cue,” the Ox said, stomping off down the hall. She paused and turned on her heels as she realized Jane was straggling behind. “Are you nervous?”

“What makes you say that?”

Stepping forward, the Ox grabbed a handful of Jane’s belly. “Trust me, I can tell when a girl my size is having some stage fright just from the feeling alone. You’re a professional aren’t you?”

“I am, but...I’ve never been in a tag team match. Especially with someone so skilled as you.”

The Ox put her arm around Jane's shoulder. "Hey, there's nothing for you to be afraid of. No matter how the match goes, I want you to go out there and have fun. That's the whole point."

"Yeah, I guess," Jane weakly replied.

"Don't give me any of that," the Ox commanded. "Come on, show me what the Blonde Bull thinks of the match."

Taking a deep breath, Jane let go of her modest self and gave into her wrestling persona. "The Blonde Bull thinks we're going to make our opponents into nothing more than scuffs on the bottom of our fat asses," she replied, earning a thumbs up from the Ox.

"Well said," the Ox said. Reaching into her pocket, she pulled out a white mask bearing her signature ox logo. Pulling it over her head to cover up the upper part of her face, she continued towards the arena. "Let's show them what we can do."

Walking side by side with barely enough room between the walls and their hips, the heavyweight tag team made their way to the arena. Stopping in front of the entryway, they waited for their turn to come up. Grateful that they had shown up in the nick of time, a crewman gave a thumbs up to the Blonde Bull and told her she was going on first.

"Please welcome to the ring a raging woman that bulldozes her competition with one end and humiliates them with the other. She's taken on all challengers and has single handedly emptied out arenas with her smell, here is...THE BLONDE BULL!"

Stomping out onto the walkway in response to the announcer, the Blonde Bull raised her arms to the mix of cheers and boos she got from the audience. Climbing through the ropes and into the ring, she made sure they could all see the fabric digging into her various fat rolls and the prominent wedgie in her butt crack. With the crowd properly riled up, she stepped aside for her partner to come into the ring.

“Acting as the Blonde Bull’s teammate, is a fearsome fighter all the way from Chile. She has spread an equally terrifying reign of terror in South America with a similarly vile style.

Making her grand, US debut, give it up for...THE ONYX OX!”

The Onyx Ox stampeded down the runway, her wobbling butt cheeks threatening to pop out of her suit with each earth shaking step. Leaping over the ropes, she landed in the ring with grace thought impossible for someone her size. Based on the cheers she gained from the onlookers, it appeared she was more than happy with her first impression.

“What are your thoughts on the upcoming match?” the announcer asked, holding a microphone towards the Bull.

“I haven’t seen much of the Onyx Ox in person,” the Bull began, “but I can tell she’s definitely got the guts to keep up with me. Not that I’m going to need any help crushing the competition under my behemoth belly.”

“As expected of the head strong bull. And what about you?” the announcer asked, holding the microphone up to the Ox. “What do you think about your first match in the good old USA?”

The Ox took the microphone from the announcer’s hands. “I just have one thing to say.” Grabbing her gut with her free hand, she shook it up and down at a rapid pace. Bringing the microphone up to her lips, she opened her mouth wide to let out a loud BWOOOOOOOOOORRRRP that echoed through the arena. Waiting until the last of her belch bounced against the walls, she smirked at the Bull’s impressed look. “And that’s just a small taste of what I have in store.”

“Quite the entrance their Ox,” the announcer said, “but will it be enough for your match? Very few have been able to overcome the astounding combined might of...THE TITAN TWINS!”

The sound of thunder boomed from the speakers as the spotlight shined down on the walkway. From backstage appeared two women with dark brown skin and toned muscles that were shown off well by their black tank tops and matching shorts. Climbing through the ropes, they posed to show off their muscular forms, a direct contrast to their competitors’ meatier appearances. Had the Bull not met them countless of times before and befriended them over drinks and different wrestling techniques, she would have been running out of the ring for fear of what their imposing biceps could do.

“Give a round of applause for Mia,” the announcer said, pointing towards the twin with dreadlocks that reached down to her six pack abs. “And let’s hear it for her sister, Mara,” he added, gesturing toward the other sister, waving about her curly brown hair as she flexed her arms. “These two are some of the finest fighters in the federation. Will they be the ones to take down these fearsome femme fatales?”

