It was the second day after leaving town and night has fallen, as the five women prepare their camp in the middle of the forsaken desert. Rita was on guard duty as Melody and Strea pitch the tents while Lauren and Nadalia start up a fire for their cooking.

“Let’s see what we have in my bag,” Lauren says to herself as she wiggles her bum, looking in her bag for their meal, as Nadalia sees and blushes as she tries to suppress her dirty thoughts.

“Fish maybe? Having jerky every time is kind of disgusting,” Melody said, both her and Strea done with the tents as they approach Lauren.

“You’ll definitely eat it all the time if it was coated in semen,” the catgirl jokes, though Melody doesn’t deny it.

“Please don’t violate my thoughts towards food like that,” Nadalia complains, Strea smirks at her.

“**You’ll** definitely eat anything that comes from Lauren’s lips,” she replies to Nadalia, as the knight blushes greatly and a fire is started up.

“Leave her alone, Strea,” Lauren said, smacking her head and shows off her find.

“Canned beans?” “Yup! The musical fruit that will make you toot!” Lauren said, tossing the can to Melody, who easily tears the top off easily before returning it to Lauren.

“What’s so musical about it? Do they sing or play instruments?” Nadalia asks, as Lauren pours the can’s contents into the pot above the fire.

“It’s just part of an old song associated with it, that’s all,” Lauren said, just as the sun faded under the horizon and the cold slowly settling in.

“Seeing how we spent most of the time traveling and never really stopping, we really hadn’t heard much about everything you know,” Nadalia inquires, the others nodding in agreement.

“I know a lot, but I’m not really the all-knowing god you guys think I am. Seeing how we’re in a different world with its science that easily surpasses the one in back in the Core Realm, I guess I could reveal a bit of it, if you’re interested,” Lauren said, Nadalia squeaking in glee as a giddy girl while the other two look at each other before shrugging their shoulders as they join her.

As the trapped god stirred the pot of beans, Lauren told bits and pieces of the technology they would encounter, such as the ice box for example. However, her audience were having a bit of trouble following along, thus Lauren had to find a different subject they could understand, which took several attempts to do. Melody and Strea were initially listening, but eventually had their attention drift away, while Nadalia feverishly recorded everything she could understand into her memories. A thick, spicy scent soon started wafting out of the pot and enter the women’s noses, their mouths watering a bit as Rita soon joins them.

“Something smells good. What we’re having, pussy cat?” The amazon asks Strea, just as Lauren pulls out some bowls to put the beans in.

“Canned beans; they’re suppose to be musical fruit,” Strea answers, Rita looking at her in confusion while the bowls were handed out to each girl, the amount of beans proportional to each girl.

“Well, it’s not musical on its own. It’s the aftereffects they cause that’s musical,” Lauren explains, eating up her own bowl of beans.

“So, it’s a catalyst?” Nadalia questions, Lauren nodding her head as she had her mouth full and swallows before further explaining.

“Yeah, once digested, the beans will enter the intestines, where it’ll be further broken down by bacteria and by consuming the sugars inside that mush, the bacteria will produce gas, where we expel it from our assholes, resulting in a fart.” Lauren explains, eating her food after finishing her explanation to the rest of the group.

However, they were tilting their heads as they tried to understand what Lauren said.

“Fart? Bacteria? I have no clue what you just said,” Melody replies as she had a quarter left, the shark girl’s words representing the confused party’s thoughts.

“Think of it as a burp, but from the butt,” Lauren simplifies it, but only drew a blank from the rest of her friends.

“You’re expelling air from your mouth or ass that came straight from your stomach,” Lauren said, getting ‘Oh’s from the others, but soon Rita soon asks a question.

“Wait! I can harbor a guess for why things have advanced in ‘science’ here instead of home, but why is something like that not common. In fact, I’m not really a scholar, but this ‘burp’ should be something that everyone should be aware of, as the idea behind it isn’t something you need a genius for, so why?”

“Because it’s gross and it’s something all of my brothers and sisters can agree on. Those belches can get very raunchy because of the mixture of food and bile, while farts can be even more vile then those,” Lauren explains, Strea scoffing at it.

“We been in covered in some funky stuff before, so how would they be any different?” Melody asks, Lauren raising her finger as she gathers their bowls.

“We’ve been in stomachs, semen, and bowels before, and despite the slime and seas of acid, it was as pleasant as it could get, especially when it stays where it should be. Right?” Lauren starts off, the other girls nodding their heads.

