It wasn’t that Patty hated Olivia. She was indifferent to her. They had exchanged less than five words before the soccer tryouts and only three words after. Granted, those three words were “go” and “fuck yourself”, but honestly, that was pretty tame for Patty.

Their relationship had been tense ever since.

Okay, so Olivia had been playing soccer since she was 7 and had been on a couple of travel teams. Alright, so she had a dozen trophies and medals. Sure, she had led the team to the playoffs the year prior and knew all of the other girls. Patty had scored more goals; that should have made her captain. Was Olivia fucking the coach or something?

Patty had cornered another girl after the tryouts who, under threat of a thorough gassing, revealed that no, Olivia was not fucking the coach. The coach’s wife probably wasn’t fucking the coach.

Back to square one.

“It’s like, you think these things are merit based and then shit like this happens,” Patty said one afternoon, pushing her ass off of the locker door. The boy inside coughed as the fumes of her latest fart dispersed through the grate.

“They should be,” he simpered. “They really should be.”

“Right,” Patty agreed. “So what does Olivia have that I don’t?”

There was silence from the locker for ten whole seconds.

“She’s… less assertive?”

“Wrong answer,” Patty sneered, shoving her ass back up against the grate.

***BBBrrrAaaaAaaAAFffFFFTTT!***

The sewage smell leaking from her rear only stopped when the boy started pounding on the metal door, causing a ruckus. With a final laugh, Patty lifted her leg, leaving him with a fart for the road.

***BBBlllLLLLRrRRRTT!***

The warmth in her jean shorts let her know that it was a spicy one. As the boy’s cries for help echoed down the hall, she whistled to herself, making for the teacher’s lounge. Maybe one of her other playthings would have some advice.

She found Mr. Lanyard sitting at his desk, a cup of coffee gripped in his right hand. He was leaning forward over his computer, engrossed in his work, and didn’t notice the redhead until her lips were right up against his ear:

“Boo!”

“Ah, fuck!”

Hot coffee dribbled down the handsome teacher’s shirt as he dabbed himself with a napkin, still swearing under his breath.

“Patricia,” he said.

“Mr. Lanyard,” she responded.

“To what do I owe the pleasure?”

“I require a teacher’s advice.”

His eyes darted towards the door. Whether he was searching for an exit or merely checking to see if the coast was clear, Patty didn’t know, nor did she particularly care. Her thumb brushed up against the teacher’s cheek, causing him to tremble.

“Aren’t you naughty,” she whispered. “Anticipating something?”

“You leaving me alone,” he mumbled.

Patty snapped at his neck, causing him to flinch. Grinning, she pulled away.

“I was just wondering if you had any dirt on Mr. Congrero.”

“The history teacher?”

“The very one.”

Mr. Lanyard spread a hand across his face. When it became clear that Patty wasn’t going to just disappear, he sighed.

“I know nothing about the man,” he said. “He’s a private guy. No scandals, no drunken confessions at the Christmas party. I dunno, he keeps to himself. Collects baseball cards. Used to play soccer in college, but then he got fat. What more do you want?”

“I want,” Patty said, “to know why Olivia is the soccer captain and not me.”

“Probably because you’re a brat,” Mr. Lanyard said before covering his mouth.

Patty’s smile widened.

“Is that so?” she asked, her voice quiet. “Is that what you think?”

“N- no,” Mr. Lanyard mumbled. “That was wrong to say to a student. I apologize. I’m sure it’s something else.”

“Are you sure? Because if someone were to walk in here right now with my shirt all torn and my pants down, that would look really bad.”

“What?”

Patty clasped the bottom of her V-neck and tugged. It split down the middle, exposing her lacy, black bra. Mr. Lanyard gazed down at her creamy skin for a second before gulping. His shoulders lowered in surrender.

“What do you want?” he asked.

“Oh, it’s not about what I want anymore,” Patty said, thrusting her thumbs into the waistband of her jean shorts. “It’s about what I need.”