Mia walked up and snatched the microphone out of the announcer’s hand. “More like the fatty fatales,” she said, hanging her dreads across her broad shoulders. “What, did you two get lost on the way to bankrupting the nearest buffet?” Hearing the appropriate roar from the crowd she handed the microphone over to her sister.

“You come into our ring expecting to give us a challenge?” Mara asked, her curls bouncing wildly as she stepped up to the Ox and Bull. “Just because you’ve devoured a county’s worth of food in a single meal you think that’s enough to be anything more than useless blobs? Fine then. I’m more than happy to put a couple of clowns in their-“

The Blonde Bull yanked the microphone out of Mara's hand. "Hold on, I think there's something wrong with your mic. Don't worry, I'll fix it for you." Bending over, the Blonde Bull pointed it towards her rear end and let loose a loud fart that reverberated through the arena with an echoing PPHHHRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTT. "There all better," she said handing the microphone back to Mara.

"You're going to pay for that you obese piece of--"

Mara stumbled on her feet, utterly disgusted by the smell lingering on the microphone.

"Alright, alright," the announcer said, breaking the girls apart as he spoke into a spare microphone. "That's enough out of you. Get over to your corners and we'll settle this like real fighters."

With a growl from the Bull and an intimidating glare from the Twins, the girls stomped over to their respective corners. While the Titan Twins took turns posing their Amazonian bodies for the audience, the hefty pair got busy shaking their bellies and preparing to give it their all. Locking eyes with each other, the wrestlers made sure both their opponents and the audience could see the ferocity building up inside of them. All of their pent up aggression came to a head as the bell rang out across the arena.

The four women charged at one another with the fury of their namesakes. Momentarily bumping her belly against Mara's, the Bull reached out to lock their hands together. Stomping across the arena, they desperately fought to get the upper hand. Just as it seemed like Mara was getting the upper hand, a cruel smirk spread across the Bull's face. Opening her mouth wide, the Bull let out a gnarly burp that reeked of her pre-match meal of chili and onions. Mara released her grasp of the Bull to cover her nose, stumbling backwards to get away from the smell.

Mia's attempts to tackle the Ox were repeatedly foiled by the hefty fighter's copious amounts of blubber. Letting out a yell to vent her frustration, Mia took a running charge with all of her muscles behind it. Standing her ground, the Ox let out a giggle as her opponent was getting close. Just before the two impacted, the Ox thrust her body forward to send her belly slamming into Mia's face.

Falling to the ground, Mia attempted to get up only for the Ox to straddle her body. "Where do you think you're going?" the Ox asked. "I can't let you go after all that trash talk. First, I got to clean that mouth of yours."

Slamming her butt down on Mia's face, the Ox shuffled about to ensure her opponent was properly pinned down. Rather than call for a ten count, the Ox started beating against her gut. With a wicked smile, the Ox unleashed an explosion of flatulence that forced itself up Mia's nostrils and down her throat. For all of the showing off of her muscles, they didn't seem to help much as Mia desperately struggled to try and free herself from the grasp of the Ox's ass cheeks.

"Get the hell off her you whale!" Mara shouted, crashing into the Ox's side. The impact sent the Ox tumbling to the ground and gave Mia a chance to get some fresh air.

"That wasn't very nice you know," the Bull said as she stomped towards Mara. "You leave me to go butt in where you're not wanted? Or is it that you're jealous that your sister got all the attention? Don't worry, I'll make sure you get a turn with me."

Mara answered with a ferocious yell and an outstretched fist. The Bull laughed off the attack as the punch was absorbed into her copious amounts of blubber. As Mara struggled to free herself for another chance to attack, the Bull made her move.

Wrapping her arms around Mara's broad shoulders, the Bull pulled her close to her body. Grabbing the back of Mara's head, she proceeded to smother her between her fatty breasts. "Isn't

that better?" the Bull asked as she sunk Mara's face deeper between her cleavage. "I know it's not as fragrant as the Ox's ass, but it should do for a little warm up."