“If burps were to be introduced, then vomit would follow up, eventually literally as everything, and I mean everything, would come out from the mouth and get me started on feca… shit or butt mud as it will eventually follow behind farts,” Lauren finishes it off, all of them looking a bit of disgusted about the idea.

“Having something like mud sliding from my cheeks doesn’t sound nice,” Melody said, both her and Strea covering their butts.

“The idea of having the stomach following us when we’re out of it is definitely not something I would look forward to,” Rita adds in, passing her knife.

“While I am disgusted about it, I’m kind of curious of where this sh…” Nadalia asks, though she doesn’t finish it off and Lauren was quick to piece together what she was asking about.

“You can call it poop, Nadalia, and it comes from whatever that couldn’t be digested and absorbed into the body,” Lauren answers, Nadalia looking a bit satisfied at the answer as the divine human turns to get started on guard duty.

“Makes you really glad that we could absorb it all completely. Anyway, going to hit the sack,” Rita said, stretching a bit, Melody and Strea giggling at her words before Strea speaks up.

“Hey, Lauren! Since it’s related to the Hunger, you think you can activate it for a short bit. Just want to see the big deal with it. I won’t ask to go up your butt the next time I do something for you.”

Lauren mulls it over before sighing and turning to face her.

“Since I got a bit of my powers back, I guess I could do it for maybe… Five minutes, tops,” Lauren said, knowing that Strea won’t leave her alone as long as she had the idea in her head, while her eyes glow for a brief period.

Waiting for something to happen, eventually the girls begin to wonder if Lauren failed, Strea scrunching up her brows.

“Hey, I think your…”

Before Strea could say anything, Lauren walks up to her and opens her mouth as a ‘small’ burp comes out, hitting the neko in the face.

“It works, just temporary. So Strea, how is it?” Lauren asks slyly, stepping back as Strea wipes off the saliva from her face.

“Just as you said, gross, yet kinky,” she replies, Lauren frowning a bit before turning around bending over.

As Lauren stayed in that pose, everyone was starting to worry, Nadalia especially, and the knight soon walks over to her in concern.

“Lauren, what’s the… Ugh!” The Protective Core knight manages to say, before grimacing to a rotten pumpkin stench that soon reaches the others.

“Didn’t expect it to be smelling like pumpkins! So glad it was just an SBD I released, but now I’m really worried about my pumpkins back in the Core Realm,” Lauren said with a shit eating grin, standing up and wafting the smell away from her thick bum.

“So that’s a fart, huh? That stinks; I mean that really stinks despite it being all quiet like,” Melody complains, holding her nose.

“I’m feeling something coming up,” Rita states loud enough for the party to hear, just as a belch roars through her mouth and forces the women to cover their ears to prevent themselves from becoming deaf.

“Holy Fuck! If I didn’t know any better, that was a dragon’s roar!” Strea shouts, her hearing temporary lost from the burp.

“I really hope we didn’t get any attention from that,” Lauren said, looking around to see if anything heard the Amazon’s belch.

Rubbing her toned belly, Rita brings her fist to her mouth as another burp tears through her lips and judging from the loudness of it being muffled, it was obvious that if Rita removed her fist, her burps would either be equally or louder than her first one.

“So, you’re the burping type? Huh, I kind have known you were the type if the chance has ever come up,” Lauren said, Rita continuing to burp as the mini giant inspects her stomach.

“I think I’m like Rita, but in the opposite direction,” Melody states as she got up and scrunched her face to push out some anal winds as she stands in front of the fire.

A high-pitched squeal came from the shark girl’s buns for a few seconds as a faint, fishy smell hit them before something being burnt followed up.

“I would have expected something louder from you, Melody, though the smell kind of stinks. Call me disappointed,” Strea said, Rita nodding her head as her burps would interfere with her talking.

“Melody,” Nadalia begins, but was quickly cut off by the sharkess.

“Hang on, that was a practice one! I’ll get a better out of me,” the aqua kin replies, raising a leg and pushing on her belly downwards.

What came out wasn’t a fart, but a burst of flames roared forth, toasting Melody’s buns too much for her liking as she lets out a yelp and tries to put it out, running around if she was a headless chicken.

“I was trying to tell her that her butt was on fire,” Nadalia said apologetically, everyone watching Melody running around the campsite comedically.

“Don’t worry about it, Nadalia! I’m one at fault, as I forgot to mention that farts have a high chance of catching on fire,” Lauren replies as Melody finally kills the fire on her and crawls back, ass high in the sky as she whimpers miserably.