“What do you need?” Mr. Lanyard asked through numb lips. He couldn’t peel his eyes away from the fringe of her underwear now visible.

“What I really need,” Patty whispered, “is to let loose a huge, stinky fart, but I can’t seem to find a good place to put it. Do you have any ideas?”

Mr. Lanyard’s face went white.

“C’mon Patty.”

“Are those footsteps I hear? Might be a teacher. Ugh, this gas is so bad that I think I need to scream. Do you want me to scream, Mr. Lanyard?”

He shook his head. Patty laughed and played with his hair as he leaned forward, eyes closed. Slowly, she turned and pressed his face deep into her crack. Her jean shorts hit the ground with a thump.

“Thank you for your help,” she said sweetly.

***FFFRRrRRRTT!***

Patty felt the giant bubble swell in her colon before it released in a fiery gust right against Mr. Lanyard’s nose. He squirmed as she held him there, face in her panties, until the smell started to seep through the fabric, marinating his face in the wonderful aroma of her bowels. Once he was sufficiently smothered, she released him, pulling her pants back up with a jerk and not a moment too soon. The door to the teacher’s lounge opened a second later, admitting a man that Patty didn’t recognize.

“Afternoon, Reese,” he grunted. “Did someone microwave egg salad in here or somethin’?”

Patty didn’t hear Mr. Lanyard’s response. She had already slipped out of the side door

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Three days later and still no answers.

Patty had questioned everyone who might have known something about the baffling affair and so far, all she had gotten were groans of “quit sitting on me” and “it smells”. Useless drivel. She had even switched up her tactics, using her breasts to entice a pair of football players to spill all they knew about Olivia. The most they had heard was that she had dated a boy named Ethan Grier and that as far as they could tell, she didn’t put out.

“I mean, she’s funny though,” one of the guys said. “Like, straight-A student, but friendly type. No parties, big into sports, plays an instrument. Violin, maybe?”

“Are you sure you know nothing else?” Patty said, tugging her shirt lower. The guy’s mouth went slack for a moment before his brain started to spin again.

“Nothing,” he said. “And, uh, could I get your number?”

Dead ends, dead ends, and more dead ends. Patty was at the dead end of her patience as she stripped off her soccer clothes, placing her dirty socks in her locker. Cleats and shin guards she threw in her backpack, but she was too sweaty to switch into her normal clothes and the shower in the girl’s locker room was still broken. Digging the tight fabric of her soccer shorts out of her crack, she pondered her options. Most of the other players had gone home.

“Good shit out there,” one of them had called over her shoulder. “Game day, next Saturday. You ready?”

“Totally,” Patty had grunted back.

She didn’t know what she was waiting for. Maybe she would try to find the coach to ‘convince’ him of the error of his ways, but she knew from rumors that the most she would get from gassing the guy would be a horny teacher on her hands and she already had enough of those. Maybe she could swallow him. Yeah, that would give him a scare. Swallow him and then make him promise to make her captain or she’d digest.

Or, well, no, because if she did that, he wouldn’t exactly be able to make her captain. She needed a way to do it where the other girls would acknowledge her.

And that’s when Olivia walked into the locker room.

She stopped dead in the doorway as Patty’s head snapped up, but after a few seconds of hostile staring, she clicked her tongue and took another step forward.

“Patty,” she said. “Good work today.”

“Oh really?” Patty asked. “Was it?”

“Well, it was okay.”

Patty’s hand clenched at her sides.

“Maybe you didn’t get a good look from so far down the field,” she said. “I thought you were supposed to be a forward.”

“Might be why you get so many offsides calls,” Olivia said with a shrug. “Doesn’t seem like you can tell the difference.”

“Bitch.”

“And there we go! Name-calling, folks! She’s the pinnacle of intellect.”

Patty leapt to her feet. Olivia raised her hands.

“I’ll have you know that I took boxing lessons for three years,” Olivia said. “You sure you want to do this, tits?”

“Oh, I’m sure,” Patty said, cracking her knuckles.