Slipping out of the Bull's grasp, Mara lifted up her head to catch her breath. That was the Bull's signal to send a loud burp directly into her opponent's mouth. Swallowing the nasty gas bubble, Mara kicked and squirmed until the Bull finally saw fit to drop her to the ground.

"I give you the privilege of experiencing my luscious breasts and that's how you treat me?" the Bull asked. "Well isn't that rude? What do you say Ox?"

"I think it makes it more fun," she replied, dodging a grapple from Mia at the last second and countering with a high-pitched fart. "Come on, let's really show them what we can do."

Nodding to one another, the Ox and Bull stomped their feet into the ground. Mimicking a pair of world class sumo wrestlers, they stood motionless as they watched their opponents cough out the last of their foul air. The mocking smiles on the hefty pairs faces served as the breaking point for the Titan Twins' patience. Getting a running start, the two of them charged forward with the intention to take down the bovine duo with the full extent of their strength.

The Ox and Bull met their competitors attack head on. Grappling with their respective opponent, the fighters gave little room for error as they attempted to bring one another down. Straining their muscles to their limits, the Twins began to gain the upper hand. The gleam of potential victory only lasted until they heard a pair of rumbling noises echo from the Ox and Bull's bellies.

Relaxing their bodies, the Ox and Bull allowed their opponents to keep pushing. Unable to stop themselves, the Twins went tumbling face first between the obese women's cleavage. By the time they managed to free themselves from the masses of flabby guts, it was already too late as they watched the Bull and Ox open up their mouths. The Titan Twins crumbled under the

minute-long burps that were blasted right into their faces. Their strength faded away with each passing second until they could barely summon the energy to keep themselves standing.

“Hehehehe, what happened to all of your UUUUUUURRRP bravado?” the Ox teased.

“These two are all just BWOOOOOOOOORRRP talk,” the Bull replied. “Can’t let them go easily after that. They deserve no mercy.”

“Agreed,” the Ox said, mirroring the wicked smile on the Bull’s face.

Grabbing hold of their weakened opponents, the Bull and Ox walked over to opposite edges of the ring. Pushing their backs into the ropes, they went as far back as they could without snapping the ropes apart. With their feet mere inches away from falling out of the ring, they released the pent up tension in the ropes to send them flying at one another. They met dead center in the ring, pushing their victims into one another as their bellies were smooshed together. The impact sent forth a pair of gas bubbles rolling up their throats, the echoing belches adding to the Twin’s torment.

Backing away from the center, the Ox and Bull watched the Twins crumble to the ground. The once mighty warriors were out of breath and covered in a combination of sweat from both themselves and the heavyweight fighters. Slicking back her sweat soaked hair, the Bull waited for the Ox’s signal to unleash their finishing move. A nod from Ox was all it took to seal the Twin’s fate.

Raising their fists to properly pump up the crowd, the Ox and Bull slowly turned themselves around. Posteriors facing their downed opponents, they grabbed their bellies and shook them around like jackhammers. Hearing the proper groans and growls coming from their intestines, they once again pressed themselves against the edge of the ring. When they released

the ropes, they leapt into the air as they flew across the stage. Like a pair of flying bullets, the two of them let their butts take the lead as they drew ever closer to the Twin's faces.

The loud clap of their asses slamming against one another was loud enough to momentarily drown out the roar of the crowd. The pair's attack sent a heavy dose of pain through their opponents and a seemingly endless parade of tremors through their flab. Just as their fat stopped rippling from the impact, their bodies began shaking again.

Making sure their victims were properly trapped beneath their forms the Ox and Bull let out the storms brewing inside of them. A pair of boisterous farts came blasting out of their colons. The attack was relentless, the sound deafening and the smell akin to unearthing a thousand-year-old septic tank. As the last of the gas petered out, the stunned audience became aware of a pair of slapping noises. Climbing up onto the ring, the referee pushed through the miasma to see the Twins desperately trying to surrender.

"The Ox and Bull win!" the referee called out as he lifted up the victorious duo's arms, only to run away from their stench seconds later.

"What a show ladies and gentleman," the announcer said, his voice muffled by a rag against his face. "It might have been a dirty way to win, but these gaseous giantesses really showed why they're top fighters. Give them a round of applause."