“Alright, Nadalia! It’s your turn now! Show us what you go-*Uuuuurrrrrrpppp!*” Strea belches, not really coming close to Rita’s belches, while the knight heals Melody’s burnt butt.

“I rather not do that, as I would like to breath some actual air,” Nadalia swiftly answers back, Strea now growing a smirk across her face.

“She’s up to something,” Rita, Lauren, and Melody thought as they hear the cat kin’s retort.

“You not going to embrace an act that Lauren did? If it was dangerous or stupid, maybe I would understand, but farting is neither of those two, so I don’t see any reason not to! Maybe you’re afraid you won’t impress your goddess here with your gassy prowess or perhaps, you think I’m superior to you and want to show it,” Strea goads, the other four’s eyes widening at this shameless display.

Rita wanted to scold her lover, but she kept her mouth shut as her cheeks puffed out from trying to keep her burps in as much as she could.

“Strea, isn’t that a bit too much to say,” Lauren said, hoping to stop it from going any further than it should, but Nadalia gets up with a series of poots behind her and belches out her reply.

“*Bbbbraaaaaapppppp!* You sure have some guts, Bandit Lord Strea! How about we end this once and for all. I’m sure you had these feelings in you as of I, or else you wouldn’t have taunted me like this,” Nadalia declares, Strea’s smirk now turning into a frown.

“That’s something we both agree on! Ever since we’ve journeyed together, you always have to find some way to say something about my past as a bandit. You know I quit that life a long time ago and everyone else here also knows it, so tell me why! Why won’t you give it a rest!? I won’t mind some jokes here and there, but that some of my time spent as a bandit saved our asses back then and will in the future!” Strea shouts, her face red as everyone else is stunned by her outburst.

Nadalia was given the biggest shock and was now trying to formulate an apology when Strea speaks more quietly.

“We’ll have a farting contest and whoever out farts the other wins. Winner then forces the loser to do one task and just only one. Sounds agreeable? If so, let’s end this stupid feud between us once and for all,” Strea said, a bit of her smile coming, though she still had an air of seriousness around her and sticks out her hand before spitting into it.

“Deal,” Nadalia said, though she was reluctant to touch the neko’s slimy hand.

Once they shook on it, Strea immediately walks over to Lauren and plops her ass onto the human/god’s face before pushing out a big meaty one for a few seconds, much to the flustering of Nadalia.

“Ah, fuck! That stinks! What the hell, Strea?” Lauren calls out in disgust as she pushes the cat kin off her face.

“W-w-w-w-w-what are you doing?” Nadalia stampers out, Strea looking at the knight as if she’s doing something out of common sense.

“We need a judge and Rita can’t talk as she keeps burping while Melody went to bed in her tent. Chances of her being apart of this is quite low after that accident of hers, leaving Lauren as the only choice. Besides, it was Lauren who introduced us to this, so she should take responsible for it,” Strea said, looking back at Lauren with a smile across her face at the last part of her statement and Lauren then scolds herself internally while she suffocates on the spoiled meat smell.

Looking at Lauren as she was coughing at the bowel winds Strea released at her, Nadalia hesitates for a moment and soon, the neko is at her side before the knight knows it, a mischievous smirk on her face.

“If want, you can ask Lauren to do the same to you when you’re both alone,” Strea whispers into Nadalia’s ear and a thick, red blush fills her face, despite the hostility towards the former bandit, before she walks in front of Lauren.

Nadalia immediately crinkles her nose in disgust as she smells the meaty flatulence Lauren was gagging on and almost backs down after seeing her lover in distress but turns around anyway.

“Sorry,” the knight mouths before sitting on Lauren’s face and ripping a series of poppers on her face.

Quickly jumping off, Nadalia stares at Lauren with worry as she reels back from the rotten vegetable smell she emitted while Lauren lays on her back, trying to get some actual air into her lungs.

“Are you alright?” Nadalia asks, Lauren looking around dazed as her mouth leaks out the gas that got inside.

“Yeah, I’m good. Your farts smells like… vegetables that been left out in the sun as they rot and then someone poured garbage on it,” she replies weakly, Strea popping into view.

“And mine?” “Meat that has been spoiled for too long and then something crawled onto it to die.”

As much as she enjoys being smothered by Nadalia’s behind, despite Strea joining in, the farts were **definitely** not something she would add in ever again and prayed that her power would run out eventually.