“You know, I don’t see what the fuck your problem is. I didn’t say jack shit to you and you’ve been acting like I killed your fucking dog or something just because you didn’t get the captain position. Who even wants the captain position? It just makes you a target on the field.”

“Then maybe you should just give it to me.”

“No,” Olivia said quietly. “I don’t think I will.”

They lunged at each other.

There was a brief period of time where Olivia might have come out on top. Her left fist connected with Patty’s jaw, sending her head snapping to the side, but just as she moved forward to finish the fight, Patty grabbed the front of her shirt and dragged her down to the ground where her weight and ferocity carried her to the win. Sweaty and bleeding, Patty sat atop her bested prey. Her ass hung over Olivia’s face. Her legs pinned down Olivia’s arms.

“Get the fuck off of me,” Olivia wheezed. “You smell like shit.”

“Give me the captain position,” Patty said.

“That isn’t how this works! Now get off of me or I’m going to tell everyone on the team you’re some obsessed loser freak who had a breakdown the minute she- mmrf!”

Patty sat down hard. When she could feel Olivia’s nose pressed firmly in her crack, she gave a little wiggle. Olivia’s head moved with her.

“Oh shut up,” Patty said. “You think you’re such hot shit just because everyone on the team loves you. I guess it’s time to show you what being *hot shit* is really like.”

She continued to press down on Olivia to keep her from screaming as she thrust her fingers beneath her waistband. There was a damp squelch when she pulled them over her rear - they really were sweaty - but before Olivia could make a break for freedom, she sat back down, smothering her with her bare rump.

It was 7 o’clock. Practice had gone late, so there shouldn’t have been anyone else in the building and Patty knew from previous excursions that the night janitor didn’t come till 9. Nobody would disturb them.

“Poor Olivia,” she said slowly. Her freckled ass came up and she felt her captives' breath pool against her pucker. “What am I going to do with you?”

“Lemme go,” Olivia grunted. “Patty!”

Her hands slapped against the tile, but Patty had her pinned. She could kick, sure, and perhaps if she was more flexible, she might have been able to buck her feet up into Patty’s chin. Unfortunately, she couldn’t, so she wriggled like a worm.

A smile was spreading across Patty’s lips. A solution had presented itself at last. If the captain were to go missing, then the position would fall to the next eligible member and if that member wasn’t Patty… well, she’d make sure that it was.

“Alright, Olivia,” she said, lifting herself once more. “I’ll let you go. There’s just one thing you have to do for me.”

“What?”

“Lick my ass.”

Patty felt Olivia blanch.

“You can’t be serious,” she said. “You’re so fucking gross, Patricia Patootie.”

“I am serious,” Patty said. “If you want me to let you up, you’re going to have to lick my gross, sweaty ass, and I want you to go in deep.”

“And if I say no?”

“I think I feel a fart coming along.”

That got Olivia moving. She hesitated at first, pressing her lips against the wide crescent of Patty’s cheeks before scooting them toward her twitching pucker. When she reached it, she gulped, then Patty felt the warmth of her tongue spreading over her ass.

“Deeper,” she sighed, pressing back against the tongue. “Deeper.”

Olivia skirted the rim for a few seconds to prepare herself. Her hands were clenched into claws at her sides and her legs were as stiff as a board. If she could have bitten Patty, she would have, but nobody could open their mouth *that* wide, at least not with a full grown girl sitting on their throat. So, once she could stall no longer, Olivia plunged her tongue into Patty’s ass.

***SHLURP!***

In the blink of an eye, Patty relaxed her asshole and pushed herself down, slurping Olivia’s face into her colon. She might have gotten away with it, too, if she hadn’t let up on her legs long enough for Olivia to wrestle a hand free.

“Ow!”