The crowd erupted into loud cheering, repeating the Onyx Ox and the Blonde Bull over and over again. Getting up from their fallen opponents, the Ox and Bull reveled in the attention. Peeking back over her shoulder, the Bull made a mental note to send a thank you basket filled with fragrant soaps to the Twins for putting up with the humiliating defeat. Spotting a group of fans holding up a banner with her logo, the Bull turned to wave and grace them with the sight of her mouth opening up for a burp.

Just as the last of her gas spilled from her mouth, the Bull felt a pair of meaty hands grab her shoulder. Swung around in a flash, she found herself staring into the Ox's face, a glint in the masked fighter's eyes. Pressing their bellies together, the Ox locked her lips with the Bull's. The shock made it hard for Jane to uphold her persona, her body shaking as the Ox twisted her tongue with hers. What finally separated the two of them was a stray belch from Jane that tickled their lips.

"What's this?" the announcer asked to the crowd as the Ox wiped her mouth clean. "Are these two more than just teammates? Has love bloomed in the heat of battle? Perhaps they're--"

Jane popped the microphone right out of the announcer's hands. "Um, it's getting a little too personal. Can we just finish up here?"

"Whatever you say Blonde Bull," the announcer replied. "Moving onto our next match, we have a woman right out of the amateur leagues with breasts big enough to..."

Grasping the Ox's hand, the Jane tugged her back across the runway far from the public eyes. Finding a vacant spot in the hallway, she stopped to catch her breath. "What was that about?"

"Sorry, I just got a little excited," the Ox casually replied. "Was I really that bad? All of my other lovers say I'm a pretty good kisser. Well that and other things," she added with a wink of her eye.

Jane took a moment to process what the Ox was saying to her. "Are you saying you want to--"

"Yup."

Jane's mind went crazy at the prospect offered to her. What few reasons she had to reject the Ox were few, but there was one that stood out among the rest. "It's not that I'm unwilling,

you are really attractive, but I can't do that kind of thing with you. I have a boyfriend, Francis my manager."

"Oh, where is he?"

"He's in my dressing room right now, probably waiting to give me a post-match speech."

"Then let's go see him," the Ox said, linking her arm with Jane's.

Before Jane could protest any further, the Ox started dragging her down the hall.

Practically breaking down the door to Jane's dressing room, the pair walked inside to find a startled Francis sitting on the couch. He was dressed in his usual attire of a black suit and burgundy tie with his short brown hair slicked back. The wide expression on his face showed a mix of surprise and attraction at the sight of the two gigantic women barging into the room.

"You're Francis right?" the Ox asked as she closed the door behind her and Jane.

Francis shook his head back and forth in an attempt to compose himself. "Yes I am," he replied, standing up from the couch and straightening his tie. "As the manager for the Blonde Bull, I am grateful to you for accepting our invitation." Stepping forward, he presented his outstretched hand. "Let's shake on the start of a beautiful working relationship and to future matches like the one out there."

"Can we have sex?" the Ox bluntly asked, sending a bright red blush to Jane's face.

Francis stared blankly for a moment. "...excuse me?"

"Sorry, I thought I said it clearly. Is it alright if we have sex?"

Francis leaned to the side of the Ox to glance at his girlfriend. "Jane, what's going on? I left the match as soon as they declared you two the winner."

"That was just enough time for her to kiss me out of nowhere," Jane replied, seeing the expected surprised response on Francis's face.

“I was a little worked up from the match,” the Ox explained. “The adrenaline pumping through my veins. The roar of the crowd. The smell clinging to our bodies. Not to mention how sexy she looks in that tight outfit. I couldn’t help myself. I’m sorry if I made things uncomfortable.”

“It’s alright,” Francis said. “I’m sure it’s just some cultural differences between us. No hard feelings.”

“Then can we have sex?” the Ox asked again. “You could join in too.”

“Not that I’m against it,” Francis began, treading a thin line as he glanced over at his girlfriend. “Um, Jane what do you think?”

“I was going to suggest you and I do something back at my house,” Jane replied. “Maybe...it wouldn’t hurt to try something new. If you’re okay with it that is.”

“I’m fine with it if you’re willing to go along,” Francis said. “Alright Ox, let me call up the limo and we can head back to-“

“No, we can just do it here,” the Ox replied. Taking Jane by the hand, she led her over to the couch. “I want to have first go at the Bull. You can watch if you want.”