“Seeing how there’s no clear winner, let’s go for another round,” Strea said, getting ready to rip some more anal fumes out of her butt as she turns around to plant it on Lauren’s face.

For the next couple of minutes, Nadalia and Strea both fart on Lauren, each one matching the other in quality of their gas while Lauren was trying very hard not to pass out. Thankful, through some miracle, the god trapped mortal was just on the verge of blacking out and through out the fart contest, both contestants were on equal standings. However, Strea could feel that her gas tank was low and was panicking on how she could beat her foe, though, due to her being a powerful bandit lord, it wasn’t showing on her face.

“It’s almost been five minutes when Lauren awakened this ability, so I suggest we end it right now,” Nadalia said, addressing to her rival before facing Lauren.

“Lauren, this is the final round, so if you can bear with us a bit longer, this game of our will stop and you don’t have to see anymore farts. Okay?” She said in a very motherly tone and Lauren weakly nods to this, glad that she just has one more round left.

Gently settling her butt onto Lauren for the last time of the night, Nadalia grunts and tries to push out a gas bubble out of her body, until a thick smog comes out as a wet burst before finishing up as a high-pitched whistle. Nadalia sighs in relief as she gets up and sees Lauren is about to black out.

“I’m really sorry about this, Lauren! I got so worked up by Strea and her taunting that I couldn’t help but drag you into our stupid feud,” Nadalia apologizes, breathing fresh air into her lover as it cleanses Lauren’s lungs.

“I’m the idiot that introduced you to the concept, so I should at least bear some responsibility, though you will pay for it later. However, it seems that this match is over,” Lauren replies, Nadalia following Lauren’s line of sight towards Strea, as the cat kin has been struggling to push out a fart and was shaking her rump around to loosen up her bowels, the booty meat jiggling in her trousers.

“It’s seem to me that you are out of gas to release; meaning, I’m the winner of this!” Nadalia gloats to her competitor, smirking as Strea scowls back at her while she presses down on her gut.

“I! Won’t! Lose! To! You!” Strea growls, summoning every bit of power in her intestines to poison the air around her and suddenly, a beastly growl comes out of Strea’s tummy, making the others think that they were facing a very feral animal, up close and personal.

“It’s gonna be big,” Strea whimpers, her belly visibly rumbling as something large was racing through her insides before the explosion began.

PPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrr…

Strea moans as her cheeks jiggled from the ass eruption and everyone around her had to cover their ears once more to prevent themselves from being deaf, their eyes in shock as a thick, brown cloud was soon coming out of Strea’s bowels. Any of the meat smell was gone and replaced with the heavy scent of shit.

“Okay, this is cutting it too close!” Lauren thought as she witnesses the gas baby Strea was giving birth to and sees that one of her hands as at her crotch while the other is grabbing a handful her squishy butt.

…rrrrRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLLPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPTTTTTTTTTTTT!

The fart lasted for almost half a minute long and all the other women were ready to dry heave at this point from the toxic smell. Rita and Melody were knocked at the first scent, as they were downwind of Strea, while Nadalia and Lauren were still able to smell the ghastly monstrosity Strea created.

“I think… I think I orgasmed twice from that fart. Never knew it was… This arousing,” Strea said, huffing and puffing from forcing that massive fart out of her.

Nadalia was in too much shock that she couldn’t display her disgust towards Strea and it was a while until the death cloud diffuse for them to breath untainted air.

“At least we don’t have to worry about anything coming to us, but we should at least have someone taking watch,” Nadalia said, ready to take over, but Strea stops her.

“Wait! We still have a bet to finish off and it’s obvious I won this fart off, so get ready,” Strea said, getting up to her feet.

Nadalia grimaces, and looks to Lauren, but her lover gives her a face that it was something that couldn’t be backed out of and the fact that Strea is very persistent to her wants, made the knight sigh in defeat.

“Can’t we do-” “Right here and now!” Strea demands and Nadalia whimpers to Lauren for help but is only given a pat on the shoulder.

“Fine, what you want?” Nadalia said in voice so dead that Lauren felt bad for her, but a bet is still a bet.

“You’re going up my ass, willingly,” Strea said, the cat kin turning around and pushing her bum in Nadalia’s direction as she drops her trousers.

Nadalia clearly wasn’t keen with the idea, but drops to her knees and stares at the huge butt before her.

“No clothes,” Strea said, clearly happy at her rival's humiliation.