Jagged, pink nails dug into Patty’s thigh. Patty felt her weight shift as Olivia threw herself to the side. She slammed into a locker as Olivia slammed into a bench. They glared at each other for a second. Two. Olivia’s eyes were wild. Her blonde hair was matted from its dip in Patty’s bowels and there was a smear of brown upon her chin. Patty, on the other hand, looked calm. She could feel her trump card bubbling its way down her colon. All she had to do was find a way to get Olivia back under her.

“You look good like that,” she taunted, pulling up her shorts. “But you’re going to look better on my ass.”

“I am going to break your fucking jaw,” Olivia said, and after, no more words were exchanged.

Olivia’s fist shot out, catching Patty in the shoulder. The smaller girl reeled, using the momentum to spin as another blow glanced off of her tits. Crouching low, she charged, and Olivia was unable to stop her as she pushed her over the bench.

***WHUMPH!***

Patty didn’t have time to pin Olivia like she had done before. She merely raised her ass and forced it onto Olivia’s face, loosing the pressure that had been building against her pucker:

***GGwwweeeERrRTTTBbbRRrrAaaAaAAAAP!***

Bullseye. Patty didn’t even have to look behind her to know that Olivia had been stunned. The poor girl’s toes curled as the raucous blast of hot air hit her square in the nose. The smell that seeped out was enough to make Patty gag.

“Ho-ly hell,” she whistled, rubbing it in. “What did I eat? If I had kept my shorts off for that one, you’d probably be deaf right now, though it seems that the nylon is doing a good job of trapping in the scent. How did that feel, bitch? Too dazed to talk? Well, then, let’s try something like this.”

With a quick flick of her fingers, she undid the strap on her shorts and pulled them down around her thighs to reveal a pair of striped panties. Olivia shuddered as they descended onto her head. She was slumped over the side of the bench with her arms laid flat at her sides. Even with Patty’s asshole twitching over her mouth, she could do nothing but groan as another slimy ass blast exploded over her.

***PPFfrrrrBBlllLRrrrrrrrRRRTTBbbbLLLLRrrRRRT!***

“That one was wet,” Patty said with the air of an Olympic panelist. “Fetid might be the word to describe it, or perhaps ‘ripe’. I certainly wouldn’t want to be on the receiving end of a bowel buster like that. Phew, my asshole is still clenching! Can you feel it? I bet you can. Bet you wish you had just given me the captain position now, but hey, I can’t say I won’t enjoy this.”

A muffled sob accompanied Olivia’s feeble attempt to fill her lungs with anything but the pungent odor of Patty’s farts. Unfortunately, their tumble had knocked the air out of her and now there were only the bubbling, methane scented emissions to breathe.

***BBBrrrTT! FFrrrAaaAP! BBlllAAaAART!***

Patty’s stomach gurgled as the three farts echoed against the lockers. What *had* she eaten? Oh, now she remembered. She had been hoping to catch Michael Cornersby after class and had prepared with a half dozen lunchroom burritos and pizza. No wonder she was able to produce such greasy belly bombs; soccer practice had only shaken her up, making it easier to drop them all on Olivia’s dumb face.

“Nobody’s coming,” Patty said, kneading her hands into Olivia’s muscular thighs. “Maybe your parents will notice when you aren’t home, but by then you’ll just be a lump of dough. I thought about swallowing you to make it quicker and then I thought, nah, it will be so much better for you to have to wind your way through my intestines. I hear it can be pretty nasty in there. Remember Judith from freshman year? She spent a whole day with only my farts for company once and when she came out, she straight up quit school and moved! I mean, how bad does it have to be for someone to do that? I guess you’ll find out, but then again, the only place you’ll be moving is through the sewers. You ready for that, Olivia? Huh? Here, let me give you a taste of what’s to come.”

Lifting herself slightly, Patty wriggled out of her panties. She was about to throw them onto her pile of clothes when she had a better idea.

“Here,” she said, shoving them into Olivia’s mouth. “Hold onto these for me.”

Before Olivia could gag them up, she sat back down. Now came the real fun.