Francis turned to look at Jane and got a soft nod in return. Locking the door to prevent unwanted company, he sat down in an armchair opposite of the couch and watched as the Ox spread open Jane’s legs. Sliding her fingers across the fabric, she pressed into Jane’s groin until she found her mark. With exquisite skill, she began rubbing against her womanhood, bringing out a soft moan from Jane’s lips.

“Come on, let it out,” the Ox said, continuing to stimulate her. “I know you have plenty left after the match.”

A hard press against Jane's crotch sent a fart squeaking out from her rear. Further prodding and poking interspersed one of Jane's moans with a bassy belch. Surrounded in a cloud of Jane's scent, the Ox tilted up her head and took a deep whiff.

"Just as strong as in the ring," she commented. "Let's see what it's like inside."

Tearing apart the fabric of Jane's suit with little trouble, the Ox was pleased to see her womanhood more than ready to take her. Opening her mouth wide, she dived between Jane's legs to sample her flavor. Bombarded with an onslaught of licking and sucking to her vagina, Jane could do little to stop gas bubbles from spouting from her lips alongside soft moans. Further provocation unleashed the flatulence lingering in Jane's colon, bombarding the couch with her championship winning farts.

As Jane continued to feel the wandering tongue of the Ox, she glanced up to see Francis obediently sitting in his chair. She could see the bulge growing in his pants, no doubt getting close to his limit just watching the display and smelling her special musk. The thought of their previous dates and her position in the bed room somehow cancelled out her feeling of pleasure. Something about this felt wrong, the feeling echoed by raging bull inside of her. Sucking up her lingering gas cloud, she grabbed the Ox by the shoulders and pulled her hungry mouth away from her womanhood.

"Why did you make me stop?" the Ox asked. "You sounded like you were enjoying it."

With a gentle shove, Jane pushed the Ox onto her back. "Let me make one thing clear," Jane asked, her eyes gleaming with the ferocity of her wrestling persona. "I'm the one in control here, not you. It's only because we're partners that I let you get as far as you did."

Slipping her foot out of her boot, she pushed open the Ox's legs and pressed down on her groin. Rubbing her toes along the Ox's crotch forced out a series of puffs from the tanned

woman's rear alongside an erotic moan. Reaching down, the Bull tore off the Ox's outfit the same way as her own, giving her more than enough room to let her fingers tease the Ox's clit.

"Do you understand who's in control now?" the Bull asked.

"BWOOOOOOOORRRP yes," the Ox replied, her eager smile wider than ever. "I'll do whatever you say."

"Good," the Bull said, wiping her fingers clean against the Ox's thigh. "Now get up. You've been teasing my boy toy long enough."

Accepting the Bull's outstretched hand, the Ox managed to get herself standing again. Following the Bull over to Francis, the Ox took her position behind him as she grabbed his shoulders. Before he could say anything, the Ox took it upon herself to unfasten his tie and unbutton his shirt. With his upper torso fully exposed, the Bull grabbed the waistline of his pants and dragged them past his feet. Slipping off his boxers, she leaned back to allow the Ox to get a good glimpse of his fully erect penis.

"Impressive," the Ox commented, unable to hide the hunger in her eyes as she stared at his member.

"Should be," the Bull replied as she practically tore off her jumpsuit. "He's in the presence of the best fighters in league. He'd better be thankful for this."

"I-I sure am," Francis replied, remaining still as he watched the Bull slide his cock between her breasts.

Squeezing Francis's shaft between her tits, the Bull began to move up and down. As drops of pre-cum began to leak from his tip, she paused to grace his manhood with a loud burp. The smell was further spread by the rapid shaking of her bosom, ensuring both of her partners got a taste of her post-match breath mixed with her lingering body odor. As she continued to

move up and down, Francis dug his fingers into the armrests. Though he tried to hold out as long as possible, the Bull could tell he was close to finishing. Just as he was about to release, she ducked down her head to wrap her lips around his cock. Swallowing every last drop, she pulled away from his manhood to lick her mouth clean and let out a small belch.

“Alright, your turn,” the Bull said, standing up. “You better do something good for my man.”