With a groan, Nadalia removes her gear and resumes her position before parting the heavy buns in front of her.

A quick, duck like fart hits Nadalia in the face, much to her displeasure, and earns a chuckle out of its creator.

“Guess I still had some left in me, so give it a kiss,” Strea giggles.

“Smelly…” Nadalia moans but kisses the orifice before her and Strea shivers greatly.

Lauren was getting very jealous as Nadalia made out with Strea's asshole for a couple of minutes before Strea felt it was time.

“Alright… Nadalia… It’s time… To get into your… Tent,” Strea pants, relaxing her anus and Nadalia begrudgingly enters slowly.

Strea moans at every move Nadalia made as she slowly manoeuvred her way into Strea’s guts and Lauren was doing everything she can not to tear Nadalia out of there before yelling at the former bandit.

“If you want, you could join her as you’ll be able to negate being digested and have some fun with her,” Strea comments, sharply breathing as Nadalia pushes in her head into her rectum.

“Thanks for the offer, but seeing how our friends are occupied and the fact we need someone fight worthy on watch duty, I’ll pass,” Lauren replies, Strea shrugs her shoulders before shuddering once more when Nadalia’s shoulders popped in.

“Omf! That’s good! Sorry, your loss anyway,” Strea moans, Lauren grinding her teeth as she sees her lover’s breasts enter the ex-bandit.

Strea continues to masturbate, already climaxing a few times, as she slurps up the knight to her hips and Lauren was starting to get horny as she watches the juices flow from Nadalia’s nethers.

“She’s getting aroused by this? Thanks to that now, I’m getting horny,” Lauren thought, half wanting to plunge her hand into her own pussy.

The pussy girl was able to get past Nadalia’s ass, leaving the knight’s legs wiggling out, and it didn’t take long for those to vanish, a quick fart exiting her rear.

“Whew, that was great! Ah! It seems I wasn’t the only one that enjoyed it,” Strea said, turning to see Lauren pleasuring her clit, the catgirl’s belly stretched out with the knight inside.

“Yeah, yeah! So, you two won’t fight anymmmmmooooorrrrreeeee?” Lauren moans, coming to an orgasm.

“There maybe a bit of quips being exchanged, but as long as nothing serious pops up, I think we’ll be good,” Strea answers honestly as Lauren shuts down Strea’s digestion system temporary.

“We got a long ride ahead of us, so go to sleep,” Lauren said, Strea nodding in agreement before heading to her tent, her belly wobbling with Nadalia inside.

For the next hour, Lauren patrols a bit before quietly entering the tent Strea is in and sees she’s out. Sneaking to the bandit, Lauren hopes she doesn’t wake Strea up as she removes the blanket and quietly activates her ability to remove Nadalia out of Strea, once more getting hit in the face by a fart. Nadalia was asleep when she came out naked and Lauren quickly checks on Strea, noting she was still asleep. Not taking any chances, Nadalia is immediately taken to her tent and cleaned by Lauren (with great pleasure) until there was no more anal juice on her.

“It’s really too close! Better wipe it out before it becomes too problematic,” Lauren whispers to herself, her hand slightly covering brown splotches on the rag she used to wipe Nadalia.

Using more of her divine powers, a bag appears in front of Lauren and she quickly checks its contents, which was finely powered, purple dust.

“Despite it not being a lot in this form, it’s more than enough for four people,” Lauren thought as she exits the tent and faces all the tents before blowing the dust towards them.

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It was the morning of the third day of their travels, but for some reason most of the group was in confusion.

“Why does my ass hurt?” Melody asks, rubbing her huge butt.

“You fell onto the fire, Melody,” Lauren answers, smiling as she leads the group.

“I feel like I somehow one upped her, but I can’t remember it,” Strea said, scratching her head as she searched through her memories, but didn’t recall anything from the previous night.

“I also feel that something terrible happened to me, involving Strea, but I also can’t recall as way. Lauren, do you know what happened last night and why it stank over there?” Nadalia asks, tilting her head cutely.

“Some of the food went bad, real bad, and I got rid of it. Anyway, you guys got all drunk and made a bit of a ruckus, telling stories of your sexual life,” Lauren answers quickly.

“I don’t recall drinki-” Rita said, only to be interrupted by Lauren.

“Looks like a sandstorm is heading our way! Better get a move on,” Lauren shouts, the others following suit and they would continue on until the night of the fourth day of their travels, where they encountered a certain spider herm.