***PHrraaBBllarrrGggrrRlllRrrrrRRrrrrRRRTT!***

One day, Patty would have to look into the *Guiness Book of World Records*. Was there a category for farts? If so, she’d probably hold a few of them:

*Longest, wettest fart.

Smelliest fart as judged by a panel.

Loudest, raunchiest fart.*

Honestly, it was an art form what she was doing and Olivia was her captive audience - an unwilling participant in a contest she had no hope of winning. The heat from Patty’s latest flatulence had blown the hair away from her forehead, exposing the whites of her eyes. If it wasn’t for her slight twitches, Patty might have thought she was unconscious.

“I normally save these for people who owe me homework,” she said, allowing Olivia a breath of fresh air. “But this is a special occasion. Once, Mr. Lanyard gave me detention for chewing gum in class and I ate a whole tub of beans, artichokes, and asparagus beforehand. Dude probably had to take, like, 8 showers to wash out the smell. How do those panties taste? Good? I’ll freshen them up for you.”

***FffrrraaaRrrRRTTT!***

“There you go. Nice and warm. Do you still want the captain position? Huh? Oh wait, I can’t hear you under my fucking ass.”

Patty rose onto her knees and Olivia’s face came with her, stuck between her cheeks. With a grunt, Patty started to slurp.

Her asshole suctioned over Olivia’s nose, twitching, before it spread to consume her face and neck. If Olivia hadn’t been reeling from her time beneath Patty’s cheeks, she might have been able to push herself away, but after ten minutes of non-stop gas, she could only watch in horror as the great, pink, pulsating tube of Patty’s intestines closed in around her. Patty’s asshole sealed around Olivia’s neck with a snap, plunging her into darkness.

“There,” Patty sighed, suppressing a shudder. “No escape for you this time. There’s only one way in and one way out. If I liked you, I might have made it more comfortable, but I don’t, so you’re going to get the full treatment. Lucky you.”

Olivia reached up and pushed on Patty’s ass. There was no strength left in her arms and yet she did what she could, burying her hands in Patty’s doughy cheeks until they fell, burning, to her sides. Patty thought she heard a sob, but it might have just been gas. Grinning, she continued to slurp.

Neck, shoulders, arms. Olivia was slurped up Patty’s ass like an oversized noodle, carried along by the slick muscles of her intestinal walls.

The inside of Patty’s bowels were noisy. Flesh glided over flesh. Passages parted in gooey waves, lathering Olivia in unspeakable filth. Patty’s stomach rumbled overhead and her intestines rumbled all around, indistinguishable from her position, but felt upon every inch of her skin as she curled into Olivia’s colon. There was pressure, too. Sometimes the intestines would squeeze and sometimes they would give. Always, she was surrounded by the weight of human meat.

Patty waited until Olivia was up to her waist to start gassing her again. She had leaned forward over the bench, allowing her oversized breasts to sag onto the tile floor as her shirt lifted with the form of her prey. If she had to describe the feeling of being stuffed, she would have said that it felt like being tickled. Her spasms were involuntary and every small touch - every brush against her intestines elicited a visceral response, only instead of an unpleasant tightening of the muscles, it was a warm, erotic relaxation that ebbed and flowed. It felt good to be full. It felt even better to experience the sensation of being literally wrapped around another human being, carrying them like a parcel before breaking them down. Patty could only barely contain her gasps of pleasure, so to distract herself, she returned to torturing her prey.

***BBBllrrrrRrrRRrrRRrRRRRRRTT!***

“Oh fuuuuuck,” Patty groaned as the fart rumbled out around Olivia. Her intestines expanded to force the gas past her head, her chest, and her legs before it burst from her rear in a noxious cloud.”That was bad.”

There was a bang as Olivia drove her knee up into the bench, followed by a cry of pain. Patty chuckled, slurping the rest of Olivia into herself with a final, fatal *shlick.*

“There you go,” she said, patting her stomach. “Enjoy your new home, turd nerd.”