“I have just the thing in mind,” the Ox replied, popping out of her suit and tossing it aside as she approached Francis. Making sure he could see the mischievous look on her masked face beforehand, she turned around to present her bare rear.

The Ox slammed her ass onto Francis’s lap. Trembling from both the impact and the leftover ripples going through the Ox’s doughy rear, it took a moment for him to recognize the noise coming from her intestines. As the sound reached its apex, the Ox raised her rear up an inch to crash down on his waist. A loud BRRAAAAAAPPPPP filled the room as the Ox blasted out a toxic fart. The smell overwhelmed Francis’s senses, his body going limp from the vibrations the eruption sent through his body. Powering through the gas cloud through sheer force of will, the Bull managed to see her boyfriend was already back at full erection.

“Finally ready to play again?” the Ox asked, wobbling her butt against his lap.

“You’d better not get any funny ideas,” the Bull commanded. “His dick is mine, you’re not allowed to put it in.”

“Awww, but he looks so needy,” the Ox teased, letting a squeaky fart pass by his member. “Can’t I do something for him?”

“You seem to know your way around, think of something.”

“Oh, I know just what to do then.”

Grabbing her fat ass cheeks, she sandwiched Francis's manhood between them. Making sure she had a vice grip-like hold on him, she began to gyrate her hips up and down. A moan parting his lips made her let out a childish giggle, coercing her to move faster. The rapid movement did the job of getting him closer to release at the cost of stirring up her digestive tract. She let loose with one explosive fart after another, seemingly increasing her own arousal as she sucked in her flatulence. With one final squeeze of her meaty rear, Francis released his seed across her back.

"What a waste," the Ox said, shaking her head as she reached for a towel to wipe herself off. "And I'm still horny too."

"Fine, you've done enough," the Bull remarked. "You," she said, pointing towards Francis. "Get on the ground. Your turn to take care of us. I don't want to hear any complaints either after what we've done for you."

"Yes mam," Francis replied, obediently getting down on the floor.

Turning Francis onto his back with her foot, the Bull motioned for the Ox to approach as she straddled Francis's waist. "Alright, give him more of that gas he likes so much. This perv seems to only get off when he's sucking down girls' farts."

"How naughty," the Ox commented, muffling Francis's response as she sat down on his face. "I'll make sure to give this little man just what he wants."

Wobbling back and forth to ensure Francis's head was properly lodged between her butt cheeks, the Ox let loose with her gas reserves. As Francis's nostrils and mouth were flooded with her flatulence, the Bull wrapped her fingers around his cock. The combination of the Ox's musk and the Bull's tight grip on his shaft gradually brought him back to full erection. Guiding his penis into the right position, the Bull lowered herself down with her womanhood grazing his tip.

“Alright, put that tongue to work you pervert,” the Bull called out to Francis. “The Ox put up quite the fight and was so kind to feed you her farts. You better show your gratitude.”

Francis replied by shuffling his head around until his mouth was pressed up against the Ox’s womanhood. Sticking his tongue out, he dragged it along to get a taste of the Ox’s dripping pussy. As he moved around her clit, she graced him with another outburst of gas to reward him for a job well done. Seeing that her man was doing what he was supposed to, the Bull figured it was time to give him the release he so desired.

The Bull slid Francis’s member inside of her without a second thought. Pressing her butt cheeks against his knees, she let loose with her own cloud of flatulence to permeate the room with her stink. Using her bulky legs, she began to squat up and down to ride his member to completion. Her smug smile lessened a bit as she gave into the feeling of pleasure, her personal toy her preferred method of getting herself off. Biting her lip to stifle her moans, she kept her hips moving long enough to reach her finish.

Francis was the first to release, his seed spilling inside of the Bull’s waiting womanhood. Body slick with sweat from her exercise, the Bull only needed a few more reps before her legs shook with orgasmic spasms. As the Bull sat down on the ground to bask in her post climax ecstasy, she watched the Ox finally get her own satisfaction, parting from Francis with one last fart to the face.

“Mmmm that was good,” the Ox commented, her body still shaking from her finish. “Up for one more?”

Hearing nothing from below, the Ox rolled off of Francis. He was completely passed out, the rise and fall of his chest assuring that he was fine, just exhausted. The Bull nodded her head,

knowing how far the two of them had pushed him. However, the same realization did not strike the Ox as she attempted to re-awaken Francis with a series of short farts up his nose.