Olivia’s ears were still ringing from the last fart. Patty’s bowels were hot - hotter than anything - and her gas added to the sauna-like quality, penetrating Olivia’s senses until her head was swimming with it. She was constantly in motion, squeezed from all sides by the intestines and yet slipping through inch by inch, up then down, heedless of the unseen excrement that smeared across her skin. When Patty touched her through her abs, it was like being prodded through a thick winter jacket. She could feel it, but barely.

“Smell good in there?” Patty’s muffled voice said. “You’ll have to forgive the mess. I haven’t cleaned it out in a while, but we’re such good friends that I didn’t think you’d care. Fuck, I wish I had an x-ray machine or something right now. I’ll bet you look so funny. Is this your face?”

The intestines pressed in around Olivia’s ass.

“Nope, it’s a bubble butt! Maybe if you weren’t so fat, you could move up and down the field better, not that it matters anymore. The only thing you’ll be moving up and down is my colon! Do you have a boyfriend? I thought it would be funny if I seduced him with you still in my gut, but everyone said you’re a virgin. Shame.”

***GGGLLllRrrRRrrRRTT!***

Another bubbly fart raced past Olivia’s ears. The further she went, the wetter they got.

It still hadn’t registered to her where she was yet. She understood on some fundamental level that she was inside of Patty, but the total darkness and the lack of fresh air had discombobulated her to the point where everything felt like she was experiencing it through a thin layer of cellophane.

***FFFrrrTTT! FFrrrRRRTTT! FFrrAaAAAAAAAAP!***

Patty let loose three gut busters in quick succession, licking her lips as the sound ricocheted throughout the locker room. Olivia had gone still inside of her, which wasn’t a concern. If anything, the poor girl had probably given in to shock and was now gaping open-mouthed as Patty filled her with every nasty scent imaginable. As for Patty, however…

She was leaning against the bench with her stomach between her legs. Swallowing Olivia had been exhilarating and digesting her would be equally fun, but then there was the matter of disposal. If she slept in the school and shat Olivia out in the morning, someone would find the remains. Conversely, if she tried to walk home and got spotted, then she would probably be questioned by police. She needed a ride, but who could she call for help that wouldn’t immediately rat her out?

Patty thought for a minute and then a slow grin spread across her face. Heaving herself upright, she made her way to Olivia’s locker. With any luck, her phone would still be inside of it.

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When Michael Cornersby showed up, he took one look at Patty and turned on his heel. She grabbed him by the scruff of his neck.

“Where do you think you’re going?” she asked.

Her belly bumped into his back. Sweat trickled down his forehead.

“N- nowhere,” he stuttered. “I t- thought-”

“That you were meeting someone else?” Patty asked. She leaned forward so that her tits sagged onto his shoulders. Patty might have been short, but Michael was shorter.

“O- Olivia,” he said. “She texted. Seemed urgent.”

“Olivia,” Patty sighed. Her stomach was easing its way up Michael’s back, lifting his shirt. They were skin to skin, with only a few inches between the boy and her captive. “Yeah, I think she’s nearby, but I also need a ride. You got space in your car?”

Michael gulped. He looked like he was on the verge of saying no, but then he realized that he was alone in a parking lot with Patty. The only light came from the streetlamp across the road and he knew from experience that if she had a mind, there wasn’t much she wouldn’t do to him in the dark. His hands went instinctively to his nose.

“Yeah,” he said. “I’ve got space in my car. We’ll have to wait for Olivia first, though.”

“Michael?”

“Hmm?”

“Turn around.”

Michael turned, trembling, and caught sight of Patty’s stomach for the first time. Even in the dark, he could see the handprints. His face went a chalky white.

“T- that’s not…” he whispered. “You didn’t.”

“I did,” Patty said, grabbing his shoulders. “And you want to know what else?”

Michael’s knees knocked together as Patty’s lips came close to his ear.

“I did it with my ass.”

The groan that escaped his lips told Patty everything she needed to know. She released him and he stumbled backwards clutching his chest. The fear in his eyes was palpable.

“That’s terrible,” he said. “Patty, that’s… that’s fucked up!”

“I know!” she laughed, spinning in a small circle. Her belly sloshed with her. “Oh, and she’s been having a rough time in there. Screaming and pounding. Unf. Feels twice as good as having your stupid face locked between my thighs.”

Michael’s cheeks went red. He glanced at Patty’s stomach, then back at her eyes. She winked at him.

“She’s not coming out,” she said.

“R- right,” Michael said. “So you’re going to… going to… ”

Patty waved her hand in a circle, but when he failed to complete the sentence, she did it for him:

“Digest her, yes.”

Another groan made Patty tingle. She really liked the sounds he was making.

“I was hoping you could give me a ride home so that I could digest in peace,” she said. “Will there be any problem with that?”

“Patty.”

“Will there be any *problem* with that?”

Patty’s hips twisted, giving him a perfect view of her semi-enlarged ass. The fabric of her sports shorts was stretched to its breaking point.

“You c- can’t just threaten me with that,” Michael said. He stood up a little straighter. “This is serious.”

“I know it’s serious,” Patty said. “That’s why I came to you.”

“To me?”

Michael flinched as Patty’s stomach bumped against him again, but it was the only way she could lean close enough to kiss his cheek. When she pulled away, he was as red as a tomato.

“I like you,” Patty said. “It’s why I tease you so much?”

“Really?” Michael gulped.

“Yes,” Patty half-lied. “Honestly, you’re the only one that I’d trust with this little secret.”

Michael’s eyes flicked to her breasts, then to her lips, then to her ass. After lingering there for a moment, they settled on her stomach where a series of lumps had appeared. Olivia was thrashing about. What Michael didn’t know was that she was thrashing about because Patty was holding in the nastiest fart of her life.

“So you’ll go out with me?” he pressed. “I- is that it?”

“I don’t really want to rush things,” Patty said. “But maybe a little alone time in an empty classroom could be arranged.”

That got him moving. Michael took a step backwards, almost slamming into his car. He fumbled for the keys, dropped them, then gestured for Olivia to get in on the passenger’s side as he slammed his head into the door frame. Smirking, Olivia folded herself into the tiny Volvo.

“Thanks,” she said as Michael buckled his seatbelt, “but can I make one request.”

“Yeah?” Michael asked expectantly.

“Could you crack a window?”

---

By the time Patty flopped onto her bed, Olivia was already sliding into her stomach.

“The poor boy,” Patty said. “His car’s going to smell like sewage for weeks! I was so surprised when he leaned in for a kiss at the end. Bet he didn’t expect a burp in his face; that was unladylike of me. Oh well!”

3 hours in Patty’s bowels had sapped most of the strength that Olivia had left in her body. As the knot that led into Patty’s stomach cinched over her neck and her face broke into the cavernous enclosure, Olivia cried with relief. Needles ran down the sides of her arms which had been bent at her sides since her capture. Her crooked back unbent with a glorious pop only to be forced into a fetal position as her hips and legs slid in as well, completing the cycle.

Then things got quiet.

Olivia could hear Patty’s heart thudding overhead as well as the wet undulations of the walls as they closed around her, but compared to the constant rumble of the intestines, the relative quiet of the stomach was like music to her ears; at least until Patty started belching.

***GGWwwooOOooOOuuuRRRP!***

“Oof,” Patty said.

Her stomach had rounded out between her breasts. She could see Olivia clearly, curled up amidst her half-digested lunch, but with her admission into her stomach came a sluggishness that Patty wasn’t used to. It was like three Thanksgiving dinners rolled up into one, slow-burning meal that she was sure would take all night, not that she wasn’t looking forward to it.

“Tired?” she asked. “Don’t worry, you don’t have that much longer. If you had just given up the position, none of this would have happened, but no, you had to go and call me names. I was so nice to you, too! We could have been friends, right?”

She couldn’t hear all of Olivia’s response, but it sounded a lot like ‘let me out of her you crazy fucking bitch’.