“Come on,” the Ox said as she sprayed him with her gas. “I want another go.”

The Bull pushed her aside with a bump of her belly. “That’s enough. My little man needs his rest.”

“But I’m still not done yet,” the Ox whine, spreading her legs to show off her needy womanhood.

“Well tough shit,” the Bull replied. “Look in my drawer, I got a few dildos you can go fuck yourself with.”

“Orrrr,” the Ox said, waddling up to the Bull and pressing her hand against her cheek, “you could help me out.”

The Bull snatched up the Ox’s hand. “I told you, I’m the one in control here.”

The Ox laughed. “Is that so? Then why don’t you prove it?” Stomping over to the couch, she laid her body out across the cushions. “Let’s have a little competition.”

With a raised eyebrow and a curious mind, the Bull waddled towards her waiting teammate. “What kind of competition?”

“I’m sure you need more than just one go to get your satisfaction,” the Ox replied. “Why don’t we see who can get the other off first? Unless, you’re scared of course.”

Letting out a furious snort similar to her namesake, the Bull climbed up onto the couch. Sprawling across the Ox’s body, she ignored the various creaking noises of the couch protesting their combined weight. Nestling the Ox’s face between her legs, she set her sights on her waiting womanhood. “Just remember,” she said, ready to dive in, “you’re the one who asked for this.”

Just as the Bull's tongue grazed against the Ox's labia, she heard an all too familiar rumbling noise. A boisterous fart pushed her back from the Ox's groin. Reeling from the powerful odor, she was caught completely off guard as the Ox sucked on her clit. Although she was unable to see the Ox's face, she knew of the smug look in her eye that arose from her confidence.

Not to be deterred, the Bull deeply inhaled the Ox's gas cloud and dove back in. Powering through a series of farts, she came at the Ox's womanhood with long drags of her tongue. Pressing her fingers into her sides to move along her digestion, she returned the Ox's favor with a nasty fart of her own. The act made the Ox stop for a moment, reveling in the smell of the Bull's fragrant ass.

Both properly motivated to one up each other, they threw everything they had into making the other climax first. Their heads moved rapidly back and forth, taking each and every moan from their opponent as a sign they were getting closer to victory. A constant barrage of burps and farts from both competitors brought with it an increase in temperature that had had both slathered in each other's sweat. The combination of their gas and musk created an odor that would have knocked out anyone that dared to meet them in the ring. However, their training had adapted them to the smell, craving each other's foul odor as a means for increasing their pleasure. While neither had forgotten their lust for victory, that didn't stop them from enjoying each other's skill.

The Bull only began to worry when she felt the Ox center in on her weak point. Digging her fingers into the couch, the Bull doubled her efforts to finish off the Ox before the stimulation became too great. Jostling around her mouth with reckless abandon, she pushed out whatever reserves of gas she had in an attempt to slow her opponent down. In return, her open mouth was

left to suck up a combination of the Ox's juices alongside an explosion of flatulence that would have destroyed a lesser opponent.

Mere moments from reaching her limit, the Bull heard a euphoric cry echo against her labia. The Ox finished hard and fast, her body going limp mere moments after her release. With her victory ensured, the Bull finally allowed herself to finish. Lifting up her head to let her moan be heard throughout the room, she slumped back between the Ox's legs to catch her breath.

Jane came back to her senses as she felt the Ox trying desperately to lift herself off. Rolling off of her fallen opponent, Jane offered her a helping hand. The Ox graciously accepted, using the leverage to get into a sitting position and spread out.

"Good fight," the Ox admitted, wiping sweat off of her chins.

"It's not exactly what I'd call a fight," Jane said as she sat down next to her, "but I'll be damned if I didn't say it wasn't a challenge."

"After your manager wakes up and we get a chance to clean ourselves up, what would you say to going out to eat somewhere?"

"I'd be more than happy to oblige. It's the least I can do after the Ox was gracious enough to show me her best techniques."

The Ox shook her head. Taking off her mask, she whipped around her sweat slicked hair. Leaning up against Jane, she planted a kiss on her cheek. "You can call me Antonella."