“Don’t be that way,” Patty crooned. Her back had sunken into the mattress, creating a comfortable divot. The longer she stayed still, the more the urge to sleep pressed upon her. “This shouldn’t hurt. Well, no, that’s a lie, but it shouldn’t hurt for long. Just relax and let my, *yawn,* belly do the work. By morning, you’ll just be a… just be a…”

But Olivia would never get to learn what she would be, because at that point, Patty fell asleep, and as she promised, it didn’t hurt.

Or at least, not for long.

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130 pounds of shit creates a lot of pressure. Luckily, Patty had quite the solution.

“Fucking hell,” she said, heaving herself out of bed. “This is just like with Mrs. Close.”

Careful not to open her ass fully, Patty bent her knee to her chest and, standing on one leg, let loose a torrent of gas.

***BBBbrrrRrRrRRrrRRRrrrrRRRTTT!!!***

“Fuuuuuuuck!”

Sleep weighed heavily on her shoulders as she lowered her leg. She had tossed and turned all night, seeking a comfortable spot for her stomach. Every time she turned, a bone would dig into her gut and she’d have to adjust, either crunching it down or waiting until it dissolved in the miasma that was now her intestinal tract. There was also the dull aching that came with the rapid reacquisition of fat. Her boobs and ass were still tender from their growth spurt.

“Guess it’s gonna be loose shirts and track pants for a while,” Patty said, fingering the hem of her camisole. The bust had stretched so far that it covered nothing. “I’m gonna look damn good in those soccer shorts, though.”

An urgent gurgle got her on the move. Her stomach swung from hip to hip as she shoved her way out of her room and into the hallway. She could hear her younger brother snoring from one door down, but she wasn’t worried about waking him. It was only after she realized that it was past 9 and her older brother was at work that she continued moving.

“Not to be disrespectful,” Patty said, peeling off her shorts, “but do you mind if I relieve myself on top of you? No? Thanks.”

Her ass splayed out on the toilet seat as she leaned back. There was a pleasant slurp as her colon released everything it had been saving through the night.

***PPhhrGggRrrrRrRRRTTTT!***

The first log came out with relative ease, followed by a long, coiling mass of rancid brown shit. Patty sat with her cheeks in her hands, flushing occasionally, but mostly enjoying the sensation of purging what used to be her rival. Her stomach shrank as her intestines closed around each log until, finally, it was back to normal.

Mostly normal.

“Little pudge,” Patty said, drumming her fingers on her gut. “But not bad! It will be easy to work off on the field. You were a lot better going down than going up, I must admit, but a stay in my stomach usually corrects any bad behavior.”

With that, she released the contents of her bladder, and when she was done, she flushed.

Nothing happened.

Patty glanced back over her shoulder at the pile of scat overfilling the bowl, then down at the plunger resting by her left foot.

“Remmy!” she yelled.

Through the wall, she heard her brother budge.

“The fuck do you want?”

“Remmy, the toilet is clogged.”

“...I swear to God, if I get in there and you ate another person.”

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Patty stood in front of her coach with her arms in front of her chest. His pen tapped against his clipboard, then went still.

“It’s been a week,” Patty said. “Game’s Saturday.”

“I know,” the coach said.

“Her parents say she’s been missing the whole week.”

“I know.”

“We’re gonna need a captain.”

“I know.”

The coach bit his lip. Olivia had been an all-star. Patty was… well, Patty was assertive. He would have considered any other girl for the position if they hadn’t made it explicitly clear that they didn’t want it. If he had to guess, they were scared of the redhead’s reaction. Still, she was right. Game day was Saturday and he needed to register a captain.

“Fine,” he sighed. “It’s yours until Olivia gets back.”

“Thank you,” Patty said simply. “I’m sure it’s what she would have wanted.”

The coach doubted that, but he said nothing as Patty walked away. He’d save his chat about her diet for another time. Patricia Patootie looked like she was getting a bit thick around the waist.